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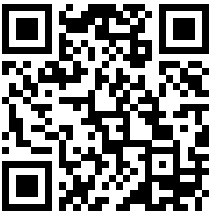

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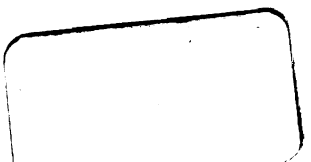

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THE

FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ANDREW CAMERON,
(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")

LONDON:
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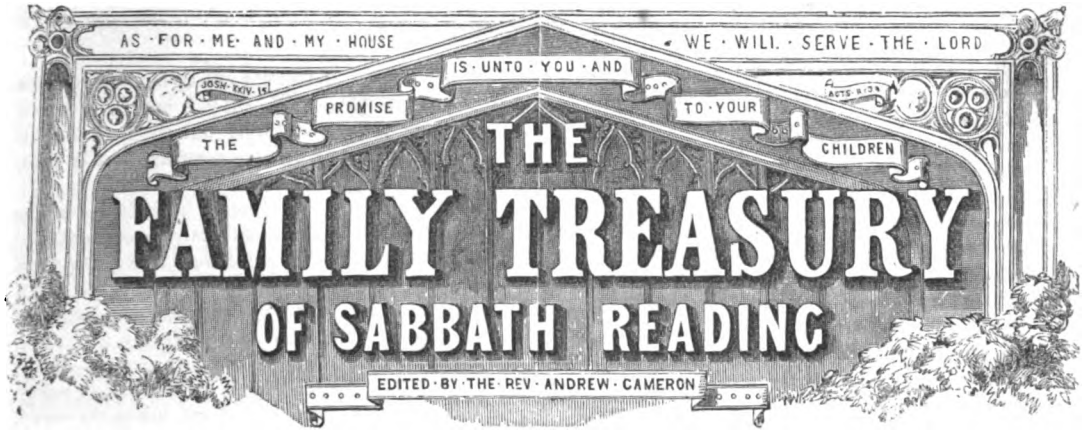

THE WORKING HAND AND THE HAPPY HEART.

"His heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord."—2 Chron. xvii. 6.

READER! there lies the secret of a useful life and a safe departure. The right *goal* before you, the right *road* beneath you, the right *impulse* within you,—these are the chief things for a traveller on such a pilgrimage as ours.

"The *Lord:*" Religion pervading our life.—"The *ways* of the Lord:" Activity pervading our religion.—"*The heart lifted up* in the ways of the Lord:" Cheerfulness pervading our activity.

I. *Religion pervading our life.*—The whole matter, first and last, concerns God. The fundamental requisite to a well-balanced life, is to give the supreme and subordinate their proper places. The machine will not move sweetly if you begin by turning it upside down. A human life with God cast out of it is a wretched thing. The good king of whom these words were first spoken "sought not unto Baalim (other lords), but sought to the Lord God of his fathers." "Sought to" is a suggestive phrase. As the needle seeks to its pole,—as the frail vine puts forth its tendrils to clasp the bough of a supporting tree,—as a lamb leaps towards its mother with impatient crying, when it has accidentally been separated for a time,—so seeks a truly devout human heart to God. This comes of a pardoned state and a renewed nature. The leaning of a new heart is naturally now toward a reconciled Father.

II. *Activity pervading our religion.*—All true religion among men consists of two parts; and everything goes wrong if these two are divorced or inverted. The commission of Moses, as reported in Stephen's dying testimony, might become the motto of a Christian's life: "Come; I will send thee." Come to God to get, and go forth at his bidding to do: these are the two constituent elements of the Christian life—the soul and the body of the new creature. The two great commandments of the new law are—*believe* and *obey*. There can be no acceptable activity in religion unless there be faith in Christ beneath to sustain it; but faith in Christ cannot lie still in a human heart,—it will and must be out in an earnestly active life. In the garden of the Lord there cannot, on the one hand, be fruit ripening above, without a root living beneath; but, on the other hand, there cannot be a root living beneath, without fruit ripening above.

We need not go far or seek long for "the ways of the Lord," if we are willing to walk in them. "The field is the world." And let us not mistake the meaning of that familiar phrase. People seem to think it means only the far distant portions of the world, where the men are of a dark colour and an unknown tongue. The word means what it says—the *world*. He who really comprehends that the whole world is the workers' field, will forthwith begin upon the bit of it that lies nearest.

But the best direction for the servant are the Master's footsteps. Follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. We are not placed at the head of a nation's resources; but if we are Christians, we are kings and priests unto God, every one. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;—liberty of the priesthood to go into the Holiest with our prayer; and liberty of the kingdom, to act of our own motion, amenable to none but Christ, and asking no man's leave to do good. Nor are we required to offer costly sacrifices, and see them consumed by fire. God has given us the poor at our door, the unconverted in our very households, as materials to work upon.

It is not the way of the Lord, if our own hand is not in it. He did not content himself with sending a messenger; he came himself. He came personally in contact with the poor, the sick, the sinful. He looked upon human misery, and dropped a gentle word on unwilling ears, and laid a healing hand on open sores. These are his steps. This is the way; walk ye in it. He does not require the outlay of ten talents from the possessor of one. He is a good Master. His commandments are not grievous. But he *is* a Master; and he does lay the commandments on. His own commendation goes down to all ages, at once a comfort to every faithful servant and the condemnation of every formalist—"She hath done what she could!" He does not require more; but will not accept less.

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It is really not modest in any man or woman, who never sets a foot in the Lord's *ways* now, to expect an entrance into the Lord's home at last. You expect to rest in the place to which he has gone, and yet you will not defile your feet by following him in the way by which he went—down among the sinning and the suffering! You expect from Christ a safe heaven, and yet you give all your heart and hand to selfish and carnal enjoyment! Ah! you mistake the matter; and it is a matter on which your soul and eternity depend. An idle, self-pleasing, selfish Christian is not in Christ. The withered, flowerless, fruitless branch is not in the vine.

Have you no one in all the world to whom you can do good? For, let it be laid down as a fixed maxim in the faith, He who is not doing what good he can to his brother, has not gotten the good which he needs from Christ. Is there not an ignorant child whom you can teach—a godless family into which you could make an entrance with the Lamp of Faith in your hand—a profligate parent on whom you could fasten by acts of condescending kindness, that you might gain a footing and a purchase on him, to wrench him away from his doom—a desolate, cold, miserable heart into which you might try to distil the word of life like dew? These are the Lord's ways; those who will not walk in them are none of his.

You were sinking in a swollen river. A Friend in need came to the brink, and stretched forth his hand, and drew you out. He left you standing on the lip of the flood, while holding you safe in his hand, but not at once lifting you up from earth into his bosom. Why? Because others, helpless as you were, are weltering yet in that boiling deep. Your Deliverer holds you fast while you stand on the edge, that, leaning on him, you may give your hand to a perishing brother and help him out. Instead, you play with flowers and butterflies. No: this anomaly cannot be; it is an impossibility. Those who get saving grace from Christ, offer themselves to him for saving work in the world.

III. *Cheerfulness pervading our activity.*—Indeed, the man who does not labour cheerfully will not labour to good purpose at all. When the heart sinks, the limbs falter, and the traveller falls. Hopefulness is a grand element of strength.

We see, if not a great deal of cheerfulness, at least a great deal of effort to attain it in these days. If people's hearts are not elevated and sustained at a high pitch of joy, it is not for want of trying. A large class of both young and old have permitted a dislike to religious books and religious people to become inveterate, not from a direct desire to be irreligious, but in defence of their own happiness, against the aggression of a dreaded and hated gloom. We are well aware that a word, however true, cannot open the eyes of the blind. Our protest may not be effectual to turn a vain heart, but, nevertheless, for the honour of our Lord, and for good to our brother, we do here lodge our protest, that Christ does not forbid joy, and his service does not damp it. Alike the Master and his servants hail every manifestation of happiness in sentient creatures. Common joys from common things Christians get, and Christ allows, as well as those that spring directly from spiritual experience. He both sat at a marriage feast in Cana, and stood at the grave of Lazarus.

But let the truth out. There is no profit in deceiving ourselves, and no possibility of deceiving our Judge. The elaborate pleasures of the world are little else than a loud noise made of design to drown the voice of God, lest it should penetrate a sinner's conscience, and disturb the sleep of death. The most solemn seasons, such as the anniversary of Christ's birth, and the beginning of a new year, are selected as the periods for the wildest revelry. In this mirth the heart is lifted up, not in the ways of the Lord, but against them. This is not merely the skirmish of an outpost. The main battle is here. Those who are alienated from God in heart, lie under the terrible necessity of stifling serious reflection. They strive to drown thought about God in a flood of merriment; because thought about God, when allowed to come in, torments them like a living worm. Only those who are reconciled to God by the death of his Son can afford to admit Christ into their company without banishing joy. There is a terrible earnestness in the boisterousness and persevering continuousness of merrymaking among those who live without God in the world. As the Dutch labour on their embankments to keep out the ocean from their smiling fields, these labour with a will to keep up the sport, and so keep out convictions, which seem surging round like a sea ready to rush in at any unguarded opening. The mirth of the world is often not very mirthful at the bottom. It is a labour in the fires, to avoid a meeting between an unclean conscience and a holy God.

But let the other truth be spoken out as freely: Christians have not done their duty when they have pointed out the defects and the dangers of godless mirth. The true antidote to a heart lifted up in frivolous mirth is not a heart cast down, but a heart lifted up in the ways of the Lord. To be crucifying the flesh, and abstaining from dangerous follies, is only half our duty, and that the lower half. If we stand weeping in the Lord's ways, leaving every one to conclude that Christians are of all men the most miserable, we are neither serving Christ nor saving our brother. It is not enough that we determine to keep ourselves in these ways,—we must learn to love them, and tread them with singing. No doubt this is difficult; but it is right and necessary, and his grace is sufficient. He can give songs in the night.

Water, ever the same in its nature, may greatly vary in condition, and character, and effects. As a stagnant pool, it is loathsome and forbidding; as a running stream, it refreshes by its moisture all the neighbourhood, and gladdens by its glance every eye. A Christian passing through the world, in the Lord's ways, and his heart lifted up in them, is like a swift rushing rivulet making its way over a thirsty land. As it leaps, and glitters in the sunshine, it is not only doing good as it goes, but manifestly rejoicing in the opportunity of doing it.

A.

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HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

I.—THE EXHAUSTLESS FULNESS.

"It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness *dwell;*" dwell, not come and go, like a wayfaring man who tarrieth but a night, who is with us to-day, and away to-morrow; not like the shallow, noisy, treacherous brook that fails, when most needed, in heat of summer; but like this deep-seated spring, that rising silently though affluently at the mountain's foot, and having unseen communication with its exhaustless supplies, is ever flowing over its grassy margin, equally unaffected by the long droughts that dry the wells, and the frosts that pave the neighbouring lake with ice. So fail the joys of earth; so flow, supplied by the fulness that is in Christ, the pleasures and the peace of piety. It cannot be otherwise. "If a man love me," says Jesus, "he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

I have read how, in the burning desert, the skeletons of unhappy travellers, all withered and white, are found, not only on the way to the fountain, but lying grim and ghastly on its banks, with their skulls stretched over its very margin. Panting, faint, their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth, ready to fill a cup with gold for its fill of water, they press on to the well, steering their course by the tall palms that stand full of hope above the glaring sands. Already, in fond anticipation, they drink where others had been saved. They reach it. Alas! sad sight for the dim eyes of fainting men,—the well is dry. With stony horror in their looks, how they gaze into the empty basin, or fight with man and beast for some muddy drops that but exasperate their thirst! The desert reels around them. Hope expires. Some cursing, some praying, they sink, and themselves expire. And by-and-by the sky darkens, lightnings flash, loud thunders roll, the rain pours down; and, fed by the showers, the treacherous waters rise to play in mockery with long fair tresses, and kiss the pale lips of death.

But yonder, where the cross stands up high to mark the fountain of the Saviour's blood, and Heaven's sanctifying grace, no dead souls lie. Once a Golgotha, Calvary has ceased to be a place of skulls. Where men went once to die, they go now to live; and to none that ever went there to seek pardon, and peace, and holiness, did God ever say, "Seek ye me in vain." There are times when the peace of God's people, always like a river, is like one in flood, overflowing its margin, and rolling its mighty current between bank and brae. There are times when the righteousness of God's people, always like the waves of the sea, seems like the tide at the stream, as, swelling beyond its ordinary bounds, it floats the boats and ships that lie highest, driest on the beach. But at all times and seasons, faith and prayer find fulness of mercy to pardon, and of grace to sanctify, in Jesus Christ. The supply is inexhaustible.

Mountains have been exhausted of their gold, mines of their diamonds, and the depths of ocean of their pearly gems. The demand has emptied the supply. Over once busy scenes, silence and solitude now reign; the caverns ring no longer to the miner's hammer, nor is the song of the pearl-fisher heard upon the deep. But the riches of grace are inexhaustible. All that have gone before us have not made them less, and we shall make them no less to those who follow us. When they have supplied the wants of unborn millions, the last of Adam's race, that lonely man, over whose head the sun is dying, beneath whose feet the earth is reeling, shall stand by as full a fountain as this day invites you to drink and live, to wash and be clean.

I have found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble rolling river, and to think, that although it has been flowing on for six thousand years, watering the fields, and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no sign of waste or want; and when I have watched the rise of the sun, as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or in a sky draped with golden curtains, sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snows of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the golden harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fulness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day happy and rejoicing. For, when judgment flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fulness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour, Image of God, divine Redeemer! in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. What thou hast gone to heaven to prepare, may we be called up at death to enjoy!—*Dr. Guthrie.*

II.—"I WILL SUP WITH HIM, AND HE WITH ME."

"Ah! blessed Master, thou sayest that thou wilt sup with me, but where shall I find a feast for such a guest?" "Cumber not thyself about thy serving," is the affectionate reply; "thou shalt sup with me." The Master brings his own provision—the bread of his holy truth, the wine of his holy joy. He spreads them upon the board, he extends them to his grateful host. "Eat, O friend," he exclaims; "drink abundantly." The bread will give thee strength, the wine will cheer thy heart. That divine word was his meat when a pilgrim and a labourer upon earth; the anticipations of that joy animated him to endure the cross, and despise the shame. Now he comes to sympathize with the weak Christian, whose trembling feet are endeavouring to fol-

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low the path his Master's footsteps mark as the way of life; and he shares with his disciples his own comforts, for, "having been tempted himself, he well knows how to succour them that are tempted." And thus the Saviour sups with the penitent, and the penitent with the Saviour. Daily is the bread renewed, daily is the water of life turned into cheering wine; until the believer attains whither "the Forerunner hath for us entered," where "they hunger no more, neither thirst any more for ever," because the feast is perpetual, even the marriage supper of the Lamb.

And who is he to whom the blessed and holy Lord makes this astonishing offer? Where is the soul thus distinguished by the divine condescension? My fellow-sinner, hearer of the gospel, at whose heart the Spirit has been knocking, it is *you!* "If *any man* hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." "If any man;" surely that means you, me, any one to whom the gospel is preached, and with whom the Spirit witnesses. See, then, the choice set before you! Will you keep the door of your hearts shut, and the Saviour out? or will you open them and receive the Saviour in as your God, your friend, your divine entertainer? It is for you to decide. Oh! the blessedness of that penitent into whose open heart the Lord of glory enters! Oh! the unspeakable misery of the obstinate sinner who rejects Christ the Saviour now, to be rejected at the great day by Christ the Judge! Oh, save us, thou compassionate Jesus, from such a doom! Break, break the door away, and fill us with thy power, O most mighty Holy Ghost!—*Dr. Bethune.*

LIFE IN DEATH:

THE LAST DAYS OF ELLEN M——.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"—1 JOHN v. 4, 5.

"WHAT is there in that note that perplexes you so?" I asked of my sister one morning, as I marked the disturbed expression that shaded her usually tranquil countenance, on perusing a note which had just been delivered to her. She looked up with a slight smile. "I did not know that I looked so perplexed," she said; "but, in truth, I am a little troubled: the note is from my friend Miss P——, and in it she asks me to visit a young lady, an invalid, who has just come to the village for change of air. I should so gladly go, but from my being about to leave home so immediately, I fear it is impossible." "Cannot I go instead of you?" I said. "I have no prospect of leaving home for some time, and as we are equally strangers to the invalid, it cannot signify much to her which of us she sees." "O that will do delightfully," replied my sister, as the cloud cleared from her brow; "and as she seems to be very ill, perhaps you will go as soon and as often as you can. Miss P—— says she has only a slight personal acquaintance with the lady, but is deeply interested in her, as a young creature who, in the midst of a life of gaiety, has been suddenly arrested by an illness which may soon bring her to enter that eternity which, till now, she has perhaps seldom thought of."

"Poor thing!" I said; "and is she alone?"

"No; her sister is with her, and a nurse. She is an orphan, and was left to the guardianship of a friend, who has sent her now to L——, in hopes that the change of air may do her good; but though it is only about three weeks since she first caught cold, yet so rapid has been the progress of the disease, that her recovery is all but hopeless; but you can read Miss P——'s note yourself, and then you will know all that I could tell you." My sister then gave me her friend's note, and soon after left the room to prepare for the journey on which she was that day to set out; and a few hours later found me on my way to the village of L——, to seek out the residence of the invalid.

My path lay through a shady lane, which would have been beautiful save for a high wall that shut out the lovely landscape that lay beyond it, and cast its dark shadow where otherwise the glowing sunbeams would have settled—emblem, as it often seemed to me, of unbelief, which rises between our souls and God, hiding from us all the glorious beauty of "the land of promise,"—"the things which are freely given us of God," and causing us to walk in coldness and gloom where all might have been light and gladness.

On reaching the village, I soon found out the house named by Miss P—— as the temporary residence of her invalid friend; and on inquiring for Miss M——, I was ushered into a pleasant sitting-room, whose windows, opening upon the lovely hills beyond, admitted at once the glad sunshine and the soft balmy air; but it was not the pleasant aspect of that room that at first was almost noticed by me, for my eyes rested at once on the figure of a young and interesting-looking girl, apparently not more than eighteen, who was reposing on a couch near the window, and whose glowing cheek and brilliant eye, beautiful as they were, seemed but a beauty that was "lighting to the tomb." The window near her couch was open; but though the soft air moved the dark curls that lay upon her cheek, it could not cool the fever that burned there, nor ease the laboured respiration of her oppressed breathing. Beside her sat her sister, a pleasing-looking girl, seemingly a year or two older than herself; and in the farther window, the nurse, a respectable elderly woman, sat at work. On making known my name, and the object of my visit, I was received by Miss M—— with a frank politeness which at once dispelled all my fears of intrusion; and the smile which rested on the sweet face of Ellen spoke a welcome that she could not give in words, for the incessant cough rendered any attempt at speaking so distressing to her, that at my earnest request she relinquished the effort, and allowed her sister and myself to converse while she lay quietly listening.

I did not remain long that day, and confined my conversation chiefly to subjects of general interest, and inquiries as to how I could in any way promote the comfort of the invalid or her sister. Once only, when, in reply to some observation upon the beauty of the sunshine, that was then pouring its declining rays into the room, I remarked what an emblem the sun was of Jesus, "the Sun of righteousness;" like him, giving brightness and beauty to all it shone upon; and like him, shedding its rays freely, "without money and without price." As I said this, I saw Ellen's dark eyes quickly raised and turned towards me, with an expression as if the thought had struck and pleased her, but she did not speak; and I soon rose to take leave, promising to return before long.

Many thoughts occupied my mind as I returned home-

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wards, and many a prayer arose from my heart for the young creature, whose earthly life seemed so near a close,—prayer, that the victory might, even now, be snatched from the King of Terrors, and given to Him who "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Jesus, Saviour of sinners, how dark without thee would be the valley of the shadow of death!—how glorious thy salvation, which can turn even that darkness into life and light!

From this time, my visits to the sisters were frequent; and ever was I received with a welcome. The increased severity of Ellen's cough still prevented all attempts at conversation with herself; but her sister and I talked beside her, and occasionally I addressed an observation to her, without, however, requiring from her any reply. My visits were never lengthened, and I carefully sought to avoid whatever might fatigue or oppress the invalid; but I looked to Him who has promised to teach us what to say, to guide me to speak a word in season; and my aim, I trust, ever was to bring before the mind of this dying one the great and simple truths of the gospel,—the sinner's deep need, and the infinite fulness that is in Jesus to supply it all. Sometimes I spoke of what I had read or heard, and sometimes I only repeated one or two verses of God's own word,—the most powerful words that human lips can utter; for I had never forgotten a sentence I heard years before from an aged clergyman whom I had met by a sick-bed: "God, who knows the wants of his creatures, has so framed his word that all that a sinner needs to know is sometimes found wrapped up in one single verse of that word; such, for instance, as this, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and besides me there is no Saviour;' or again, 'The wages of sin is *death*, but the *gift* of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Here is the disease, here is the remedy, and the freeness of that remedy, all contained in words so few and simple that the sick or dying one, who is unable to follow any lengthened speech, can lay hold of them as upon a golden chain let down from heaven." Sometimes, too, when, as was rarely the case, I found Ellen alone, I could then speak more freely and personally, and utter, though in few words, the fervent longings of my heart, that *she* might be found "building upon the Rock," and that the peace which passeth understanding, the peace which Jesus gives, might be imparted unto her. She never spoke; but I began often to observe an inexpressible something in her countenance and manner, that caused me to feel a trembling hope that life might even now be awakening within, that the "Spirit of God might have begun to move on the face of the waters." About this time we received a visit from a friend, a clergyman, who had lately returned from the Continent, and whose simple and fervent piety was calculated, I thought, to render his conversation of use to Ellen. I therefore asked him one evening to accompany me when I went to see her. He did so: and simply and powerfully indeed did he unfold to her the great truths of the gospel, that "this is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and that this life is in his Son:" *hath given,*—not a mere *offer*, but a *gift;* and that this record we are called upon to believe, each one for himself, and the not believing it is to "make God a liar," by refusing to receive his testimony. Before he left her we knelt together beside her couch, and fervently he commended her to Him who is the author and finisher of faith, that she might be enabled for herself to receive this free gift, and, "believing, to have life everlasting."

I lingered a moment behind him to say farewell to her; and again the wistful earnestness of her gaze, the long and fervent pressure of her burning hand, deepened the feeling within me that there was something in that mind that fain would have found utterance, but could not. But I was not prepared for what was soon to follow. I do not remember whether one day or more elapsed before I again saw Ellen; but my next visit to her was on an evening when a weekly prayer-meeting was held in the village, and at its close I went to Ellen's residence to inquire how she was, though without any intention of remaining with her, as the hour was later than usual. The slight tap by which I usually announced myself was not responded to, and as her door stood partly open, I quietly entered. Ellen was not, as usual, reclining on her couch, but supported by her sister and the nurse, her form almost convulsed with spasmodic pain, and her features flushed with more than their usual lustre by suffering; but it was not pain that gave such unearthly radiance to her eyes, and imparted such tones of gladness to her long silent voice. "I am happy—oh, I am happy!" were the first thrilling accents that met my ear; and as I advanced and stood beside her, she turned on me such a look. "I am in agony, *agony;* but I am happy—oh, how happy! I was ignorant, and knew not the Lord; I was dying, and all was darkness; but you told me of *Jesus*—you said he would not cast me out; and it was true. I came to him, and he did not cast me out. He has given me peace—such a peace. O Miss H——, I *love you!*" and, bending forward with a quick and sudden effort, she threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me again and again; while in clear glad accents she continued to pour forth a strain of such triumphant joy and love as no words of mine can express. As I retraced my way home that evening, I truly felt "as one who dreamed;" that radiant countenance was ever before me; those glad accents ringing in my ear, "I am happy! oh, I am happy!" and I could only feel "the Lord hath wrought great things for us, whereof we are glad."

When I returned next morning to Ellen, I found that the spasmodic agony had ceased; but it had done its work, and that feeble form was now evidently very near the grave; but the peace had not passed away, for it "was founded upon a Rock:" nor was it longer a *silent* peace; for, in the evident approach of death, the former caution of her tender nurses was relinquished by them as no longer necessary, and to the overflowing joy of Ellen, silence now was impossible; so that from this time, until she passed from earth, it might truly be said, that "the voice of joy and gladness was heard in her dwelling."

Once only do I remember to have seen a shadow pass over her spirit, and it was when her attention was momentarily turned from Jesus to look at what was passing in her own heart. But she soon found it to be true, that "it is not our love to Jesus, but Jesus' love to us, that must be the ground of our comfort;" and gladly turning again to him who "is our peace," she rested on him with the unquestioning confidence of a little child. Sometimes she spoke to me of her past life, and of the thoughtless gaiety with which she had followed the path of earthly pleasure; "but it was not peace," she said, "it was not peace: oh! none but Jesus can give that;" and adoringly she dwelt on the love that turned her steps from the way of death, and led her to him, whom

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to know is life everlasting. The prospect of death was not now one of gloom to her. "I would not go back again," she said with inexpressible energy, "no, *not for worlds.*" And these words from Ellen were words of no light meaning, for earth to her possessed much to attract; and above all, there was one deep tie to bind her heart to it—she was engaged to be married to one whom she tenderly loved; and the very month that witnessed the termination of her life on earth, was the one that had been fixed upon for their union. Nor was it that the approach of death had chilled her heart to human love; for one of her last requests was, that the ring of betrothal he had placed upon her finger might be buried with her. But the love of Jesus was more sweet and precious to her than any other, so that "the glory which now was had no glory, by reason of that which excelleth." "I love —— much," she said, "but I love Jesus more." Ellen's rapidly declining strength now made her medical attendant anxious that, excepting those in immediate attendance upon her, no one should be allowed to be with her; and, saving him to whom her earthly faith was plighted, there were but two others who she earnestly desired might be with her while she yet remained on earth. Those were an aged clergyman, whose visits were a source of great enjoyment to her, and myself. The society of her former gay companions had now lost every charm for her; but those whom she "loved in the Lord," she loved to the last; and very glad was the look and tone with which she told me that her request was granted, and that the intercourse she so much valued she was to be allowed to retain while she lived. A few days had passed away, and it was evident that Ellen's life was near its close; but her gentle cheerfulness was unchanging — everything seemed mercy to her; even the relief she experienced to her weary frame from any little change of position was dwelt upon with thankfulness and delight. Soon her weakness rendered her unable to leave her bed, and her suffering hours must have been many; but she sought to cheer them, as her nurse told me, "by hymns and verses of the Bible," and, above all, by communion with Him whom her soul loved—that Saviour who "had given her peace." She longed to depart, though that longing was still mingled with, "If it be his will."

One morning, as I knelt in prayer beside her, and sought that He who had redeemed her would, in his own time, come and receive her unto himself, she earnestly whispered, "*To-day;*" and I asked that, if it were his will, it might be even so. As I left the room, I turned to look at her once more. She was gazing earnestly at me; and as she met my look, she smiled, and gently bowed her head. I felt what that smile conveyed; and as I closed the door upon her, I thought of those words of Jesus, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

On that evening the weekly prayer-meeting was again held in the village, and when I left it, I went, as before, to see Ellen. When I entered the sitting-room from which her bed-room opened, I found it not, as it had been for some days, unoccupied, but on the couch where I had first seen her, Ellen was again reclining. She seemed as if in a gentle sleep,—her eyes were closed, and the long fringes rested on a cheek where the hectic of fever burnt no longer; her dark hair was thrown carelessly back from her quiet brow; one white hand supported her cheek, and the last rays of the setting sun glittered on the pearls of the betrothal ring, which the nurse was in the act of placing on the other. Ellen had entered into rest. She had been removed, the nurse told me, by her own desire, from her bed-room to that couch, and there she had lain for a little while as if in a tranquil sleep. Suddenly her countenance was irradiated by a bright smile, then another, and her spirit passed away. Half an hour before I entered she had died. I stood beside her, just where I had stood, on the same day and hour, one short week before. Again I seemed to hear the glad voice tell of the peace that Jesus had given. Again those fervent accents entered my heart, "I *love* you." And as I looked upon her now, and thought of all that had passed then and since, I could only utter and only feel, "Thanks be to Him who giveth the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And now I would only add, that the story of Ellen is not a fiction, but a simple record of what was wrought by the grace of God; and often still, as I pass through the village of L——, and look towards the house where Ellen died, does the same thanksgiving that arose from my heart then arise now. One word I may add to those who have been taught to know the value of salvation for themselves—Oh! seek it for others also. God has commanded us to do so. He has said, "Call upon me, and I will answer you, and show you great and mighty things that ye know not of." We know not how ready God is to save, nor what rich streams of blessing might be poured down in answer to prayer. Let us ask, then, for hearts to pray, to seek and long for the salvation of others, even as for our own. We have the same ground to approach God on their behalf as on our own. His *promise* is, "If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them which sin not unto death." And who of us can say that we *have* seen our brother sin this sin? Till we can say so, then, let us take this promise with us to the throne of God, and plead it on our brother's behalf, and we shall find it to be to us as a strong rock of confidence. And with every effort for the good of others let us seek to mingle *faith*, —a looking to Him who "can make a word spoken in weakness prove a word of Almighty power." With this faith, "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for how knowest thou which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good?"

E. H. B

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

NOTES ON DIFFICULT TEXTS.

BY THE REV. J. A. ALEXANDER, D.D., PRINCETON.

"For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt."—MARK ix. 49.

THIS is one of the most difficult passages in Mark's Gospel, both the meaning of the terms and the connection with what goes before being doubtful and obscure. Among the various interpretations which have been proposed, one or two points seem to be agreed upon, which may therefore be first stated, as a basis for determining the other questions. It is commonly admitted that the last clause of this verse is an allusion to, if not a direct quotation from, the law of sacrifice in Lev. ii. 13, from the Septuagint version of which it differs only by the change of "*gift*" to "*sacrifice*,"—a term used in the older classics to denote the sacrificial act or service, but in later Greek extended to the sacrificial victims, or the

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animals admitted to the altar. It is also agreed that there is allusion to the antiseptic and conservative effects of salt, and that these are figuratively transferred to fire. But what fire is meant, and in what sense it is conservative, and how the whole verse is related to what goes before and follows, these are questions as to which there is a great diversity of judgment. The different hypotheses entitled to attention may, however, be reduced to two, essentially distinguished by the fact, that one of them regards this as a promise, and the other as a threatening or a warning. According to the former view, our Lord, referring to the well-known requisition of the law already mentioned, that every sacrificial victim must be salted,—that is, rubbed or sprinkled with salt,—and also to the universal association between salt and soundness or purity of meats, avails himself of these associations to assure his hearers, that every one whom God approves, or towards whom he has purposes of mercy, though he may pass through the fire of persecution and affliction, including the painful self-denial recommended in the previous context, will be purified and saved thereby, or, as an offering to God, salted with such fire, just as the literal sacrifice was salted at the altar. This is certainly a good sense in itself, and favoured by the strong analogy of the fiery trial which Peter mentions in his First Epistle (iv. 12). The objections to it are, that it gives to *fire* a sense entirely different from that in the preceding context, and that it does not explain the logical connection indicated by the "*for*." The other explanation supposes the connection to be this: Our Lord had six times spoken of eternal torments as *unquenchable fire*, from which no man could escape without self-denial and the mortification of sin. The immediately preceding verse concludes with the solemn repetition of that fearful saying, "*Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;*" *i.e.*, their sufferings are endless and unceasing. But how can the subject of such sufferings escape annihilation? By being kept in existence for the very purpose of enduring them. This awful fact he clothes in a figurative form, derived from the sacrificial ritual of Moses. Every victim must be rubbed with salt, the symbol of incorruption and preservation; so these victims shall be salted, not with salt, but fire. The divine wrath that consumes them will preserve them; *i.e.*, from annihilation,—not *from* suffering, but *for* suffering. It is no objection to this view of the passage, that it takes salt in a sense not justified by usage, which requires it to mean preservation for a good end, or salvation. This is a mere assumption, just as easy to deny as to affirm. The essential idea of the figure is preservation from destruction, or continued existence, and may just as well be used both in a good and a bad sense, as leaven (which the law excluded from all offerings no less strictly than it required salt) is used in both; and just as we might say that the *lost* sinner will be *saved* from annihilation, although not from ruin. On the other hand, this interpretation has the advantage of continuing the train of thought unbroken, taking fire in the same sense as throughout the previous context, and concluding this terrific warning in a manner far more appropriate than a promise of salvation by the fire of suffering, however pleasing and delightful in itself.

"Salt [is] good: but if the salt have lost his saltness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another."—MARK ix. 50.

According to the first interpretation given of verse 49, this must be taken as a sudden change of figure, or in the meaning of the figure there used. Salt, which there denotes the conservative or purifying virtue of affliction, now means heavenly grace or wisdom, which the disciples are enjoined to cherish in their own hearts. This is certainly a violent transition, not to be assumed without necessity, and furnishing a strong ground of preference for any exegetical hypothesis by which it is dispensed with. This is effected by the other explanation, which supposes this to be an answer to the very difficulty raised before, as to the use of salt in an unusual and unfavourable sense. He had said that every victim to the wrath of God would be salted by the fire of that wrath; *i.e.*, preserved in existence for the purpose of enduring it. But salt, they might have said, as some say now, can only signify a salutary preservation, as, in the sacrificial law referred to, it denotes something good, not evil. With his usual method of converting objections into arguments or motives, he concedes the truth of the premises involved in this one. "*Salt is good,*" not only in itself, but as a figure for moral purity and conservation; that is, the true salt, which every one should have within him, namely, moral purity and right affections. "*But if the salt becomes unsalted*"—a most lively and intelligible figure for the loss of moral goodness, and descriptive of men's natural condition since the fall—"*wherewith*" (literally, "*in what,*" *i.e.*, in the use of what means) "*will you season it?*"—a Greek word always implying management, contrivance, art, and, in the later classics, used as a culinary term, exactly answering to "*season.*" "How will you manage or contrive to restore its sapidity or saltness?' It is implied that such a process is impossible,—*i.e.*, to man himself, or any other finite power. The salt of moral goodness is a fine thing where it is possessed; but when it is corrupted it is worse than useless; and the man who has thus lost it has but one alternative,—he must either be salted with the fire of divine wrath and his own eternal torments, or with the renewed salt of divine grace and his own regeneration. Immortality without the hope of blessedness, which gives it all its value, can be only an eternity of wretchedness. Here, then, the bright or cheering side of the whole subject is presented, not by violent transition, but by natural association, introducing easily the following exhortation: "*Have salt in yourselves;*" *i.e.*, take heed that the principle of conservation, which is to secure your endless being, is not that of wrath, and justice, and punishment from without, but that of grace and goodness in yourselves. It is not the method of salvation that is here presented, but the bare fact, that, in order to secure it, men must have a principle of life within them; and the Scriptures abundantly teach elsewhere, that this principle can only be implanted by divine grace, through the operation of the Holy Spirit. By a perfectly natural but masterly recoil, he then reverts, in conclusion, to the circumstances which led to this remarkable discourse—their strife for the pre-eminence—and exhorts them to demonstrate their possession of this spiritual salt, which is to save them from the salt of everlasting fire, by cherishing that peace among themselves (literally, in one another) which is elsewhere so expressly represented as among the invariable "fruits of the Spirit" (Gal. v. 22; Eph. v. 9).—*Exposition of Mark's Gospel.*

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WHAT HINDERS REVIVAL?

BY FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—JOHN xv. 7.

WHY have not the prayers of the Church of God received, and why do they not now receive, a more abundant answer?

God has promised that he will do whatsoever his children ask, if they abide in him, and his words abide in them. He has said that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. The whole Church daily, and many times a day, prays, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." If it be demanded, When have we seen the answers to these prayers? I ask in how far is the Church of Christ fulfilling the condition on which the prevalence of prayer depends? Of the millions called by the name of Christ, what is the proportion of those who abide in him? . . . If we turn to Protestant Churches, where shall we find one that is suffering persecution for the faithfulness of its testimony for Jesus? Where is the Church that can be singled out among men as crucified with Christ, victorious over the world, a living and consistent witness for God? It matters not to say that there are good men in all these Churches; of course there are. But is not the number of those in whom the word of God abides,—who, without conferring with flesh and blood, follow Christ through evil and through good report,—lamentably small? How small is the proportion of those among good men, whose piety attains to the standard of apostolic times! We pray for the conversion of the heathen world, but who makes sacrifices for the souls of the heathen? We pray for a revival of religion at home, but who obeys Christ, and devotes any portion of his time to the work of warning men of their danger, and telling them of the love of a Saviour?

If we expect an answer to our prayers for any particular blessing, the word of Christ that has respect to that particular thing must specially abide in us. If we pray that the kingdom of Christ may come, we must obey those words of Christ which concern the coming of his kingdom. We must seek *first* the kingdom of God. We must make the progress of the religion of Christ the real object for which we live. We must labour, and suffer reproach, and endure cheerfully the scorn of men, and hold our property and all that we call our own subject every moment to the will of the Master, that so we may glorify his name in the conversion of souls. This was the type of primitive piety, and hence it was that the prayers of the saints then prevailed mightily to the pulling down of strongholds. Our prayers will never in like manner prevail, until we follow their example. The Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy that he cannot hear. Our God is a living God, as truly as he was in the days of the apostles. The Holy Spirit is as powerful to bow the heart of man in penitence as he was of old. But we must abide in Christ, if we expect him to descend as on the day of Pentecost. The real power of the Church of Christ resides neither in numbers, nor wealth, nor social position, nor learning, nor talent, but in holiness. When the standard of piety in the Church shall reach the point of self-sacrificing love, and simple earnest obedience to all the words of Christ, then, and not till then, shall the greatness of the kingdom be given to the saints of the Most High.

This subject may also teach us why so many of our prayers on our own behalf remain unanswered. You have been a professor of religion for many years, and looking back upon your Christian life, perceive that you have made but small progress in holiness. It may be that your evidences of piety grow dimmer as you grow older. Religion has become with you a matter of form, rather than an earnest and ever present reality. You have an obscure hope that you shall be saved, but you can hardly tell on what it rests, for you do not *know* in whom you have believed. You are dissatisfied with yourself. At times you are alarmed at your condition. You tell us that you pray daily for deliverance and for the light of God's countenance, but your prayers are not answered. You sink deeper and deeper in despondency, and you can find no access to the throne of the heavenly grace.

My brother, is there not a cause? You pray, but does the word of Christ abide in you? Are you honestly and earnestly labouring to keep all Christ's commandments? Have you broken off from everything, in word, and thought, and action, that you know is displeasing to him; and are you doing his will at all hazards and at all sacrifices? When you think of submitting your actual, practical, everyday life to Christ, do you not know that before you can do this, a great change must pass over you? The world, its wealth, its pleasures, its ambitions, and its society are engrossing those affections that belong only to God, and encroaching sadly upon those hours which should be given to prayer, meditation, doing good, and the social worship of the saints. What self-denials are you enduring for Christ, what crosses are you taking up and bearing after Jesus? So long as you live thus, it is all in vain to talk about praying for holiness and communion with God. The words of Christ must abide in you, if you would have prevalence in prayer. If you love Christ, you must keep his commandments, though in so doing you break loose from every other association, and stand perfectly alone. You never will have the witness in yourself until you make sacrifices for Christ. Until you do your first works, and strengthen the things that are ready to die, your prayers for the indwelling of the Spirit will be as the idle wind. Yea, though you cry aloud and shout, God will not hear your prayer. Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

These same remarks apply emphatically to our prayers for our relatives and friends.

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You are a parent. You are anxious, and justly so, about the eternal welfare of your children. You tell us you pray for them daily, and you ask your friends to pray for them. They are, nevertheless, growing up to be worldly and thoughtless, and are evidently wandering farther and farther from God. Your prayers are unanswered, and it seems as if the promises of God, in your case, had utterly failed.

It may be, Christian parent, that God is making trial of your faith. But before you accuse God of unfaithfulness, it may be well to ask, have the words of Christ, respecting this particular thing, abode in you. Have you brought these children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and sedulously guarded them from every influence adverse to their salvation? You have prayed *for* them, have you prayed *with* them? Have you, on every suitable occasion, set before them their danger, and pointed them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world? Have you never, for the sake of worldly advantage, placed them in circumstances under which every serious reflection would naturally be dissipated? When ambition for social position leads in one direction, and the will of God in another, which do you really desire your children to follow? Parents have sometimes desired me to converse with their children on the subject of personal religion, while I knew that they were exposing them to all those influences which must render every effort for their salvation utterly hopeless. Brethren, if we desire that our prayers should be answered, our lives and our prayers must be in harmony. It is mocking God, to ask him to do something for us, and then place every obstacle in our power in the way of his doing it. Unless the word of Christ abide in us, we can never ask in faith that God will hear us.

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet:
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest.
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that, in after years,
He should know nought of passion, grief, or fears,
As *I* had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came: my heart grew faint:
He claimed *another* lamb, with sadder plaint.
Another!—she who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away:
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray:

"*Is* it thy will?
My Father, say, *must* this pet lamb be given?
Oh! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven."
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven;
But—peace, be still."

Oh, how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love!—my lamb, my pleasant child!
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled,
And *slept*.

"Go! go!" I cried;
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band:
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry—
"Touch not my lamb!—for him, oh, let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, *I could not see my darling go.*
He had not bidden me farewell; but oh!
I *felt* farewell

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compass'd that slight frame;
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear mother"—but in heaven 'twill be the same:
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought; for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done,—
My heart would break.

Oh! with what thrill
I heard him enter! but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so:
The idol of my soul—*he* could not go—
Oh! heart, be still!

Came morning: can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tears were mine; I sleeping wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas! "Farewell!"

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when in that happier clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

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No tears! *no tears!*
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes, thank God! no grief *that* clime shall keep—
No weary years.

Ay, it *is* well!
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide:
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay, it is well!

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me.
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see;
Yet my soul whispers, they *do* come to me,—
Heaven is not far away!

—ANON.

THE LOST CHILD.

NOT long ago, I was returning home, towards the evening of a miserably wet day; the sloppy pavement being such as is to be found nowhere out of London. As I passed along I met a lady whom I knew. Though the rain fell thick and fast, she had no umbrella, nor shawl, cloak, nor upper covering of any kind. My first thought was that reason had fled. But no. *She had lost her child.* A fine little boy had gone out with the servant, and, while standing in a shop, she had suddenly missed him. Of course I joined in the anxious search. As I went along beside that mother, I was struck with the contrast between her eager look, intense emotion, and restless energy, and the dull, listless apathy of the other by-passers in the busy streets. She had lost a son; that was the secret of it all. She could take no rest but in seeking. Seeking, I could see, was to her resting. I could sympathize with her; but no more. I had not lost a son: I could not seek as she.

I thought of the Lord Jesus, and his earnestness in seeking the lost ones; how he could not rest in heaven, as it were, but came down here to this blank, dismal world in search of them. And how he seeks still; and how, let me now say, he seeks thee, O reader! seeks thee, and will not let thee alone. His rest is in seeking thee, and he sends us after thee. He bids us not let thee alone, but go out after thee by all methods, in season and out of season. Our restlessness is his. We are but his messengers, stirred up by him, kept at it by him, sent out by him to seek and to save that which is lost. Ever and always, as that mother went, she stirred up this one and that one to help her in seeking her lost son. So the Lord Jesus sends us out seeking you. Come in, my brother! Come out of the dull, wretched, wicked world, and come into the arms and heart of the Lord Jesus. Come, and welcome.

After many wanderings, that mother and I returned to her home. It was empty and desolate, for the lost son had not returned. We knelt down together and prayed. We knew that God's eye saw the lad; that his hand rested upon him; and that he could bring him back to us whenever he so willed it. And, in simple faith, we asked God to ease our troubled hearts, and send the boy home to us. We had but barely finished, when a knock was heard at the door. It reminded me of Peter in prison, and the damsel called Rhoda. But there, when the door was opened, stood a policeman, a lady who was a stranger, and the little boy! The Lord had graciously heard us while we were yet speaking, and had prepared and sent his answer. "O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."

The reader can understand the mother's joy without any effort of mine to describe it. It is easy to conceive the joyous revulsion of feeling when the lost was found. But, my reader, great as was the joy of that mother's heart, it is as nothing to the joy there is in the heart of the Lord Jesus when the lost is found. If you come to him now; if you put forth all the strength of your heart to hold him fast, and not let him go; if you be no more faithless, but believing, and say, "My Lord, and my God;" then there will be joy in heaven over you; joy in the heart of the Lord Jesus—so deep and true, that all other joys are but mere shadows of this, which is the substance of them all.

Here is a glorious time—a gospel tide—a golden opportunity. The Old Year is gone, and the New Year is come. Come now, therefore, while Jesus seeks. If you let this season slip, you may never find another: a better there is not. This day is the best time: now is the best time, for it is God's; behold, NOW is the accepted time! The good Shepherd seeks you. These few words of mine are, as it were, his hand upon you, to draw you close to himself. Resist not; yield to his gentle suasion;—only believe, for all things are possible to him that believeth.

London. T.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. I.

WE are exceedingly desirous, from the very commencement of this periodical, to aid and encourage parents in the work of instructing and examining their households systematically in divine truth on some part of each Lord's Day.

It is a duty of most solemn obligation. God requires it: "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and *thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children*" (Deut. vi. 6, 7). Many parents come under solemn and explicit vows at their children's baptism to do this very thing. Even heathen parents usually take pains to instruct their children in the doctrines and ordinances of their religion. How can the Christian neglect what the very heathen are careful to perform?

It is a most necessary and urgent duty. What the apostle John saw in the Revelation is verified at the birth of each child: "A dragon stood before the woman, for to devour her child as soon as it was born." Parents transmit to their children a weak, erring, sinful nature. They bring them into a world of temptation, sin, and sorrow. They cannot

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leave them in this state. Neglected children are almost certain to be lost. Evil lusts within, and deadly enemies without, how can these fail to drag them to ruin?

It is a duty that all parents should take part in personally. It is, we freely grant, a great privilege for children to come under the care of pious, loving, praying Sabbath-school teachers and others, and to receive regular instruction from them. Still, parents should bear a part. They should come into direct contact with the consciences and hearts of their children. That home will never be either holy or happy where this is not made one of the very foremost exercises.

It is a duty that, when faithfully discharged, will be eminently blessed. A household thus trained is usually quite a pattern. Affection sheds its radiance on it, and perfumes its very air. Steadiness and industry follow the footsteps of all. Christian intelligence and worth mark them as they grow up. In old age, the hearts of the parents are cheered by tokens of their children's gratitude; and when they die, they have the comfort of knowing that they are followed by those who fear the Lord and depart from evil.

It is, nevertheless, a duty sadly neglected by many. Not a few parents do absolutely nothing in this matter. Some do a little, but irregularly and unskilfully. It is no wonder if disorder, rebellion, and open sin soon show themselves in such families.

But many would attend to the duty if they knew how to set about it. This is our deep conviction; and it is to meet this state of things that this series of papers is designed. May God abundantly bless the endeavour! There rises before our eyes a vision of a thousand green spots in the desert—a thousand holy and happy homes, as the hope presents itself that this great and blessed duty will be more generally attended to; and that Samuels and Timothys will be more frequently met with, poring over their Bibles by the firesides of the poor.

Let us begin by offering these brief counsels:—

1. Select the most convenient part of the Lord's Day for this exercise, and adhere to the hour *punctually* and *constantly*.

2. Go over carefully the exercise to be taken up, and make yourself familiar with it. Before you begin, pray in secret for the help and blessing of God, that you may have wisdom, tact, patience, and kindliness of spirit; and that your children may be quiet, attentive, docile, and may be savingly impressed by the truth set before them.

3 When your family are assembled, ask God's blessing on the exercise, perhaps in such words as these: "Our Father in heaven, who hast commanded all parents to teach thy words diligently to their children, be with us, and bless us now in this duty; pour out thy holy Spirit upon us all; quicken our hearts to receive thy truth and believe on thy Son; and teach us to live as thy servants in this life, and in the world to come to give us life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

4. Have a regular course of instruction for all the members of your family that are able to take part in it. A chief part of your course should be the reading of one of the books of the Bible, either in the Old Testament or the New. We propose that you commence with Matthew; that the chapter for the first evening be the first chapter of that book; and that the verses be read by the various members of the family in succession.

The family being assembled, God's blessing asked, and the Bibles opened, the first in order reads verse first.

LESSON I.—The Genealogy and Birth of Christ.

Verse 1. [Here let the parent or teacher read the following brief explanation]: The book of "the generation" means the account or record of the family, or genealogy. The Jews kept these records with the greatest care. They were very useful in preventing disputes about property, and they showed the fulfilment of prophecy. "The generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham,"—that is, showing that Jesus Christ was, as foretold, the son or descendant of David, (and therefore the lawful heir of David's throne,) and also of Abraham.

(Here put the following questions to the members of the family in succession):—

Where was it foretold that Christ should be the son of Abraham? Genesis xxii. 18; and the son of David? 1 Sam. vii. 12, 13. Observe, the promise to Abraham was made about 2000 years before Christ was born, and that to David about 1000; yet the Lord did not forget his promise. What text does this remind you of? 2 Peter iii. 8. What lesson may we draw from this as to the fulfilment of God's words?—That every threatening and every promise shall be fulfilled at last to the letter. Matt. v. 18.

Ver. 2–17. Put such questions as these, in connection with the names, as they occur.—*Ver.* 2. By what special titles is Abraham distinguished in Scripture? 2 Chron. xx. 7; James ii. 23; Rom. iv. 16.—*Ver.* 5. Who was Ruth?—*Ver.* 6. How did David become king?—*Ver.* 10. What sort of a king was Josias or Josiah?—*Ver.* 11. By whom were the Jews carried captive to Babylon?—What book of the Old Testament gives an account of their captivity there?—Name any individuals by whom noble testimonies to the truth were borne there.

Among the ancestors of our Lord there were several wicked persons. Mention some of these named in this chapter.

What does such a fact illustrate?—Christ's condescension and deep humiliation in coming into a family stained by so much glaring sin. How truly was Christ "made in the likeness of sinful flesh." And what encouragement does this give to the greatest sinners to come to him?—"This man receiveth sinners."

Ver. 18. Where were Joseph and Mary living before their marriage? See Luke i. 26, 27.

Had any announcement been made to Mary before this? Luke i. 35.

What was the Jewish practice of espousing?—Persons were betrothed to each other a considerable time before marriage. The Talmud (or book of traditions) directed that this should be at least twelve months before.

Ver. 19. What two features of Joseph's character are brought out here?—Justice and tenderness. How did he show his justice?—In being minded, when he thought Mary in fault, to put her away. And his tenderness?—In purposing to do this privily, so as to hurt her feelings least. What lesson may we draw from this?—That painful duties should be performed with great tenderness and kindness.

Ver. 20. What further feature of Joseph's character is brought out here?—His thoughtfulness. Observe, Joseph was not *in a passion*, as many are, when they find out a fault, or what they consider such, in a member of their family, and he did not act hastily, but considerately, probably prayerfully; for every good man will pray for those that err, and for direction in difficulty.

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How did Joseph obtain direction in his difficulty?

Do you remember any other instances of God communicating with men by dreams? Gen. xxviii. 12, 13; Matt. ii. 13; Acts x. 10.

Give any general promise of direction to God's servants in difficulty? Prov. iii. 5, 6.

What, then, should we do in difficulties? Ps. lv. 22.

Ver. 21. What does the name Jesus signify?

Why was it given to Christ?

Who are they whom Christ saves?—His people.

How do any become his people? 1 Pet. ii. 7, 9, 10.

Is Christ willing to make us his people? Rev. iii. 20.

What does he say regarding the young? Matt. xix. 14.

What are his people saved from?

Do you see any difference between being saved *in* sin, and saved *from* sin —To be saved *in* sin would be, to be allowed to sin, but not to be punished for it. To be saved *from* sin is to be wholly delivered from it,—in its punishment, in its pollution, and in its power.

Prove that Christ's people are saved from the *punishment* of sin. Rom. viii. 1.

From its *pollution* or defilement? Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.

From its *power* or tyranny? Rom. vi. 14.

[These questions should be followed up by affectionate exhortation to apply to Jesus for salvation from sin.]

Ver. 22. What prophet? Isa. vii. 14.

Ver. 23. What nature does the name "Emmanuel" show Christ to possess?

What are the two natures of Christ?

Observe, sin has made a separation between God and us; but when Christ became man, there was a reconciliation: to have "God with us" has become again our privilege. But if we will not have Christ, we will not have "God with us;" and then our sad doom must be to be eternally without God, and therefore without peace, without holiness, without happiness, without heaven.

Ver. 24. What further feature of Joseph's character appears here?—Obedience.

What are all the four features to which reference has been made?

Ver. 25. Where was Christ born? Luke ii. 4.

At family worship, either this chapter may be read over again, or the first or second chapter of Luke, as being closely connected with it. It is by no means intended that parents should confine themselves strictly to the remarks and questions here suggested. A little experience will soon enable them to make observations of their own, and thus greatly enliven the exercise. The chief things to be kept in view, are the promotion of thorough acquaintance with God's word, and the application of that word to the heart and conscience, and to the duties, trials, temptations, and ordinary life of all.

In addition to the *Scripture* exercise, most families will have one of a more *doctrinal* kind. In many cases this will be conducted by means of the Catechism used by the Church or denomination to which they belong. Another mode in which this exercise may be conducted is, prescribing a doctrine, and requiring proofs of it to be found from Scripture against next evening. Thus let the first doctrine given out be—

The Sinfulness of Man's Natural State.

Let the parent or teacher mention a few chapters, in some part of which proofs of the doctrine are to be found; and leave the children by themselves to search these chapters, and next evening to name the verse. Thus:—Genesis vi. Ecclesiastes vii. Psalm xiv. Isaiah i. Jeremiah xvii. Romans iii. 1 John i.

The children should also be encouraged to search out proofs of the doctrine in other passages besides those in the chapters named.

It may be well to close the exercise by reading some interesting little narrative adapted to the young; and it will of course be understood that the evening will not be closed without regular family prayer.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL."

"One thing is needful, and only one,"
Said a mother, caressing her little son
As he prattled beside her knee:
But it stopped his full career of play,
And quick he turned from his toys away,
And a troubled face had he.

"*One* thing, mamma! You surely forget
How many I need this evening yet
Before I am put to sleep:
I want my papa, for a ride on his knee;
And I want you, too, to read to me
A story from 'Dear Little Peep.'

And Sister Bessie! I never could do
Without her, you know; nor yet could you:
For when little Willie died,
Though I don't remember it very well,
Yet, mamma, I have often heard you tell
How papa and you both tried

Not to be sorry that God should take
One little lamb, for dear Jesus' sake,
So soon to its heavenly home;
And yet, when you gazed on his empty cot,
And ever looked round you, but saw him not,
How often the tears would come!

So I need you all, and my nurse as well,
And many more things than I can tell,
Even this one short night;
And to-morrow,—I need so many things
That the beautiful sunshine always brings
Along with its own dear light.

A walk to the field where the reapers are,
To see the bright corn-flowers clustering there,
Along with the pale blue-bell—
Tell me, mamma, what *could* you mean
By saying I only needed one thing,
For I don't understand it well?"

Then his mother raised her heart to Heaven.
"Father, thy promise hath been given,
That my child should be taught of God;
Confirm this word to thine handmaid now,
And by thy own Spirit teach her how
To point out the heavenly road."

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"The flowers are withering every day,
And papa and mamma might be taken away,
If God wanted them very much;
The one thing needful, dear boy, must be
What would fill up every blank to thee,
And what death itself cannot touch.

It must be a balm for every care,
And for all thy need have enough and to spare,
Wherever thy lot may be cast;
It must create a clean heart within,
And seal thy pardon for every sin,
And lead thee to heaven at last.

Seek Jesus, dear child, every day that you live,
For all these blessings are His to give—
Oh! early make *Him* your friend;
And then no good he'll withhold from thee,
But himself will thy one thing needful be,
Till life's journey in heaven shall end."

Glasgow. M. F.

II.—A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

"MAMMA, I mean to begin the new year to love Jesus." So said a sweet little girl of six summers. "But," said her mother, "how do you know you shall live till the new year?" Emma dropped her eyes upon the floor, and sat for some moments in silence. At length she looked up, the tears glistening in her eyes, and said, "Perhaps I shall not. I will begin now, and then, mamma, I shall be a Christian when the new year begins, if God lets me live." And by the side of her dear mamma she knelt, and repeated the words of a favourite hymn,—

"Jesus, I give myself to thee."

A sweet season followed. Before a week had passed away Emma hoped she had given her heart to the Saviour. How many of our dear children, looking to Jesus to help them, have commenced the new year thus. Hasten to him; tell him how wicked you have been to refuse so long to love him after his great goodness to you. So shall you be folded in his arms, and with joyful hearts you will find this the happiest year you have ever known.

III.—PRAYERS.

MORNING.

O GOD, my Father in heaven, I thank thee for the sleep of last night, and for the light of a new day. Lord Jesus, may I be a washed lamb of thy fold, loving thee, and living for thee. Holy Spirit, make me thy little temple, full of grace. Help me to obey my father and my mother. Make me ready to go to heaven, to be happy there with thee for ever. For my Saviour's sake. Amen.

EVENING.

O LORD, I bless thee for all thy goodness to-day. Thou hast kept me from harm; thou hast fed me; thou hast clothed me; thou hast given me many kind friends. Be thou my Father, and the guide of my youth. May angels watch over me to-night. Blot out the sins which I have done to-day. Teach me to love thee, O blessed Jesus, for thou hast died for me. Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. For Christ's sake. Amen.—*Nursery Prayers.*

IV.—LOVE OF MONEY.

IT brought down cruel stones on the head of Achan and his wife, and sons and daughters. It was within an hair's-breadth of driving the angel's sword through Balaam's breast. It turned Gehazi into a leper as white as snow. It set Judas on betraying Jesus, "his own familiar" Lord and Master, the Being, for whose smile he would now give all the "pieces of silver" in the world!

And what myriads of souls it has ruined since! I recollect a terrible case not many years ago, of a mother murdering her own first-born for his purse. He was discharged from the army together with another, and they went home in company to the village. As they approached it, they talked about the surprise which it would be to their relatives, and they concluded to try whether or not they would know them, by introducing themselves as strangers—travellers who would be glad of a night's lodging, and pay handsomely for it. The mother of the first was completely deceived, and no sooner had he retired to his room, than she determined to get rid of him for his heavily laden purse. She persuaded a negro to strike the fatal blow as he lay asleep, and then they buried him, by the light of the moon, in the back-yard. In the morning, his comrade came laughingly round and asked for Jack, but could hear nothing of him. Then he inquired of the woman if she had not a son in the army. She had. "Well," said he, "I can declare that I parted from him at the head of the lane which leads to your cottage, at such an hour yesterday, and he told me that he should not tell you who he was until to-day, to see if you would recognise him: I am confident he is here somewhere." The wretched woman fainted, and then confessed her crime. She had, in her "love of money," imbrued her hands in the blood of her own son.

When that splendid Californian steamer, the *Central America*, caught fire and was sinking, the stewardess ran to the cabins of the passengers, and collected all the gold she could. She then tied it in her apron round her waist. A boat was ready to start. In her eagerness to be saved, she sprang from the deck, missed her aim, and shot head first into the brine like a cannon-ball, the weight of her ill-gotten booty dragging her down as effectually as a millstone would have done!

What a supremacy it obtains! I suppose that no habit is so dominating as that of amassing wealth. A Christian man, who was convinced of its sinfulness, and resolved to mortify it, was wont to affirm that he only got the *victory* over it by always *running away* from it. He could not trust himself with the sight of his revenues; he kept his accounts as well as before, but he dare not receive money—"That," he said, "never comes near to me." He arranged that it should be paid to his steward, whilst he simply ordered him how to dispose of it. A merchant engaged in a lucrative trade was much exercised with the idea that if he went on seeking earthly riches, as he was doing, he should forfeit his hope of heaven. Satan seemed to be on his right, urging him to take the former as his portion; whilst the Holy Spirit seemed to be on his left, advising him to take the latter. He spent weeks in balancing them; and

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then—knowing that his choice was for eternity—he madly said, "I will, I *must* have a fortune! Though hell be the consequence, let me be rich!"

Guard against it—this "love of money"—*because it is insatiable.* It is not as if it ever reached its object, positively it never does; the more you indulge it, the more it craves—it is a perpetual hunger. Here is a riddle for you. When does a grasping man consider that he has means enough? When he has twenty thousand? No. Fifty thousand? No. A hundred thousand? No. No; but when he has a *little more than he has now*, and that is NEVER!

Guard against it—this "love of money"—because, sooner or later, you will be a *fearful loser by it.* A poor apprentice vowed that if ever he got to be rich he would give £50 to some good cause, as a thank-offering to God. He did become rich; but as his banker's account swelled, his heart contracted, and at length he arrived at the conclusion that £50 was altogether too large a sum,—quite unnecessary; so he sent off ten guineas to Guy's Hospital. It is a curious fact, that the very next day's post brought him the news of the wreck of one of his ships off the coast of Dover; and, comparing the hours, he read the message as if it were written with the mysterious Fingers on his office wall, "*When you thought to gain forty pounds, you lost forty hundred!*"

"And what shall it profit a man if he gain the *whole world* and lose his OWN SOUL?"—*Rev. James Bolton.*

V.—THE FRIEND.

JENNY'S father was a drunkard; he drank away all the support and comfort of his poor family; and Jenny's mother, soured by her troubles, was often very cross to the children. Many a time Jenny slipped out of her dark, dirty, noisy home, and ran down to hide her sorrows behind a pile of boards in the lane. Here she was often joined by a little girl, Mary Muchmore, who felt very much for poor Jenny. Jenny, smarting under a heavy blow from her father, or an angry scolding from her mother, often cried on Mary's shoulder, and Mary tried to comfort her all she could. She shared with Jenny her biscuit, gave her little scraps of calico for patchwork, and showed her the pictures in her picture-books. For hours have they sat on the boards, their arms around each other, playing and talking very sweetly together. Jenny found in Mary a sympathizing friend. Mary could do nothing to help Jenny out of her difficulties: she could not put shoes on her feet, or clothes on her back, or send her to school, or make her home any better for her,—but she could *feel* for her; and Mary Muchmore's sympathy was a great comfort to poor Jenny.

At last, as things were getting from bad to worse in Jenny's home, and the cold weather was setting in, the family were sent to the almshouse, and Jenny was taken by a thrifty woman to live with her. She had a clean chamber, and a good bed to sleep on; the woman bought her shoes and stockings, and warm clothes to wear; her hair was neatly combed, and the little girl was sent to a good school. Jenny was never now pinched for food; and the woman showed her how to do useful things—to sweep, and to mend, and to make bread. "Jenny shall be well brought up if she lives with me," said the good woman. One night, after supper, when Jenny sat down to study a little before bed-time, she took from her pocket a small, old, broken doll, which one of the girls had given her, and began to arrange its dress. "See," she said to her mistress, "isn't this pretty?" for she was still a little girl, not beyond her play-days, and perhaps this was the first doll she had ever had; therefore, old as it was, it had a value to her. "Put away that nonsense," said her mistress, who sat mending at the table, "and mind your lesson, child. You had best throw it into the fire, and not waste your time on such foolish things." Jenny laid the poor little doll on the table, but she kept looking at it with wistful eyes. When the woman finished her work she cleared the table, and among other shreds and fragments swept Jenny's doll into the fire! Jenny said nothing, but when she crept down into bed she cried bitterly.

Was this woman unkind? She did not *mean* to be. She only forgot her childhood, and, therefore, could not sympathize with a child in its childish interests. But she was a *real* friend to Jenny, and a friend who had *power* to help her. She had *power*, but not *sympathy*. Little Mary Muchmore had *sympathy*, but not *power*. These are the two qualities which we need in a friend and protector—*sympathy to feel* with us, and *power to help* us; and if they are united in one person, how dear and valuable such a friend is.

There is one person, my child, in whom they are perfectly united, the most sympathizing love and the greatest power, and that person is the Friend of sinners,—Jesus Christ, the Son of God. "He took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham." "He became flesh;" that is, he became a man, and lived on the earth as we do. He became a "*man of sorrows*, and acquainted with grief," suffering all that we have to suffer from childhood to manhood, tasting every bitter cup that we have to drink; and he *feels for us* in all our troubles and griefs. He "was in all points *tempted* like as we are, yet without sin," and sympathizes with us in all our *temptations* and our *trials*. "We have not an high priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities," the apostle says. Children have a Saviour who was once as young as they, exposed to the same kind of trials and difficulties as they are; and he does not forget that he was once a child. If anything is great enough to interest you, you may be sure it is great enough to interest him, and he fully sympathizes with you. And more than that, he has power to help you; for the apostle tells us, "He is able to save to the *uttermost all* that come unto God through him." Oh, what a Friend is the Son of God! "Friend of sinners" is his name.

Come to him at once, just as you are; he is *able* and *willing* to save you from the power and the punishment of sin, for his blood cleanseth from sin. Come to him at once, just as you are; he can sympathize with you in your struggles against sin, and in all your efforts to live a holy life. He is the sinner's Friend. He knows us better than we know ourselves. He loves us better than we can love. We are weak—how weak! but "he is *mighty* to save" all who put their trust in him.—*The Child's Paper.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—COVENANT RICHES.

WHEN you consider what kind of a sinner you are, consider also what kind of a covenant this is. It is enough to say, that it is a covenant of grace, of all sorts of grace, for *all sorts of sinners that are out of hell.*

Are you under dreadful guilt? Here is a covenant of

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pardoning grace, saying, "I will blot out thy sins as a cloud, and thy transgressions as a thick cloud: return to me, for I have redeemed thee" (Isa. xliv. 22). O then plead that he may "have respect to the covenant!"

Are you under fearful pollutions? O here is a covenant of *purifying* grace, saying, "There is a fountain opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." O then plead that he may "have respect to the covenant!"

Are you in darkness and ignorance, having no knowledge of God? O here is a covenant of *enlightening* grace, saying, "They shall be all taught of God." O then plead it, saying, Lord, "have respect to the covenant!"

Are you under deadness, and like dead and dry bones? O here is a covenant of *quickening* grace, saying, "I am come to give life, and to give it more abundantly. The hour cometh when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." O then plead that he may "have respect to the covenant!"

Are you in confusion, and know not what way to take? O here is a covenant of *directing* grace, saying, "I will bring the blind by a way they know not, I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight."

Are you under sad plagues and soul diseases, overrun with sores from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot? O here is a covenant of *healing* grace, saying, "The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings. I am the Lord that healeth thee, I will heal your backslidings." O then plead, saying, Lord, "have respect to the covenant."

Are you a stupid soul, that cannot move toward God, nor stir heavenward, by reason of a backward will, like a brazen gate, that resists all the force of moving means? Well; but here is a covenant of *drawing* grace, saying, "When I am lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." As the virtue of the loadstone draws the iron, so the virtue of an exalted Christ draws the iron bar of the will. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." O then plead it, saying, Lord, "have respect to the covenant."—*Ralph Erskine.*

II.—THY SICK NEIGHBOUR.

Richard Baxter once said, "I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead but conscience asks me,—What hast thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body? There is one more gone into eternity,—What didst thou do to prepare him for it, and what testimony must he give to the Judge concerning thee?" In the same spirit Swinnock says:—"It may be the *last opportunity thou mayst ever have of advantaging thy sick neighbour's soul.* His sickbed may be his death-bed, and then it will be too late to counsel or advise him. Diseases, both bodily and spiritual, must be purged away before death or never. He that is filthy at death must be filthy still, even to all eternity; all the tears in hell will not wash out the least spot in the soul; all the fire of hell will not purge out the least dross. Therefore Christ took the opportunity of dropping good counsel into the heart of the thief on the cross, knowing that if he had omitted it a very few hours longer, the soul of the poor thief had been lost for ever. Hadst thou a friend going to sea, and never to return again, waiting at a port for a wind, and then to be gone, and hadst business with him of as great concernment to him as his life,—thou couldst tell him of a quicksand which he must beware of, or he will be cast away; wouldst thou not be quick and speedy to acquaint him with it, lest he should be under sail before thou didst see him? Would it not cut thee to the heart if he should miscarry through thy negligence? The application is easy. The soul of every neighbour is, or ought to be, dearer to thee than the body of thy nearest friend or relation. When thy wicked neighbour is sick, his soul is launching, for aught thou knowest, into the ocean of eternity, whence he shall never, never return more. He waits only for a wind, a word from God, and he is gone. The sick-bed is the passage or pathway to the grave. Thou hast work to do with him that is more worth to him than his life, that is of as great value as his immortal soul and eternal salvation. Now thou mayst acquaint him, while he is on the shore, with his danger, and the way of his delivery; but if once he launch into the main, thou mayst call loud and long enough after him in vain. Oh! will it not pierce thee to the quick, if his soul should be swallowed up in the boundless and bottomless sea of divine wrath through thy laziness or unfaithfulness?"

III.—THE SAINT'S DESIRE IN THE THOUGHT OF DEATH.

O help me to glorify thee, both by my life and by my death. Let thy Spirit be strong within me when my flesh is weak. When the keepers of the house shall tremble, show thyself the keeper and strength of my heart. When the grinders shall cease, because they are few or weak, give me to feed on the manna of thy promises, and that bread which came down from heaven. When the daughters of music shall be brought low, let me hear by faith the song of Moses and the Lamb, sung by the celestial choir. When they that look out at the windows are darkened, let the eyes of my soul be opened, to behold, with thy dying martyr Stephen, Jesus sitting at the right hand of God. Let my hope and desire look out at the windows, and say, Why is his chariot, sent to fetch me to himself, so long a coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Make haste my beloved; be thou like the hart and roe upon the mountains of spices! Whether I perish in the field with Abel, or in the prison with the Baptist, or in my bed with Jacob, grant me thy gracious comforting presence; and then, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear none ill. O do thou undertake my conduct, in my passage over the rough waters of this Jordan, into Canaan, and then there will be no danger of drowning! Assist me so to live by faith, that I may die in the faith; and when my friends take my earthly body to their disposal, O do thou receive my heaven-born soul into the arms of thine infinite mercy, for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth!—*Swinnock.*

IV.—GLIMPSES OF GLORY.

"He saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God."—Acts vii.

I do not say, nor do I believe, that every martyr of the Lord Jesus Christ has had the same open vision revealed to him as here met the enraptured gaze of this first martyr of the Christian Church; but I do believe that to many and many a dying one of the Lord's family is something of the same glorious scene presented even in the hour of death; and though there may be indistinctness in the vision to all earthly

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objects, and no power of utterance in the lips; though to the outward sight of weeping friends and relatives around all may appear a blank and unconscious insensibility, yet even before that dimmed and closed eye may be visible forms and sights and glories in that brighter home to which the spirit is hastening.

I remember once standing by the dying bed of a Christian girl,—she was unconscious of all around, and lying in such motionless and noiseless stupor, that her mother deemed her already dead, and stooped down to imprint a last kiss upon her brow. The pressure of a mother's lips seemed for a moment to recall the departing spirit; the dying girl just opened her eyes, a smile, such as earth never gave, played upon her lips, and she faintly uttered, "Oh, mother! don't detain me;" and she, too, fell asleep in Jesus.

How entirely, too, had that glorious manifestation of the Lord not merely overcome the fear of suffering and death, but, if we may so speak, had moulded every feeling of the martyr's heart into perfect conformity with the spirit that was in Jesus. If in his dying moments the expiring Saviour cried, "Father! into thy hands I commend my spirit," so the expiring martyr cried, "Lord Jesus! receive my spirit!" Then the prayer was *from* Jesus, now it is *to* Jesus; then it was from Jesus on his cross of shame on earth, now it is to Jesus in heaven, at the right hand of God himself, God blessed for evermore! Did Jesus, with his last accents of love, pray for his murderers, "Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do!" So did Stephen with his last accents breathe the same prayer of love for those that were crushing him to death, "Lord! lay not this sin to their charge!"

More than thirty years after, another servant of the Lord Jesus went to his martyrdom for the same noble testimony, and we have the very language in which he, too, welcomed his blood-stained end. "I am now ready to be offered, the time of my departure is at hand; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." This later martyr was he that held the clothes of those that were stoning Stephen. We can only cry out in his own words of astonishment and gratitude, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—*Barton Bouchier.*

V.—THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—HEB. iv. 15.

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet!—
Christ trod this weary path before;
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here.
His life, how truly sad and brief,—
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within;
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

WILBERFORCE.

VI.—THE ONE CHURCH.

My hearer, dost thou belong to the Church? For out of the Church there is no salvation. But mark what the Church is! It is not the Episcopalian, Baptist, or Presbyterian. The Church is *a company of men who have received the Spirit.* If thou canst not say thou hast the Spirit, go thy way and tremble.

Oh, how my heart loves the doctrine of the one Church! The nearer I get to my Master in prayer and communion, the closer am I knit to all his disciples. The pulse of Christ's body is communion; and woe to the church that seeks to cure the ills of Christ's body by stopping its pulse! No man belongs to Christ's Church unless he has the Spirit; but, if he hath the Spirit, woe be to that man that separates himself from him! God grant the day may come when every wall of separation shall be beaten down! See how to this day we are separate!—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

VII.—A HOLY HEART AND A TRUE THEOLOGY.

"DRAW me," "turn me," "quicken me," "incline my heart to thy testimonies,"—even such prayer is an acknowledgment of the weakness of the soul, of its utter aversion to holiness, and of the sovereignty and sole efficacy of the grace of God. *How much theology is in one of these short prayers!* The best divines are praying souls. They apprehend truth in its full form and just relations; not in that one-sided way which falsifies truth itself. In the light of God they see light. The sovereignty of God and the absolute helplessness of the soul they deeply feel. But the full apprehension and profound consciousness of these truths cause them to strive and wrestle, and work out their salvation with fear and trembling. The very same doctrine which lays the carnal soul to sleep, wakes them up to the utmost energy of prayer and effort. God alone can help them. This is with them a reason not for lying down and doing nothing, but for awaking, arising from among the dead, assailing the throne of grace with continual cries, and setting themselves to do all the commandments of God. The sovereignty of God is a weapon which the natural man puts under his head and goes to sleep upon it, expecting in some future time to be summoned to some unknown conflict. The spiritual man, on the contrary, grasps the same truth with an earnest but joyful conviction, "does violence to the kingdom of heaven" with it, and "takes it by force." "Without me ye can do nothing." That same declaration is an opiate to the careless and sin-enslaved soul, and an incentive to continual and hopeful efforts to the Christian.

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HOME MISSIONS.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon, ... and he brought him to Jesus."—John i. 41, 42.

"HE first findeth his own brother, ... and he brought him to Jesus." Bright and blessed fact,—Christianity stamping a sanction and a sacredness on earthly relationship! Bright and blessed example,—the brother not lost in the Christian, but the Christian shining out in lovelier development as the brother! Bright and blessed reward,—brothers in blood and birth rendered brothers in grace and glory!

Mark Andrew's immediate eagerness *that others should be brought to Christ.*

"He first findeth his own brother." There is a power in the idiom of the original tongue which cannot be rendered into ours. As it stands in our version, it would be difficult to say whether the finding of his brother were the first act he did after himself was won to Christ, or merely that Simon was the first object of his spiritual solicitude. There is no such vagueness in the original, which sufficiently determines that the expression before us must be understood in the former sense. The first wish which arose in the mind of Andrew, (a wish followed up by his own strenuous effort that it might be gratified,) was, that another brand should be plucked from the burning,—another gem for eternity fixed in the crown of Jesus,—another trophy erected to the praise of grace. Let us go and do likewise.

This finding of his brother was no casualty,—no such meeting as occurs by what the world calls accident. It is the same word which is used when Andrew exclaims, "We have found the Messias." It is a word expressive of the result of careful and persevering search. Andrew yearned over the spiritual welfare of his brother. He could not rest till he had brought him to Christ. He knocks at the door of every dwelling which Peter was known to frequent. He hastens to the beach, where he plied his avocation as a fisherman. We see him straining his eye over the blue expanse of Gennesareth, in quest of the bark which contained his brother. There is a holy impatience in his entire demeanour, and yet a considerate thoughtfulness in the arrangement of his schemes that Peter might be found. "And he brought him to Jesus." At his feet Andrew places Simon; and shall Simon not be instructed? In his arms is Simon left; and shall they not be underneath to support, and around to protect him for evermore? Twice blessed Andrew! Blessed in thine own intimacy with Christ, now begun, but never to end! Blessed as the instrument by which another becomes first a disciple and finally an apostle of the Lord!

How plain the lesson for us! It is the native and necessary result of all conversion, that the convert pants for the conversion of others. What saith the Scripture? "Thou shalt not suffer sin in thy brother." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "He that winneth souls is wise." "Let him that heareth say, Come." "No man is born for himself," said the moralist of old. In a higher sense than he spoke it, the saying is true. You are doubly born,—born of an earthly, and born of a heavenly parentage too;—doubly born, and therefore doubly bound to live for God in the conversion of many souls. You must lay yourselves out for the work. It must be the main business of your lives, to which all other business is subservient. Do not thrust it into a corner. Do not give it only the dregs and lees of your time. It has been the occupation of God from eternity. It may be yours, surely, for time. There is enough in the work to task the faculties of an angel. How much more should it employ the energies and enlist the sympathies of man! Arouse to the search for your brother, full of the spirit of Andrew, who first found his own brother;—of a greater than Andrew, who came to seek and to save that which was lost. And it may be yours to exclaim, in holy triumph over all difficulties, "This my brother was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found!"

Observe that his efforts, in the first instance, were directed *in behalf of his own relatives.*

"His own brother!" It were miserable reasoning to blame him for any selfishness here. There is no selfishness in the love of kindred. God has given a righteous predominance to it in the human mind, and for the wisest ends. It is the principle that binds and pledges a mother to the nurture of her babe by a tie which no power can sever. It is the principle that induces the father to spend and be spent for his offspring. It is the principle that induces relatives to serve relatives. It is the principle which gives intensity to the social affections, by the very circumstance that it narrows, in the first instance, the sphere of their operation, and thus more effectually than if their objects were left altogether and from the first vague and undetermined, trains us in truth to a benevolence wide as the necessities of man. It is the principle which gathered its richest triumph amid the solemnities of the cross, when, in beautiful recognition of maternal tenderness, Jesus committed Mary to the care of that disciple whom he most loved, and on whose love he was most entitled to draw, in words which echo in the ear of all time,—"Son, behold thy mother!"

Andrew wrong to seek first that Peter should be brought to Christ! There would have been sin had it been otherwise. Violence would have been done to the instincts of nature, and insult offered to the laws of God. If we are bound to love a brother with a brother's

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love, how unnatural the crime if we never dealt seriously with him about the high interests of his eternity! Of all kinds of fratricide, this were the most monstrous. Nor is this all. It is not only reasonable, it is not only natural, it is not only intensely dutiful, to seek first the conversion of your relatives,—there is a wise and holy expediency in this course. You profess to love them, and yet you never systematically and earnestly exert yourselves about their salvation. What is the inference the world will draw? Either that your love is feigned, or that your conviction of the importance of salvation is feigned. There is scarcely an alternative. But love them you do. The parental anxieties that hovered like so many guardian angels over the cradle of their infancy,—the tears that streamed like a flood at the rumour of any woes that befell a relative,—the home feelings and family loves that nestled and brooded over your domestic circle, manifested so often that they passed unheeded, only because, coming in such rapid succession, they left no space for meditation on their power and preciousness,—all, all attest indubitably your affection for your relatives. And yet, there is no serious and systematic resolve with you, no consuming energy of holy desire, that these, be they father or mother, sister or brother, son or daughter, should be plucked from the devouring flames! And what, then, shall the world say, what is the world *entitled* to say, were your conduct the sole data on which their judgment was to be formed? What, but that religion was a mockery, since, were it of value, the religious father who gives thousands for the settlement of his son in this life, would be less indifferent about the settlement of his son's interests for the life that is to come. What! eager for the conversion of souls distant from thee by oceans and continents intervening, and yet careless about the salvation of thy child, ripening for perdition at thy own fireside, or of the heir of hell whom thou art cherishing as a wife in thy bosom! "Alas!" says the worldling, "there must be something hollow in piety like this,—hollow in all piety together. If salvation be good for me, why not good for his own relatives? And how can it be good for me, if he deems it of so little importance for them, that he makes no visible effort that they may realize and enjoy it?" Say, are you of the spirit of Cain, who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or of Andrew, who first found his own brother, and brought him to Christ?

Observe, further, Andrew's desire, not merely to give knowledge to Simon, but to bring him *to the same personal knowledge of Christ which he himself enjoyed.*

He had told Simon, with all the rapt eagerness of fresh discovery and young conviction, "We have found the Messias." And there was much conveyed to a Hebrew mind in this precious announcement;—the Messias,—the anointed of the Father,—the sum of every doctrine,—the substance of every promise,—the theme of every prophecy,—the motive of every precept,—and the glory of every ordinance. But was this enough for Andrew? Had he stopped here, there would have been room to ascribe his words to the self-elation of successful research,—complacent satisfaction in the dexterity of his movements to ascertain the credentials of Christ, or pride of heart in the superiority of his knowledge. But far, very far was such a spirit from Andrew. He brought Simon to Christ. The privilege of an intimacy with the Saviour was all the sweeter to him, because shared by him in common now with a brother beloved.

How often do parents err with children, and relatives with relatives, in the attempt to advance their spiritual good! They have no fixed views of the end for which they should labour;—or if they have, their views are most mistaken. Because their aims are not decided, their efforts are not decisive. The steed knows when the reins are in the tremulous hands of an inexperienced rider. The seal that is pressed by paralytic fingers will produce no certain and definite impression. The relative that is wayward and unsteady in his exertions to bring another to Christ, may leave him in the end in the grasp of Satan and in the flames of hell. There must be desire; there must be purpose, there must be system; anxious thought and brooding anxieties, painstaking and perpetual effort; study, as if all mysteries must yield to your investigation; prayers, as if heaven were to be taken by storm; tears, as if hell were to be melted by your earnest sorrow; appeals, as if angels had lent their tongues of fire for the work;—there must be all this before you are entitled to say you have done what you could for the furtherance of your end. But that end, is it not worthy of them all? A soul saved!—sins by the multitude covered!—heaven enriched by a relative infefted in it as his own possession through grace!—the Father glorified in the Son, and the Son glorified in another convert to the truth! Oh, peerless satisfaction! Oh, task of love! Oh, boundless reward!

But the chief error in this work is not indecision of purpose, but mistaken views of what ought to be our aim. The parent thinks it enough if his child be brought to a decent observance of outward moralities. Perhaps he advances farther, and desires to see his child a member of the Church. But you must seek nothing less than true conversion. Aim high, and your mind will be strung to high endeavours, and your endeavours crowned with high results. Bring your relatives, as Andrew brought Peter, to Christ. You regret they are not in fellowship with the Church,—mourn rather if they are not in fellowship with Christ. Secure the latter, and all is secured. Seek the former to the prejudice or neglect of the latter, and you provoke God to smite with confusion your efforts of every kind for the religious welfare of those who share your blood in their veins, who bear your features, and whose image is engraven on your heart. "And he brought him to Jesus."

Observe, finally, *Andrew's reward.* Peter was received of Christ—most graciously received. A promise of important usefulness in the cause of Christ was

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vouchsafed to him, and the soul of the rude fisherman first throbbed with mysterious impressions of a magnificent destiny awaiting him: "And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, by interpretation, A stone." Think of the special honour bestowed on this apostle,—think of the career that opened up to him in the future history of the Church,—think of the enthusiastic and intrepid magnanimity with which he pursued the high bent of his soul for the promotion of the cause of God,—and say, has not Andrew verily his reward? Andrew occupies no such space as Peter in the annals of the Church. But would Andrew grudge him this honour? How pleasant the thought that he had been instrumental in bringing Simon to Christ! How well remembered the scene and hour when he introduced him to the Lord, and was rewarded with the promise of his brother's abundant usefulness! Do likewise. Your own gifts and talents may be humble; but if by your care and love a brother is converted, through grace blessing and prospering your endeavours for this end, a son is brought to Christ, a father won to God; their abilities and influence may be sanctified to the cause which lies nearest your heart, and thus you may be the origin, under God, of unspeakably blessed results,—results wide as the world, and lasting as eternity.

Edinburgh. G.

CAPTAIN W. T. BATE.

"CANTON is taken," wrote a resident in China; "but too high a price has been paid for it, in the fall of such a man as our dear Captain Bate." "Our success," said the Admiral, in his official despatch, "has been damped by a great calamity, in the death of Captain William Thornton Bate. The sad event has thrown a gloom over the whole force." "Men spoke of him," wrote one of his lieutenants, "with faltering tongues and swimming eyes. The loss was felt—felt by all, by men and officers, by the highest and lowest." "I was with him," wrote Mr. Wade, the Chinese Secretary, "a minute before he was shot. Every one admits our success dearly purchased at such a cost. No man was more loved and approbated, from the Admiral down."

He could be no ordinary man over whose fall these tears were dropped by companions in arms recording their loss. The name of Captain Thornton Bate was not unknown to fame in official despatches; it was still better known at Canton, when a brave heart and a steady head were needed for a trying service; but we had still to know Captain Bate as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, who had won the victory that is through faith, and who was crowned in death with the crown of life. The disclosure of the life of faith amidst the continued life of action of this brave man, constitutes the deep interest of the Memoir by Mr. Baillie which has just appeared,* and from which we have drawn the following brief sketch. His name is another added to the roll of British officers who, in subduing kingdoms, have themselves been subdued to the King and kingdom of grace; and who, in the discharge of their duty to their Queen and country, have known no fear but the fear of God.

Like all men who have attained to eminence in a profession, young Bate seemed born for his. When a boy, he was brave, fearless, of frank, generous, unselfish temper,—just such a boy as we should have predicted would have his future home on the deep. When Havelock was but seven years of age, having climbed a tree for a bird's nest, at the moment he had grasped it the branch which bore him snapped, and down he came nest and all with a crash to the ground! "Were you not frightened?" said one to him afterwards. "No," said he; "I had enough to do to think of the eggs; for I thought they would be sure to be smashed to pieces!" The coolness and self-possession of the future hero of Lucknow was in that incident. At a still earlier age the boy Bate would climb some tree, and, perched on a high branch, would gaze all around, as if he would gaze out his very soul. One day his nurse caught him in this position, and rated him sharply. "Oh!" replied the urchin, gravely, "I was only taking a survey!" Her Majesty's future survey-officer was there in embryo. When at a boarding-school, from which he always returned once or twice a year to meet his sisters by a road which his boyish fancy had filled with footpads and other terrors, young Bate invariably took with him his favourite cannon. "If the footpads," he would say, "attack the coach *I* travel by, I am determined to have a pop at them." That small piece of ordnance had its meaning, when future years posted Bate, with his handful of three hundred, to maintain Macao Fort against the force of Canton. No incidents in his early life indicate that the light that was to lighten his future path had yet shone into his heart. At breakfast, one morning, the family devotion having been lengthened out a few minutes beyond its usual time, young Bate was heard whispering rather restively, "Make haste and be done with that prayer, or my egg will be quite cold!" It was on his return to England, after nearly five years' cruising on the coast of Africa, and when he had grown to a youth of nineteen, that grace began its reign. He had hitherto won all hearts by his warm, affectionate, open, manly bearing; but a new radiance was now to be shed on his character, within and around him. The death of his father, which had come upon him at an hour when, in high spirits, he was anticipating a joyful welcome after long absence, appears to have sent his thoughts upward to a heavenly Father. It was a beautiful summer evening on the great Atlantic, when the tight little vessel in which he sailed swept along the shore of the Island of Ascension, of which his father was governor. As the vessel hove to, the flags in the harbour were observed to be half-mast! The governor had been carried off the previous day by fever; and the heart-stricken "middy" was only in time to follow his father's corpse to the grave. The blow left on young Bate an impression that was the turning point in his career. Another Father was henceforth to take him by the hand; and that Father had already provided a companion for his spirit in a young cadet, who, in helping Bate, was helped by the help he gave. Night after night the young cadets, at stolen intervals, read and speak one to another of Him who was becoming their all in all. And before he again sailed from England he had taken his stand firmly and decidedly on the Lord's side. A second companion was provided by Him who is the orphan's shield, in his voyage to China, whither

* A Memoir of Captain W. Thornton Bate, R.N. By the Rev. John Baillie, author of Memoir of Hewitson, &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1859.

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he was sent on passing his examination for a lieutenant, and where, some years afterwards, he was to finish his brief but bright career. In the fellowship of a young officer, drawn to him by a kindred spirit, his new life was deepened during the voyage. They were not ashamed to meet together in the ship for daily reading and prayer. When arrived in China, and installed as mate of the *Blenheim*, a line-of-battle ship of 74 guns, he found the "two or three" whose meeting together has the promise of His presence whose presence is life and peace. The *Blenheim*, amidst its more stirring duties, presented scenes of Christian fellowship that interrupted no duty, and which are becoming less rare aboard our men-of-war. In the fore-cockpit was a small cabin, dark and narrow, and out of the way, in which might have been seen, night after night, for eight months, a small knot of gun-room officers gathered together for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. Some subject, such as the "Trinity," the "Personality and Divinity of the Holy Spirit," the "Atonement," previously agreed upon, occupied for two hours the little band of disciples, and drew forth their interchange of pleasant and profitable thoughts. Outside their cabin door was the ship's prison, where the oaths and ribaldry of the culprits in irons not seldom disturbed their converse; but only to awaken thankfulness for the grace that made them to differ, and quicken their resolves to do good as they might have opportunity. And opportunities were not wanting. Not long before, one of that same band had been a notorious swearer. When in the act of pouring forth a fearful volley of oaths on a sailor performing some duty, a brother officer, one of the fore-cockpit associates, kindly touching him on the shoulder, said, in a tone of gentleness,—"Swear not at all." The arrow went straight to the swearer's heart, and before many weeks his cabin became the chosen place of prayer. As the little praying band had to brave the sneers that so often curled on the lips of messmates, Bate grew into a man of firmer nerve and bolder and more courageous faith. He got safely over the stage where the faith of the young Christian sailor may be shaken by a brother officer's taunt of "Methodist," or by Jack's nickname of "A blue light." When, in the course of years, he rose to be a commander and captain in the service, the strength to which his faith had grown is shown in the singular freedom with which he acted for the spiritual interests of his men. On April the 27th he writes: "Performed divine service on deck. Commenced the plan of reading a sermon (one of Mr. Molyneux's short ones,—'Broken Bread') to the men. They don't quite understand what I am after. I trust God will give me grace to continue it." A week or two later he says: "Performed divine service on the lower deck. Read sermon to the men: second chapter of Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress.' I wonder if any effect was produced. Some appeared attentive; others perfectly indifferent. O God, I pray that thy word, even when uttered by such a vile instrument as thou hast chosen, may go forth with power to the hearts of my hearers. Let thy Spirit do his full work, I pray thee, amongst the seamen and marines of this ship. Truly it may be said that darkness covers the ship, and gross darkness her company." Not satisfied with Sabbath services, he writes on Monday, May 19th: "After quarters this morning, I told the ship's company it was my intention to establish a custom of reading a portion of Scripture, and offering up one or two prayers in public acknowledgment of what we all ought individually to feel,—the boundless goodness and merciful providence of God." The announcement was well received. His own daily walk was so transparent, and his manly face so beamed with kindness, that his men felt themselves unconsciously attracted to Him whose service their beloved commander so evidently felt to be "perfect freedom." He forthwith commenced by reading the first chapter of John, and concluded with our Lord's prayer and the prayer used at sea. Writing a few weeks afterwards to a friend in England, he says: "I have established morning prayers, and on Sunday, I am told, the attention of the men is more than it has ever been before. Every morning after divisions I read a chapter in the Bible—not a long one—and conclude with the Lord's prayer, and one or two extempore prayers. I think it answers well; the fellows are happy, and so am I." While thus fervent in spirit, no officer surpassed him in minute attention to duty; none approached him in the ability shown in his own exhausting and often harassing department. Far from society, beyond, as he was wont to say, the pale of civilization, he conducted for nearly five years a series of most extensive and laborious surveys amongst the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; and from the admitted accuracy of these his name became established as the first of Her Majesty's hydrographers. Some estimate of his labours in these troubled waters may be formed from the fact, that he executed a hydrographic chart of the island of Palawan—a large island between the north of Borneo and the Philippines, well known on that highway of commerce from its perilous coral reefs. The survey extended along the length of the island, 300 miles, including its harbours and adjacent waters, and determining the mountains and prominent hills visible at sea. While in this service of solitude and patience, his work of active Christian usefulness was steadily pursued. "Performed service," he writes when lying off Palawan, "A.M. and P.M. Preached from Psalm xxv. 7, on the sins of our youth. Crew attentive, and appeared to listen with eagerness. May the Lord bless my feeble labours. I am sure he could not have chosen a worse instrument." It is impossible not to ascribe to the deeper meditative culture of this season of solitude that profounder vein of reflection which unconsciously appears in much of his subsequent conversation. Conversing some time after this period on the subject of the trials of the Christian life, it was remarked by a friend, that Christ was himself made perfect through suffering: that as he himself took up a daily cross, we could not be exempt from it. "I have often wondered," said Bate, "why Christ should take up the daily cross, seeing he was already perfect. Was it that those long nights of prayer so often recorded, and that patient endurance of the contradiction of sinners against himself, had the effect of raising the human element in him beyond the glory of its original innocence and purity?" On another day, returning to the same subject, he remarked, "It is, indeed, a great mystery—a depth which we cannot fathom; but don't you think that, inasmuch as virtue tried and triumphant ranks far higher than innocence, it must have been necessary that Christ, if he was to possess our nature in its utmost perfection, should possess it in a state of victorious trial?"

But the time had come when his country called for his services in a wider theatre, and amidst more stirring scenes. While cruising on the Canton waters, awaiting the arrival of his ship from England, the insult was offered to the British flag out of which the late Chinese war arose, and Commis-

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sioner Yeh's resolution taken to expel "the barbarians." The reply to that resolution was the movement of the British force up the river! Within the old city of Canton, surrounded by a high wall, was a large space of ground called the High Commissioner's Compound. Was a breach in that wall practicable? Amidst the stillness of midnight an officer sallied forth from the flag-ship to determine that point. The Chinese were prowling in every direction. That officer, with his life in his hand, quietly surveyed the position, and returning at break of day, reported its practicability. The officer was Bate. In the morning he volunteered to lead in person the storming party. Before setting out, a grapeshot, as he was surveying the position and placing the ships, cut his glass in two and bent it double, and slightly wounded his hand! Nothing daunted, he put himself at the head of the attacking party, mounted the breach, seized a Chinaman's flag, waved it with a cheer, and in a few moments the whole party was on the parapet—a parapet that bristled with loaded guns—in possession of the wall! Commissioner Yeh's house and compound were at the service of the British Admiral. "The sight left my eyes," said an officer, "when I saw Captain Bate standing alone on the breach amidst a shower of balls and a cloud of dust." But the war was not to be finished at that time. Want of adequate force to attack and to keep open the line of river communication, compelled our Admiral to retire. At the council of war that resolved on retreat, Bate, feeling strongly how unwise it would be to give the Chinese even the semblance of victory, volunteered to fortify and hold Macao Fort, and keep open the river, at whatever personal risk and discomfort. At this, the advanced position on the withdrawal of the force from Canton, he took up his post on the little island with a band of three hundred men, and with the resolution, "I will, *with God's help*, hold it against all China!" During the four dreary months he held this post of danger and discomfort, "annoyed every night with attacks, and hard-up for something to eat," he forgot not the source of his own strength and the strength of his men. He instituted daily prayer in the fort, of which he says, "Though not at first appreciated, they led many to think more seriously, and had a most beneficial effect." Writing at the time of his occupation of the fort to a young relative in England, and congratulating him "that he had got the multiplication table all off and at his finger ends, and that his drawings were so nice," he adds, "The Chinese try every night to take this fort; but I think it will be a long time before they succeed, especially when we put all our strength in God, while they put theirs in stupid wooden dolls, which can neither see, hear, nor speak."

The Indian mutiny delayed for a season the operations against Canton. Meantime the Admiralty, in forgetfulness of his services, had destined Bate to four years surveying on the inhospitable shores of Tartary. It was a struggle with him to realize his heavenly Father's will in this Admiralty appointment. He had merited a better from his country. He shrunk from a second banishment from the pale of civilized men; and he was heard in that he feared, though not by a new appointment from the British Admiralty. Events had now matured for the renewal of operations against Canton. The decisive blow was to be struck, and Bate, still at Hong-Kong, joined in the *Actæon* the force that was ordered up the river.

From his knowledge of the river, the honour of leading the advance was assigned to him. On moving up the river on his way to storm the city, he writes: "How I wish I could live to Christ! but carrying about, as I do, the body of sin, I can hardly realize that to die is gain, although I know that to depart and to be with Christ is far better. We must, however, all wait until the Lord has done with us." His time of waiting was now short. The wheels of the chariot might already have been heard that was to carry him hence. "We open fire to-morrow at daybreak," he wrote, as they neared the scene of action, to a relative in England; "and at noon I leave with the Admiral, being attached to his staff, for the assault of the city the following morning." It was a brilliant morning in the end of December (1857), and a city of millions had scarce awoke from its slumbers, when boom, boom, boom went our broadsides, and all Canton trembled. Before landing, he secured a moment's privacy, and, as if craving in that hour the fellowship of a kindred spirit, he called to him one of his ship's company, and they read together the 91st Psalm. Having girt on his armour, he went out to meet duty as became him. It was in the assault of the following day that the General and his staff found themselves in a small cottage hid by a huge tree from the enemy on the wall. In a hasty reconnoitre, it was discovered that some dozen yards in advance there was a ditch or gorge, 40 or 50 yards broad, and, lying between them and the ditch, a low earthen fence, which concealed from view the spot where the scaling ladders should be placed to mount the broken embrasure. "At the moment, all around," says an eye witness, "hurled a shower of balls and rockets from the wall, and no one could cross to the edge of the ditch without imminent danger." Who shall set the ladders for the escalade? There was one man ready. Captain Bate volunteered to go. As he rushed across the open patch to look into the ditch, all eyes followed him, and more than one heart throbbed. When in the act of taking the distance from the ground to the top of the wall with his sextant, a shot from a gingall struck him on the right breast. He fell straight on the ground, and in half an hour had ceased to breathe. His commission to Tartary was cancelled. His survey was henceforth to be along a brighter shore, and amidst the multitude which no man can number. It was in his seven-and-thirtieth year that the day broke, and the shadows fled away.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

CHRIST AT THE DOOR.

Rev. iii. 20

In the foregoing chapter He says, "I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts;" and had he not told us why he is come to us, we might have supposed that he wishes to inspect our hearts more closely; to look into them for some secret lust yet undiscovered, or to search some dark corner not yet explored. But he says, "No; I am not come to you now for any such purpose. I come not as a judge, but rather as a petitioner. I want to be received within you. Behold, I stand at the door and knock. I am knocking for admittance." And this implies something on our part, and something also on his.

On our part, it implies this mournful fact, that *our*

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hearts are all naturally shut against Christ, yea, fastened, bolted and barred, against him. The world, brethren, has never to knock there. Sin has no need to stand there and say, "Let me in." The door is open to them at all times. But when the blessed Jesus draws near, O how closely does the heart shut itself up against him! Our language perhaps is, "It is kind in you to come, and merciful, and gracious; we thank you for it; but go away; there is no room here for you." "Come in, ye vanities," says the soul, "that have so often deceived and mocked me: come in, ye cares and anxieties, that have so many times distressed me and weighed me down; come in, ye idols of my heart, that I have again and again resolved should never be admitted more; come in and welcome, anything that is base and earthly; I will cherish you; but my holy Lord I must shut out. I know he ought to be let in, but this crowded heart of mine can find no place for him. It will not, it cannot, receive him."

On Christ's part, this expression implies *a willingness to enter our hearts*; and more than a willingness, an earnest desire to enter them. He not only stands waiting at the door, ready to come in; but he calls there and knocks there, unwilling to be kept out.

By "the door" we are to understand the various inlets of the soul; those parts and faculties of it which, as it were, admit things into it. And by "knocking" at these is meant appealing to them, trying them, endeavouring to get into the heart by means of them. There is our understanding, for instance, or judgment—Christ knocks at that by showing us that it is reasonable we should admit him,—that it is our duty and interest to do so. And then there are our affections: he appeals to them. "I have loved you," he says, "and given myself for you. I have been wounded and bruised, I have bled and died, for you. Do not, after this, shut me out. You would be ashamed to shut out the father who cared for you, and the mother who nourished you; but I have done more for you than father, and mother, and all the world besides." He tries our hopes. "I will bring in with me," he says, "blessings innumerable." And, at other times, our fears. "There is danger," he says, "in rejecting me. It will be your condemnation and ruin to send me away."

The means whereby he does all this are various. His word is one of them,—the chapters you read, and the sermons that are preached to you. And his mercies are another,—the mercies of his providence. And afflictions also. It is sad that the Lord Jesus should be constrained to knock at our hearts by these; it is sad that the scourge should be needed to force open our hearts to one like him; yet so it is. He seldom gets far into our hearts till he has torn and smitten them; he seldom gets into them at all till sorrow has gone in first. "You will not let me in," he says; "and why? You have not room for me; your heart is full of idols. Well, then, I will send death to take away those idols, or I will send poverty or something else to drive them out. I will strip you of the things you love; and then, when your soul is empty, and aching, and desolate, when you are looking around everywhere for a comforter and can find none, I will come again and say, 'Now will you admit me? There is room now; now let me in.'"

Conscience also is another of Christ's instruments. There are times, brethren, when our own minds seem to acquire a wonderful power over us. It is in the silence of night, perhaps, or in the loneliness of solitude. We would think of other things, but something rises within us and constrains us to think of eternity and our God. It tells us that all is not as it should be with us, and will not end as we would have it. The world, this poor empty world, appears for an hour in its true character. It is felt to be a thing of nought, and our life in it a dream, and we ourselves fools and madmen for making so much of it. And our souls, too, are thought of, our precious but well-nigh forgotten souls. And, O! how do they seem to reproach us for our cruel neglect of them! "This will never do," conscience says. "If you go on as you have done, you will perish, and perish everlastingly, and perish soon. Your life is passing rapidly away. There is the grave and an eternal world at hand. Where will you soon be?" When, therefore, conscience speaks thus to us, it is Christ that bids it speak thus. He speaks to us by it. He is taking hold of it, and knocking by it at our hearts.

And observe how patiently he does all this. It is not one knock that satisfies him, or two knocks. "Behold, I stand and knock." The language seems to convey the idea of habit, continuance: "Behold, I have been standing and knocking at this door for a long time, and continue to stand here. I have been here for hours; yea, for days, and nights, and months, and years."

The Lord Jesus is not like us. We may be kind; but we are not patient in our kindness, not long-suffering. We seek to do others good; but after a little, when they continue obstinate and perverse, we give them up. There is no helping them, we say; they must take their own course: and we can say this even of a brother or a child. But not so Christ. He acts towards sinners as though he were most unwilling to leave them, as though he could do or bear anything rather than abandon them; nay, he speaks as though he could not abandon them: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, or surrender thee up, Israel?" "I cannot do it," he seems to say. Every feeling of his soul is agitated and pained at the thought. "Mine heart," he cries, "is turned within me; my repentings are kindled together." And in the same spirit he speaks in this text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. You may think that I am only just come, but recollect—I have been here all your life long. I came to you in your very childhood. I said to you then, 'My son, give me thine heart. I love them that love me. They that seek me early shall find me.' But you turned me away. You said it was too soon then to admit me: childhood was an age of folly, and folly must have its day. I came

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again to you in your youth. I knocked then yet louder for admittance, and you heard me; but you gave me no answer, or the same answer again—I had come too soon: youth was a day for pleasure, and pleasure also must have its day. It had it. Your youth is now gone, and business and occupations have succeeded to pleasures; yet here I still am. I still stand at your door and knock. I have knocked at it often before, and now knock again. I do it this day, this hour, this very moment, by the sermon you are now hearing, by the feelings of sorrow, or shame, or seriousness, my Spirit is now exciting in your minds. I heed not your former neglect of me; I heed not the many refusals and even insults you have shown me. Repulsed and despised, here I still am, persisting in my gracious design towards you; still asking for admittance; still calling, entreating, reasoning, pleading, promising, reproving, warning, threatening—reluctant as ever to give you up, and anxious as ever to save and bless you." O the amazing patience we have all experienced from the Lord Jesus! It is as wonderful as his love itself. Well may he say, "Behold, I stand." He comes and knocks; he seeks us before we seek him—that is one wonder: he stands and knocks; he continues to seek us—that is another. And few of us think how much we owe to this patience. But for this, those among us who have obtained mercy would not have obtained it; for which of us opened his heart to Christ when Christ first knocked at it? And it is owing to this that others of us are yet within mercy's reach. The sun of this Sabbath, brethren, is now shining brightly on you; "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" is this day preached to you; and wherefore? You talk of the divine grace and goodness, and you have reason to talk of them; but, oh! think of the divine patience also! Were it not for this, you would be at this moment out of the sight of that sun and beyond the sound of that gospel. The grave would have your bodies, and a dark hell your souls.—*Rev. C. Bradley.*

THE MALAGASY MARTYRS.

During his recent visit to Madagascar, and his consequent intercourse with the people of various classes on the island, Mr. Ellis obtained much authentic information as to the actual condition and prospects of the native Christians, and also in relation to the cruelties inflicted upon the noble band of martyrs and confessors at the time of the memorable persecution of 1849. The modern history of the Church (says the *Missionary Chronicle*) contains nothing more affecting than the facts presented by Mr. Ellis in the following passage:—

It may be sufficient to say that, so far as my opportunities of observing it have extended, the religion of the present is the same as that of the past, and appears to be sincere and satisfactory; a religion derived simply and solely from the teachings of God's holy word, unfolded, applied, and sustained by the operations of the Holy Spirit. Under this divine influence it appears to have attained a measure of development that is truly marvellous. That it is to be ascribed to this source alone would appear from the fact, that a large number of those who have suffered became Christians after the missionaries had left the country. I repeatedly passed the places where the martyrs suffered—spots that will be consecrated by the most hallowed and affectionate associations in the minds of the Malagasy throughout all future ages. I had met and conversed repeatedly with their widowed survivors and their orphan children, as well as with those who witnessed the steadfastness of their faith and the quiet triumph of their death; and from their testimony had derived more than confirmation of all that we had previously heard.

The authorities in Madagascar, who sought by torture and death to extinguish the Christian faith, by whatever motives they may have been actuated, only imitated the Diocletians of the early ages, and the Alvas, the Medicis, and the Marys of more recent times; and with corresponding results, in the invariable constancy of those who fell, and the subsequent fruits of the imperishable seed which was scattered in the martyrs' blood. Deeply affecting were the details which I received of the sorrows and the consolations of the sufferers—of their conduct in the hour of peril, as well as in the day of impeachment and of trial—with the noble testimony which they bore, when brought before judges and rulers, for His name's sake.

The following exact and verbatim statements refer to the severe persecution in the year 1849, and will make their own appeal to every heart. They are offered without apprehension, as those to whom they refer have passed into a world where "the fury of the oppressor" and the cruelty of the persecutor can never enter:—

"On the 14th of March 1849, the officer before whom the Christians were examined, said, 'Do you pray to the sun, or the moon, or the earth?' R—— answered, 'I do not pray to these, for the hand of God made them.'

"'Do you pray to the twelve mountains that are sacred?' R——. 'I do not pray to them, for they are mountains.'

"'Do you pray to the gods that render sacred the kings?' R——. 'I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them.'

"'Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?' R——. 'Kings and rulers are given by God that we should serve and obey them, and render them homage. Nevertheless, they are only men like ourselves; when we pray, we pray to God alone.'

"'You make distinct and observe the Sabbath-day?' R——. 'That is the day of the great God; for in six days the Lord made all his works. But God rested on the seventh, and he caused it to be holy; and I rest, or keep sacred that day.'

"And in similar manner answered all the Christians. And when a man who had kept aloof saw that one, a woman, did not deny God, and remembered that to deny God was followed with compunction, he went and spoke as the others had done. And when these brethren and sisters were bound, the husband of one of them, who had heard their confession, came and said to them, 'Be not afraid, for it is well if for that you die.' He was a soldier from a distance, and not of the number of the accused. Then he was examined, and as he made the same avowal, they bound him also. And they removed these ten brethren and sisters, and made their bands hard or tight, and confined them each in a separate house."

The writers of the journal add: "And, at one o'clock at night, we met together and prayed. On the 22d of March,

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when one had said, 'Jehovah is God alone, and above every name that is named, and Jesus Christ is also God,' the people cried out mocking. And to another the officer said, 'Rabodampoimerina (the sacred name of our queen) is our god, but not your god.' He answered, 'The God who made me is my God; but Rabodo is my queen or sovereign.' And when he refused other answer, they said, 'Perhaps he is an idiot, or a lunatic.' He answered, 'I am not an idiot, and have not lost my understanding.' Then there was a commotion and buzz among the people, saying, 'Take him away.' And they took him to prison.

"And before it was light, on the following day, the people assembled at A——y. Then they took the eighteen brethren that chose God, and to inherit life, and to become his sons and his daughters, and they bound their hands and feet, and tied each of them to a pole wrapped in mats, and placed them with the other prisoners. And of these united brethren and sisters ten were from Vonizongo. And when the officers, and troops, and judges arrived, they read over the names of each class of prisoners, and then placed them by themselves, and stationed around them soldiers with muskets and spears; and the sentences were then delivered, consigning some to fine and confiscation, others to slavery, others to prison and chains, some to flogging, and eighteen to death—four to be burned, and fourteen to be hurled from the rocky precipice, and afterwards burned to ashes.

"And the eighteen appointed to die, as they sat on the ground surrounded by the soldiers, sang the 137th hymn:*—

"'When I shall die, and leave my friends,
When they shall weep for me,
When departed has my life,
Then I shall be happy'

"When that hymn was finished, they sang the 154th:—

"'When I shall behold him, rejoicing in the heavens,' &c.

"And when the sentences were all pronounced, and the officer was about to return to the chief authorities, the four sentenced to be burned requested him to ask that they might be killed first, and then burned. But they were burned alive.

"When the officer was gone, they took those eighteen away to put them to death. The fourteen they tied by the hands and the feet to long poles, and carried on men's shoulders. And these brethren prayed and spoke to the people as they were being carried along. And some who beheld them said that their faces were like the faces of angels. And when they came to the top of Nampaminarina, they cast them down, and their bodies were afterwards dragged to the other end of the capital, to be burned with the bodies of those who were burned alive.

"And as they took the four that were to be burned alive to the place of execution, these Christians sang the 90th hymn, beginning,—

"'When our hearts are troubled;'

each verse ending with—

"'Then remember us.'

Thus they sang on the road. And when they came to Faravohitra, there they burned them, fixed betwixt split spars. And there was a rainbow in the heavens at the time, close to the place of burning. Then they sang in the hymn 158th:—

"'There is a blessed land,
Making most happy;
Never shall the rest depart,
Nor cause of trouble come.'

"That was the hymn they sang after they were in the fire. Then they prayed, saying, 'O Lord, receive our spirits; for thy love to us has caused this to come to us. And lay not this sin to their charge.'

"Thus they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly, gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life; and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there."

* The numbers refer to the collection of printed hymns in the native language. The translation is verbal and literal, not a metrical rendering of the meaning.

HEART LONGINGS.

I.

LORD! what unvalued pleasures crown'd
The days of old,
When thou wert so familiar found!—
Those days were gold:
When Abram wished, thou couldst afford
With him to feast;
When Lot but said, "Turn in, my Lord,"
Thou wert his guest.

But, ah! this heart of mine doth pant
And beat for thee;
Yet thou art strange, and wilt not grant
Thyself to me.
What! shall thy people be so dear
To thee no more?
Or is not heaven to earth as near
As heretofore?

The famished raven's hoarser cry
Finds out thine ear;
My soul is famished, and I die
Unless thou hear,
O thou great Alpha! King of kings!
Or bow to me,
Or lend my soul seraphic wings
To get to thee!

ANON.

II.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How soon they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

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Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

ANON.

BIBLE CITIES.

No. I.—DAMASCUS.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, peerless in splendour, stands Damascus in the great plain east from Lebanon, queen of Syrian cities, the pride and glory of the Orient. The greatest empires the earth has seen have worn it as the fairest jewel in their diadems. A phase of its marvellous existence, a chapter from its annals of 4000 years, would form an eventful history. Never since history was written has Damascus not been famous. Its beginnings are hidden in a dim antiquity, yet from age to age its course is marked by a long trail of light. After wars and changes numberless, it survives to claim its rank as the oldest city in the world. Since the days of Abraham the eyes of men have looked from the ridge of Anti-Libanus with wonder and delight on the regal city, sparkling like a diamond in its granite cup—gleaming white and fair through its depth of everlasting verdure.

According to Josephus, Damascus was founded by Uz, the grandson of Shem and the son of Aram, who gave its ancient name to Syria. The rich and level country round, the abundance of rivers and fountains, would at a very early period attract a settled population. In Abraham's time it was a known landmark, and as such is first mentioned in the account of his pursuit of the kings or chiefs of shepherd-tribes who plundered Sodom and captured Lot (Gen. xiv. 15). The patriarch's steward, the devout Eliezer, was a native of Damascus (xv. 2). A spot near the city, where Abraham is said to have worshipped after his victory, is still held in high veneration by the Moslems.

After this the history of the city is a blank, till its name reappears on the page of Scripture during the reign of David. The king of Damascus, having allied himself with the enemies of Israel, was overthrown, and his territory occupied by Jewish garrisons, and forced to pay tribute (2 Sam. viii. 6). Damascus quickly threw off the yoke, and its ruler was an "adversary to Israel all the days of Solomon" (1 Kings xi. 25). Fifty years later, we find Asa forming an alliance with Benhadad of Damascus, to strengthen himself against the rival prince of Israel; and from this time the Syrian kingdom exerts a fatal influence upon the fortunes of the chosen people. We may judge of the power which Damascus had now attained, by the fact that a son of this Benhadad invaded Israel with thirty-two kings, chiefs, or governors of provinces, in his train (1 Kings xx. 1.) Ahab twice defeated the Syrians, but the third time was slain in battle. Benhadad's armies were led by Naaman, an able captain, a prudent counsellor, "but a leper;" and the story of his journey to Samaria, his interview with Elisha, and his cure in Jordan, comes upon us like a gleam of sunshine through the cloud and storm of war (2 Kings v.) Who can forget the proud words of the Syrian soldier: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" These rivers still flow on in their ancient channels, their current as fresh, their murmur as pleasant as of old; while countless generations that have wandered on their banks and breathed their coolness have passed down the tide of time, and are remembered no more.

Many events in Elisha's life are connected with the Syrian invasions of Israel, and one of his last acts was to foretell the calamities that would be brought upon his country by Hazael, who had been anointed king over Damascus by Elijah long before. Under Hazael the Syrian capital reached a high degree of power and splendour, and the spoils of Jerusalem were carried away to enrich her temples. Time would fail us to trace the fortunes of Damascus under succeeding kings, till its lustre waned before the rising glory of Assyria. In the days of Ahaz, the city was taken by Tiglath-pileser, its king put to death, and its people carried into captivity (2 Kings xvi. 9). Then, as Isaiah had foretold, "the kingdom ceased from Damascus" (xvii. 1, 3); and the words of Amos were fulfilled: "I will send a fire into the house of Hazael, which shall devour the palaces of Benhadad" (i. 4, 5).

And now, as a beautiful captive, the queen of Syria was striven for and won by the world's mightiest empires. Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome possessed it in turn. And seven *times* passed over it, till the confused noise of warriors was lulled for a season; and then a new and stronger power, not carnal, but spiritual, entered silently within its walls. There the religion of the Cross made its noblest conquest, when Saul, blind and trembling, the hot fever of his passion cooled by the touch of the Great Physician, was led by the hand through its gates a willing captive to the faith. The rivers of Damascus have a better fame since they baptized the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

Through ages of persecution, the faith flourished at Damascus; but prosperity, and wealth, and worldly pomp corrupted its simplicity, and spiritual death fell upon the churches of the East. Then Mohammed came forth from the Arabian deserts as the scourge of God, and the crescent of Islam shone far over regions where the cross had triumphed. Damascus fell before the Saracen arms, and its Christian churches were converted into mosques. The Moslem conquest opened a new career of pride and brilliancy to this perennial city. The Omeyiad Caliphs made it their regal seat, and it became the metropolis of the Mohammedan world. From the Himalayas to the Pyrenees, vassal nations poured their wealth and glory into it. Its princes lavished their treasures in adding to its beauty,—in

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building palaces and mosques, baths and colleges, and spacious bazaars, heaped up with gums and spices, with the pearls of Ormus, and costly silks and golden brocades of India. It was called the Eye of the East, the Pearl of Orient, the Garden of the World. Under its later Ottoman rulers its importance has declined, but it still clings to its ancient glory with marvellous tenacity of life. It has been called, like the city of the Bosphorus, a predestinated capital. Men still speak of its barbaric splendour and enchanting loveliness; and in days when Western influence sends a sweeping tide of reform through Constantinople, and even Cairo, not a ripple has disturbed the calm surface of its dreamy Eastern life. Damascus remains the true type of an Oriental city. Caravans come and go from Bagdad and Mecca, as of old; merchants sit and smoke over their costly bales, in dim bazaars; drowsy groups sip their coffee, in kiosks overhanging the river; and all the picturesque costumes of the East mingle in the streets. Everywhere fountains murmur, and waters sparkle and foam. For this is the true wealth, the crowning glory of Damascus—her "living waters and streams from Lebanon." The Barrada, the ancient Abana, breaks through a mountain-gorge into the plain, and branches over it in several channels; and from these, by numberless ducts and veins, the priceless treasure is everywhere diffused. It is these waters which steep and nourish the rich masses of forest and garden which screen Damascus with unwithering greenness and shade. They bring life and freshness to the thirsty city, and cool its summer sultriness with draughts from the snows of Lebanon. The first view of the town from one of the overhanging ridges is like a vision of the earthly paradise. Marble minarets, domes glittering with the crescent, massive towers, and terraces of level roofs, rise out of a sea of foliage—the white buildings shining with ivory softness through the broad dark clumps of verdure, which, miles in depth and leagues in circuit, girdle the city, making it, as the people love to say, a pearl set in emeralds. It is a wilderness of bloom, and fragrance, and fruitage, where olive and pomegranate, orange and apricot, plum and walnut, mingle their varied tints of green—a maze of flowering and scented thickets, pierced with wild woodland glades, that are sweet with roses and jasmine blossom, and alive with bubbling springs and rivulets. And close up to the forest edge comes the yellow desert, and around it are the bare mountains, with the snowy crest of Hermon, standing like a sentinel with shining helmet, on the west—"the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." The river 'Awaj, the ancient Pharpar, flows through a narrow valley on the south. As with most Eastern cities, the romantic beauty that charms at a distance fades away on a nearer approach. Through narrow and crooked streets you pass by mud or wooden dwellings, filthy caravanserais, tottering mosques, and heaps of rubbish, where lean dogs sleep in the sun. The principal mansions present only high blank fronts, like prison-walls, to the street, pierced here and there by grated windows, and giving no sign of the magnificence within.

The "street called Straight" runs in a direct course for a mile from the eastern gate. An hospital for lepers is pointed out as the site of Naaman's house. You are led to a cave or cellar fitted up as a chapel, in a narrow lane, and told that this was the house of Ananias. Half a mile east from the city, monkish tradition places the scene of Paul's conversion; but the great road from Jerusalem enters Damascus from the west. Till quite recently, a window on the wall was shown as that from which the apostle was let down in a basket. But the mind turns from tradition to take refuge in the unchanging truth of nature, and feels it enough to know that the city stands where it stood in Abraham's time, and that round it spreads the same panorama of mountain and plain that met the eye of Paul an instant before the great brightness shone from heaven, which thenceforward changed the world to him. J. D. B.

PAPERS FOR THE CHURCHES.

I.—HOW TO INCREASE A CONGREGATION.

THERE are various expedients for enlarging a congregation. Popular preaching, effective singing, an elegant edifice, and other such inducements, may collect and retain a crowd. On the other hand, it has been said that the true way is to have a revival; that when the Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost, "the multitude came together," and that the same cause will now work the same effect.

Without meaning to question the truth and fitness of this view of the subject, we have sometimes thought it might be advantageous to state it in a more definite and practical form. The surest way for a Church to gain a larger congregation, is *to be faithful to the one it has*, however small. Some persons—a mere handful, perhaps—who are impenitent, are yet disposed to visit the place where the church meets for worship. Here, now, is an opportunity—not for the minister alone, nor for him in special partnership with the office-bearers, but for the church as a whole, and in every one of its members, to do good. These persons are providentially led to place themselves under the influence of the church. From it, more than from any other model, they will form their notions of the real value of religion. Persons thus related to an evangelical church have important advantages, *provided the church is faithful*. But otherwise they are *in special danger*.

On the one hand, they enjoy the stated ministration of the gospel, and the salutary influences of public and social worship. The truth, which is the appointed instrument of salvation, is declared to them, and persuasively urged upon them. The preaching is, or ought to be, sustained by believing prayer for its success. But, on the other hand, they are in danger of falling insensibly

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into the delusion that they are so near the kingdom of God as to be in comparative safety. They are, we will suppose, mainly correct in their doctrinal notions; they do not cavil at the preaching; and their assent to the truth is deemed to be itself a virtue. They are "in favour of religion." Perhaps they are church members. The habit of hearing without obeying the truth is of itself a very hardening process. If the members of the church do not manifest a very special concern for their salvation, they are in the greatest peril of being lulled into the sleep of death.

Now, we are taught that the servant who is faithful over a few things, will be made ruler over many things. And a church that does its duty faithfully, prayerfully, earnestly, perseveringly, to a small congregation, may reckon on drawing a larger one. But if the members conclude that these persons, once drawn within the walls of the sanctuary, are sufficiently cared for, and that the minister must do the rest,—if they think that a few vague and general prayers for the salvation of sinners generally, for "a blessing on the word preached," for "the building up of the church in numbers as well as in graces," and such like, exhaust their duty and privilege of prayer, they will have no reason to wonder if they continue to have a small congregation. They do not exhibit a fitness to be intrusted with a larger one. The more souls that come under so equivocal an influence, the more are placed in danger of perdition. This is strong language, and we should hesitate to use it, except in a hypothetical case. Such a church being supposed, can less be said with truth? But the question is, Are there such churches? He who walks among the golden candlesticks can alone decide.

John Brown of Haddington said to a young minister, who complained of the smallness of his congregation, "It is as large a one as you will want to give account for in the day of judgment." The admonition is appropriate, and not to ministers alone.

II.—DIG DEEP ENOUGH.

Nothing is more certain than that God is at all times equally ready to prosper his word, and to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. It is true that great spiritual blessings are granted at times with a sovereign bounty, apparently quite irrespective of the previous condition and conduct of Christians; but this fact need not foster the notion that spiritual blessings are at any time beyond the reach of believing prayer. A plain, shrewd man, in one of the daily prayer-meetings, said that praying for a revival is "just like digging for water." Suppose a community as ignorant of the terms of obtaining water as we are of the conditions of revival. They apply to a scientific man, to know whether there is any way to obtain a constant supply of living water. They rather infer, from the fact that it rains tremendously sometimes, without their help, that the supply of water is one for which they are ordained to wait passively; and that, when it does not rain in their vessels, they must want as patiently as they may. But if there is water to be had otherwise, in a dry time they would make any exertion to get at it. "Certainly there is," their teacher responds, "water everywhere, water without limit, under your very feet." "How shall we get it?" "By digging for it." "How far must we dig?" "Five, ten, twenty, or even a hundred feet; in some places a thousand feet will not reach it. But no matter; if it is *five* thousand feet down, *digging* will infallibly bring it. All you have to do, is to dig till you find it."

Experience has so proved this fact concerning the supply of water, that no man sees any argument for inactivity or discouragement in digging, in the fact that sovereign showers from heaven are sent at intervals even to idle waiters upon providence. This does not by any means convince us, or even suggest to us, that it is the divinely-appointed way for us to get water, and that to attempt to drink oftener, or by other means, would be presumption. And has not experience sufficiently proved that PRAYER is sure to bring the copious grace of God—not, perhaps, in one day, or any ascertained number of days, but as surely as it is prolonged in faith, according to the will of God?

The peculiar influence of last winter and spring was an unexpected, unsought, *unconceived* gift of Divine power. It has led us, and should lead us, to ask and expect still greater things. But we should err if we supposed that because the little devotion of 1857 was followed by such a glorious dispensation of the Spirit, therefore the much greater devotion of 1858 must necessarily procure a greater, or even an equal gift. And we should be no less in error, if we concluded, from the non-repetition of last winter's scenes, with all our prayers and efforts, that *we* have no conditions of revival to fulfil, or that no continuance in prayerful fidelity will secure that enlarged blessing for which our hopes and desires have been excited. Patience! this is the way; and when we have but *dug deep enough*, we shall find all that we seek, and much more.

There are very many individuals, families, churches, and entire communities, which received no share of the wide-spread descent of the Spirit last spring. How easy, *then*, to have been enriched with the presence of the willing, waiting, knocking guest! It was but to open the door, and even that we refused. Now the task is a harder one, perhaps. Shall the self-accusing reflection weaken our motives to present repentance, and dispose us the less to our neglected duty? Shall the lost opportunity make the opportunities that remain less precious, or more so, in our eyes? Our God is rich in mercy still as then. Let us seek him with the prayer of faith and consecration, and "prove him now herewith, if he will not pour us out a blessing."—*Examiner.*

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. II.—THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

MATT. II. 1–12.

Ver. 1. Where have we a full account of the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem? Luke ii. Mention some of the circumstances connected with it? What was Bethlehem remarkable for in Old Testament history? Ruth i. 19; 1 Sam. xvi. 4. Who was Herod the king? [He was a king appointed to reign over Judæa by the Romans, who were now the real masters of Palestine. He was an Edomite, very cruel, cunning, and clever. He had already, through jealousy, murdered his wife, two of his sons, and many others. To please the Jews, he built or improved a great many public buildings, including the temple. Mark, there are several Herods mentioned in the New Testament. 1. This Herod, "Herod the Great." 2. His son, Herod Antipas, who beheaded John the Baptist. Matt. xiv. 1. 3. (Herod) Agrippa I., son of the former. Acts xii. 1, 23. 4. (Herod) Agrippa II. Acts xxv. 13.] Do we ever read elsewhere of "wise men in the East"? Num. xxiii. 7; Dan. ii. 2, 12. What part of the East had these men probably come from? [Probably Chaldæa, possibly Arabia or Persia.] Were any of the Jews ever in Chaldæa? And when? 2 Kings xxv. 21. [Many still remained there, and in other Eastern countries.]

Ver. 2. How might the wise men come to know about a king of the Jews? [Through the writings of the Hebrew prophets circulated among these Jews, especially those of Daniel.] What might lead them to connect his birth with a star? See Num. xxiv. 17. How long time did the journey from Chaldæa sometimes occupy? See Ezra vii. 9. For what purpose had these men come? What lessons may we derive from the journey of these men? [1. That we should spare no trouble in seeking the Saviour. These men will rise up in judgment against persons *who give themselves no trouble* about Christ (*a*). 2. That persons with few advantages are often more earnest than those with many (*b*). Neither the Jews in Palestine nor those in Chaldæa showed such earnestness as these "wise men." Read Matt. viii. 11; xix. 30. We should be exceedingly careful lest we, with all our privileges, be in this condemnation.]

Ver. 3. What would be the cause of Herod's "trouble"? [Dread of a rival to the throne.] What would be the cause of trouble to "all Jerusalem"? [Dread of war and commotion.] Did the song of the angels at Bethlehem justify these fears? See Luke ii. 14. If Herod had attended to the Old Testament Scriptures would he have been troubled? See Isa. ix. 6, 7. Was it from the tyranny of Herod the angel had said that Christ would save his people? See Matt. i. 21.

Ver. 4. Who were the chief priests? [Probably the high priest and his family, and the heads of the twenty-four courses of priests. Find the passage where David arranged the priests into twenty-four classes.] And the scribes? [Teachers and interpreters of the law. What Herod convened was probably the supreme "council" of the Sanhedrim, consisting of seventy priests, Levites, scribes, &c.]

Ver. 5. Did they give a correct answer to Herod's question? How did they *prove* it? [By a text from Scripture—the best kind of proof. Their religious *knowledge* was not deficient.] Did their *knowledge* suffice for their salvation? What does this prove? [That knowledge of the truth is of no avail without grace in the heart (*c*).]

Ver. 6. What prophet says this? And where? See Micah v. 2. How long before was this prophecy written? [More than seven hundred years.]

Ver. 7. What made Herod so eager to know this? See ver. 16.

Ver. 8. How far was Bethlehem from Jerusalem? [About six miles. From the top of a ridge between, both could be seen—the city where Christ was born, and the city where he died.] Did Herod speak the truth to the wise men? Why did he wish them to come back? [Probably to put them to death.] What feelings did Herod thus indulge? [Cunning, lying, injustice, inhospitality, impiety.] What does the Bible say of all liars? Rev. xxi. 8. What lesson should we draw from this? (*d*)

Ver. 9. Is it likely that the star was a common one? [It must have been an extraordinary one, its light streaming down from the heavens in some peculiar manner, so as to mark out a particular spot.] Where is Christ called a star? Rev. xxii. 16.

Ver. 10. Why did the sight of the star make the wise men so glad? What ought to be the occasion of greatest joy to us? (*e*) What occasions joy in heaven? Luke xv. 10.

Ver. 11. How did these men show their *faith*? (*f*) [Though Christ was but a babe, and the child of very poor parents, yet they *believed* him to be a great King.] What common sin does this rebuke? See Isa. liii; John i. 11. Is it wise to judge by outward appearances? Mention a great prophet who once did so, and was wrong. 1 Sam. xvi. 6, 7. How did the wise men show their *humility*? (*g*) How did they show their *sense of Christ's worthiness*? What scene in heaven may this call to mind? Rev. iv. 10, 11. What does it teach us as to our duty? (*h*) What will become of those who are ashamed of Christ?

Ver. 12. Under whose protection were the wise men? How came they to be so? Ps. xxxiv. 7. How was their faith further shown at this time? What other way might they return to their own country? [From Bethlehem, eastwards to the shore of the Dead Sea; thence up the valley of the Jordan, and on to Damascus; thence to Chaldæa.] Mention now together all the practical lessons which we have drawn from this narrative. [See (*a*), (*b*), (*c*), (*d*), &c., for the *substance* of these.] Can you mention any more? [This lesson may be closed by urging the young not to be behind these wise men in earnestly seeking Christ. And as they set out to seek Christ *as soon as they saw the star*, so let each one be urged to seek Christ NOW, *without a moment's delay*. Christ to be sought with the heart, by receiving him as our Saviour, welcoming his offers, laying our sins on him, and giving ourselves up to him as our Lord. The Holy Spirit should be asked to draw us to him, and unite us to him savingly.]

DOCTRINE.—Our ungodliness the chief feature of our sinful state.

Our ungodliness is shown by our *dislike to God's company*. Gen. iii.; Jonah i.; Matt. viii.

Our ungodliness is shown by our *forgetfulness of God's mercies*. Ps. cvi.; ix.

Our ungodliness is shown by our *dislike to God's ways*. Job xxi.

Our ungodliness is shown by our *rebellion against God's will*. Isa. i.

Our ungodliness is shown by our *neglect of God's Son*. Isa. liii.

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CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—KINDNESS.

Did you ever read the fable of the "Sun and the Wind," both of which undertook to make the traveller part with his cloak: how the wind mustered all its forces of hail and rain, howling, screeching, tearing up trees by the roots, until it came down upon the traveller in a hurricane, demanding his cloak? But the cloak was not to be thus obtained. The poor man wrapped it more closely around him, and bravely withstood the blast. Next came the sun, shining softly at first upon field and woodland, and glancing upon the traveller, who held his cloak more loosely, and smilingly looked up. Warmer and warmer waxed the sun, and the traveller, unfastening his cloak, laid it back upon his shoulders. Higher rose the sun, and sent forth his most fervid rays; then the traveller hastily threw off his cloak, and sat down, completely conquered.

The sun here is a beautiful illustration of kindness. Did you ever notice with what facility some gentle, good-natured people lead everybody captive? They neither rave, nor scold, nor say what they will *make* people do. There is no need of that; for it is easily shown what they *can* make people do.

A pale faced, small young man once went into a wild-looking settlement, and offered to teach the winter school. The agent surveyed him from head to foot, and shook his head. "It will never do," said he; "the boys here would be too much for you. Why, sir, last winter we had a giant who carried a long, stout birch into the school, with a 'ruler' two feet long, both of which he broke over the boys on the first day. On the next, they carried him from the school-house, and put him into a snow-drift. Thus ended our winter's school."

In nowise discouraged by this account, the young man insisted upon trying it: promising to give up peaceably if order could not be maintained. Inasmuch as he produced the most unqualified recommendations, the agent at last consented. It was known through the settlement that he entered school on the first day *unarmed*. This was by some considered presumptuous, for they did not understand the potency of a secret weapon which he always carried about him. Was it a sword in a sheath? a pistol in his vest pocket? a bowie-knife or stiletto in his bosom? No: guess again. Some little reader, who remembers the fable of the Sun and the Wind, answers, "It was *kindness*." That is right. I have heard of "killing people with kindness," and have always thought it must be an easy way to die. You must understand me now. You know *I* cannot joke with my little friends about death—that is too serious a subject. When we talk of "killing people with kindness," we do not mean laying their bodies in the cold grave, and sending their souls into eternity. Oh, no! that would be dreadful. We only mean that it is possible to destroy the manifestations of enmity, ill-will, anger, and other bad passions which may be excited against us, by simply feeling and acting kindly.

Some of my little readers may say, "Oh, but I *cannot* feel kindly towards those who are unkind and unjust towards me." Then, my dear, your heart is not right. Of course, you cannot use the powerful weapon of kindness, if it is not in your possession. Try to get it, my little friends. Think of Him who has been so very kind to an unjust, unthankful child like you. Ask him to help you. Turn up Luke xxiii. 34; Acts vii. 60; Luke vi. 28; Ephes. iv. 32; 1 Peter iii. 9.

Some other time, I will tell you how the young teacher managed his lawless scholars.

II.—BIRTHDAY HYMN.

A smile in kindly eyes I see,
And kindly arms are pressed round me,
And kindly voices now I hear,
That wish me many a happy year.

But there is yet a kinder Eye,
That gazes on me from on high;
The gracious Lord my prayer will hear,
As I begin another year.

Almighty Friend! thy grace bestow;
Teach thy weak child thy will to know;
And guide me in thy faith and fear;
Oh, make me *wiser* every year!

Take pride and folly from my heart;
Bid sloth and selfishness depart;
Let me be humble, meek, sincere:
Oh, make me *holier* every year!

If more and more I prize thy word,
If more and more I love my Lord,
If more and more I feel thee near,
I shall be *happier* every year.

Still wiser, holier may I be,—
A brighter, happier birthday see,
When I at last in heaven appear
To spend with Thee an endless year!

London. A. L. O. E.

III.—BACKBITING.

What a red mark the word of God sets on the slanderer's forehead when it calls him a *backbiter!* Many a child goes about with that red mark flaming on his brow, and his conscience tells him that it is so. We have need to look well to it. A gentleman writes that he once saw the title "slander-book" printed on the binding of a small ledger. On examining it, he found that the various members of the household were charged so much a-piece for each slander. The accounts were very neatly and correctly kept, credits entered, &c., as in a merchant's office. He was informed that this plan of fining for slander originated with a good young girl, with a view to prevent evil speaking and its consequences. Youthful as she was, she observed the wretched effects of it in families and neighbourhood;—what great fires were kindled by it, what sweet fountains were embittered by it;—so she hit upon this expedient to knock it on the head. Perhaps others might take the hint.

I have seen a capital rule in verse,—

"Believe not each accusive tongue,
As some weak people do,
But even hope that story wrong,
Which *ought not* to be true."

If we all did this, false witnesses would be starved.

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When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he would shortly interrupt him, and say, "Well, now, but has he not a bright side? Come, tell me what you have noticed as excellent in him! It is easy to splash mud; but I would rather help a man to keep his coat clean."

If we ourselves are the objects of calumniation, there is no question as to our duty. Do as our Lord did: "When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when they threatened, he answered not, but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously." "If one slanders thee," says an ancient philosopher, "first consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Plato was assured that the boys in the streets were laughing at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Being reminded that he had many aspersers, "It is no matter," he said, "I will so live that none shall believe them." Hearing, another time, that an intimate friend had spoken detractingly of him, he said, "I am confident he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest method, as well as the noblest, of extracting the sting from a reproach. A *guilty* conscience needs no accusation, and a *good* conscience fears none.—*Rev. J. Bolton.*

IV.—HONESTY.

I ONCE saw a little girl who was so honest, that she would not take a pin from her sister's cushion without leave. She had a cousin who was very different in this respect, for he would take what suited his convenience, without asking any one.

One day this honest little girl went home from school with her cousin. As it happened, no one was in the house when they arrived, though it was evident that some one must be near, for the babe was asleep in the cradle, and the doors were open. "I am very hungry," said Robert; "and as good-luck will have it, here is some nice-looking cake just taken from the oven. Come, Mary, I will give you a piece."

"No, thank you," said Mary; "pray don't cut it, it would be stealing."

"Stealing!" replied Robert, with a loud laugh,—"stealing! to take a piece of cake when I am at home!"

"Yes," said Mary, "it is stealing; because you would not do it if mother was here. You know that she would not allow you to cut a rich cake, just from the oven."

"Then I shall do it before she comes," said Robert; and he buried a knife in the loaf, which fell crumbling to the table.

His mother was very angry with him, and called him a wicked, mischievous boy; but she did not tell him that these were the first steps towards being a thief. Perhaps that mother would have been greatly shocked had any one called her boy by such a dreadful name; yet mothers, fathers, children, all, should know that nobody steals a great thing first. Where is the little boy who helps himself to what he likes, because no one is present to forbid him,—who takes little matters for his play, and then excuses himself by saying that he did not know to whom they belonged! Let that little boy beware. It is sufficient for us to know, that the thing without an apparent owner is not ours. Let us beware of the first step towards being a thief.

Where is the little girl who takes slyly from the table or pantry what she would not take openly, or before the eyes of her friends; who watches the opportunity when mothers or sisters are absent, to take from drawers, work-basket, or closet what she would not venture to take when they are at home? Beware, little girl, beware! this is the down-hill path, which, if followed, will lead you to infamy and disgrace. No matter how small the thing you take—a pin, a needle, a bit of thread, a lump of sugar; the smallest matter, if taken slyly, is a *theft*. Neither is it any excuse to say that we are at home. There is right and ownership at home as well as in other places; and the child who does not regard the property of parents, brothers, and sisters will not be more scrupulous towards strangers.

Be honest, children; you need not fear being too much so. No matter who thinks you too particular. Honesty is a rare virtue, and an honest child will grow into an honest man or woman. Thus was it with little Mary. Her mother was a widow, and people called her poor; but it was soon found that she possessed a treasure in this trustworthy little girl.

As she grew up, Mary became so noted for her fidelity and conscientious disposition, that she was placed at last in a very responsible situation, which she filled with great credit to herself, and to the entire satisfaction of her employers. It was thus the good girl supported her mother when she was old, and educated her younger sisters.

Not so with Robert. His habit of helping himself was not long confined to the comparatively small matter of eating and drinking. It soon became necessary to furnish the house with a new supply of locks, and even these were not effectual in guarding the property of his parents. He at last left his home with a large sum of money which he had purloined from his father's desk, and has not since been heard of.

What do you suppose will be the end of this boy, who began his downward race by helping himself without asking leave? Would you be willing to take his prospect of respectability and usefulness in this world, and of happiness in the world to come? No, I am sure that you would not Then beware of his first steps!

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

YE KNOW—that He was manifested to take away our sins (1 John i. 3–5).

I KNOW—that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God (Job xix. 25, 26).

WE KNOW—that all things work together for good to them that love God (Rom. viii. 28).

I KNOW—in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day (2 Tim. i. 12).

WE KNOW—that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (2 Cor. v. 1).

WE KNOW—that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is (1 John iii. 2).

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II.—IT IS OF THE LORD'S MERCIES.

I BELIEVE the Lord has always ready provided some kind Samaritan, journeying, as if by chance, on the very road where the wounded traveller lies, and who arrives just at the very moment when "oil and wine" are especially needed. I believe, too, that the Lord, in the workings of that providence which is over all his works, and which sufferеth not a sparrow nor a hedgling to fall to the ground unpermitted of him, whenever he has a bruised and torn one of his flock, needing a tenderer hand than usual to nurture and heal it, has that hand ready to stretch out and help,—has one close at hand to supply the want,—one whose own heart has been, perhaps, touched and prepared by sorrow for the especial work of sympathy with some other torn and sorrowing one of the family. We are apt to say of such apparently accidental circumstances, "How very fortunate!" but faith lifts up the curtain, and sees God's hand at work, and cries out, "It is of the Lord's mercies!"—*Rev. B. Bouchier.*

III.—NIGHT MUSINGS.

[This hymn was found in a chest in an English cottage,—author's name unknown.]

In the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For, oh! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

IV.—WORKING IN THE VINEYARD.

MANY awakened sinners make little progress, because they do not get beyond themselves. They have clear and pungent views of the sinfulness of their hearts; they see the holiness and goodness of the divine law; they admit the justice of their own condemnation, and the wretchedness of hearts and lives alienated from God: but they are still absorbed in thinking of self, yearning and struggling for their own salvation. Now selfishness is the very essence of sin, and true piety must establish in the heart some higher motive than a desire for selfish interests. If the heart does not rise above the desire to escape future punishment, or to share the joys of heaven, it has little of Christ's spirit. There must be in it a love for God's law, a love for the divine character; a serene submission to the divine will, a longing desire for the salvation of others. When it rises above concern for itself to a pervading love of God's glory, or of his cause, then it passes into the highest Christian feeling and life.

More than twenty years ago a young lad was burdened with a sense of sin. He had been religiously educated, and had enjoyed uncommon privileges; and he felt that by his abuse of them he was truly the chief of sinners. For several days he was almost in despair. He loathed his past life. He confessed the justice of his condemnation. He doubted if God could save such a guilty sinner. He read and prayed for hours together in his closet, finding it impossible to engage in study or amusement, to eat or sleep. But reading and prayer brought him no relief. He saw no new light in the Bible, he found no deliverance at the mercy-seat. He vowed to forsake all sin in the future. He tried to make an unreserved surrender to God. He solemnly renounced all personal aspirations and aims at variance with the divine will. But the darkness seemed to thicken about him, and he saw no opening for escape. The promises of the Bible seemed very abundant and very precious, but none of them applied to his case.

At length a Christian friend called to counsel him. His friend inquired if he was willing to begin to serve God at once, without making any terms of salvation. He answered in the affirmative. The friend asked him to visit an old school-fellow who was having serious thoughts, and converse with him. He invented many excuses, saying it would be hypocritical, and a mockery, and injurious to both parties; but the excuses were silenced, and he finally consented to go. With the first step the gloom vanished, and his mind was full of serene peace and joy. He did not at first understand the nature of the change; but after talking and praying with his old friend, he felt that he was indeed newborn,—that old things had passed away, and all things had become new. The long struggle was ended, and he was reconciled to God. He has never forgotten the lesson. During his whole Christian life he has not perplexed himself with the question of personal salvation. He has not measured duty by the fervour of his emotions. He has felt that he belonged to Christ, and must follow the Master in darkness as well as in light—in sorrow no less than in joy; that a sense of obligation was of more importance than a consciousness of enjoyment, and service a higher aim than reward. Though following the Saviour often a great way off, he has never lost his hope of acceptance in Christ, and his unworthy labours have not failed of usefulness.

V.—"LIGHT ON THE SEA."

[Many of our readers will remember the sad boat accident at Worthing, last summer, by which nine children and four adults lost their lives. In a little book, "Light on the Sea," by the Rev. J. Sherman, we find the following pleasing details regarding several of the young sufferers]:—

NOT long ago, when visiting her aunt, Martha Smith, the eldest of the children, found in a cabinet a card of a Bible class, with the subjects printed for each month, some of

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which were justification, sanctification, and adoption. Taking it up, she exclaimed, "O aunt, I have long wanted to know what is the meaning of justification, sanctification, and adoption." After a few words of explanation of the two former, the child said, "But what does adoption mean?" "God putting you into his family." "Whom does he adopt?" "All who love him." "Do you think he will put me into his family?" Observing the special anxiety with which the question was put, her aunt replied, "Yes, my dear, if you love him. Do you think you love Jesus?" "O yes, aunt, I love him best of all, because he died for me." "Then if you love him, that is a proof that he has already adopted you, and that you are now his child, and he will bless you. When his children go to heaven, he will give each a crown of glory." Throwing her little arms around her aunt's neck, she wept tears of joy, and exclaimed, "O aunt, do you think he will give me a crown of glory, and be my Saviour?" If through any hinderance her mother could not read the Scriptures with her when she retired to rest, she would read them alone, and for the last twelve months preferred to be alone when praying. When questioned on the subject, she replied, "I like to pray by myself; I can say what I like to Jesus without any one hearing me."

If one of the children had offended, she would retire and pray that he might be forgiven, and urge him to do the same; and the little pleader with God had the joy, more than once, to witness how much more powerful prayer was than reproof. Anxiety for the spiritual good of those associated with her appeared a ruling principle. Blessed child! Early prepared by his grace, God has now answered all the prayers he indited by his good Spirit in her heart.

The eldest child also in Mr. Torr's family, who sank with Martha, gave satisfactory evidence that the good seed had not there been sowed in vain. Though little more than seven years old, her delight in reading the Scriptures and religious books adapted to her capacity was apparent. When the family were at Hastings, nearly twelve months back, even little Ada, not then three years old, seemed to have the thought wrought into her mind, that everything should be begun with prayer: so when she saw her parents enter a boat, the dear little lamb knelt down on the beach and offered her brief petition, "God bless dear papa and mamma."

Servants who have the charge of children may learn their responsibility and honour. Next to a parent, there is no higher position in a family of children than that of a nurse. The mother being often necessarily absent from her children, the servant who has the special charge of them becomes a second mother. No words can sufficiently commend, and scarcely any reward is too great to encourage, a conscientiously pious and painstaking nurse. "I am determined," said Ann H——, the nurse that trained and sank with Mr. Torr's children, "that as far as lies in my power, these children shall love and fear God."

Imitate her, ye servants who occupy her position! Your reward is in your work. Your labour, anxiety, and prayers, in a few, very few situations, may not be appreciated, but you are sowing good seed for eternity in the minds of your infant charge; and it will be a glorious recognition of your feeble services when the Judge, pointing to those children brought to heaven by your instrumentality, shall address you, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me."

VI.—FAITH UNDER DISCOURAGEMENT.

May the Lord enable you to enjoy the sweets of labour, and then sweet will be the final sleep in the Lord. I know you have a rugged, a very rugged field to plough up, and with many a hard and tough root to shake the mind and shatter the body—but behold the host of ploughmen now on the whole field: what is not done in one place, is done in another—it is but one work. This often animates me. "Well," I say to myself, "God is working somewhere—their turn now—mine may be next. Souls are one and the same. He may come in a night, when it cannot be said that I brought him. If not by me, then, Lord, work by another. If thou wilt not at this time use me, then will I stand by, and sing psalms of praise because thou art working by others. Go on, thou Mighty One—do as thou wilt."—*The late Rev. J. Macdonald.*

VII.—"FIERY DARTS."

"As he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him."
—Luke ix. 42.

You who never yet came to Christ for help and salvation, oh! stay not away from him for fear of the devil, lest he throw you down and tear you. Better be thrown down by the way in coming to Christ, than thrown down to hell with the devil at last, by the hand of God, who will throw you and the devil down to hell, if you do not come to Christ. Better that the devil tear you to pieces when there is a Deliverer, even Jesus, at hand to deliver you from him, than that God himself tear you to pieces when there shall be none to deliver: "Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver" (Psalm l. 22). Come, otherwise you remain slaves to the devil and your lusts. O be sensible of your slavery and malady! Know that none can save you but our Lord Jesus Christ; he is a mighty Saviour, and a merciful one: "No name is given under heaven, whereby a sinner can be saved, but the name of Jesus." Put the work in his hand; put your soul into his hand. Bring him here to me, says Christ, to the man here. O come and bring your children with you; hear him saying, Bring your son to me, bring your daughter to me, bring your soul and your case to me. O bring your disease to me: bring your hard heart to me, and I will soften it: bring your filthy heart to me, and I will cleanse it; bring your heart possessed of the devil to me, and I will cast out the devil; bring your seven devils to me, and I will cast them all out.

Here is a Saviour ready to lift up those whom the devil throws down; ready to heal those whom the devil tears; ready to help all that are hurt by the old serpent. It is his office to destroy the works of the devil. You may be always sure that it is an evil spirit that is dealing with you, that would hinder you in your coming to Christ; for the voice of the Spirit of God is, "Come; the Spirit and the bride say, Come." The Spirit of God, as a Spirit of bondage, may cast down the soul before it come to Christ, and in order to its coming; but it is not the Spirit of God that casts down the coming believer; no, "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear" (Rom. viii. 15). After coming to Christ, and believing in him, it is only the devil that casts down and tears you. Fear not the lion of hell; here is the Lion of the tribe of Judah to defend you: it is unbelief and departing from Christ that may bring you to the greatest danger; therefore, "Fear not, only believe."

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. I.—LIVING TO GOD IN SMALL THINGS.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."—Luke xvi. 10.

A READINESS to do some great thing is not peculiar to Naaman the Syrian. There are many Christians who can never find a place large enough to do their duty. They must needs strain after great changes, and their works must utter themselves by a loud report. Any reform in society short of a revolution, is too faint a work, in their view, to be much valued. Nor is it merely ambition, but often it is a truly Christian zeal, guarded by no sufficient views of the less imposing matters of life, which betrays men into such impressions. If there be anything, in fact, wherein the views of God and the impressions of men are apt to be at total variance, it is in respect to the solemnity and importance of ordinary duties. The hurtfulness of mistake here is of course very great. Trying always to do great things, to have extraordinary occasions every day, or to produce extraordinary changes, when small ones are quite as much needed, ends, of course, in defeat and dissipation. It produces a sort of religion in the gross, which is no religion in particular. My text leads me to speak—

Of the importance of living to God on common occasions and in small things.

"He that is faithful in that which is least," says the Saviour, "is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." This was a favourite sentiment with him. In his sermon on the mount, it was thus expressed: "Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." And when he rebuked the Pharisees, in their tithing of mint, anise, and cummin, he was careful to speak very guardedly: "These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." It will instruct us in prosecuting this subject—

1. To notice *how little we know concerning the relative importance of events and duties.* We use the terms *great* and *small* in speaking of actions, occasions, plans, and duties, only in reference to the mere outward look and first impression. Some of the most latent agents and mean-looking substances in nature are yet the most operative; but yet, when we speak of natural objects, we call them great or small, not according to their operativeness, but according to size, count, report, or show. So it comes to pass, when we are classing actions, duties, or occasions, that we call a certain class great and another small, when really the latter are manifold more important and influential than the former. We may suppose, for illustration, two transactions in business, as different in their nominal amount as a million of pounds and a single pound. The former we call a large transaction, the latter a small one. But God might reverse these terms. He would have no such thought as the counting of pounds. He would look, first of all, at the principle involved in the two cases. And here he would discover, not unlikely, that the nominally small one, owing to the nature of the transaction, or to the humble condition of the parties, or to their peculiar temper and disposition, took a deeper hold of their being, and did more to settle or unsettle great and everlasting principle, than the other. Next, perhaps, he would look at the consequences of the two transactions, as developed in the great future; and here he would perhaps discover that the one which seems to us the smaller, is the hinge of vastly greater consequences than the other. If the pounds had been sands of dust, they would not have had less weight in the Divine judgment.

We are generally ignorant of the real significance of events, which we think we understand. Almost every person can recollect one or more instances where the whole after-current of his life was turned by some single word, or some incident so trivial as scarcely to fix his notice at the time. On the other hand, many great crises of danger, many high and stirring occasions, in which, at the time, his total being was absorbed, have passed by, leaving no trace of effect on his permanent interests, and are well-nigh vanished from his memory. The conversation of the stage-coach is often preparing results, which the solemn assembly and the most imposing and eloquent rites will fail to produce. What countryman, knowing the Dairyman's Daughter, could have suspected that she was living to a mightier purpose and result than almost any person in the Church of God, however eminent? The outward of occasions and duties is, in fact, almost no index of their importance; and our judgments concerning what is great and small are without any certain validity. These terms, as we use them, are, in fact, only words of outward description, not words of definite measurement.

2. It is to be observed, that even as the world judges, *small things constitute almost the whole of life.* The great days of the year, for example, are few; and when they come, they seldom bring anything great to us. And the matter of all common days is made up of little things, or ordinary and stale transactions. Scarcely once in a year does anything really remarkable befall us.

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If I were to begin and give an inventory of the things you do in any single day, your muscular motions, each of which is accomplished by a separate act of will, the objects you see, the words you utter, the contrivances you frame, your thoughts, passions, gratifications, and trials, many of you would not be able to hear it recited with sobriety. But three hundred and sixty-five such days make up a year, and a year is a twentieth, fiftieth, or seventieth part of your life. And thus, with the exception of some few striking passages, or great and critical occasions, perhaps not more than five or six in all, your life is made up of common, and as men are wont to judge, unimportant things. But yet, at the end, you have done up an amazing work, and fixed an amazing result. You stand at the bar of God, and look back on a life made up of small things—but yet a life, how momentous for good or evil!

3. It very much exalts, as well as sanctions, the view I am advancing, that *God is so observant of small things.* He upholds the sparrow's wing, clothes the lily with his own beautifying hand, and numbers the hairs of his children. He holds the balancings of the clouds. He maketh small the drops of rain. It astonishes all thought to observe the minuteness of God's government, and of the natural and common processes which he carries on from day to day. His dominions are spread out, system beyond system, system above system, filling all height and latitude, but he is never lost in the vast or magnificent. He descends to an infinite detail, and builds a little universe in the smallest things. He carries on a process of growth in every tree, and flower, and living thing; accomplishes in each an internal organization, and works the functions of an internal laboratory, too delicate all for eye or instrument to trace. He articulates the members and impels the instincts of every living mote that shines in the sunbeam. As when we ascend toward the distant and the vast, so when we descend toward the minute, we see his attention acuminated, and his skill concentrated on his object; and the last discernible particle dies out of our sight with the same divine glory on it, as on the last orb that glimmers in the skirt of the universe. God is as careful to finish the mote as the planet, both because it consists only with his perfection to finish everything, and because the perfection of his greatest structures is the result of perfection in their smallest parts or particles. On this patience of detail rests all the glory and order of the created universe, spiritual and material. God could thunder the year round; he could shake the ribs of the world with perpetual earthquakes; he could blaze on the air, and brush the affrighted mountains each day with his comets. But if he could not feed the grass with his dew, and breathe into the little lungs of his insect family; if he could not expend his care on small things, and descend to an interest in their perfection, his works would be only crude and disjointed machines, compounded of mistakes and malformations, without beauty and order, and fitted to no perfect end.

The works of Christ are, if possible, a still brighter illustration of the same truth. Notwithstanding the vast stretch and compass of the work of redemption, it is a work of the most humble detail in its style of execution. The Saviour could have preached a sermon on the mount every morning. Each night he could have stilled the sea, before his astonished disciples, and shown the conscious waves lulling into peace under his feet. He could have transfigured himself before Pilate and the astonished multitudes of the temple. He could have made visible ascensions in the noon of every day, and revealed his form standing in the sun, like the angel of the apocalypse. But this was not his mind. The incidents of which his work is principally made up are, humanly speaking, very humble and unpretending. The most faithful pastor in the world was never able, in any degree, to approach the Saviour in the lowliness of his manner and his attention to humble things. His teachings were in retired places, and his illustrations drawn from ordinary affairs. If the finger of faith touched him in the crowd, he knew the touch, and distinguished also the faith. He reproved the ambitious housewifery of an humble woman. After he had healed a poor being, blind from his birth—a work transcending all but Divine power—he returned and sought him out, as the most humble Sabbath-school teacher might have done; and when he had found him, cast out and persecuted by men, he taught him privately the highest secrets of his Messiahship. When the world around hung darkened in sympathy with his cross, and the earth was shaking with inward amazement, he himself was remembering his mother, and discharging the filial cares of a good son. And when he burst the bars of death, its first and final conqueror, he folded the linen clothes and the napkin, and laid them in order apart, showing that in the greatest things he had a set purpose also concerning the smallest. And thus, when perfectly scanned, the work of Christ's redemption, like the created universe, is seen to be a vast orb of glory, wrought up out of finished particles. Now, a life of great and prodigious exploits would have been comparatively an easy thing for him; but to cover himself with beauty and glory in small things, to fill and adorn every little human occasion, so as to make it divine,—this was a work of skill which no mind or hand was equal to but that which shaped the atoms of the world. Such everywhere is God. He nowhere overlooks or despises small things.

4. It is a fact of history and of observation, that *all efficient men, while they have been men of comprehension, have also been men of detail.* There must be detail in every great work. It is an element of effectiveness which no reach of plan, no enthusiasm of purpose can dispense with. Thus, if a man conceives the idea of becoming eminent in learning, but cannot toil through the million of little drudgeries necessary to carry him on, his learning will be soon told. Or, if a man undertakes to become rich, but despises the small and gra-

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dual advances by which wealth is ordinarily accumulated, his expectations will, of course, be the sum of his riches. Accurate and careful detail, the minding of common occasions and small things, combined with general scope and vigour, is the secret of all the efficiency and success in the world. God has so ordered things, that great and sudden leaps are seldom observable. Every advance in the general must be made by advances in particular. The trees and the corn do not leap out suddenly into maturity, but they climb upward by little and little, and after the minutest possible increment. The orbs of heaven, too, accomplish their circles not by one or two extraordinary starts or springs, but by travelling on through paces and roods of the sky. It is thus, and only thus, that any disciple will become efficient in the service of his Master. He cannot do up his works of usefulness by the prodigious stir and commotion of a few extraordinary occasions. Laying down great plans, he must accomplish them by great industry, by minute attentions, by saving small advances, by working out his way as God shall assist him.

5. It is to be observed, that *there is more of real piety in adorning one small than one great occasion.* This may seem paradoxical, but what I intend will be seen by one or two illustrations. I have spoken of the minuteness of God's works. When I regard the eternal God as engaged in polishing an atom, or elaborating the functions of a mote invisible to the eye, what evidence do I there receive of his desire to perfect his works! No gross and mighty world, however plausibly shaped, would yield a hundredth part the intensity of evidence. An illustration from human things will present a closer parallel. It is perfectly well understood, or if not, it should be, that almost any husband would leap into the sea, or rush into a burning edifice to rescue a perishing wife. But to anticipate the convenience or happiness of a wife in some small matter, the neglect of which would be unobserved, is a more eloquent proof of tenderness. This shows a mindful fondness, which wants occasions in which to express itself. And the smaller the occasion seized upon, the more intensely affectionate is the attention paid. Piety toward God may be well tested or measured in the same way. Peter found no difficulty in drawing his sword and fighting for his Master, even at the hazard of his life, though but an hour or less afterward he forsook him and denied him. His valour on that great and exciting occasion was no proof of his piety. But when the gentle Mary came with her box of ointment, and poured it on the Saviour's head—an act which satisfied no want, met no exigency, and was of no use, except as a gratuitous and studied proof of her attachment to Jesus,—he marks it as an eminent example of piety; saying, "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there also shall this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

My brethren, this piety which is faithful in that which is least, is really a more difficult piety than that which triumphs and glares on high occasions. Our judgments are apt to be dazzled by a vain admiration of the more public attempts and the more imposing manifestations of occasional zeal. It requires less piety, I verily believe, to be a martyr for Christ, than it does to love a powerless enemy, or to look upon the success of a rival without envy, or even to maintain a perfect and guileless integrity in the common transactions of life. Precisely this, in fact, is the lesson which history teaches. Excitement, ambition, a thousand questionable causes, may elevate us occasionally to great attempts; but they will never lead us into the more humble duties of constancy and godly industry, or teach us to adorn the unpretending spheres of life with a heavenly spirit. We love to do great things; our natural pride would be greatly pleased, if God had made the sky taller, the world larger, and given us a more royal style of life and duty. But he understands us well. His purpose is to heal our infirmity; and with this very intent, I am persuaded, he has ordained these humble spheres of action, so that no ostentation, no great and striking explosions of godliness shall tempt our heart. And in the same way, his word declares, that bestowing all one's goods to feed the poor, or giving his body to be burned; and, of consequence, that great speeches and donations, that a mighty zeal for reform, that a prodigious jealousy for sound doctrine, without something better—without charity, profiteth nothing. And the picture of charity is humble enough: "It suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

6. The importance of living to God in ordinary and small things is seen in the fact that *character, which is the end of religion, is in its very nature a growth.* Conversion is a great change; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. This, however (in so far as inward righteousness is concerned) is the language of a hope or confidence somewhat prophetic, exulting at the beginning in the realization of future victory. The young disciple, certainly, is far enough from a consciousness of complete deliverance from sin. In that respect his work is but just begun. He is now in the blade; we shall see him next in the ear; and after that he will ripen to the full corn in the ear. His character, as a man and a Christian, is to accomplish its stature by growing. And all the offices of life—domestic, social, civil,—are contrived of God to be the soil, as Christ is the sun, of such a growth. All the cares, wants, labours, dangers, accidents, intercourses of life, are adjusted for the very purpose of exercising and ripening character. They are precisely adapted for this end by God's all-perfect wisdom. This, in fact, is the grand philosophy of the structure of all things. And, accordingly, there never

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has been a great and beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed of God.

Every good example in the word of God is an illustration of this truth. To finish a character on a sudden, or by any but ordinary duties, carefully and piously done,—by a mere religion of Sundays and birthdays, and revivals and contributions, and orthodoxies and public reforms,—is nowhere undertaken. They watered the plant in secret, trained it up at family altars, strengthened it in the exposures of business, till it became a beautiful and heavenly growth, and ready, with all its blooming fruit, to adorn the paradise of God.

It ought also to be noticed, under this head, that all the mischiefs which befall Christian character and destroy its growth, are such as lie in the ordinary humble duties of life. Christians do not fall back into declension or disgraceful apostasy on a sudden, or by the overcoming power of great and strange temptations. They are stolen away rather by little and little, and almost insensibly to themselves. They commonly fall into some lightness of carriage; some irritation of temper in their family or business; some neglect of duty to children, apprentices, or friends; some artfulness; some fault of integrity in business. These are the beginnings of evil. At length they grow a little more remiss. They begin to slight their secret duties. The world and its fashions become more powerful, and they yield a little further; till at length they are utterly fallen from the spirit and standing of Christians. And thus you perceive that all the dangers which beset our piety lie in the humble and ordinary matters of life. Here, then, is the place where Religion must make her conquests. Here she must build her barriers and take her stand. And if it be a matter of consequence that the people of God should live constant and godly lives; that they should grow in the strength of their principles, and the beauty of their example; that the Church should clear herself of all reproach, and stand invested with honour in the sight of all mankind,—if this be important, so, important is it that we live well in small things, and adorn the common incidents of life with a heavenly temper and practice. Religion must for ever be unstable, the people of Christ must fall into declension and disgrace, if it be not understood that here is the true field of the Christian life.

Private Christians are here instructed in the true method of Christian progress and usefulness. It is a first truth with you all, I doubt not, brethren, that Divine aid and intercourse are your only strength and reliance. You know too well the infirmity of your best purposes and endeavours, to hope for anything but defeat, without the Spirit of God dwelling in you and superintending your warfare. In what manner you may secure this divine indwelling permanently is here made plain. It is not by attempts above your capacity, or by the invention of great and extraordinary occasions; but it is by living unto God daily. If you feel the necessity of making spiritual attainments, of growing in holiness; if you think as little of mere starts and explosions in religious zeal as they deserve, and as much of growths, habits, and purified affections as God does, you will have a delightful work to prosecute in the midst of all your ordinary cares and employments, and you will have the inward witness of Divine communion ever vouchsafed you. The sins by which God's Spirit is ordinarily grieved, are the sins of small things—laxities in keeping the temper, slight neglects of duty, lightness, sharpness of dealing. If it is your habit to walk with God in the humblest occupations of your days, it is very nearly certain that you will be filled with the Spirit always.

If it be a question with you, how to overcome bad and pernicious habits, the mode is here before you. The reason why those who are converted to Christ often make so poor a work of rectifying their old habits, is that they lay down their work in the very places where it needs to be prosecuted most carefully—that is, in their common employments. They do not live to God in that which is least. They reserve their piety for those exercises, public and private, which are immediately religious; and so a wide door is left open in all the common duties of life for their old habits to break in and take them captive. As if it were enough, in shutting out a flood, to dike the higher points of the ground and leave the lower!

If the question be, in what manner you may grow in knowledge and intellectual strength, the answer is readily given. You can do it by no means save that of pertinacious, untiring application. No one becomes a Christian who cannot, by the cultivation of thought, and by acquiring a well-discriminated knowledge of the Scriptures, make himself a gift of fourfold, and perhaps even a hundredfold value to the Church. This he can do by industry, by improving small opportunities; and, not least, by endeavouring to realize the principles and the beauty of Christ in all his daily conduct. In this point of view, religion is cultivation itself, and that of the noblest kind. And never does it truly justify its nature, except when it is seen elevating the mind, the manners, the whole moral dignity of the subject.

Why is it that a certain class of men, who never thrust themselves on public observation by any very signal acts, do yet attain to a very commanding influence, and leave a deep and lasting impression on the world? They are the men who thrive by constancy and by means of small advances, just as others do who thrive in wealth. They live to God in the common doings of their daily life, as well as in the more extraordinary transactions in which they mingle. In this way they show themselves to be actuated by good principle, not from respect to the occasions where it may be manifested, but from respect to principle itself. And their carefulness to honour God in humble things, is stronger proof to men of their uprightness than the most distinguished acts or sacrifices. Such persons operate principally by the weight of confidence and moral respect they acquire, which is the most legitimate and powerful

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action in the world. At first it is not felt, because it is noiseless, and is not thoroughly appreciated. It is action without pretence, without attack, and therefore, perhaps, without notice for a time. But by degrees the personal motives begin to be understood, and the beauty and moral dignity of the life are felt. No proclamation of an aim or purpose has, in the meantime, gone before the disciple to awaken suspicion or start opposition. The simple power of his goodness and uprightness flows out as an emanation on all around him. He shines like the sun, not because he purposes to shine, but because he is full of light. The bad man is rebuked, the good man strengthened by his example; everything evil and ungraceful is ashamed before him, everything right and lovely is made stronger and lovelier. And now, if he has the talent to undertake some great enterprise of reform or of benevolence, in the name of his Master, he has something already prepared in the good opinions of mankind, to soften or neutralize the pretence of such attempts, and give him favour in them. Or, if a Christian of this stamp has not the talents or standing necessary to lead in the more active forms of enterprise, he will yet accomplish a high and noble purpose in his life. The silent savour of his name may, perhaps, do more good after he is laid in his grave, than abler men do by the most active efforts.

And is it not a delightful aspect of the Christian faith, that it opens so sure a prospect of doing good, on all who are in humble condition, or whose talents are too feeble to act in the more public spheres of enterprise and duty? Such are called to act by their simple goodness more than others are; and who has not felt the possibility that such, when faithful, do actually discharge a calling, the more exalted because of its unmixed nature? If there were none of these unpretending but beautiful examples, blooming in depression, sweetening affliction by their Christian patience, adorning poverty by their high integrity, and dying in the Christian heroism of faith,—if, I say, there were no such examples making their latent impressions in the public mind, of the dignity and truth of the gospel, who shall prove that our great men, who are supposed to accomplish so much by their eloquence, their notable sacrifices and far-reaching plans, would not utterly fail in them? However this may be, we have reason enough, all of us, for living to God in every sphere of life. Blessed are they that keep judgment, and he that doeth righteousness at all times.

I will not pursue this subject further. But feel assured of this, brethren, that an everyday religion; one that loves the duties of our common walk; one that makes an honest man; one that works in all weather, and improves all opportunities, will best, and most healthily promote the growth of a church, and the power of the gospel. God prescribes our duty; and it were wrong not to believe that if we undertake God's real work, he will furnish us to it, and give us pleasure in it. He will attract us into a nicer observation of his wisdom in our humble duties and concerns. We shall more admire the healthiness of that which grows up in God's natural spring-times, and ripens in the air of his common days. The ordinary will thus grow dignified and sacred in our sight; and without discarding all invention in respect to means and opportunities, we shall yet especially love the daily bread of a common grace, in our common works and cares. And all the more that it was the taste of our blessed Master, to make the ordinary glow with mercy and goodness. Him we are to follow. We are to work after no set fashion of high endeavour, but to walk with him, performing, as it were, a ministry on foot, that we may stop at the humblest matters and prove our fidelity there.

GOD'S ARROWS.

A FRIEND came into my study not long ago, wounded. His heart was bleeding. God's arrows were "sticking fast in him." He cried out of an anguished soul for mercy; and as he fixed his eye at last on Jesus, the anguish began to give place to a first fluttering hope of pardon. The wound began to heal straightway. In a few days the man was well. "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole," was the blessed assurance that brought joy and peace to his soul. Yet if that heart had not been wounded first, the Healer would never have been sought, nor the healing ever have taken place.

Preaching is spiritual archery. It is the minister's aim, or ought to be, to strike his hearers in a tender spot. He is the best archer who uses the sharpest shafts, and aims the straightest. His Bible is his quiver. It is capacious and well filled. Every command is an arrow. Every prohibition of sin is a dart, feathered by the Almighty Wisdom, to give it directness to the sinner's conscience.

Perhaps the reader of this brief paragraph is a wounded man. I hope so. Instead of seeking to draw the arrow out, I would drive it deeper. That shaft was shot by some gospel-archer many weeks or months ago. There are two barbs to make the arrow stick. One is an offer, the other is a threat. The one is—"*He that believeth shall be saved.*" The other is—"*He that believeth not shall be damned.*" For a long time, my friend, you have gone about with the Holy Spirit's arrow sticking fast in you. No matter from whose bow it came, God sent it.

My friend, do not be angry with him who wounded you, or with us for driving that dart the deeper. "You are more wicked than you think," said Dr. Spencer once to an anxious inquirer. The man was at first enraged at Dr. S.; but ended in becoming angry with himself. The arrow rankled till it drove the sufferer to the Saviour. So, my troubled friend, do you go with your convicted conscience to him who was once himself wounded by hell's cruel archer. And before long, you may sing with quiet, grateful joy—

"With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth—He healed, and bade me live."

T. L. Cuyler.

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ONLY ONE WORD.

On a Tuesday, in the month of August 1857, I went to London to see a lady whom I had not met for several years. In the course of conversation, she told me that she had under her roof a young lady, a relation, dying of consumption. I expressed a hope that she was "in Christ." My friend *hoped* so. She believed, indeed, from one or two things that had been said by her, that God was working in her heart; but she was very reserved. I felt anxious to see her, but did not ask to do so. My friend, however, now proposed it; I, of course, agreed, provided it was agreeable to the young lady. It was soon found that she would be glad to see me. From the little I had heard of her spiritual state, and knowing that she was dying, I took it for granted that she was *concerned* about the salvation of her soul. When, therefore, I saw her, I addressed her as one who did not yet know what it is to be at peace with God through Jesus Christ, but who, nevertheless, earnestly desired it.

I at once directed her attention to what the apostle Paul says in Acts xiii. 38, 39, where, speaking of Him who was slain by man, but whom God raised from the dead, he declares, "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe ARE justified from all things." I dwelt on the *connection* which God here establishes between faith in his Son and present justification; how that he said all that believe ARE justified,—not *may possibly* be justified, nor *shall be* justified at some future time, but ARE justified NOW! I pointed out from this scripture the *ground* of a sinner's hope in the *atonement* made for sin by the obedience unto death of Jesus, whom God raised from the dead, in token of his acceptance thereof; and that a sinner, throwing himself in faith on this sacrifice of Christ for the remission of sins, could not be disappointed; for that God's faithful word was pledged to save to the uttermost, to save now and for ever, all who believe—that is, trust—in the Lord Jesus Christ. I showed her that it could not be presumption to *believe God!* and that *faith* was not more nor less than this. To which I may add here, that which, however, did not strike me to say to her, viz., that the apostle, writing to the Christians at Corinth, says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. xv. 17). But the fact is that he *is* raised, so that it is not a vain thing to trust in him; and *whosoever* it be that does trust in him is *not* in his sins. This is the force of the apostle's argument. My reader, do you see the purport and value of the resurrection of Christ? If so, you will not wonder that "Jesus and the *resurrection*" had so prominent a place in the preaching of the apostles. (See the early chapters in the Acts.)

But to return. I saw that my young friend was deeply interested, though she *said* nothing; so I was encouraged to go on in the same strain, still dwelling on the fact that Christ had, *by the sacrifice of himself*, put away sin (Heb. ix. 26); that he had *done* it; that it was not, therefore, a work now *to be* done by Christ, but to be *trusted in* by the sinner. I then said, that if the justice and holiness of God, against whom we have sinned, were satisfied, and that he had sent forth his servants to proclaim it and to publish peace, with the assurance that "*whosoever* believeth in him [that is, in Christ] shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43); yea, that "all who believe ARE justified;"—why should we *hesitate* to trust him? Is not God worthy of our confidence? If there be presumption at all, I said, surely it must be on the part of those who profess to accept it as God's message to fallen man, and yet refuse to believe it.

I then prayed with the young lady; and, on taking my leave, she expressed with much earnestness her thanks to me; and as I took her poor thin hand in mine, and repeated the faithful words of Jesus, "Him that cometh to me *I will in no wise cast out*" (John vi. 37), she repeated them after me—or, I should rather say, finished the text which I had begun to quote—in a tone which satisfied me that she thoroughly entered into it.

I now left the room, fully convinced that the reserve was broken down, and that her kind Christian relative would soon hear from her own lips the confession she had long and anxiously waited and prayed for. If it was given to me to reap, it was she who had patiently sown for nine long months; and we shall rejoice together, while we give the praise to Him who uses whom he will for this and for that particular work, and makes each to feel that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. iv. 6).

I returned home that evening, proposing to myself to call the following Monday; but having occasion to go to London on the Saturday, I again bent my steps towards the young lady's house. I found her much worse in body; but the moment I saw her, I could at once read in her countenance what had taken place *within*. It was *evident* that the peace of God now ruled there. But she did not leave me long to conjecture this. At once she opened her mouth, begging me to point out and mark in her own Bible the verse which had been so blessed to her, as the Bible in which I had marked it had been taken away; and she wished to tell one who had thought her happy confidence rather presumptuous what the *ground* of her peace was—what the *very word of God* was which she *believed*. And then, looking at me with a countenance beaming with joy, she added, "That ARE did it!" You see, my reader, how the Spirit of God had used this single text of Scripture to lead her to apprehend and dwell on the divine assurance, that all who "believe ARE justified from all things." She then went on to tell me that nothing but glory was before *her;* that either heaven or hell must be the portion of every sinner; but that, as for her, Christ was with her, that his arms were beneath her, and that he would lead her through the deep waters,

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and bring her to glory; and then added, "I could laugh sometimes for the very joy I experience;" and her countenance told me that it was true.

She then prayed earnestly for several of her relations, and afterwards begged me to stoop down, as she had something to whisper to me. She then named to me one of her relations in particular, who she feared was not converted, and she wished me to say something that might be profitable to her. She also asked me to compose two prayers for her two young brothers, and send them to her, as she would copy them on parchment, so that they might be carried in the pocket without wearing out. I mention this merely to show how the effect of *pardoned sin* operates the same in all who know it—even in an earnest desire that others, beginning with the nearest and dearest, should share the blessing.

She expressed to her aunt much thankfulness to God for having surrounded her during her illness with so many Christians. "I have," she said, "a Christian physician, a Christian nurse, and Christian friends; in short, I am *made up of Christ*."

She exhorted her brothers and a cousin, an officer in the army, to avoid the theatre, the opera, and balls; for, young as she was (only eighteen), she had, before coming under the roof where she died, been taken to these things; and on one occasion remarked to her aunt, in reference to such practices, "Where would my soul have gone to, had not the providence of God led me to your house?" In the light of the holiness of God she now judged her own ways, condemned herself, and found refuge in Christ.

You see, my reader, that with this young lady there was a *sense of sin*, and a trust in Christ alone for the remission of sins. There is no presumption in this. Nor was her hope a mere venture,—some persuasion founded on what she *felt*, or what she *thought*; it was no mere vague trust in the mercy of God; nor was there any palliation of worldliness on the score of youth; but there was self-condemnation, and assured hope *built on God's faithful word, and Christ's finished work.*

The following lines would have expressed the language of her heart:—

"Clean every whit," thou saidst it, Lord,
Shall one suspicion lurk?
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,
And thine a finished work.

I saw her no more after my second visit. She died the evening before I next called at the house; and her aunt assured me that she continued rejoicing in hope to the end.

Reader! dost *thou* believe in the Son of God? Have you taken in the meaning of that "ARE," which, with her, settled the question of *forgiveness of sins?* (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

C. P.

[The above forms part of a little tract published by Mr. Yapp, Cavendish Street, London, whose tract-issues generally we have pleasure in commending to the attention of our readers.]

THE CALL OBEYED.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

SAVIOUR, I come for rest!
To Thy call of love replying,
On Thy word of grace relying,
All weary and opprest;—
My sin, and grief, and care,
Now to Thy feet I bring, to leave them there.

I wandered long and far,—
In the groves of Folly playing,
On the wastes of Error straying,
With no guard or guiding star.
Blindly I wandered on,
Seeking around for rest, and finding none.

All became cold and drear:
The wayside blossoms faded;
Dark clouds the sunshine shaded;
No sound of hope or cheer;—
Gloom was on all the past,
And a dark gulf before, which must be reach'd at last.

But then Thy voice I heard;
O how free the invitation!
O how glorious the salvation
Reveal'd in every word!
I heard, as captives hear
The trumpet tones which tell of a Deliverer near!

I heard, and I obey!
Thy precious blood has bought me,
Thy wondrous love has sought me,
And led me here to-day;
Here, to Thy mercy's throne,
Pleading Thy power to save, Thy merits to atone.

My Saviour, Thou wilt hear!
Simply thy love believing,
Freely thy grace receiving,
Why should I doubt or fear?
Unchanged thy words remain,
That not one sinful soul should seek thy face in vain.

Whom can I seek but Thee?
Thou hast borne the load so weary,
Thou hast trod the path so dreary,
To set the captives free!
No further let me roam,
But close to Thee abide through all my journey home.

Home, with Thyself at last!
In the clear light of heaven
To see all sin forgiven,
All grief and danger past,
For ever safe and blest!—
Lord, I believe, I love, I enter into rest!

Edinburgh. H. L. L.

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THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

WHY OUR LORD TAUGHT IN PARABLES.

A VARIETY of considerations may be named as having each had a certain share in the result.

1. In the first place, a foundation is laid for it in the nature of things, "in the harmony that exists, and that is unconsciously felt by all men between the natural and spiritual worlds, so that analogies from the first are felt to be something more than illustrations, happily, but not arbitrarily chosen." Something more — because they are the signs and witnesses of that happy adjustment, which God has established between the external and internal worlds, between matter and mind, time and eternity; according to which the things that are seen are in many respects the image of those which are not seen, and nature-processes are at once designed and fitted to be emblems of the operations of grace. * * *

He thereby drew the attention of his followers in every age to the profound and intimate connection that subsists between the realms of nature and of grace, and taught them to look through the one to the other. It was the more important that *He* should do this, as the kingdom he came to introduce stood in so many respects opposed to the world as it existed in his time, through the false views, grovelling superstitions, and horrid crimes under which it groaned. It had become, so to speak, a worn-out world,—corrupt nature had spent apparently its last efforts on it in vain; and it seemed as if there was little more to be learned from it, or to be done for it. But our Lord, while mainly intent upon unfolding new views of the mind and purposes of Heaven, at the same time directed a new look into the secrets and principles of nature. By means especially of his inimitable parables, he showed, that when nature was consulted aright, it spoke one language with the Spirit of God; and that the more thoroughly it is understood, the more complete and varied will be found the harmony which subsists between the principles of its constitution and those of Christ's spiritual kingdom.

2. A second reason very naturally suggests itself for this method of instruction, in the near assimilation into which it brings a large portion of the teaching of Jesus with the acted lessons of his life, and with sacred history in general. That so much of the revelation of God to men consists of the facts of history, especially of biographical facts connected with the lives of God's saints, has ever been regarded by wise and thoughtful men as a striking proof of its adaptation to our natures, which so much more readily imbibe clear and lasting impressions in this way, than by set and formal instructions. And not only so, but by this means they can be taught much more in a brief compass than it is possible otherwise to impart to them. For in a life, especially in such lives as are recorded in the word of God, there is a great variety and fulness of instruction, admitting of a manifold applicability to the diversified fortunes and conditions of men. There is this pre-eminently in the life of Jesus, with its wondrous details of doing and suffering, and the unfathomable depths of wisdom and love, which it was ever exhibiting—alike incomparable in itself, and in the artless, engaging manner in which it is presented to our view by the evangelists. The parables of Jesus, from the historical element in them, and the attractive form in which it appears, possess much of the same excellence. They are based, if not on what has actually occurred in the world of realities, at least on what *may* have occurred there, and often in effect *has* done so. Ideal histories they are, yet derived as to all their leading features from the actual, and these grouped together, and portrayed with the simplicity of nature itself They are hence, in a brief compass, copious treasures of Divine wisdom, from which lessons, new and old, may be continually drawn. And however much we may strive to exhibit the several aspects of the Divine kingdom, we shall still find that we can present nothing under any of them so complete as is contained in some one of the parables, which is devoted to its illustration.

3. A third reason for our Lord's teaching in parables may be found in the opportunity it afforded of presenting more truth to the minds of his disciples than, from their continued dulness and carnality of spirit, could otherwise have been communicated to them. Steeped in prejudice, and, even when holding the truth in substance, mingling with it such partial or mistaken apprehensions, they could with difficulty be got to receive with intelligence some of Christ's plainest revelations; and, at last, he was obliged to stay his hand in respect to the more direct and open communications of his mind, as he found the disciples were not able to bear or to profit by it. But, by teaching in parables, and presenting the concerns of his kingdom under the image of familiar objects and earthly relations, he laid the ground-work of a most comprehensive and varied instruction. Many aspects of the kingdom were thus unfolded to them in a form they could easily grasp and distinctly comprehend—though, for the time, all remained, like the symbols of the Old Testament worship, very much as a dark and unintelligible cipher to their view. That cipher, however, became lighted up with meaning when the personal work of Christ was finished, and the Spirit descended with power to make application of its blessings, and the minds of the disciples were enabled to grasp the higher as well as the lower scheme of doctrine exhibited in the representation. Through the earthly form they could now descry the spiritual reality; and the advantage they derived from the types, when rightly understood, they also derived, and in a still higher degree, from the parables.

4. Once more: another reason, and, indeed, the one that is most distinctly announced in the Gospels, for our Lord teaching so much in the latter part of his ministry in parable, was the judicial treatment involved in it—the practical rebuke it administered to the people generally, on account of their failure to receive the truth when presented in its simple and more direct form. After the parable of the sower and some others had been delivered, the disciples asked Jesus, "Why speakest thou to them in parables?" And the answer pointed chiefly to the measure of darkness connected with them: "Unto you it is given," said he, "to know the mysteries of the kingdom; but to them it is not given: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath. Therefore," he added, with reference to the people, who belonged to the latter class, the persons who *had not*, as the disciples did to the former, "therefore speak I to them in parables, because they seeing, see not; hearing, they hear not, neither understand." The import of the statement is, that the disciples having, to a

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certain extent, used the privileges they possessed—having improved the talents committed to them—were to be intrusted with more; while the body of the people, having failed to make a similar use of *their* opportunities—remaining destitute of Divine knowledge, notwithstanding all that had been taught them—were to have their means of knowing abridged, were to be placed under a more indirect and veiled method of instruction. This mode of dealing was in perfect accordance with the whole nature and tendency of the work of Christ in its relation to the hearts of men, which always carried along with it two ends—the one displaying the severity, and the other the goodness of God. From the first he was "set for the fall," as well as "the rising again," of many in Israel—for the enlightenment and salvation first, but, if that failed, then for the growing hardness and aggravated guilt of the people.

In the parable, viewed as a mode of instruction, there was necessarily a veiling of the truth for such as neither sought nor obtained, through private explanations, the key to its spiritual bearing. And in that *veiling* there was an act of judgment for previous indifference and contrariety to the manifestation of the truth. Because the people had not received it in love, when more openly presented to them, it now became wrapt in an obscurer guise, and was placed at a greater distance from their view. Even this, had it been rightly viewed, would have wrought beneficially upon their minds; for had they not wilfully blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, they would have seen in such a darkening of the Divine counsel something fitted to rouse and startle them; it would have fallen on their ear as the warning-note of coming retribution; and, perceiving that the Lord was showing himself froward to the froward, they would have fled to the arms of mercy before severer judgment overtook them. This, undoubtedly, was what our Lord designed as the effect that *should* have been produced upon them by the change he adopted in his manner of teaching. And in certain cases it may have done so; but, with the greater part, the evil only proceeded from one stage to another, and, before leaving for the last time the cities in which most of his mighty works had been done and his discourses delivered, he uttered against them those memorable woes which announced their approaching doom.—*Fairbairn's Exegetical Manual.*

"LORD, THAT OUR EYES MAY BE OPENED!"

"And as they departed from Jericho, a great multitude followed him. And, behold, two blind men sitting by the way-side, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David. And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace: but they cried the more, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David. And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I should do unto you? They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened. So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes: and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him."—MATT. XX. 29–34.

THE soul has eyes as well as the body. With the inward eyes we see our true selves, and our sins, and our need of salvation. Most men think they use their *inward* eyes, when they only use their *outward*. All men are inwardly blind, till Christ touches their eyes, and gives them power to see. A great multitude followed Jesus from Jericho, who *thought* they could see; and yet the two blind men, sitting by the wayside, who only *heard* of Jesus, could see better than the multitude with all their eyes. These two blind men had their inward eyes opened, and were using them. They saw that Jesus was the Lord, the son of David. They saw that Jesus had power to heal. They tried whether he had compassion to listen to *them*, and to wait and cure them.

The Lord opened the *outward* eyes of these men, to make the multitude understand what he wishes to do to the *inward eyes* of all men. If your soul could only see, what a different world would *this* seem! how different the world to come! What dangers would you see, that you don't see now! what blessings that, in your blindness, you now pass by! If you could only see Jesus as the LORD—if you could only feel so sure that he is near you, going about working miracles of mercy, that you could cry out to him; would that not be the beginning of a new, altogether different way of living?

The multitude rebuked these two men. "Hold your peace," they cried. They wanted only to follow Jesus in their ignorant stupid way; merely to see or hear the wonderful man—and then go home, and be what they always were. But these two men knew that Jesus wanted to *do his work*—his glorious work of healing—of being a real Saviour. They felt sure he would rather stop, and do his work of mercy on two blind men, than have a multitude crowding round him, and refusing to come to him for help—looking AT him—never looking TO him.

Come you out of that multitude. Your first duty in now hearing that Jesus passes by, is to CRY TO HIM for mercy. Don't be ashamed who hears you, who laughs at you, who tells you to hold your peace. Think what a mercy it will be to get sight—to have your eyes opened. Think what a mercy to get the power of looking unto Jesus as the author and finisher of your faith. Think what a mercy to feel his fingers on your eyes, and his sweet words in answer to your cry, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" Think what a mercy to be, all your life after, a seeing soul. The Lord will give you something worth seeing. A single promise put before you by his hand will be like a glimpse of glory.

But, remember, Jesus is *passing by*. It is not every day you have *heard* that he was near you. You may never hear again. He may be willing to stop at your cry *now*, and yet he may stop his ears at your cry some other day, if you stop yours at his word to-day. The rich man, Christ tells us, lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torment, and cried for a drop of water—and it was refused. The Fountain of Living Water is running here, and if you will, you may plunge your dry lips in, and quench your thirst for ever. Cry then,

"HAVE MERCY ON US, O LORD, THOU SON OF DAVID!"
"LORD, THAT OUR EYES MAY BE OPENED!"

Wynd Tracts.

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THE OLD PAUPER.*

"The foolishness of man perverteth his way; and his heart fretteth against the Lord."—Prov. xix. 3.

"It is very, very hard in one's old age to be driven to poverty, to be neglected by one's friends, forsaken by one's children, —left to wear out a weary life in a hateful place like this!"

Such were the words of a miserable old man, who, bedridden and helpless, was pouring out his complaint to a humane visitor at the work-house.

"But, my friend," replied the lady, "we must remember that these trials are sent by a gracious and merciful God, who *does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.*"

"It's all very well for those to talk who don't know what trouble means," said old Sam Butler, in a tone of peevish irritability. "Where is the mercy shown to me? I was once a strong, hearty young man,—none better at cricket or at football; and now I can't so much as creep across this hateful room! I had once my own well-stocked shop, with the customers thronging in and out like bees; and now, but for the work-house, I shouldn't have a roof over my head! I was once surrounded by wife and children,—a thriving, goodly family; and now my wife's in her grave, and the children scattered over the world, and there's not one of them that so much as cares to inquire whether the old man's dead or alive! Oh! it's very hard! it's very, very hard!"

"But there are some comforts and hopes of which neither old age nor sickness, neither man's neglect nor poverty, can ever deprive us."

"Don't talk to me!" cried the old pauper, angrily. "I know all that you're going to say, but there's neither comfort nor hope to me in these things. I never found any in my better days, and I'm not likely to find any now!"

The visitor looked shocked and distressed. She felt anxious to speak a message of peace to the wretched old man; but his bitterness of spirit and rebellion of will made her find it difficult to address him. Thinking that to reflect on the trials of others might divert his mind from his own, or give him an indirect lesson on resignation under them, she said, after a few moments' hesitation, "I have recently been visiting one who has known much affliction,—a poor man of the name of Charles Hayes—"

"Charles Hayes!" interrupted the pauper; "as if I did not know him!—my schoolfellow when I was a boy, and my neighbour for twenty long years! I always said he would come to the work-house,—what with his bad health and his silly scruples about turning an honest penny; thinking everything wrong which did not square with his odd notions, and helping others when he had scarcely enough for himself! I always said he would come to the work-house. And yet, see what a world this is!" continued Butler, with a burst of indignation; "no sooner is he quite laid on the shelf than the gentry take to petting and pampering him as if he were one of themselves! The squire gets him into an almshouse, the ladies send him blankets and broth, the parson takes a pleasure in visiting him, and he is watched day and night with as much care as if he were one of the lords of the land!"

"Watched by an orphan whom he had generously brought up."

"Other people have brought up children," cried the pauper with something like a groan, "and have had no comfort in them. Charles Hayes had never a child of his own, but he finds one like a daughter by his sickbed; he has always been poor, but now in his age I don't believe that he wants for anything,—a friend seems to meet him wherever he turns; and they say that in spite of his weakness and pain he calls himself contented and happy! Oh! this is a bad world!—a miserable world! Why should his lot be so different from mine? Why should he have peace, and I have nothing but trouble? Why should his friends stick by him, and all mine forsake me? Why, when I am wearing out my days in a work-house, should he rest in a home of his own?"

An answer was on the visitor's lips, but consideration for the feelings of the pauper prevented her from uttering it aloud—"Because *the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow therewith.*" There would have been no use in attempting to point out to the repining old man how godliness, even in this world, brings its reward; nor did the lady know enough of the events of Butler's life to be aware how completely his present miseries were the natural consequences of his own conduct. Self had ever been his first object; to gratify self had been the business of his life. He had not served God in the time of his health; he could not look to God in the hour of his helplessness and need. He had done nothing to benefit man, and man cared nothing for him now, though compassion might bring a few, like the visitor at the work-house, to spend some minutes beside him as a disagreeable duty.

Yet Sam Butler had set out in life with no bad prospects. Blessed with cheerful spirits, buoyant health, a fair education, and good name, and settled in a comfortable situation, he seemed likely to do well in the world, and spend a very prosperous life.

The first great mistake which Butler made was that of marrying for money. His master was old and infirm, and willing to give up his business whenever his only daughter should marry one able to assist her in carrying it on. Betsy was neither pleasing in person nor agreeable in manner. She was proud, passionate, and self-willed, with a heart utterly worldly, in which piety had never found a place. Sam cared nothing for her, but he cared much for the shop, and, regardless of the command to marry *only in the Lord*, he vowed to love and cherish until death a woman whom he secretly despised. Degraded in his own eyes by his worldly marriage, Butler was not long in discovering that he had sold his happiness for gold. The comfort of a cheerful, peaceful home was never to be his. Whenever he crossed his own threshold, the first sound which struck his ears was the voice of peevishness and ill-temper. What wonder if he often passed his evenings at places which it would have been better for him if he had never entered, and sought elsewhere for that enjoyment which by his own hearth he never could find!

At this time Charles Hayes was the near neighbour of Sam Butler. He was united to one who, like himself, was serving God with a humble heart, and a cheerful, contented spirit. If Charles's home was lowly, it was peaceful; if he had little of this world's goods, he had few of its cares: labour and poverty might be his lot, but piety and love sweetened all.

* From "Precepts and Practice: or, Stories Illustrative of the Proverbs" By A. L. O. E. *Just Published.*

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But affliction, from which even the most faithful servants of God are not exempted, was sent to the cottage of Charles Hayes. His beloved partner was suddenly called to her rest. Sore was the trial to the Christian, when he stood by the grave of the young wife who had been dearer to him than all the world beside, and who was worthy of all his affection. But his was a sorrow *not without hope*. He looked forward, even when grief bowed his heart to the dust, to a blessed reunion in a land where parting shall never be known; though divided from his wife by death, he could think of her as "not lost, but gone before;" and when time had mellowed the sharpness of his pain, there was no earthly pleasure for which he would have exchanged the sweet remembrance of years spent in happiness with one who was now an angel in heaven!

Sam Butler had a family, and, as he would proudly say, there were no children in all the village so healthy and handsome as his own. He was by no means wanting in parental affection; and it was a pleasing sight to see him in the evening, when the day's business was over, with one laughing little one perched on his shoulder, and another holding fast to his hand, chasing the third down a daisy-mottled slope, while the neighbourhood rang with the sound of their mirth. Sam made great projects for his children, and built for them castles in the air without end. Patrick was to get a grand education,—perhaps go to the bar, distinguish himself by his talents, and rise to the highest honours. "We'll see you Chancellor yet!" the proud father would cry, clapping his boy on the back when the little fellow, who was sharp and ready of wit, had said something more flippant than usual.

Dan, according to Butler's plans, should keep the shop,—make money with wonderful success,—go to London, and in time become an alderman,—feast upon turtle, entertain princes, and perhaps end by being elected Lord Mayor! As for Nina, his beautiful little Nina, Butler had still wilder speculations for her.

But there was one thing which Butler had left out of all his calculations. He never remembered that "man proposes, but God disposes;" and that the blessing of the Almighty alone could make his children either prosperous or happy. He neglected to *train up his children in the way in which they should go;* or rather, he himself led his children in the way in which they should *not* go; and when old, they did not depart from it.

Charles Hayes came to Butler one day, drawing along with him, by a firm grasp on the shoulder, the half-resisting, terrified Patrick, who, with lips blackened with cherries, and pockets dropping gooseberries, stood before his father the picture of a self-convicted thief.

"I am very sorry to say," began Charles, "that I have found your boy in my garden, and, I fear, not for the first time. I thought it best to bring him at once to his father, that he may receive from you such a punishment as may make him a better and more honest boy."

"Well," said Butler, carelessly, "I'm sorry he has done mischief in your garden, neighbour; but it's the nature of boys to love fruit. We must remember that we were children once."

"It is not the fruit that I care for," said Charles; "but it grieves me to see the sin. Every river was a brook once, every oak an acorn; and the boy who steals unheeded a cherry from a tree may end his days in prison!"

Sam chucked his boy under the chin, told him to mind what he had heard, and turned away with some jesting remark about the ease with which those who have no children of their own can manage the children of others.

"*He that spareth the rod hateth his son,*" thought Charles Hayes, as he slowly returned to his cottage.

Butler's shop was one in which a variety of cakes and sweetmeats were sold, and he invariably kept it open on Sundays. "I make more on that day than on any other day in the week," he used to say. "No one but a fool would beggar himself for the sake of idle scruples. I keep my conscience in my till!"

Butler's shop was, indeed, more full than usual on that day which we have been commanded to *keep holy*. And did he benefit by disobedience? He certainly thought that he did. His Nina dressed more gaily, his own table was better supplied, his boys had more sports, he was enabled himself to drink deeper, than if, like his neighbour, he had devoted his Sabbaths to rest and religion. But was he really the better for his unhallowed gains?—were his wife or his children the better? Oh, no! the example which he set, the company which he kept, were surely and not slowly corrupting and destroying the source of even his earthly happiness. We have read of a Spanish general who was so fond of money that the enemies into whose hands he had fallen tortured and killed him by pouring melted gold down his throat in mockery of his covetousness! So Satan now often makes money, unlawfully acquired, the very means of tormenting the miserable beings who have sold their conscience to obtain it. There is no blessing on it, no blessing can be expected with it, and it is not only at the judgment-day that ill-gotten wealth shall crush its owner beneath its weight!

Butler had gradually acquired in the taverns, to which he had been driven by the temper of his wife, a taste for spirituous liquors. He was what is called a "jovial fellow;" and if his Sunday mornings were spent in business, his Sunday evenings were spent in revels. He was fond of placing his little Dan on the table, and calling for a song from the child; and then, when the boy had set all present in a roar of laughter by his fun, would reward him by giving him a sip from the brimming glass which he himself loved too well. Poor boy! it had been better for him if it had been poison that passed his lips!

Nina, too, was brought forward to be admired and flattered by her father's Sunday guests, and to have the seeds of folly and vanity planted in a soil which was but too ready to receive them.

While Butler's children were yet young, their mother died. Her death was little regretted by her husband, and yet it proved to him no small misfortune. Her temper had made his home uncomfortable, but she had preserved in it something like order and regularity. She had had some influence over her children; and though she had never used it to implant in their young minds those principles which might have survived herself, and guided them to happiness and heaven, yet that influence had been some restraint, at least, on their outward conduct. Now all curb upon them was taken away. They became each year more ungovernable and wild; their extravagance emptied the purse of their father much faster than his gains could fill it. If the sin of Sabbath-breaking made money seem to flow readily into it, other sins, to which Sabbath-breaking gave rise, made holes for that money to flow through. Butler became a poorer and poorer man.

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He drank more, to drown thought, and so hastened the ruin which he dreaded. He became so irregular in his habits that all respectable customers gave him up. Companions he had still, but friends he had none. He had trifled with his health, now it failed him; and neither of his sons, though intelligent youths, were sufficiently steady and regular to be fitted to take his place in the shop. Butler fell, gradually fell, from one stage of ruin to another. He saw all his comforts one by one disappear. A blight, a mildew was upon his fair hopes; a worm was at the root of his joys. He lived to see his daughter, once his pride, make a silly marriage, without his consent, to a worthless, dissipated soldier, who carried her away to a distant land, where her father never heard of her more. He lived to see his boys grow up unprincipled men, undutiful sons,—the one a drunkard, the other a thief! He lived to see his home in the hands of a stranger, and to be himself, in his old age, compelled to seek the dreary shelter of a work-house!

Bitterly Butler murmured against the decrees of Providence, which he believed had brought him to misery. Bitterly he complained of poverty and desertion, and the feebleness of a broken constitution. And yet he was but reaping as he had sowed! Self-indulgence, self-will, self-worship, were but bearing their natural fruit; and what Butler called his misfortunes, were but the first instalment of the miserable *wages of sin*. *The foolishness of man perverteth his way; and his heart fretteth against the Lord.*

There are no chains that bind
So close as chains of sin;
There are no foes we find
So stern as foes within.
God may send pain and loss
To those whom most he loves;
But heavier far than such a cross
The sinner's burden proves!

'Tis *guilt* that barbs the dart,
'Tis guilt that binds the cord;
Yet the deceiving heart
Will fret against the Lord!
When mirth in anguish ends,
Man dreads the truth to own
That from the Lord all good descends,
Despair from *sin* alone!

DYING WORDS.

I.—"AM I LOST?"

My errand was urgent. I was in search of a dying creature, the sands of whose hour-glass were nearly down, and was hastening to take to her the message of a Saviour's love. Breathless from the steep ascent, I reached her mountain cottage. What a contrast between the grand and beautiful scenery around and the wretched hovel which now met my sight! When I entered, there lay the young mother in the last stage of consumption; her wasted frame, bright eye, and hectic cheek too plainly telling the ravages disease had made, and the short period that remained before time would give place to eternity, and the immortal spirit appear before its God. For a moment I lifted up my heart in prayer that God would teach me what to say, and would accompany what I did say to the salvation of that poor dying woman. We were strangers. I knew little of her previous history, having only a few hours before heard of her and of her illness, as we should say, by accident. But I knew that the poor sufferer before me was a sinner, and that as a sinner she needed a Saviour, and I longed to ascertain if she had sought and found him "whom truly to know is everlasting life."

She listened with deep attention while I repeated some of the glorious invitations of the gospel made to sinful, fallen man. At length, clasping her wasted hands, and looking up, with a faltering voice she repeated after me, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin" (1 John i. 7), and prayed with all apparent earnestness that his blood might wash away her sins. Exhausted with the exertion she fell back, but her eye turned so speakingly towards me that it seemed to say, "Go on; pray for me; I am too weak to pray for myself." I repeated in a slow and earnest tone these simple lines:—

"Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee.
I have a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in every part;
I can never make it good—
Jesus, wash me in thy blood.
Oh, my Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee!"

I paused; she remained motionless; I rose to go; her hand and eye once more detained me. Again I repeated some texts of Scripture, to all of which she listened in silence, until I uttered those words of Jesus, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost" (Luke xix. 10). Oh, then I shall never forget the eager cry, "*Lost! lost! am I lost? Tell, oh! tell me, am I lost?*"

I took her hand, and pressing it between mine, told her in few words how "the lost" ones had been sought and saved, and that Jesus had declared, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Commending the poor dying sufferer to God I left, promising to repeat my visit. The next day found me climbing again the path which led to this mountain home. When I reached the cottage-door there was bustle within. I lifted the latch; the poor woman was in the act of dying; sight, speech, sense—all had gone, and the heaving breast just told that the spirit still hovered in its tenement of clay. A few struggles more, and all was over. The deathless spirit had passed from time into eternity!

Reader, the last words of this dying woman still echo in my ears, "*Tell, oh! tell me, am I lost?*" and never, never shall I forget them. Absorbed with the things of earth and the cares of life, she had neglected the great salvation, and had lived, as I afterwards found, careless about her soul, until disease with rapid strokes had laid her low, and now, in the near prospect of death, the all-important question, "What is to become of my never-dying soul?" forces itself upon her agonized spirit.

She turned with dying eye and dying breath to him who has said, "Look unto me, and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 22); but she left the world with this tremendous question upon her lips, and this awful doubt upon her mind, "*Am I lost?*"

Oh, reader, solve the question for thyself now; "Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near" (Isa. lv. 6), that so in your dying hour you may hear the sweet whispers of his love, and be able with holy confidence to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed

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unto him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12). You are *not yet* lost—*shall* you be?—*Churchman's Penny Magazine.*

II.—"IS IT SO SOON OVER?"

"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour *as ye think not* the Son of man cometh."—MATT. xxiv. 44.

A FEW months ago, a merchant was attacked suddenly by internal disease; death came on with rapid pace; all that money could procure or friends devise was sought to no avail; physicians in London and Paris were consulted; but no relief could be given. There was comparatively little physical suffering; yet, in the short space of three months, the grave closed over the mortal remains of Mr. L——, and the "spirit returned to God who gave it." How did Death find him? It found him surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries a large and increasing income could give; it found him living in the bosom of a circle of young sons and daughters, and courted by the prosperous world around him. But, oh! that was only *outward* life! Shall we take a step further, and ask, how did Death find him in the inner life? A false charity would draw the veil here, and hope all was well; but, for the sake of the living, the truth must be told. He was "following the devices of his own evil heart, and walking after the course of an ungodly world," in the open neglect of the Sabbath, in expressed aversion to everything serious, in the midst of a fearful accumulation of wasted means and mercies, when Death came and cut him down! During the three months of his illness he steadily refused to see a clergyman, and his young sons were frequently heard to say, "Papa would give everything he has *if he could only get well.*" There was the clinging to earth so natural in one whose *all* it was.

A few moments before he expired, he turned his dying eyes to his wife, and asked, "Is life so soon over—*is it so soon over?*" Yes—the visions of pleasure for which he had bartered his immortal soul were over, and now he must see things in earnest; the fevered dream of sensual enjoyment was ended in an awful waking reality; his idol-world had cast him off, and there were no—

"Wide arms of mercy spread to enfold him;"

no Saviour's presence to be his light through the valley of the shadow of death.

My fellow-sinner, for *you*, too, life must soon be over. How, then, are you living? Where are you going? Has earth wrapped her fatal charms around you, and is her syren voice luring you on to your destruction? Oh awake! awake! "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life!"—*Ibid.*

FOR S. SCHOOL TEACHERS.

EXPECT ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

I AM not now engaged in the work of Sabbath-school instruction. A delicate state of health prevents me; but I love the work. Some time ago, I was privileged to be appointed sole teacher to a Bible class in B—— Sunday School. I earnestly desired the conversion of my girls, but yet did not (as I ought) *expect to see* the fruit of my labours. I went on in this way for a year or two, sometimes encouraged, sometimes depressed. One week I determined to have a *special* season of prayer for my class; for I was very unhappy about them, and depressed, because I thought I was doing no good. On the following Sabbath, I spoke very earnestly to *each* girl on the subject of *her own* salvation. Soon after this, circumstances called me to another part of the country, and, in new scenes and new duties, my class at B—— seemed well-nigh forgotten: but I was permitted to revisit the village, and, on calling to see the clergyman's wife, she asked me if I remembered Ellen C——. I replied, "No; but what of her?" For I was sure, from my friend's countenance, that something very interesting was attached to that name. She vainly endeavoured to bring the girl to my remembrance. At last she said, "Do you not recollect a fair-haired, delicate little girl, who was so fond of you because you did not give her as long lessons as you gave the others, on account of her weakness?" I suddenly remembered the child; I seemed immediately to see her fragile form, and to look into her deep-blue eye. I eagerly asked, "What of Ellen?" "She is dead!" said the lady; "and the poor woman, her mother, came to me, a few days ago, to ask for your address, in order that she might write to you, and thank you for what you had done for her dear Ellen; but, as I told her you were expected here soon, she said she would then thank you by word. And," she added, "you will, indeed, be a welcome visitor in their now lonely cottage."

I made further inquiry, and found that, a few months prior to this, Ellen had been seized with consumption; and when, after some time, she found that her illness was likely to be fatal, she called her father and mother to her bedside, and said, "I love Jesus, my dear parents, and I am going to heaven, because his blood was shed *for me.* Oh! how I wish dear Miss —— was here; but, mother, you must tell her I shall be in heaven; and tell her that it was her solemn words to me that Sunday afternoon, when she spoke to us all so earnestly, that led me to my Saviour. Tell her how I thank her; tell her how I love her." When the mother had finished this thrilling account, I was overpowered by the goodness of God in using *me* as the instrument of leading a sinner to Jesus. I was painfully struck with a sense of my ingratitude to him. I had prayed for the conversion of my scholars, but had never expected an answer, and here God had given me a clear evidence that my labours had been blessed. How many times since that day have I, when discouraged by seeming difficulties, remembered Ellen, now an angel in heaven, and then the recollection has invited me to greater diligence. Fellow-teacher! it *is* hard to see the wandering eye, the listless look, when you are endeavouring to show children what Jesus has done *for them.* But be simple and clear; let the children see you are *in earnest*, and be not discouraged. Ellen seems to say to you, "Teacher, flag not. I am here, because God, the Holy Spirit, accompanied my teacher's words. Seek *his* help, and *you* may be the honoured instrument of leading children to him. Work on; be not discouraged; look up." Teach, Sabbath after Sabbath, as if each were to be your last opportunity of meeting your class. Pray much for them, and teach as if you expected their conversion. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season you shall reap, *if you faint not.*"—*Union Magazine.*

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. III.—THE BETHLEHEM MASSACRE AND THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT.

MATT. ii. 13-23.

Ver. 13. Had the angel ever spoken before in a dream to Joseph? When? How did Joseph act then? Ch. i. 20. If he had disregarded that message, would he have got this new one? What do we learn from this? [That when we improve our privileges we get more. Matt. xiii. 12.] What country was Joseph directed to flee to? When had Egypt afforded a refuge to God's people before? Gen. xii. 10; xlvi. 3. Who had once gone to Egypt *against* God's word, and suffered for it? Jer. xlii. 14, &c.

Ver. 14. How would Joseph, who was a poor man, find the means to go to Egypt? See ver. 11. What may we learn from this? [That when God lays a duty on his people, his providence provides the means.]

Ver. 15. What prophet is this saying found in? Hosea xi. 1. Had it not been for this prophecy, what might Christ's enemies have said against him? [That he could not be the Messiah, since he had come out of Egypt, a foreign country. They could not say so in face of this prophecy.]

Ver. 16. What view did Herod take of the conduct of the wise men? What feeling was roused in his breast? What kind of deeds are men often betrayed into when enraged? Mention any other instances of fearful crimes committed in rage. [Saul and David. Alexander the Great, at a feast, in a fit of rage struck his dearest bosom friend dead at his feet, and was haunted by dreadful remorse.] Contrast the conduct of Herod with the conduct of Joseph. Ch. i. 19, 20. How did the gross *selfishness* of Herod appear? [He showed no regard for anything but his own temporal interests.] How did he show flagrant *injustice*? And *cruelty*? What is said of a man that hath no rule over his spirit? Prov. xxv. 28. And of him that ruleth his spirit? Prov. xvi. 32. [Learn from Herod's conduct *the awful tyranny of sin.*]

Ver. 17. Where is this written by Jeremiah? Ch. xxxi. 15. In what tribe was Ramah situated? [Benjamin.]

Ver. 18. Who was the mother of Benjamin? When did the first great slaughter of the children of Rachel take place? See Judges xx. [Another great slaughter, referred to by Jeremiah, took place at the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Bethlehem was in Judah, but Ramah was near; the two tribes were closely connected; and Rachel is represented poetically as weeping again, at the massacre of the babes. Her sepulchre was near Bethlehem.]

Ver. 19. When did Herod die? [A very few months after the massacre. He died in a splendid palace at Jericho, of a fearful complication of diseases. Before his death, he invited all the nobles of Judæa to Jericho, and had them imprisoned in the circus, ordering his sister to kill them after his decease, that there might be a royal mourning at his death. The brutal order was not executed.] Who directed further the movements of Joseph? What office are the angels said to hold towards believers? Heb. i. 14. [It is delightful to think that as Christ and his people are one, the care shown in preserving him is also exercised towards them. We have great cause to be thankful, at the same time, that bloodthirsty tyrants are not seeking our life. Our forefathers knew much of persecution, and braved it nobly.]

Ver. 20. What made it desirable that Christ should be brought up in the land of Israel? Matt. xv. 24.

Ver. 22. Who was Archelaus? [One of Herod's sons, who got a part of his kingdom. He held the government for eight or nine years, when, owing to his vices, he was deposed and banished by the Romans. His brothers, Antipas and Philip, obtained the more northerly parts of their father's kingdom.] In what part of the land was Galilee?

Ver. 23. Do we ever read of Nazareth in the Old Testament? [No. It was situated among the hills of Galilee; the population there was mixed and uncultivated; it had a bad reputation.] Where is this prophecy? [The precise words are not found anywhere. Probably the reference is to the *general current* of prophecy regarding the humble and despised condition of Christ. Compare Isa. liii. 2-12, with John i. 46; vii. 52.] How was Christ's *humiliation* shown by his dwelling at Nazareth? [So obscure and poor a place.] How long did he live there? See Luke iii. 23. What is the single recorded incident of his youth there? Luke ii. 42. What was probably his secular occupation? Mark vi. 3. What lesson from this may be drawn by the hard-working poor? What are the riches, honours, and distinctions that should be sought most eagerly? Do our hearts naturally love these? What, then, ought to be our prayer?

DOCTRINE.—Sin is very hateful to God.

Deut. xxv.; PROV. vi., xv.; JER. xliv.

God's view of sin is expressed in its comparison to—
Disease. Jer. viii.; Hos. vii.
Especially *Leprosy.* Lev. xiii., xiv.
A *Plague.* 1 Kings viii.
Defilement. Matt. xv.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—A CHILD'S FAITH.

SOME think the little child cannot be converted, because he is too young to understand religion. They might just as well say he cannot live on food, because he cannot tell *how* the grass that feeds the ox is turned into flesh, and then nourishes him. They might as well say he cannot be warmed with his clothes, because he cannot tell how the grass which the sheep eats is turned into wool, and how the wool is made into cloth. The greatest man that ever lived cannot tell how the grass is turned into flesh or into wool, and thus made to nourish or warm us. The little child can eat the food, and live. The philosopher can do no more. He can put on his garments and be warm. The great and learned man can do no more.

A poor blind beggar once cried out in the street, and asked Christ to have mercy on him. What did he want? "Lord, that my eyes might be opened." How could he tell *how* Christ could open his eyes? And when he had them cured, what could he say, when they asked him, "*How* opened he thine eyes?" "By what means he opened mine eyes, I know not; but one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see!" Could the greatest man that ever lived say more?

Every child knows what it is to love his mother, but can he tell you anything more about it than he *feels* it? Could any man say more?

Every child can take hold of his father's hand, and go with

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him in the dark, and this is having *faith* in his father; but he cannot tell you what faith is.

A little child once got lost in the woods, and night came on, and it grew dark, and they could not find him for a long time. At last he lay down under a log, cold and afraid, and cried as loud as he dared. At length he heard some one calling. He was afraid at first that it was a wild beast. Then he plainly heard his own name. Still he did not stir. But when the voice came nearer, and he heard his own name called, he stopped crying, and jumped up and went towards the voice. He could not see anything, but he heard his father's voice, and ran to him! Thus he could have *faith*, though he could not tell what faith was. The child Samuel could say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," though he could not know the voice of the Lord from the voice of Eli.

So the little child can believe in Christ, and love Christ, though he cannot know all the deep things in religion. He can live upon the sincere milk of the word, and grow thereby; and that is all that is necessary for his being gathered to Christ.

The beautiful rose does not know how the dews of the night refresh it and revive it; but they do. The modest lily, that peeps up and catches a few of the bright sunbeams, does not know how they make it white and pure; but they do. The valley that lies at the foot of the mountain does not know how the gentle rills that run down the sides of the mountain, bursting out from hundreds of little springs, make it bright and fertile; but they do. So the little one does not know *how* he believes on Christ, and *how* he lives by faith; but he does. And the tall tree of the forest, and the giant oak on the hill, can no more tell how they are nourished by the rain and the sunshine, than can the little violet that grows in the crack of a rock; and the lofty tree in the garden and the frail lily are alike fed, they know not how. When the child has said that he feels love to Christ in his heart, could a Newton, with all his great mind, say any more?

J. T.

II.—DEATH.

My Dear Little Friends,—Is there chillness and gloom in that one short word? I would not make you sad. It would grieve me to see any little boy or girl pained by a word or look of mine.

"Then," some little one may ask, "why do you choose a subject so gloomy?" I cannot tell, my dear, unless it is because Death is so determined to be no stranger among us. He comes without our bidding, and in spite of all our care takes whom he will. Yesterday, I saw a house where he had entered, and taken the mother from her little children; but a few steps farther, I saw a little babe just passing away. The mother wept, and laid the little head upon her breast; but I knew that Death would not mind her grief. I knew that the dear baby must die. Still, I had not thought of writing to you about it; but just as I had taken my pen, a lady came in, looking very sorrowful, and after a time she told me that she feared Death was coming for her daughter, her *only* daughter. She, too, wept; but I knew that Death would not mind her tears. When the lady was gone, *Death* seemed very present with me, and he seemed to say, "Write to the children about me; and tell them that I am not what they think me to be."

You know, children, that a good poet has said,—

"Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise:
Converse awhile with Death."

So I conversed with Death, and the more I talked with him, the better he appeared. I asked him what he had done with the beautiful flowers which he had stolen from our earthly gardens? for you know that he has come just like the hoar-frost, and blighted the rose-buds as they were beginning to bloom. He had done that thing to me, and I felt that I had a right to ask. But Death replied very calmly, "You should not say *stolen;* for I am not a thief. There is One who *owns* all the flowers upon your broad green earth; and he has a right to transplant them when and where he pleases. *He* sends me to your gardens. I do not come to kill, to steal, and to destroy; but only to do my Master's bidding."

"But why," I asked, "do you snatch them so rudely, and leave hearts all torn and bleeding?"

"Alas!" replied Death "why will not mortals let them go? Good little children are the Paradise flowers,—'Of such is the kingdom of heaven; but be the world ever so bleak and desolate, mortals would keep them here; so they bind them with cords lest they be taken away; and these cords are twined with their own heart-strings; how *can* I loosen the one without breaking the other?"

I was nearly silenced by this reply. There was one more question which I longed to ask, but I dared not speak it aloud. It was this: "Since the world is so bleak, why take away the little of love and beauty which mortals have?"

Death smiled upon me then, and answered, "God is preparing something better than a *bleak* world, for those who love him well enough to believe that. He doeth all things well.' In the heavenly mansions they will find more than they have lost. Is it not best, then, to acquiesce in his will, and reverently receive his messenger?"

I answered, "Yes;" and Death never seemed to me so amiable before. I believe that all he says is true, and that we should not regard him as a cruel enemy. What do the children think?

III.—I LOVE JESUS.

It was dark and wet and gloomy here last night—you could hear a sad moaning outside, for the winds were coming in from a troubled sea. Perhaps, if we could have understood them, they could have told us of some foundering ship, with whose torn sails they had been sporting, or some poor castaway, whose last prayer was mingled, undistinguished, in its solemn tones. I was glad to be in-doors on such a night.

The bell rang—a message was brought that a little child was dying, and her parents would have me pray with them. Almost at once, upon entering the sick chamber, I led the mourners in prayer. The patient was a child of only about four years of age, and I felt that my chief mission there was to speak comfort to *the parents;* I did not judge that so young a child would be able to understand the nature of my office, and desire to hear me speak to her of the world to which she was going.

But I was greatly mistaken. As I rose from prayer, I stepped to her bedside and was introduced as the minister who had offered prayer in her hearing. She at once whispered to her mother, "He loves Jesus,—I love him;" and stretching out her hand, she beckoned to me to kiss her; which done, she drew me again to her and kissed my cheek, twining her arms around my neck, and repeating, gasping at every word—(she was suffocating with croup)—"I love Jesus."

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"And do you think Jesus loves you? Did he ever take little children in his arms?" I asked.

She looked me in the face, and, with a countenance full of expression, nodded her head.

I asked her where she was going. "To heaven," said she.

"Will Jesus take good care of his little girl in heaven?" Another such look and sign.

"And who will you see in heaven?" "Brother." She lost an infant brother last winter, over whose death, young as she was, she grieved deeply.

"And do you want to die?" She looked to her mother a moment, and shook her head. It appears that just before I was sent for, and before anything was said to her about her being in danger, she grasped her mother's hand with an earnest, "'Bye, mother; I'm going to die." She called for her father and little brother, and took leave of them too; but the thought of being separated from her mother seemed to be too painful for her.

"I'm going to die; you die too, mother," was her affectionate entreaty; but later in the evening she seemed to be reconciled to the parting, repeating to her mother, "I'll love you in heaven, mother."

But no incident in the scene affected me as her frequent expressions of love to her Saviour. Again and again, as I carried her to and fro, her whole frame convulsed with her struggles for breath, I heard her broken whisperings, "I—love—Jesus!"

The sweet little sufferer! who could doubt her word? She knew Jesus could make her well if he chose, yet she loved him. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." What could explain such a temper in a human heart, but the power of the Spirit of God?

It is worthy of remark, that a short time previously she had listened to a sermon from the text, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema." On her return from church, she asked her mother who there was who did not love Jesus? It seems as though she thought there could not be such a one. Artless reasoner! she has been spared the rude experience in which older saints have unlearned this mistake. She has gone, I trust, to the world where they *all* love Jesus, and where they will all be glad to see her, because she does too. He sent for her gentle, loving spirit, shortly afterwards. The Good Shepherd has taken one more lamb into his bosom, to rear it with his own hands, and has left with the parent hearts the surest consolations of his gospel.

How blessed the kingdom that is made up "of such!"

How early in life the faithful mother may instruct her child in the love of Jesus!

How ample is the recompense of Christian faithfulness in the care of a youthful immortal!

How pleasant to have in heaven a little earth-born angel to love you!—*New York Observer.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

HINTS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

1st. Get your children to settle it in their minds never, *never to rob God and themselves of the Sabbath.*

If He requires us to keep it, we may be confident that it is our *interest* to do so.—It is a law of nature, and to expect to trifle with it with impunity is as if we expected to take fire into our bosoms and not be burned, or to leap from a precipice and not get broken bones. Common sense, therefore, no less than submission to God, should bring us to such a decision in our earliest years.

2dly. Get your children *to make their Sabbaths cheerful.* Let them understand that gloom is as inappropriate to the day as giddiness or work is. It is a day for gladness of heart. They should walk with a lighter step, their eyes should beam smiles, and no lark in the sky should sing more blithely. The service at church, the hour of Sunday-school, the reading or talking at home—all these should be steeped in the spirit of grateful praise to God, who, in raising Jesus from the dead, as on this day, has given us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning."

Lastly. Get your children *to make use of the Sabbath.* Convince them that it is the time for mind-and-heart-and-soul-culture: now the ground is softest, the sunshine warmest, the dews heaviest. Ho! then for the seed-sowing! Ho! then for the digging, and pruning, and loosening! This is *holy* work—Sabbath work: "The Sabbath was made for man" in this sense. As soon as ever your children have learned to *improve* the day,—to turn it to practical account,—as soon as ever they feel that they have something to *do* in it, and that they are really doing it, you have insured their "Remembering it to keep it holy" for life.—*Rev. J. Bolton.*

FRAGMENTS.

THE ARROW THAT ENTERS HEAVEN.

If the arrow of prayer is to enter heaven, we must draw it from a soul *full bent.*

RUN FOR IT!

RUN FOR IT! for he that will have heaven *must* run for it. The devil, law, sin, death, hell, are all making after thee! Run for it!—*Bunyan.*

"ALL YOUR NEED."

Why was the "Bread of life" hungry, but that he might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was "Rest" itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the "Prince of peace" in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? —None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of peace could bring the God of peace and the peace of God to poor sinners.—*Old Author.*

THE OCEAN.

How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little do I take away of *my* great sea—the love of Christ.

HOW TO DIRECT YOUR LETTERS.

When you send your letters [so he calls our prayers], be sure and direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and then they'll never miscarry.—*Matthew Henry.*

THE THREE WHATS.

Never forget the three Whats. First, What from? Secondly, What by? and, Thirdly, What to?—What from? Believers are redeemed from hell and destruction. What by? By the precious blood of Christ? What to? To an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.—*Old Author.*

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A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"We shall all be changed."—1 Corinthians xv. 51.

ONE of our lambs has been gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd. She was thirteen years an inhabitant of this world. Some months since the Spirit of God touched her heart, and taught her that she was a lost sinner. She came to speak with me alone about the salvation of her soul. It was a time when none of my dear flock seemed to want to be led to the Great Shepherd, and I was surprised to see her. A few minutes convinced me, as I talked with her, that she had been taught by the Holy Spirit. She wanted peace of mind, deliverance from sin, and a friend to stand by her for ever.

"Emma, have you learned that you are a sinner?"

"Yes, sir; I feel it, and more and more every day."

"Have you asked for mercy yourself?"

"Yes, sir; every day."

"How long have you been in the habit of daily prayer?"

"I have always *said* my prayers, but I do not think I have really prayed till about two months ago."

"I do not ask you *what* it is; but do you know what your easily besetting sin is,—I mean, the sin that gives you the most trouble?"

"I think I do, sir; and I try to pray against it, and to kill it! It is *my temper*, sir. But I think I have done something to overcome it."

"You tell me, Emma, that you want to make a profession of religion. Why do you?"

"Because, sir, Christ has told us to; and because I want to be among his people; and because I may die early, and I want to do my duty as fully as I can."

The Saviour was set before her as *our Righteousness*, and her faith and love took hold of him with a strong grasp.

On the next occasion of celebrating the Lord's Supper, little Emma came out in the aisle of the great church and before the great congregation, and stood up to be received into the church. Her father was dead and her mother was away, and so alone, of all her family, she came. She was small in size, pale as a lily, and when, in her simple white dress, she came to me to have the water of baptism sprinkled upon her, I could not but say, as I baptized her, "Little one, God is able to make thee stand!" She was the youngest in the church, and probably the youngest that ever joined this church—a little one! She was then in good health. But in a few months, on my return home, I heard that Emma was very sick. I hastened to her bedside, and found her very dangerously sick. The frail body seemed to thrill with pain, and the waves rolled deep over her. But her spirit, like some white marble on which the finger of God had been writing, came out clear and distinct, and showed the writing between the rolling waves. Her mind was clear and bright as a summer's morning, and her voice like a silver bell, as she called her friends around her dying bed, and calmly bade each one farewell, sending a particular message to every little schoolmate and friend who was absent, exhorting her loved ones to come to her Saviour, assuring them that it was easy. When asked by her pastor what he should pray for, she replied, that Christ would take her to himself! She spoke of going home, and being almost home; and upon her beautiful brow and meek face peace and hope poured their oil of gladness. You could almost hear the wings of the angel who came for his charge. Death had no sting, the grave no victory. Not a cloud hung over her, nor the shadow of a doubt disturbed her. I have seen strong men die, and aged Christians go home, but never before saw a child die an hundred years old! I have heard the great ocean lift up his voice and speak of God, and I have heard his power proclaimed in the thunders as they rolled among the mighty Alps, but I never before heard his praises so perfected out of the mouth of the babe.

The physician was very anxious, and the family were in great distress, and the watchers walked softly around her bed; but she was calm, and clear in mind, and unalarmed. She was willing to leave everything concerning herself with her Saviour. But the next night she was much worse. They told her they feared she was dying. Then she asked to see each one of her friends separately, that she might bid farewell to each. She threw her arms around the neck of her mother and sisters, and begged them to come to Christ and to love her Saviour. To each one she had a special charge to give, and to each little girl in her Sabbath-school class she sent a special message. Calm and gentle, with the mind bright, she talked of her hopes, her faith, her love, and of her approaching death, as if it were a pleasant journey she was about to take. The physician, who had seen many die,—old, and young, and middle-aged, and who had *read* of the happy deaths of children, said he had never seen or read of anything like this! She told her sister and intimate friends how *easy* it seemed to her to love the Saviour, and, stretching out her little hand, bade them a most affectionate farewell. She died gently as a rose-bud would fall from its stem, or as the lily would fold up its leaves at sunsetting and go to sleep for the night. In less time than I can describe it to you, she was changed. The bright eye was closed; the sweet voice was silent; the ear heard not; the hands, white as the sheet, lay still on her breast;

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the sighing was over, and the heart did not beat. She was dead! What a change! Now the body had no soul in it. It lay like a body of alabaster. The widowed mother and friends stood weeping around it. But where was she? Where had Emma herself gone? That cold body was not Emma, any more than the picture shut up in a case is the person, or any more than the case is the jewel which is in it. We trust she had gone to heaven, where she would see her Saviour,—where she would see the bright angels, and the glorious spirits of just men made perfect,—and where she would meet with an uncounted number of children, who were suffered to come unto Christ, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. What a change! Here, she was in a poor, frail body, full of disease and pain; there, she is free from all pain and sickness. Here, she was listening to the sobs and the groans of her weeping friends; there, she is surrounded by happy ones who are singing the songs of heaven. Here, she saw her minister at her bedside pointing her to Christ; there, she sees Christ himself, in his love and in his glory. Here, she heard prayers and supplications; there, she hears praise and thanksgiving, and songs of joy. Here, she saw tears and weeping; there, God wipes away all tears from all eyes. Here, she felt sick even unto death; there, she shall no more say, "I am sick." Here, the frail lily felt the cold storms and the chilling winds; there, it is placed in the garden where no storms or winds come. What a change!

But there will be a greater change still, when her spirit will one day come back to that grave, and live in that body again! When she lay in the coffin, so fair and so beautiful, dressed in the same clothes in which she was baptized, she looked like some fair creature asleep. Those looks will change; that dress will decay and be gone; and the very coffin in which she sleeps, and the great stone tomb in which she was laid, will wear away and be gone, and forgotten—by men! But she will not be forgotten by Christ. He knows where each one of his friends is buried, and he hath appointed a day in the which he will send an angel before him, as a king sometimes sends a herald before him, to call the people together to whom he will speak. Christ is now in heaven, making dwellings and homes for his friends; but at the end of all things he will come back to earth. He will come in the clouds of heaven, with all the holy angels with him. The redeemed spirits of heaven will come with him. What a light will fill the heavens, as he sits down on "the great white throne!" One of the angels will descend to earth with a shout! He is the archangel! He is going to do the greatest work ever done on earth by any created being. He is now to sound the trumpet, and awake the dead! With one blast of the trumpet he makes his voice reach every grave! In an instant, even in the twinkling of an eye, every dead man and woman and child hears his voice! The ground heaves, the graves that had been forgotten for thousands of years are opened! Out of the deep, deep sea they come,—from every hill-side, from every valley, from every cavern and lonely place, from buried cities and forgotten places, they start out to life! "We shall all be changed." The good and the bad, the old and the young, the great and the small, will all be changed. The man who was murdered, and concealed so that his grave was never found, will then come back to life. The grave in which God buried Moses will then be found, though no man knows where it is to this day!

And now, dear children, how many are there present to-day who have lived more than thirteen years? And you see that every one of you might have been, even at that early age, a Christian! Who of you would be thus prepared to die, should you be thus cut down before another Sabbath? When one dies who gives no evidence of being a Christian, we bury him, and say nothing about him. We don't mention his name. We don't want to think of him! But when even a little child dies, leaving such evidence that she belonged to Christ, how we love to speak of her, to think of her, to recall her words and looks! Her very tomb is beautiful. A silver light seems to rise up from it. Long, long will the name of this child linger among us, and her life and her death will teach every child that he can and ought to be a Christian; and it will teach every one in this whole congregation, that he has no excuse and no apology for not being a Christian! If the little child can embrace Christ, so can all these children, so can all these hearts! Oh, tell me, is there anything on earth which you would not give to be able to die such a death? Is there anything, even the whole earth, for which we would bring her back from her Saviour, and make her lose her crown? O no! "The child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall die accursed."

To the friends of Jesus Christ this will be a blessed change,—greater than the man feels who has been a long time away from his home and returns,—greater than the sick man feels when he gets off the bed of pain and can ride out and see the beautiful fields. The old, feeble man will be changed, so that he shall now have a new body,—young, active, and strong. The little child, crushed by sickness and death, will be changed, so that she will never again say, "I am sick." That poor helpless one, who could not walk a step, and who for long, long years never saw a day of health, shall be changed, and he will leap like a hart and shout for joy. That little blind child, who never saw his mother's face, or the bright flowers of the garden, or the smiles of his father, or the forms of his little brothers and sisters, will be changed, and will see all that is lovely and beautiful in God's new creation; and that little mute one, who never heard the voice of love, nor the sweet sounds of music, nor the words of human lips, will be changed, and will hear the songs of angels and the songs of saints in heaven, even for ever! There will be no sick or feeble ones then. They will not need crutches to help

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them to walk. They will not have sick-rooms or sick-beds there!

Sometimes here we see great changes take place in wonderful ways. From the knife and the saw of the surgeon come health and joy. From the vials and drugs in the apothecary's shop come renewed health and strength to the sick man. Who would think that, from the dark, cold grave, God could raise up new bodies, bright as angels and beautiful as rainbows? In the bottom of the pond, far down in the deep mud, is buried a small root. Who would think that, from that dark, disagreeable place, God could make the lily grow till it rests on the top of the waters, and, unfolding its white leaves, looks up into the bright heavens, one of the purest, whitest, sweetest things that ever grew? Who would think that the dark-brown pebble which the tawny Indian child picks up at the foot of the great mountain in India, could be polished so as to be a diamond,—to be set in the crown of a king, and to be kept as a thing of great value, from age to age?

They laid Christ's body, torn by the crown of thorns, pierced by the nails and the spear, all bloody and cold and dead, in the tomb; but he was changed, and how glorious was he when he showed himself to Saul of Tarsus, and to John, his beloved disciple, on the Isle of Patmos! They laid Stephen's body, all bruised and mangled with stones, in the grave; but he will be changed, and will come from that grave in brightness and glory. They buried John the Baptist with his head cut off by the wicked, but he will come from that grave with a crown of life on his head!

Some men went to China once, and, because they were forbidden to carry the silk-worm out of the country, they hid some of the little creature's eggs in the top of their staves; and so out of those two dry staves came all the silk-worms and all the silk in Europe since! What a wonder! A poor rag-picker takes a short stick in his hand, and goes into the dirty gutters of the streets of the city, and picks up little bits of rags and of paper. These he puts into his dirty bag. But these are washed and made over, and come out the pure, white sheet of paper, beautiful enough to have a queen write on it! Who can doubt that God can take these poor bodies, and out of them raise up a new and better body? Out of the very darkness and the bones of the grave, he can make something that will be brighter than the sun for ever!

These children now before me, so young and so fair, must be changed. They must be changed by time, as it makes them older; by sickness, as it withers them, as the worm withers the flower; by death, which will turn them into corpses; and by Christ, when he comes to waken all the dead! O child! if you *love* that Saviour, if you please him, by shunning what he forbids and doing what he commands, if you live to please and honour him, you shall be changed, and become like the blessed Saviour for ever,—holy, glorious, immortal, and blessed for ever!

"RECEIVE MY SPIRIT."

This happy accord, the willingness of the departing soul, should proceed not from stupidity, but trust in him who keeps these keys; and from such preparedness for removal as the gospel requires. O happy souls! that, finding the key is turning, and opening the door for them, are willing to go forth upon such terms, as, "knowing whom they have believed," &c., and that neither "principalities nor powers, nor life, nor death, can ever separate them from the love of God in Christ Jesus their Lord." Life, they find, hath not separated, whereof was the greater danger; and death is so far from making this separation, that it shall complete their union with the blessed God in Christ, and lay them enfolded in the everlasting embraces of divine love! Happy soul! here will be a speedy end of all thy griefs and sorrows; they will be presently swallowed up in fulness of joy. There is already an end put to thy tormenting cares and fears, when once thou art reconciled to death? This is the most glorious sort of victory—namely, by *reconciliation*. For so, thou hast conquered, not the enemy only, but the enmity itself, by which he was so. Death is become thy friend, and so no longer to be feared; nor is there anything else, from whence thou art to fear hurt; for death was thy last enemy, even this bodily death. The whole region beyond it is, to one in thy case, clear and serene, when to others is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

O the transports of joy that do now most rationally result from this state of the case, when there is nothing left between the dislodging soul and the glorious unseen world, but only the dark passage of death, and that so little formidable, considering who hath the keys of the one and the other!

We must, it is true, be absent from these bodies, or we cannot, as we would, be present with the Lord. And is that all? Can anything now be more certain than that? O happy state of our case! How should our hearts spring and leap for joy, that our affairs are brought into this posture; that in order to our perfect blessedness, nothing is farther wanting but to die; and that the certainty of death completes our assurance of it! How gloriously may good men triumph over the impotent malice of their most mischievous enemies, because the greatest mischief they can ever do them, is to put it out of their own power to hurt them any more; for they now go quite out of their reach. They can (being permitted) kill the body, and *after that* have no more that they can do (Luke xii. 4). What a remarkably significant "*after that*" is this! what a defiance doth it import of the utmost effort of human power and spite, that here it terminates!

And thus we are to look upon all our other trials and afflictions, that in any providential way may befall us: we may be sick, in pain, in poverty, in disgrace, but we shall not be always in mortal flesh, which is the occasion of all the rest. Can we be upon better terms, having but two things to be concerned about, as necessary to our complete felicity—union with Christ, and disunion from these bodies? God is graciously ready to assist us in reference to the former, though he requires our care and exertion: in reference to the latter, he will take care himself, in his own fit season, without any care or concern of ours in the matter; and only expects us to wait with patience till that fit season come. And come it will, perhaps sooner than we may think. —*John Howe.*

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THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

THE APOSTOLICAL BENEDICTION.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

I HAVE heard serious and intelligent persons inquire why, in this benediction, the Persons of the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity are not named in their usual order? and also why, instead of "the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost" (appellations which might be expected in a passage where all are named together), we have the substitution of the words, "Jesus Christ—God—and the Holy Ghost?" The answers to both inquiries are obviously furnished by the difference of character in a Doxology and in a Benediction;—the one contemplating the glory of God, the other the experience of man. The writer of these words was looking, not at the revealed Godhead, but at the human heart, and thinking of the process in which the communications of God are realized and developed there; and in reference to that process, both the appellations of the Divine Persons, and the order in which they succeed each other, are the most appropriate in themselves, and those which would most naturally occur.

1. "*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ*" is the beginning of this process. In eight of St. Paul's Epistles the closing benediction is conveyed in these words only, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you," or "with your spirit,"—words which contain by implication all that is expressed in the fuller form. The latter supplies, not an addition to, but a development of the former; for, in the history of spiritual consciousness, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ grows up into the love of God, and blossoms into the fellowship of the Spirit. Fellowship grows out of love, and love towards the undeserving and the sinful can have its root only in *grace*. "Here," one may say, "is the place of entrance, the vestibule to all that is to follow. Whatever else may be in store for me, I can know nothing of it till I have known this. Into whatever other relations with my spirit the Divine Spirit may condescend to enter, the due recognition of this is the first condition of my apprehending them. What have I to do with love—with fellowship—unless I have been first the object of grace?" Grace is mercy, favour, bounty: but it is more—it is mercy free and undeserved, favour to which no right can be pleaded, bounty on which no claim can be advanced. Justice must ask for merit; love may be attracted by what is lovely; but the quality of grace demands no corresponding fitness in its object, and has no source but in the nature and the will of him who shows it. Such is the idea which human language has attached to the word, and which the Spirit of God has carefully vindicated for it in unfolding the history of human salvation.

But to us that grace is not only an attribute of the Divine mind, on the possible but unknown exercise of which we may found a vague and conjectural hope: it has taken form and substance. It has entered the region of fact and history. It has appeared in a person, and wrought itself out in a work. It is presented to us in the gospel as the grace *of our Lord Jesus Christ*. On this account the historical name is employed, rather than a title of Godhead or of Sonship, because it brings with it all the associations of the historic facts in which this grace has been embodied, and witnesses of those actual relations to which he has admitted those who can speak of him as their "Lord." On this account, too, that holy name stands first, because through it alone we know the Father as the God of love, and stand on ground on which his love can be enjoyed. That ground is the "grace of the Lord Jesus Christ;" *i.e.*, that exercise of grace whereby he has made us partakers of himself, of his atoning merits, his justifying righteousness, and his relations to him whom he calls "My Father and your Father, my God and your God."

But what is it for this grace of the Lord Jesus Christ to "*be with us*"—to "be with our spirit?" We may see plainly what it would be for this grace *not* to be with us—to be absent from our spirits. Then the grace exists, but not for me. It is in living exercise; but my spirit does not recognise, appropriate, and enjoy it. My spirit is as though this grace were not, while the faith which apprehends it is wanting. To have so believed the revelation of this grace, that we enter into the enjoyment of it as a living reality,—to have the *consciousness of it with us*, as an abiding presence in which we live, and move, and have our being,—to find it always at hand to dispel the fears which sin engenders, to supply our pleas with God, to inspire the motives of duty, and to take the sting from death—this is the fulfilment of the wish and the meaning of the words in which it is conveyed.

2. Wherever, in this way, "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" is with the spirit, there, in the same way, will "*the love of God*" be with it too. Grace has made way for love, and the consciousness of grace makes way for the consciousness of love. For if a man lives in those convictions which have been mentioned,—of atonement made for him, righteousness found for him, relations formed for him in Christ Jesus,—does he not feel himself on the very spot where the love of God is shining,—where all that excluded it is done away—where all that attracts it abounds? That he personally should be the object of the *love* of God, seems in itself a presumptuous thought; but under these convictions it has become a duty to entertain it, because it is a "love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." This is not that general love of compassion which first originated the provisions of grace, and which is spoken of in the words, "God *so loved the world*, that he gave his only-begotten Son;" but that personal love, as of a friend and father, which follows upon these provisions of grace, and which is itself apprehended wherever they are apprehended. It is felt as the sunshine of the soul, quickening, warming, and cheering all that is within; illuminating, colouring, and glorifying all that is without; and thus fulfilling the description of the prophet, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." But it is enough: let me not translate into rhetoric "the secret of the Lord which is with the righteous!" Only we hear a voice speaking in their name, which says, "We have known and believed the love that God hath unto us."

3. One step more we have to take. This love of God opens into communion: it becomes *the fellowship of the Holy Ghost*. Grace—love—fellowship; these are the successive steps,—an order of Divine relations like that which naturally has place among ourselves, in whose hearts kindness readily ripens into affection towards its object, and affection finds its exercise in the habits of intercourse. This fellowship or

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companionship of God with man is distinguished as the communion of *the Holy Ghost*, because, in the mystery of the adorable Trinity, the Holy Spirit is revealed to us as the immediate agent in the communications of God with the human soul. It is he who works within by a direct action, and mingles, as he will, his presence and influence with the operations of the mind and the movements of the heart. It is not strange that it should be so. It would be strange if it were not. Created spirits, in their limited personality, must perhaps remain external to each other, and only maintain an intercourse through the medium of words or symbols. But are we therefore to infer, that the same limitations belong to the Spirit of God? Should we not rather expect that the Creator Spirit would have immediate access to the created? Indeed, it would seem only reasonable to believe, that for finite and created beings in their normal state (I mean where no event like the Fall of man has broken the law of their being), that law must be, that they are filled with the indwelling presence, and governed by the continual communications, of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit. If for us, as fallen creatures, that law is broken; yet for us, as redeemed creatures, it is also renewed, and "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," which restores us to the love of God, restores us, at the same time, to the communion of the Holy Ghost.

This expression plainly indicates a *specific* influence of the Spirit—one which is intimate, settled, habitual. When we speak of this, we are got beyond those striving, moving, and awakening influences, which we recognise as antecedent to the full acceptance of "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." This blessing rises out of that acceptance, and crowns the experience of the love of God. It is the possession of him who is in Christ. It is "the Spirit which they that believe on him receive." "I shall become a Christian," said a distinguished German writer,—"I shall become a Christian in your sense of the word, if I can be certified of the perpetuity of the Pentecostal miracle: but no historical belief can make up to me for the cessation of the Pentecostal miracle." It was replied, that "an individual cannot be justified in disbelieving the Pentecostal gift, simply because he had not experienced it himself." To that reply it might be added, that the objector was demanding as a condition that which in its nature is a consequence, and asking for an experience which depends on the possession of certain convictions, before he would admit those convictions into his heart. I do not mean, that the Holy Ghost does not work even when Christ is not known, much less that he does not work in order that Christ may be known. But I mean, that the consciousness of his *communion* with the soul grows out of the consciousness of redemption; and that, in proportion as the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ is with the spirit, in that proportion will the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with it too. * * *

How sweet, how necessary, is companionship to the heart of man! We value the commonest ties of fellowship, and the slightest occasions or excuses for participation one with another; how much more a companionship which enters into our highest interests, and associates itself with all that concerns us most! Suppose such a companionship to exist with one who could commune with us of all that was in our hearts; whose instinctive sympathy divined our unspoken thoughts; whose loving converse evermore checked our faults, dispelled our errors, strengthened and cheered our spirits, and opened in our minds the fountains of clear thought and holy purpose. How should we prize such companionship! how cling to it as the defence against our worse, and the support of our better nature! How would our hearts dread the desolation and orphanhood of its loss! Such companionship the disciples of Jesus had enjoyed: such orphanhood their hearts foreboded, when the time of separation was announced. When, therefore, he forbade the feeling, by the promise of another Paraclete, who should renew, in a more intimate and perfect way, all that they had had with him, he taught what was to be looked for in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Certainly he leads us to expect a Divine companionship of which we shall be conscious, which shall attend us in all times and circumstances, and meet the successive exigencies of our varying characters and lives. This last idea is beautifully expressed by that name which (for want of a word of wider meaning) we have translated "Comforter," but which signifies one at our side, whose voice and aid may minister whatever the occasion may require; one beside us, in conflict to animate, in duty to strengthen, in sorrow to console, in joy to sanctify, in the perplexities of thought to clear the mental vision, and, when "we know not what we should pray for as we ought, to help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

These communications of the Spirit do not consist in voices, visions, and revelations, or in any phenomena which can be readily distinguished from the natural movements of our own minds. That holy inspiration by which we think those things that be good, and that merciful guiding by which we perform the same, identify themselves with our mental habits. They are to be regarded, not so much as showers from God seen visibly to fall, but rather as "the continual dew of his blessing,"—a dew which "lies all night upon our branch," gathering so silently, and coming so habitually, that it seems rather to have been exhaled from within than to have descended from without. It is indeed remarkable that, even in prophetic inspiration (the object of which was to *discover* the intervention of the Spirit of God), that intervention was usually so conducted, as to veil itself under the appearance of human impulses stimulated by passing circumstances: so much so, that often the particular voices of the Holy Ghost might sound unrecognised, and revelations of the all-foreseeing Mind might singly pass for the conjectures of hope, or for mere accidents of unintended resemblance. But when we look at these discoveries, not separately, but in combination, and see them multiplying, advancing, and completing each other, in unity of scope and harmony of spirit; then that which in the particular case was doubted or disputed, becomes, on the whole, doubtful and disputable no more; we see who it is that mingled His presence with the current of mind and course of events, and recognise "the Holy Ghost, who spake by the prophets." No wonder, then, that a like system obtains more fully in his private and ordinary fellowship. Whatever uncertainty there may be as to the origin of *particular* impulses or suggestions, there can be no uncertainty as to the origin of that *general* influence which rests upon the Christian's life; for its whole character and tendency, its consistent though varying vitality, entirely correspond with the promise, and justify the conviction, of a fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Hence, assuredly, come those inward remonstrances against evil inclination, those penitent reflections on the outbreaks

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of sin, those aspirations after holiness, those strong suggestions of duty, those freshening winds of truth, which sweep the gathering mists and errors from the mind,—those humbling thoughts which chasten our dangerous hours,—those springs of gladness which rise in outward gloom, that oft-renewed encouragement which sustains perseverance in well-doing, that tendency of all thoughts to rise towards the throne of God, that effusion of the heart in prayer, that delight in the law of the Lord, that confidence and joy in the holy and beloved Name, which the Spirit is sent to glorify, and of which he testifies wherever he comes. These, and such as these, are the manifestations of the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, which is itself the love of God felt in its exercise, and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ tasted in its fruits.—*Christian Observer.*

"O WORLD, SEE THY LIFE LANGUISH!"

O WORLD! see thy Life languish
Upon the tree in anguish!—
Thy Saviour droops and dies!
  The Prince of Power with meekness
  Submits in mortal weakness
To blows, and scorn, and flouting cries!

Draw near, and see his bruises;
The sweat of death suffuses
The body of thy Lord.
  That noble heart is broken,
  And out of griefs unspoken
Sigh after sigh is ceaseless poured.

Who this despite hath wrought thee?
My Saviour! who hath brought thee
Into such evil case?
  Thee sin hath never tainted,
  Nor is thy soul acquainted
With ill, like us of fallen race.

I caused thy grief and trembling;
My sins, in sum resembling
The sand-grains by the sea,
  Thy soul with sorrow cumber'd,
  And raised those woes unnumber'd
Which press in dark array on thee.

The pangs that rend thy spirit,
I, for my deep demerit,
Should suffer in thy stead;
  The fetters and the scourging,
  The tide of sorrow surging
Round thee, should break upon my head.

Man's surety, thou didst offer
Thyself, and freely suffer
The bitter cross for me;
  The crown of thorns thou wearest,
  The shame and scorn thou bearest
For guilt of mine thus patiently.

Each hour of life is showing
How all my good is owing
To this great love of thine.
  Each hour I would endeavour
  My soul and body ever
To thy sweet service to resign.

A life so poor yields little
For such a high requital;
But one thing will I do,—
  Till death my soul releases,
  Thy dying, thy distresses,
My heart will cherish deep and true.

Thy cross will stand before me,
Its sacred power be o'er me,
Wherever I may be:
  A mirror whose reflection
  Shows me all pure perfection,—
A seal of love and constancy.

Fixed on that cross of trial,
In constant self-denial,
I unto sin would die.
  If aught has thee offended,
  Though all the world commend it,
I from that evil thing would fly.

Thy sighing and thy groaning,
The tears and blood atoning,
Which thou hast freely poured,
  Through life will comfort lend me,
  And after death attend me
Into thine endless rest, O Lord!

(From the German of Gerhard.)

Hampstead. J. D. B

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE.

"And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters, the LORD being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city. And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. . . . Then the LORD rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the LORD out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."—GEN. xix. 15–26.

LOT had no business to be in Sodom. It was such a wicked city, that God burned it off his earth, and rolled the Dead Sea over its ruins. Lot himself narrowly escaped. The angels had enough to do to get him away in time. He was like a brand plucked out of the fire. As it was, he suffered a heavy loss. His married daughters would not leave the place. His wife turned back after she left, and was overwhelmed with the flood of destruction. The two daughters he brought away with him carried Sodom in their hearts.

Our Lord tells us that Sodom was not so bad, in some respects, as Jerusalem. I fear neither of them were worse than our cities. There is enough of wickedness in this city to make it blaze like gunpowder, if the

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spark of God's judgment were thrown in. We are spared as a city, because God has some precious souls here, that are like salt, restraining the corruption from going to utter dissolution. But there are many Lots with their families, living amidst the wickedness of this city, without fleeing from the wrath to come;—many Lots that were religiously brought up, who have once been much in Abraham's company; but since they have parted with God's people, far from ordinances, forgetful of God, of his day, of his word, listening unmoved to the filthy conversation of the wicked around them, they have sunk deep in the society of Sodom, and are like to perish with the wicked. The fire of hell is as sure to come as the fire of Sodom.

Our Lord tells us to remember Lot's wife. She is among the few women that speak in the Church. She has but one warning word, but she is kept constantly repeating it: "*Our God is a consuming fire.*" She is like the wreck that can still be seen above the waves—the wreck that burned and sunk. This is a word especially for wives and mothers who are living without God in the world. Perhaps, like Lot's wife, they still remember when they set out on the journey with Abraham to the promised land. Perhaps they look back sometimes with tears to the sad day they parted and turned away, and pitched their tent towards Sodom; when they began to love the world, forget their Bible, give up prayer, stay at home, or work or visit on Sabbath, instead of going to the house of God. Their children have been brought up within sight of wickedness almost every day; they have heard in the street, and at their father's door, the filthy talk of Sodom. I know they may have grieved over this; they may have tried to bring up their children decently; they may not themselves have taken part in all the wickedness around them;—but they have been friends with the wicked, and not friends with God; their children are companions with the children of Sodom, and will likely marry among them, and share their doom. O mothers! how will ye answer God for the children he has given you? What will ye answer your children, when they meet you in the fire? Let me speak a few words more, in order that I may help you to remember Lot's wife.

Remember, she was a religious professor. She was not a heathen. She was not a harlot. She was a decent woman, a dutiful wife, an affectionate mother, a kindly neighbour,—altogether, as we say, a most respectable woman. But she perished after all, with the very worst in Sodom. She did not flee when she was commanded; she did flee, but *not far enough, not long enough*,—she turned back unto perdition.

Remember, she was brought up in a religious family, and had a pious husband. She had truly pious friends. She had a faithful God. Even when her husband was saved, and began to flee, she went a little way with him. Perhaps she went with her husband to warn her sons-in-law, and try to take them with her. O how many have I seen begin well, and end ill! How many have I seen zealous to save others with themselves, who have turned back and never been saved at all!

Remember, she was graciously kept from much evil in Sodom. We are told that Lot's righteous soul was vexed in Sodom. Perhaps he would have left it long ago, if he had not become entangled with family ties. How little did the mother think, when she married her girls, that she was putting their hands into the hand of Death! After all, she could still be counted among those, that although *in* Sodom, were not altogether *with* Sodom. The misery was, she at last cast in her lot with them. Lot sinned, after all, as she never did; but *Lot fled for refuge.* What a difference between a *lost* sinner and a *saved* sinner!

Remember, God sent deliverance, and she was ALMOST *saved.* The brand was plucked from the fire, but it burned notwithstanding, and was left to burn. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," is not nearly enough. "I pray thee have me excused," is polite madness. Many get to the door of heaven, but *not till it is shut.*

Remember, how she was lost. SHE TURNED BACK. What a conversion was that! Her face would not have turned to Sodom, if her heart was not there all the time. And yet how much could be said for her poor heart—yearning over her daughters and their husbands, and her little grandchildren, that she perhaps loved better than her own children! Yet the fire had no heart and no power to spare when it once reached her. Now in what direction are you turned? Where is your heart looking? Are you lingering on the way to heaven, and looking back? Remember Lot's wife. If *she* was not spared, why do *you* hope? There is no hope rightly held out till you are safe in the Refuge. Haste for your life; tarry not in all the plain. Escape to the mountain lest you be consumed.

Remember, how desolate was her death. She was alone in her misery. Thousands perished in the same fire. Her children suffered the same death. But, O! each was alone. *She* could not run a step to them, nor *they* to her. Nothing was round her but the fire, boiling and hissing like a flood, and falling in thick, blinding showers like rain! And that judgment was eternal. No gospel has ever since been preached to her.

Now this is a very solemn warning for you and me. We must not think that God forgets this city, or does not see the Sodom in it. The angels are now among us, gathering out every man, woman, and child that shall be saved. They are hurrying us to Christ—that eternal mountain that looks down on Sodom with its safe refuge from all the fire. Will you run? Come with us. We will help you as we can. You are troubled, perhaps, with this word to-day; do not let it go. Do not get back into your old peace of mind, which is mere stupidity. Seek the Lord. Cry out for his salvation.

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED, AND THY HOUSE."—Acts xvi. 31.

The Wynd Tracts. Glasgow: Thomas Smith.

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THE LATE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—Prov. x. 7.

[Many of our readers must have perused with emotion the will of the late Duchess of Orleans, given recently in the public papers—breathing, as it did, not more the spirit of a princess than that of an humble disciple of the Lord Jesus. The following tribute to her worth and memory, from the pen of Dr. Steinkopff, is appended to a discourse preached after her death in the German Lutheran Church, London]:—

THIS excellent princess—whose untimely departure must ever be lamented, not only by her nearest relatives and noble connections, but by thousands and tens of thousands far and near, in the distant provinces of Germany and France, and even beyond the borders of Europe—was the youngest daughter of the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, born to him by his second wife, Caroline of Saxe-Weimar, on the 14th January, in the year 1814. After the early death of her mother, the Princess Augusta Frederika of Hesse-Homburg, the third wife of the Grand Duke, filled a mother's place to her, and early laboured to implant in her tender heart the seeds of the true fear of God, of living faith in the Saviour, and of active love for men.

Her striking natural gifts, cultivated by wise education, could not long remain unnoticed. They attracted the attention of the eldest son of Louis Philippe, the then King of France. The young prince chose her for his wife. She lived with him in happy wedlock, and gladdened him by the birth of two princes,—the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres. Thus, by the fatherly leading of God's hand, she was conducted to an elevated station, and crowned with happiness and honour, with the dazzling prospect of eventually becoming the queen of one of the mightiest kingdoms of the earth. But what are the most flattering hopes of human life? How often illusory! how rapidly evanescent! Sudden death deprived her of her husband; and, while thus left in widowhood, she found herself, a few years after, abandoned, with her beloved sons, to dangers even threatening life, and so imminent that God's almighty hand alone could save her.

These heavy calamities, however, the all-wise Disposer of human fortunes converted into happiness and blessing. In the fiery furnace of affliction the gold of her faith was purged of the dross that yet clung to it.

Greatly supported by God's grace, she showed in the most critical positions and circumstances a heroic courage, and yet a feminine gentleness. She united a consciousness of the dignity which became her high station with a gracious condescension even to the least and lowest; she exhibited a firm steadfastness, and yet took time and circumstances into wise consideration; but, above all, she showed herself full of humble and trustful submission to God's holy will, even when the course of his providence appeared dark, mysterious, and inscrutable to weak human sight. Her immortal spirit rose more and more from the creature to the Creator,—from weak, inconstant man to the only true, living, almighty, ever-faithful, and covenant-keeping God; and from the transitory things of earth to the imperishable treasures of heaven.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." In this blessed knowledge she visibly advanced, ever more and more, in the midst of all the burdens and troubles of life. While her bodily strength continually decayed, her spirit grew stronger and stronger. She sought and found ever greater consolation in God's true word; she built herself up in her most holy faith in the house of the Lord, and by quiet study of the holy Scriptures. Wherever she was, wherever she went, she sincerely cherished and honoured her fellow-Christians, though of other communions, who loved our Lord Jesus Christ, and united herself immovably, with hearty affection, to those of her own. She was a shining light in our company at the Savoy, and often enjoyed the holy Supper in our midst, as it happened only last Easter; when, united in heart with millions of her fellow-Christians, she was here, thinking solemnly, with the deepest humility and most thankful emotion on her risen Saviour, once crucified, but now victorious, and when she willingly devoted and sanctified herself afresh to his service as his own. Although, in the latter part of her life, she was deprived of the greater part of her property, yet, animated by earnest love to God and man, she never ceased to prove herself the friend and benefactress of the needy, without distinction of race or faith. And our German church and schools, and all our institutions for the relief of the poor and sick and other benevolent purposes, had the advantage of her favour and support. She practised charity with joy, but in secret, without making any display of it.

To me she was a gracious and condescending friend. She visited me in several of my more violent accesses of sickness, read me consolatory portions of the holy Scriptures and verses of hymns, cheered my spirit with her friendly converse, and received my admonitions and encouragements with an open candour and teachableness of heart for which I can never enough thank God.

In one of her last letters, she expressed a wish to be present at the solemn confirmation of three young fellow-Christians; but as her younger son shortly after became seriously ill, she naturally held it her first duty to devote herself to nursing him with all tenderness and true motherly love. When his health had improved, I looked forward with joy and confidence to seeing the noble and self-sacrificing mother appear at Easter time, rejoicing and comforted in the house of the Lord, mindful of the exhortation of the Psalmist, "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High." But, alas! I was shocked at receiving, on the Wednesday before, the following lines, which had been sent to me:—"With my heart wrung with sorrow, and my eyes bathed in tears, I inform you of the decease of our dear and never-to-be-forgotten Duchess of Orleans. She departed this morning quietly and peacefully."

This blow struck me altogether unexpectedly. I stood trembling and in silence, laid my hand upon my mouth, and cried with deep reverence and submission, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good. Not what I would choose, but his will be done." Yes, I felt myself indeed compelled to bring my offering of praise and thanksgiving to the great Lord of death and life, for having removed the departed saint from all the strife and suffering of time and earth, and added her to the innumerable company of the pardoned who "came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed

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them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

May we all deeply feel that no earthly pleasure, no earthly joy, no splendour or worldly dignity, can satisfy the higher longings of our immortal spirits. May we, therefore, seek those things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, and seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, so that in time to come, released from the burden of this vain body, we may be made partakers of the glorious resurrection of the just.

And now, thou God of consolation and of hope, may these her sons, deprived of the truest motherly watchfulness and tenderest care—may all her relatives and friends both near and far, who feel her loss, bowed down with sorrow—be comforted with strength from above. Help them to seek consolation there, where alone it can be found fully and for ever, in God's ever true word, in God's free grace, in faith in his unchanging fatherly goodness, that in the end turns all things to good, to those that love him. Teach them ever humbly and trustfully to look to Jesus Christ our Saviour, who has taken from death its power, and has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; and raise their spirits, often sorely bowed down by sorrow, through the hope of a joyful meeting, to those mansions of eternal peace prepared by Christ for his true worshippers in his Father's glorious house.

A GIFT TO A SICK-ROOM.

The sick-room of Miss B—— was a place where many loved to go; and the kindness of Christian friends had taken from it all that could be removed of bitterness and suffering. If poor, she was never forsaken; and never, through the long years of her protracted illness, had friendly voices been absent from that room, or the weak invalid felt she was without love and sympathy.

It was a dear and almost a sacred spot, so evidently had a human soul been sanctified there by pain and sorrow, and so often had arisen from it the voice of prayer from Christian hearts, who had turned in thither to bless the weary one, and be blessed by communing with her, and with her God.

It would fill a little volume were I to give an account of all the beautiful manifestations of Christian benevolence which had been witnessed in that little room;—how not only every actual want had been supplied, but also the thousand little delicate attentions which are so grateful to an invalid. From time to time, as years wore off, (Miss B—— was confined to her room for *twenty-seven years!*) and as one after another who had loved and cheered her passed away, some to distant portions of the earth, and some to glory, others came to take their places, and minister to the patient sufferer. The son knelt where the father had prayed in faith, and the daughter breathed sweet words of kindness where the mother had spoken in tones just as sweet, long years before.

Among all these instances of thoughtful kindness, there was one of the very least which struck me as a peculiarly sweet gift to a sick-room, though one few, perhaps, remember to offer there.

Mr. H—— was an old friend of Miss B——'s, the one probably who more than any other had scattered sunshine over her darkened path. One pleasant summer morning, he was riding with a lady friend from abroad, showing her what was most attractive in the beautiful scenery about his home, when he came to the little cottage where Miss B—— lived. To pass it was impossible, for so strongly had the habit of calling there fastened itself upon him, that his horse's head turned in that direction as surely as the inclination of his own heart; he knew, too, that his companion was a Christian, who would both give and receive pleasure from the visit; so the pony's movement was unchecked, and he was fastened to the little brown post, while his master and Miss F—— went in. It was a happy interview: the pleasure of the invalid shone out so sweetly in her brightening eye, and the light which spread all over her pale face; and her words were so gentle and hopeful, and full of calm trust in Jesus, that it was delightful to be with her. Miss F—— was just the person to appreciate and enjoy such a scene; and her refined nature and rich Christian experience led her to say many beautiful and consoling words, in that soft tone which always falls so gratefully on irritable nerves. Before leaving, Mr. H——, as usual, prayed by the bedside of the invalid, in that same low voice, breathing forth into the ear of God the wants, the sorrows, and the joys which were filling their hearts in that hour of sweet communion. Still they lingered, unwilling to break the spell which hovered round and bound their hearts together. "Perhaps you would like to hear me sing a hymn?" said Miss F——, in the most simple, child-like manner; "if you would, I could love to very much." The delighted eye of the invalid gave a more decided assent than her voice, and without the slightest hesitation Miss F—— commenced singing, with an exquisitely sweet voice, the hymn—

"I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore:
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who waits on God,—
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine."

Could anything be sweeter than those notes, which

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softly rose and swelled till the room was filled with the rich and exulting melody? Did the sweetest of all sweet singers, when she filled the hearts of her crowded audiences with delight, produce as pure an emotion as was wakened in the breast of that pale invalid, as she lay and listened, feeling almost as if the gates of heaven were opened, and the seraph-songs had floated down to cheer her?

Yes, that sweet voice was indeed a choice gift to bring into the sick-room, and that was a kind and thoughtful heart which remembered to bestow it upon a lonely invalid! Again, and yet again Miss F—— sung a hymn full of sweet words of peace and faith; and then there was the parting pressure of the hand, and the quiver of the lip, which would have spoken of gratitude and could not, but yet was understood,—and the sweet voice had gone! Gone,—and yet how long did its echoes linger around that little room, like a sweet spirit dispelling its gloom, and brightening it as by an unseen Presence!

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

[In his volume on Madagascar, Mr. Ellis relates the following striking incident. He had embarked in the *England* steamer from Mauritius on the 13th January 1857.]

A FEW days after we had left the island, we experienced as severe a gale and as high a sea as I remember ever to have witnessed, either off Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. We could only show canvas enough to keep the ship steady, and yet were driven along at a fearful rate, while the sea broke in cascades, first over one side of the bulwarks and then the other; and rolling like a torrent fore and aft, as the ship rose or sunk with the waves, swept away everything that was not secured by fastenings. Our captain regarded it as the tail of a hurricane, more especially as the wind changed rapidly to opposite quarters. After the second day, however, the weather became moderate, and we pursued our voyage without inconvenience.

Two days afterwards, viz. on the 21st of January, while sitting in the captain's state-room, waiting for him to mark our position on the chart, I took from his shelves a book in which I soon became interested. When we had looked at the chart, I remarked that I had met with an old friend whom I did not expect to find on board the *England*, and held up "The Loss of the Winterton, East Indiaman," by the late Mr. Buchan of Kelloe, observing that I knew the author, from whom I had many years ago received a copy of his book.

Captain Dundas replied that Mr. Buchan was related to his mother, and that the captain of the *Winterton* was his grandfather. I then recollected that Dundas was the name of the captain who had perished in the wreck. After remarking that we were not far from the place where the wreck occurred, Captain Dundas went on deck. In a few moments I heard the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!" and hastening to the poop, saw on the larboard bow a small flag or signal of blue cloth, distinct among the tops of the waves, and about two miles off. In a few minutes more I discerned a sort of raft, with two figures, a white man and a man of colour, sitting upon it, up to the waist in the sea.

The flag of the *England* had been hoisted—symbol of help and deliverance—to signal to the castaways that they were seen, and the ship's course was altered. Meanwhile one of the boats was lowered, and manned by five stout, willing hands, was pushed off towards the raft. While the oars rattled with each stroke, and the light boat seemed to spring over the waves, with our tall, stout, second officer, Mr. Peters, standing with the steer-oar in the stern, every eye on board was stretched towards the same point: the sailors leaning over the forecastle and forerigging; the officers and passengers straining over the bulwarks of the poop; ladies, with their children, all gazing with the most intense interest as our boat approached the raft. No one moved: not a word was uttered: even breathing seemed difficult: but when the first man, and then the second—stiff, benumbed, and swollen with the water—had been safely lifted into the boat, the pent-up feeling found utterance in the almost simultaneous exclamation, "*They are saved!*" which was heard from stem to stern along the side of our ship. Some persons near me wept, others seemed ready to faint under emotions of sympathy and joy.

Our boat was soon alongside, and, swollen, bruised, and bleeding, the men were helped over the ship's side into the cabin. Not wishing to add to the pressing crowd, I remained on deck. A few moments afterwards I heard the captain call, "Mr. Ellis! here is a Sandwich islander. Come and speak to him." I went into the cabin, where the two men were sitting on the deck. The white man was the captain of a ship which had been upset in the violent gale two days before, when every one on board, twenty-two in number, except the two just rescued, had perished. The islander, a young man, was one of the crew; and having made no answer to the questions addressed to him by our humane captain, I had been called down.

The man was sitting on the deck, his head bent down, and his long, black, and dripping hair hanging over his eyes and down his face. Looking at him, I said, "Aroha ehoaino, aroha—Salutation, dear friend, affection." The man lifted up his head, swept with his hand his long, black hair to one side of his forehead, and looking earnestly at me, like one to whom consciousness was but just returning, and startled by the sound of his native language, returned my salutation. In answer to a few inquiries, he told me he was a native of Oahu, the island on which I had at one time resided. He said he was up aloft furling sail, when the ship suddenly went over, and all in an instant were plunged into the deep; that there were other islanders on board, but they soon sank. The doctor of our ship then gave the men a little suitable refreshment, and they were wrapped in flannels and put

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to bed. Captain Dundas took the raft, a very fragile affair, and brought it to England, intending to deposit it in the Crystal Palace.

The next day I went down to the berth where the Sandwich islander was lying, and found him very much revived. After conversing with him about the wreck, and the loss of all his shipmates, I said, "God has very mercifully preserved you. You must remember his goodness and pray to him." He said, "I did pray to him in the night, when I was in the sea. I did pray to God in the morning, when I saw the captain; I prayed that we might be saved. And God sent away death, and sent your ship, and we are here." I said, "I am glad you prayed to God. You must be thankful to God, and serve him and love him. You must try to praise God in your future life."

I then repeated the first two lines of a hymn,—among the first ever composed in the language of the Sandwich Islands, when I was a missionary in that country. The lines are these:—

"He Akua homolele,
Ke Akua no kakou."

"A God of perfection or goodness is our God."

The man's countenance brightened as I repeated these lines, and as soon as I had ceased he took up the strain where I had left off, repeating the two concluding lines and the remaining verses with evident satisfaction. I said, "Where did you learn that hymn?" He replied, "In the school of the missionaries at Oahu." That was the island in which I had resided. I then said, "I wrote that hymn many years ago, when I lived in the Sandwich Islands." He looked at me with still greater astonishment, and said, "Who are you?" I said, "I am 'Mika Eliki' (the native pronunciation of my name), and I was a missionary at Oahu, with Mr. Bingham, Mr. Thurston, and others." He seemed surprised and pleased; said he knew the missionaries who were now at the islands; that his brother was a native teacher in the Sandwich Islands, and his sister a Christian.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. IV.—PREACHING AND BAPTISM OF JOHN.

MATT. iii.

Ver. 1. Whose son was John the Baptist? Where have we an account of his birth? Luke i. Mention any remarkable circumstances you remember connected with it? In what district did John appear? By what great man was this district frequented eleven hundred years before.. 1 Sam. xxii. [The wilderness of Judæa was a wild mountainous district, not absolutely uninhabited, but peopled thinly. It lay to the west of the Dead Sea.] What was John's employment? How was he specially qualified for this duty? Luke i. 15.

Ver. 2. What is meant by repenting? What special reason did John give for repenting then? What is meant by the "kingdom of heaven?" [The gospel dispensation, with all its high privileges, blessings, and duties. Why was the nearness of this a reason for repenting? See after, ver. 10–12.

Ver. 3. Where does Isaiah speak of Christ's forerunner? Ch. xl. 3. [The reference is to the ancient custom of great men travelling with fine equipages being preceded by forerunners, who, as the roads were often rough, and quite unfit for chariots, had to get them smoothed and made ready for their masters. It was *in men's minds and hearts* that John had to prepare Christ's way. John represented the law, Christ the gospel. The law is still often a forerunner to Christ,—showing men their guilt, helplessness, and need of a Saviour,—it is "a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ." Gal. iii. 24.]

Ver. 4. What other prophet was similarly clad? 2 Kings i. 8. What feature of John's character did his mode of living exemplify? [His separation from the world. He had learned to live above the world—to be independent of worldly comfort for his enjoyment.]

Ver. 5. [The gifts of John must have been very wonderful, to draw such crowds into the desert.] What did Christ once say of John's gifts and popularity? John v. 35. Is it a certain sign of grace, to be greatly delighted with earnest preachers of the truth? Ezek. xxxiii. 32.

Ver. 6. What was Jordan? Mention any interesting incidents in Bible history connected with it? [At the present day, several thousands of pilgrims go annually from Jerusalem to Jordan on the Monday of Passion week, travelling all night, to bathe in the Jordan. For about two hours, the river, at the bathing-place, is filled with the pilgrims, mostly in white dresses, which are kept for their winding-sheet. This bath in the Jordan is thought to have a sacred effect,—a single dip, even in infancy, suffices for the whole life. This superstitious practice may have been founded on a perversion of John's baptism.] What acknowledgment was made by the people whom John baptized? Were their confessions of sin all sincere? [They were not all abiding; the Jews were an impulsive people, and sometimes had strong feelings that were but temporary. How many among ourselves are like them in this? See Hosea vi. 4.]

Ver. 7. What sort of people were the Pharisees? See Matt. xxiii. 23, &c. And the Sadducees? Acts xxiii. 8. Why did he call them *vipers?* [Their cunning and malice.] What might suggest the comparison? [The Jordan valley was intensely warm, and vipers were found in it.] What made it astonishing that the Pharisees should be seeking to flee from the wrath to come? [They usually thought themselves too good to be under wrath.] And the Sadducees? [They did not believe in another life.] What is the wrath to come? See Rev. vi. 12–17. Who of us are exposed to this wrath? Eph. ii. 3. What should this lead us to do?

Ver. 8. What sort of fruits are these? See Gal. v. 22, 23.

Ver. 9. What good did they think they got from connection with Abraham? [All the blessings of his covenant. See Gen. xvii. 7.] What did they want, to make them his *true* children? [They were not his spiritual children, his children *in the faith.*] How did John show the insufficiency of a mere outward relation to Abraham?

Ver. 10. What is indicated by an axe lying at the root of a tree? What trees were to be hewn down? What does this mean? Whom should it warn?

Ver. 11. To whom did John make allusion? What sort of shoes were worn in the East? [Sandals tied by a thong.] Who

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usually untied the thong? [Inferiors—often slaves.] Why is the Holy Ghost compared to fire? [He burns up sin, purifies the heart, and kindles there the flame of love and holy zeal.] What baptism should we all seek, besides the baptism of water? Will the one be of any avail at last without the other?

Ver. 12. What was *a fan*? [An instrument for separating wheat and chaff.] Into how many classes are men here divided? Is this common in the New Testament. See Matt. vii. 13, 14; xxv. 2–32. What solemn and awful lesson does this teach?

Ver. 13 Where was Galilee? Did most of John's disciples come from it?

Ver. 14. Did John know Jesus as yet to be the Messiah? See John i. 33. [He at least knew his singular holiness and worth.]

Ver. 15. Did Jesus *personally* need the emblem of purification (water) to be applied to him, as if he were unclean? How, then, was it fitting that *he* should be baptized? [The sin of his people was *imputed* to him, counted as his, Isa. liii. 6.] How is the great purpose for which Christ came into the world expressed here? ["To fulfil all righteousness"—to do and suffer all that the righteous law of God requires, in the room of sinners.]

Ver. 16. [This was a public consecration of Christ to his office.] What was Jesus doing when this took place? See Luke iii. 21. Why was a *dove* used as the emblem of the Holy Ghost? See Gen. viii. 11; Ps. lxviii. 13; Matt. x. 16.

Ver. 17. Had the voice of God been often heard on earth before? See Heb. xii. 19. What three things did the voice say of Christ? [1. He is *my Son*; 2. *beloved*; 3. in whom *I am well pleased.*] What great duty should this impress on us? See Ps. ii. 12; Heb. ii. 3.

DOCTRINE.—Sin, when unpardoned, receives terrible punishment.

1. *Often in this life.* Gen. iii.; iv. 2 Kings xvii.
2. *Chiefly in the life to come.* Matt. v.; xxv. Rev. xiv.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—INDUSTRY.

How old is my little reader? Ten? eight? seven? perhaps only five, and just beginning to read. Have you learned the great truth that, in this world where we live, even little children have *work* to do? I once asked Lucy this question, and what do you suppose was her reply?

Lucy was five years old; and one day I saw her very fretful because she was tired of play. "Lucy," said I, "have you no work to do?" The little girl opened her blue eyes, and looked earnestly into my face to see if I was in earnest; then she said, "No, indeed. Papa works, because he is a man; all the tall men ought to work, so ought the great ladies, and the big boys, and the large girls; but *I* am only *five years old.*"

Just then a honey bee came buzzing along, and alighted upon a white rose, which from the top of its thorny tree looked in at the window. "The bee," said I, "is not a 'tall man, a great lady, a big boy, nor a large girl,'—yet he finds work to do."

"He works for honey," replied Lucy; and taking a knitting needle from the table, she idly stirred his soft wings, and touched his tiny legs, until the bee, losing his patience, flew to another flower.

Then we saw the bird that was building a nest upon the apple-tree beside the garden wall. Very busy was that little bird, carrying sticks, straw, and all manner of things, and singing merrily when she had deposited her heavy load. Once in her zeal to secure material for building, this same busy bird had stolen a piece of thread lace from a work-basket in the window, and it was found curiously woven with her sticks and straw.

Lucy was still at the window, and I whispered in her ear, "The birds find work to do."

Then I looked from the window again, and saw the little ants running to and fro, as though half crazy with work to do; the spider warping a web from the honeysuckle to the rose-bush; and the crimson lady-bugs going of errands without once stopping by the way. "They are all at work," said I. "Fathers and brothers in the fields and shops—mothers and sisters at home—the birds, the bees, the ants, yes, the smallest of all God's little creatures, are flying, creeping, swimming to their work. They have no hands, no reasoning soul, like ours, yet they understand that in the world's great 'work to do,' they must have a part. So the tall men, and the great ladies, the big boys, and the large girls, are doing the work belonging to them; and the little insects, even those whose life is but the length of a summer day, are working while that short day lasts; but who will do the work of the little Lucys belonging to this world, who are only five years old?"

The little girl thought a moment, and then replied, "Everybody seems to have his own work to do; what if the idle little Lucys should do what belongs to them?"

"Sure enough," said I.

"But," she continued, "how shall we know what *belongs* to us?"

What would you have told her, my dear? That which *needs to be done, and we can do*, belongs to us. I thought this a proper answer, and when I told Lucy this, she began to look around the room; then she set about putting it in order; and when everything was nicely arranged, she sat down to hem a pocket-handkerchief for her father, and was soon singing as merrily as did the little bird who undertook to trim her nest with a handsome pattern of thread lace.

And as we sat, I spoke with her of the *chief thing* which little girls as well as grown people ought to be in haste to do. What is that? "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things" (all earthly good) "shall be added unto you." "Give all diligence to make your calling sure." And how shall you do this? Hasten to the Lord Jesus, and then, your sins forgiven and your heart made new, "add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity."

II.—OBEDIENCE.

I HEARD a mother say to her little boy, "Bring your sister into the house; the dew is falling upon the grass, and she will get cold." Now, I saw that this little boy did not want to obey this command; and yet he was afraid to come out

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into open disobedience. I would not judge children unjustly, for I love them very much—even dirty, ragged children, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, I love, and would do them good—but I saw that this little boy lingered, and looked this way and that, as though he wanted to find an excuse for staying longer. Had he wanted to obey his mother, he would have taken his sister, and gone promptly into the house. Instead of that, he pulled her roughly by the hand; and when she cried, he called to his mother, and said, "Sis won't come." "*Bring* her, then," was the next command; and the little boy brought her to the door-sill, and set her down. The mother had now gone out, and there was no one to say for the third time, "Take your little sister *into* the house." So she soon crept out again, playing upon the cold door-stone, and among the damp grass, until the mother came home. And when the little boy was reproved for disobedience, he answered in this way, "I did mind you—I brought her in as I was told. You did not say, 'Shut the door,' and she crept out again."

Was that obedience, little reader? No, it was wicked, determined *dis*obedience at heart, and a poor half-way obedience of action. And what do you suppose was the result? It was this. The dear little sister was attacked with croup, and in a few days was laid away in the silent tomb. This was a dreadful result indeed, and one which, through life, must be remembered—sadly, painfully remembered by that little boy. But it is not always thus. Sometimes children go on in a course of disobedience for years. In childhood and youth, they are disobedient to parents; in manhood and old age, they continue this rebellion—refusing to do what God tells them; and yet they cannot see that anything dreadful has been the result of their disobedience. But, alas for such! A book of remembrance is kept, and He who has said, "Children, obey your parents," *never forgets*.

The obedience required by our heavenly Father is *prompt* and *full*. Not only all that is commanded, but all that we understand as *implied*, should be obeyed, and obeyed at once. The Psalmist said that he *made haste* to keep the divine commands. When the voice of the Lord spake to him, and said, "Seek ye my face," his heart promptly replied, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." He did not say, "When I am older, or when I have sought my own pleasure a little longer, I will obey the 'still small voice.'" Neither did he say, "I will do a part of what is required—I will leave off some wicked things, and content myself with this obedience;" but he said promptly what it will be for our happiness to say and do—

Soon as we hear our Father say,
Ye children, seek my grace;
Let each reply *without delay*,
I'll seek my Father's face.

III.—RESPONSIBILITY.

RESPONSIBILITY is a large word, but you are not wholly unacquainted with its meaning. You all understand it as something of great import, something connected with your present duty and final happiness. Very young children may not understand this principle by the great word *Responsibility*; but where do we find a child who does not feel in some way responsible.

A few days since, I saw two little ones playing in a yard. At last the youngest went toddling towards the gate.

"You won't *do* out," said his little brother; "I promised mamma to *teep* you in." This was a sense of responsibility. That lisping little fellow knew that allowing the baby boy to "*do* out," when he had promised to "*teep* him in," would be betraying his trust. He felt the responsibility connected with that promise made to his mother. Yet we have all seen boys and girls trying to rid themselves of this great principle.

"I won't have the care of anything about the house," said a young lady whose feeble mother was overburdened with care. "I mean to throw off responsibility, and enjoy myself while I can." "Verily," thought I, "enjoy thy*self*, for nothing but a love of sinful *self* could have brought thee to this wicked resolution." How much will that young lady gain by allowing a selfish heart to cheer her in the days of her youth? What if she walk in the sight of her eyes, and use a freedom not her own, can she destroy her responsibility? No, the *children* know better than that; for all these things God will bring her into judgment.

But how is it with the little children at home with their parents, and among their brothers and sisters? Is there any responsibility there? Is there any duty required of John, of Charles, of Susan and Emma? "Yes," I seem to hear you say; "we all have our little work to do." But supposing John does not like his work, why not leave it undone, and throw the responsibility upon Charles? You are surprised that I should talk in this way, because you understand that responsibility is an *individual* matter. God has made it so; and in the day of our final judgment, he will not ask us what *others* have done, but only whether *we* have finished the work that he gave *us* to do?

What is the meaning, then, of all this kind of talk—"I know that you told me what to do; but John has not done *his* work." "Emma says that Susan must bear the blame, because she coaxed her away when there was work to do."

I once heard a little boy say, "I know that God commands me to remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy; but Tom Rider goes a gunning,—of course I may do so small a thing as to *whittle*." We know that there are grown-up people who talk quite as foolishly. Nothing is more common than the saying, "I am as good as my neighbour," as though responsibility belonged to the mass.

Dear little children, while we love our neighbours as ourselves, and recognise every individual of God's great family as our brother or sister, let us never forget that, as immortal beings who must give an account of themselves, *we must stand alone*. Our dearest earthly friends are not allowed to walk with us through the dark valley and shadow of death; and when we stand before the eternal throne, though a thousand hearts might wish to excuse us to our Judge, every tongue will be mute. We must answer for ourselves.

There is no terror in this thought, if we remember that nothing is required of us but to do faithfully what is required of *us* to do, and that God's help is offered to enable us to do it; and then, though no earthly friend may speak in our behalf, we shall have an Advocate, and sinners though we be, we will be accepted for his sake.

IV.—WILLIE'S FLOWER.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had a dear, kind father, who loved me tenderly, and taught me many wise and holy lessons. But one summer he was ill for many months, and

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when he got better, it was very slowly, and he could not take such long walks as he had been used to do. So in the fine weather his easy-chair was brought into the garden, and he sat there and enjoyed the fresh breezes and the pretty sights around him.

I remember running up to him, one afternoon, with a flower which I had gathered for him out of my own little plot of ground. It was a beautiful flower. Its delicate white blossoms were encircled by dark green leaves. A few of the leaves had fallen away from the rest, and were drooping; but the others, fresh and vigorous, stood erect around the flowers. My father looked long and intently at it. He admired it very much, and I stood and gazed at it with equal pleasure.

"Father," I said, presently, "what do you think this flower makes me think of?"

"I do not know, Willie," he answered, smiling.

"Well, I will tell you, father. It makes me think of Jesus."

"How so, Willie?"

"Because, father, I think those beautiful white flowers resemble him; and those bright green leaves that look so fresh, are like the persons who get near to Christ, and trust in him. They are bright and happy, you know, father. Those poor leaves that are almost dead, and hang down so sadly, are like the persons who are far away from Christ. They can't be happy, you know, father, because they don't love Christ enough to get near to him."

My father looked pleased at these words. "I am glad, dear Willie," he said, "that your flower gives you such sweet thoughts of Christ. Will you always try to keep near to him, Willie? You may not have your father to come too soon; he may be far away from you; but if Jesus Christ is your friend and Saviour, and you get as close to him as you can, you will not be lonely or unhappy."

"Oh, father," I exclaimed, in alarm, "you are not going away, are you?"

"Not yet, dear," he said gently; "but we will talk about that another time. Only don't forget as long as you live, Willie, to keep very near to Christ."

Ah, that was the last time my father ever went into his garden. He was taken very ill again the next day, and was confined to his room. He said but little, and scarcely noticed anything. But he had my flower put in a glass of water, and placed on the table beside him; and whenever he opened his eyes, he seemed to like to look at it. The nurse was once going to remove it. "Don't take away Willie's flower," he said, earnestly.

At night, when I went to bed, he sent for me to give me his usual kiss. They would not let me stay long, for fear of tiring him. He pointed to my flower, as I was turning away, and said, "You will remember what you said to me yesterday, Willie? Keep close, very close to the Saviour, my dear child."

These were the last words I ever heard from my father's lips. Before the morning, he had gone to be not only *near* Christ, but *with* him for ever.

Do you wonder that though many years have rolled away since then, I still love to have in my garden one of those beautiful flowers—one of "Willie's flowers?"

Do you wonder that I say to you, as my father said to me, "Keep close, very close to the Saviour, my dear children?"—*S. S. Magazine.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"IT IS FINISHED."

Hear this, thou languishing and afflicted soul: there is not one of thy sins but it is paid for; not one of thy debts in the scroll of God that is not blotted out: not one farthing of all thine infinite ransom is unpaid. Alas! thy sins, thou sayest, are ever before thee, and God's indignation goes still over thee; and thou goest mourning all the day long, and, with that pattern of distress, criest out, in the bitterness of thy soul, "I have sinned, what shall I do to thee, O thou preserver of men?" What shouldest thou do? Turn and believe. Now thou art stung in thy conscience with this fiery serpent, look up with the eye of faith to this brazen serpent, Christ Jesus, and be healed. Behold, his head is humbly bowed down graciously towards thee: his arms are stretched out lovingly to embrace thee: yea, his precious side is open to receive thee, and his tongue interprets all these to thee for thine endless comfort: "It is finished." There is no more accusation, judgment, death, hell, for thee: all these are no more to thee than if they were not. "Who shall condemn? It is Christ that died."

Is thy heart wounded with thy sin? Do grief and hatred strive within thee? Are the desires of thy soul with God? Dost thou long for holiness, complain of thy imperfections, struggle against thy corruptions? Thou art the man: fear not: "It is finished." That law, which thou wouldest have kept, and couldest not, thy Saviour could and did keep for thee: that salvation, which thou couldest never work alone (alas! poor impotent creatures, what can we do towards heaven without him, who cannot move on earth but in him?) he alone for thee hath finished. Look up, therefore, boldly to the throne of God, and know that there is no quarrel against thee in heaven, nothing but peace and joy. All is finished. He would be spit upon, that he might wash thee: he would be covered with scornful robes, that thy sins might be covered: he would be scourged, that thy soul might not be scourged eternally: he would thirst, that thy soul might be satisfied: he would bear the punishment of his Father, that thou mightest bear none: he would yield to death, that thou mightest never taste of it: he would be for a time forsaken of his Father, that thou mightest be received for ever.—*Bishop Hall.*

II.—FOR THE NEWLY MARRIED.

The desires of my heart for you are larger than I can express, for they are spiritual: the tongue cannot speak them, nor the pen write them; but God knoweth and comprehendeth them, and that is all I want, seeing that it is from him I seek them. Whilst a gracious and all-sufficient Father understandeth my poor lisping soul, I am not concerned about results.

But there are some of my desires that I can to some extent express. I desire that *the Lord may be with you in your union.* Your natural life is from him; hold your conjugal life from him too, and in him; seek its continuance in conformity to his will who binds and looses as he pleases; and seek its enjoyment no further than is consistent with his holy and spiritual law and presence. That relation which you have formed by his original institution, and in the course of his providential appointments, you must dis-

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charge and exercise according to his revealed will. Search out all his mind on this subject, scattered through his word, and study it and pray over it; and thus set the Lord before you, and he will be with you.

Love Christ above your husband—this is essential to true and lasting happiness. I rejoice to think that your husband is one who would love you more for loving Christ better than himself. Be thankful for this mercy, and improve it. It will be a source of increasing conjugal love; for if you find that your husband loves you in proportion as you love Christ, and he finds that you love him in the same proportion, then this will prove as a mutual attraction to the one centre, even the heart of Jesus—and, oh! who can tell the serene, pure, ardent, and spiritual enjoyment of two souls at one in Christ! May the supreme love of Christ save both of you from idolatry, and may the mutual reflection of Christ's love and image be the unchanging basis of your mutual delight!

Be careful, my dearest M——, as to your own *personal religion:* let not your change of state prove an interruption to this. You have just been withdrawn, by the kindness of God, from the many anxieties, vanities, snares, and wearisome imaginations of unmarried girlhood; and in a little time you may be called into the many cares, sorrows, solicitudes, occupations, and necessary bustle of married womanhood. You are now in a transition state. You have a temporary interval of calm tranquillity and retirement, peculiarly favourable for spiritual improvement—though, alas! I have too often seen in my own little sphere of observation, that it is an interval often given up to sloth and indulgence; and, therefore, that the Lord must soon afterwards arise with his rod in his hand, to awaken and chasten such slumbering children. Let it not be so with you. Bestir you to prayer and the word now—to meditation, repentance, and faith. Redeem time for the doing of good. Take an active, spiritual, and decided part at once. You have been called to a new and strange scene of action, and this is always an advantage to those who will improve it. May the Lord make you a mother in Israel, even to his own little ones! Be a fellow-worker in promoting your husband's ministry—by prayer, by character, by the hand, by the lip, work for your Lord in heaven. The pious wife of a gospel minister may be of incalculable benefit in winning and encouraging souls; but she who is not so will incur the fearful responsibility of arresting the Lord's work. Render yourself, then, up unto the Lord as his; walk in the Spirit, and seek constant love, light, and strength.—*Letter of Rev. J. Macdonald.*

III.—THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,
No taper burns beside thy lonely bed,
Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,
And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerly glows this hearth, yet glows in vain,
For we uncheered beside it sit alone,
And listen to the wild and beating rain
In angry gusts against our casement blown.

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know
That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep
Within thy narrow chamber far below,
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.

Oh! no, not thou!—and we our faith deny,
This thought allowing: thou, removed from harms,
In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie,
Oh, not in Abraham's, in a Saviour's arms—

In that dear Lord's, who in thy worst distress,
Thy bitterest anguish, gave thee, dearest child,
Still to abide in perfect gentleness,
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet corn of wheat! committed to the ground
To die, and live, and bear more precious ear,
While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,
Down lighting upon earth, such change shall bring
That all its fields of death shall laugh anew—
Yea, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

Trench.

IV.—SPEAK TO ME, O MY SAVIOUR!

Speak to me, O my Saviour! low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs—sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
Who art not missed where faithful hearts entreat.
Speak to me, as to Mary at thy feet;
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
My tears fall fast, as amber. Let me go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete.
With humanest affection, there, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! as a child,
Its song-bird being lost, fled evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

V.—THE BURNT BOOKS:

OR, BREAD CAST, FOUND AGAIN.

A home instance of this great truth of God's word, that beneficence seldom wanders so far from its source as to be apparently lost or never to be heard from, is furnished in the following actual occurrence in the life of a noble Christian gentleman, who for many years walked the streets of this city as a worthy and honoured citizen, but who now sleeps in the dust of the earth. For a variety of reasons that might be specified, if there were need, no impropriety attaches to the open mention of his name as that of Mr. George Whiting.

Like multitudes of others, he was not exempt from business reverses. But about the years 1828–30, receiving an American agency for the sale of the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," he at one time had a large amount of these valuable volumes lying in an attic over his office. A poor man came in one day, and applied for work. Mr. Whiting had none for him. But noticing his saddened expression and evident

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destitution, and touched with pity, he led him into the attic, and showing him the Encyclopedias, told him he might pile them up in good order, and he would pay him for it. The work was unnecessary, but served to give a needy one bread, and to send him home with a lightened burden.

A few weeks elapsed, and a conflagration swept the great volumes all away. The insurance companies contested the claim, for want of ability on Mr. Whiting's part to specify the number and amount of volumes lost. Mr. Whiting was baffled, perplexed, and dispirited. It seemed an entire arrest of the only branch of business on which he was depending. The eclipse was almost total.

Just at this dark time, he one day issued from his dwelling, with his cane in his hand and tracts in his pocket, in search of those who might be more dejected and distressed than himself. This was his wont in the days of his former prosperity, and the good custom clave to him. After visiting a number of houses, he at last came into one where a poor man, pale, and weak, and sad, lay upon his bed; to whom he at once kindly addressed himself. The poor man heard him respectfully, and gazed upon him intently, and at length asked if he was Mr. Whiting. Mr. Whiting assented, and asked, *Why?* The man then reminded him of the circumstance of his piling the great books. Mr. Whiting immediately told him of the disastrous fire, and eagerly inquired if he had any definite recollection of the amount of books that he handled. The man said that he had; and after a time he produced a large piece of coarse paper, on which he had marked down the number of rows that he had piled, and the number of volumes in each row. So *there*—with this humble manuscript, and the affidavit of the sick man—Mr. Whiting's proof of his loss was complete, and his insurance was safe.

See here how he "sowed his seed in the morning, and withheld not his hand in the evening," and God made them to be "*alike good.*" He gave the charity of money first, and kept not back the charity of neighbourly kindness and sympathy afterwards; and he very soon *found again* the bread that he thus "cast upon the waters." And to the praise of the faithfulness of God in his promises, and for the encouragement of others in similar ways of mercy to the poor, this incident, though small in itself, is worthy of being preserved from extinction.—*N. Y. Observer.*

VI.—"RISE, HE CALLETH THEE."

God hath put arguments into the sinner's mouth to plead with him for mercy. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." "Rise, sinner, he calleth thee! go to the Lord; and when thou goest, tell him, Lord, thou hast bid me come, and behold here I am. I come, Lord, at thy word; I come for a little water; I come for thy wine and thy milk. I have brought no price in my hand; but thou hast bid me come without money and without price. Though I have no grace, yet at thy word I come for grace; though I have no Christ, I come for Christ; though I cannot call thee Father, yet, being called, I come to thee as fatherless: "With thee the fatherless find mercy." If I am not thy child, may I not be made thy child? Hast thou a child's blessing left yet to bestow upon me? Thou hast bid me come, come for a blessing; bless me, even me, also, O Lord. Wherefore hast thou sent for me? Shall I be sent away as I came? I came at thy word; do not say, Begone out of my sight. I cannot go at thy word. I will not go; for whither shall I go from thee? "Thou hast the words of eternal life." Since thou wilt have me speak, Lord, answer. Though I dare not say, Be just to me a saint; yet I do say, I will say, I must say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

VII.—QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION IN REFERENCE TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. Is my heart renewed by the Holy Spirit? Without this there can be no godliness, and consequently no acceptable worship (Rom. viii. 8, 9).

2. Is my service intelligent? Do I understand *why* and *what* I worship? (John iv. 22). It is only through Christ, and as I am taught by the Spirit, that I can have access to God (Eph. ii. 18).

3. Is the worship which I offer spiritual? (John iv. 24). Is my heart really engaged with God? (Matt. xv. 8). When in the sanctuary, do I endeavour to banish all thoughts about secular matters? At a right time and place they may be lawful, but here they are sinful; they are like the buyers and sellers whom Jesus expelled from the temple, and by whom the house of prayer had been converted into a house of merchandise (John ii. 16).

4. Am I *early in attendance on the means of grace?* How bitter would be my anguish should I be too late for the worship of the heavenly temple! Ought I not to be ashamed and grieved at being too late for worship in God's heavenly courts? Those who love the Saviour and his ordinances will generally be early (Ps. lxxxiv. 1, 2).

5. Is my bodily posture what it ought to be? The form without the power is hypocrisy, but the form *with* the power is devotion. . . . Persons who look *about* during service, prove that they do not look *above* or *within*. God forbid that this should be my case.

6. Have I reason to expect God's blessing? Do I solemnly pray before, and when I come to church, that grace may be given to the minister, to the congregation, and to myself? When the blessing has been pronounced, do I, instead of rising with indecorous haste, spend a little time in supplication, that the word preached may profit those who have heard it? (Isa. lv. 10, 11; Heb. iv. 2).

7. Do I value my religious advantages? Do I esteem the worship of God my highest privilege on earth? And do I both improve it as a preparation, and enjoy it as a foretaste of the everlasting Sabbath which remains to the people of God? (Heb. iv. 9).—*Rev. J. G. Breay.*

VIII.—A SURE FOUNDATION.

The bridge which the gospel lays over the gulf of God's wrath for poor sinners to pass from their sins into the favour of God here, and the kingdom of God hereafter, is supported by no other arches than the wisdom, power, mercy, and faithfulness of God, so that the believing soul need not fear till it sees these bow or break. It is called the *everlasting* gospel; when heaven and earth go to wreck, not the least jot or tittle of any promise of the gospel shall be buried in their ruins.—*Gurnal.*

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BIBLE PLAINS.

No. I.—THE PHILISTINE SEA-BOARD.

A LONG narrow strip of territory between the hills of Judah and the sea—a belt of rich pasturage and corn-land, with a fringe of sandy downs—sinking away at one end into the tawny desert flat by which the Syrian caravans "go down" into Egypt, and flowing at the other in a wave of olive woods into the sunny plain of Sharon—such is the country held of old by the warlike people, the rancorous and restless enemy of Israel. That border wall of mountains is pierced by many defiles, and up these rocky passes the spearmen of Gath, and the archers of Ascalon, with some giant champion stalking in the van, were ever ready to pass into the hill country of Judah or Dan, as by so many unguarded gates, and swoop down in merciless foray on the unwalled villages. Their strong and compact position gave them a signal advantage in this warfare. Their five fortress cities, so close to the Hebrew frontier, were a "standing menace" to their neighbours; and in these the tiger of Philistia, wild after once tasting Jewish blood, couched as in its lair, waiting the fitting moment to make its terrible spring. Not to be wearied out, not to be tamed or broken, was this fierce spirit in which "the study of revenge, immortal hate," burned, like a slow match, inextinguishably; and in the savage, stubborn, untiring ferocity with which the blood-feud was carried on from age to age, we see something of the fell tenacity of purpose with which the sleuth-hound tracks its victim.

It is, certainly, by a singular fortune that this people, of alien descent, and settled in a corner of the land, have given to the whole sacred territory the name by which it is commonly known. The "Canaan" of the patriarchs was known to the Egyptians as "Palæstina," the country of the Philistines; these being the neighbour tribe of Canaan, with whom, of all its many races, they had most frequent intercourse. Hence the allusion in the triumphal song of Moses—"The people shall hear, and be afraid; sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina." Though we find the Philistines in possession of the south country as early as the days of Abraham, and a thriving pastoral people under one chief or king, they are clearly distinguished from the other races who occupied the land—the original inhabitants of Canaan. It is probable that they were a colony of foreign settlers, who, at some remote period, had crossed the sea from Asia Minor or Crete. The name "Cherethites" is given them by the prophets (Ezek. xxv. 16; Zeph. ii. 5), and imported their strange worship of Dagon, the Fish-god, a divinity unknown to the other tribes of Canaan. Their long stretch of coast, and their seaport town of Ascalon, with its foreign traffic, gave them a dash of that rough energy and hardiness which is not found in the blood of inland races. They were both shepherds and seafaring men, familiar with the sight which the desert Arab never sees:—

> A stately ship, bound for the isles
> Of Javan or Gadire,
> With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
> Sails filled, and streamers waving,
> Courted by all the winds that hold them play.

The first notice of the Philistines in the character of adversaries of the chosen people occurs in the narrative of the Exodus, where it is said that God would not lead Israel "through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near," lest they should be disheartened at the sight of war. At the period of the settlement under Joshua, we find them a warlike nation, or Confederacy of Five Cities, each with its own ruler or lord. Of these, the chief seems to have been Gaza and Ashdod, where Dagon was worshipped in splendid temples, the centres of national worship and convocation. On the sea-coast stood Ascalon, where also was the shrine of a tutelary goddess; and inland, near the hills, were Gath and Ekron.

Here, then, in a sweep of rich and pleasant country, studded with villages nestling among corn-fields and vineyards that wreathed with their rich green network the brown hill-slopes, and overlooked here and there by a stately town, crowning some olive-belted height with its embattled towers and walls, was the famous "Debateable Land," where so many deeds of faith, and prowess, and high renown, that live for ever in sacred story, were done in olden time; and down yonder rugged glens on many an evening, when the orange light of the Syrian sunset still bathed the ridges, messengers came hurrying with tidings of battles lost and won in the strange Hebrew land beyond. What a wail of lamentation went up from hamlet and city, where women thronged the steps of Dagon's temple, when the first fugitives, panting from the fight in the Valley of Terebinths, came with the news that the champion of Gath was stretched in the dust by a pebble from the sling of a shepherd-boy of Israel; and down the passes the host rolled broken, with the Hebrews and their stalwart leader thundering in the rear! And, again, what shouts of joy and songs of triumph, when the rumour spread of the great battle on the bleak uplands of Gilboa, when the warrior-king of Israel, their dreaded enemy, had fallen fighting, with his gallant sons! "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon." But the evil tidings had flown too fast; and in hideous jubilee the altars of Dagon blazed high with sacrifice in answer to the watch-fires on the Philistian hills.

It is chiefly in connection with the life of the great Hero

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and Avenger of Israel that the local features and scenery of the Philistine plain acquire their peculiar interest. We can still trace the rough mountain-road by which Samson "went down" from the hill-forts of his native Dan into the "low country" beneath,—the tangled thickets close to the vineyards where the young lion in the path roared against him,—the broad swathe of waving wheat-fields on the level interspersed with olives and vines, which he set on fire,—and the frequent howl of the "jackal" from the hills by night proves that the wild animals he made use of as living firebrands still infest the neighbourhood. The caves which exist in the lime-stone cliffs around give an idea of his place of retreat in "the top of the rock Etam," as well as of David's sojourn, in the same locality, in the cave of Adullam. There, too, where Gaza stands on its low round hill, feathered with palm-trees, and hedged about with gardens of pomegranates and mulberry—a mere medley of mud dwellings now, but then a strong and wealthy city, with its pillared temple seen from far,—the name of the mighty Danite seems to be carved on memorial-ruins. There it was that, awaking from sleep, he strode through the midnight streets, terrible to the eyes of his lurking foemen; wrenched the massive gates of the city from their iron sockets; and, symbol of another Resurrection from a guarded tomb, bore them, "bar and all," in triumph to the steep hill-top looking toward Hebron! There, also, "snared in an evil time," the eagle of Israel, with dimmed eyes and ruffled plumage, was caught in the silken net of dalliance, and the once dreaded Nazarite, "weak as another man," seen in shame and blindness grinding in the prison-house with slaves. And there the old heroic spirit lightened forth in a vivid and expiring gleam, when with his iron grasp he snapped like reeds the pillars of the temple, and crushed the pride of Philistia in its hour of insolent triumph by a portentous blow. A wondrous achievement of faith "out of weakness made strong;" yet not so wondrous as that by which the men of Galilee, in the might of the same reliance, shook and overthrew the shrines of those prouder religions which overshadowed the world.

On the southern border of the Philistine plain, at the entrance of the hill-country of Judah, the site of an old fortress may be seen on an eminence called el-Lechieh. The sides of the hill are honey-combed with caves. In all likelihood this was the scene of Samson's exploit when he slew a thousand of his enemies with the jaw-bone, and called the place Ramath-Lehi. Farther north, near Deir-Dubbân, there are found in the cliffs large vaulted or dome-shaped caverns with inscriptions and crosses sculptured on the walls, probably the retreat or dwelling of Christians before the Saracen conquest of Palestine. Van de Velde, who describes the locality, remarks:—"The cave of Adullam, to which David escaped when he fled from the sight of Achish out of Gath, not only agrees well with the cave of Deir-Dubbân, but there is no other known cave at the base of the Judean mountains so well adapted for the concealment of a number of refugees. It is said that his brethren and all his father's house 'went down' to the cave of Adullam. From Bethlehem to Deir-Dubbân it is indeed a coming down." Dr. Robinson seems inclined to fix the site of Gath in this neighbourhood. At all events, no vestige of that once famous city, the birthplace of Goliath and his giant brethren, now remains. It is literally swept from the face of the earth—a signal evidence of the utter overthrow that has come upon the bitterest of the enemies of Israel.

Nor has prophecy been less strikingly verified in the case of the other cities of the Philistine plain. All vestiges of the ancient walls and former strength of Gaza have disappeared. Columns of marble and granite are scattered in the streets and gardens of the modern village, and used as thresholds at the gates and doors of houses. "Baldness is come upon Gaza."

Ashdod, where the ark of God was brought into the temple of Dagon, and humbled "that twice-battered god of Palestine" in the eyes of his worshippers,—a city famous in history, as having sustained a siege of twenty-nine years by one of the kings of Egypt, is now an insignificant village. A succession of calamities has abased its pride and thinned its population. "They shall drive out Ashdod at noonday."

The modern village of 'Akir represents the Ekron of former days, the town from which the ark was conveyed on a new cart, drawn by two milch-kine, who took the straight way to Beth-shemesh, the nearest point in the hills of Judah. It was the shrine of Baalzebub, the "lord of flies;" but the flies have outlived their lord. The town is built of unburnt bricks or mud, with no mark of antiquity to tell of its ancient greatness. "Ekron shall be rooted up."

The decay that has come upon the Philistian cities is not written in blight or barrenness upon the land. The country is everywhere fertile and luxuriant, abounding in rich tracts of pasturage, and numerous flocks are seen near the villages, giving an aspect of life and cheerfulness to the landscape. The bow of its old fighting-men has been broken, and the spear cut in sunder, but the pastoral life the people led in the days of Abimelech still holds its quiet round through the seasons: the shepherd's crook is more enduring than the warrior's sword. And this was the picture of its future fortunes drawn by a Hebrew prophet long ago—"The sea-coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks."

It is one of the strange coincidences which time brings round, that the plain of Philistia, which witnessed so many daring exploits of the romantic age of Israel, should have a connection with the most brilliant era of modern or mediæval history. The first of Samson's achievements, his "lion ramp," as Milton calls it, was performed at Ascalon,—and the same town is illustrious in the annals of the Crusades as the scene of the splendid bravery of the lion-hearted Richard of England. Within these walls he defied the power of the Saracens, and built up that renown which made the name of "Melech Ric" a spell of

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terror over the East. Here he kept the feast of Easter, in the year of grace 1192, with great magnificence, causing pavilions to be pitched in the meadows round the city, and feasting his followers and all who came right royally, after a hearty English fashion, which must have amazed the grave and sober unbelievers. These plains glittered with the serried lances of the Christian squadrons on the march to Jerusalem,—they were gay with streaming gonfalons and dancing plumes, and loud with the blast of silver clarions, or the wild barbaric wail of Saracen trump and cymbal; but the "confused noise" of warriors has long passed away, and silence and decay have settled down over these scenes of stirring life and old renown. Ashkelon is indeed a "desolation,"—it is literally "without inhabitant." From its lonely watch-tower by the waters it looks forth, but sees no sail gliding to its haven,—hears no sound, after all the tumult of its stormy history and the battles of a thousand years, but the murmur of the restless surges that break along the strand.

No more! no more!
Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sand upon the shore.

1859. J. D. B.

CRIPPLED WILLIAM.

[The *Tract Magazine* vouches for the truth of the following touching narrative.]

A MINISTER had been delivering a lecture in a village at a distance from his usual field of labour. His homeward walk led him past a little cluster of cottages hidden amongst some green swells and shady slopes. One of the cottages was a mere hut, desolate in the extreme, and showing unhappy evidences, not only of poverty, but of degrading neglect. The thatch was hanging in shreds, leaving ragged holes, through which, if daylight sometimes penetrated, or the glimmer of a passing star, other less agreeable visitors could make themselves felt; for the rain could pass through the decayed reeds, and the snow fall upon the hard pillow beneath. There were two windows, one above the other, for the wretched tenement owned two storeys; but there were rags and wisps of straw filling the broken panes.

The minister stepped in through the open door, and found himself in the presence of the singular tenant of this miserable home. He was a man of about twenty-nine years of age, but his withered and distorted limbs were no larger than those of a child of ten or eleven. His head was of unusual size, and his whole aspect and proportions were those of distressing deformity. Poor William! his Creator made him other than this; but he was the victim of a drunken mother's neglect, who tossed him about in helpless childhood until scarcely a trace of the noble type of humanity remained. That wretched mother's influence was about him still, and it was her shaking hand which stopped the holes in the windows with some of her own mean rags. So revolting was the aspect of everything, that the minister almost shrank from the poor young man, who sat upon the low stool beside the one broken chair and the old ricketty table. There was nothing else in the room, except an open book upon the poor cripple's knee, which he was reading intently.

"How do you do? what book are you reading?" said the minister.

"The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," was the ready reply.

The minister determined, before declaring himself, to endeavour to get at the true character of the man. He therefore said, "Do you find it true, as religious people say, that a great deal of good may be got from reading that book? Do you think it would make me better?"

The young man looked up with an expression of serious gravity and earnestness, full of meaning, and showing that that ill-formed body was the dwelling-place of a living, thinking, feeling soul. "If the same Spirit," said he, "that moved holy men of old to write it opens your heart, then it will do you good—not else: but 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'"

This was wonderful language for such a man, and such a place. The minister thenceforth forgot the rude outside, the rough and ragged husk, and felt that he was communing with one of the "chosen generation," the "royal priesthood," the "peculiar people." He was a brother beloved; and instantly the bonds of that blessed fellowship were felt. But in accordance with his original plan, of applying a test to the sincerity of the Bible-reader, he said, "How came you to understand this? You surely cannot be a learned man."

The poor fellow gave a searching look in the face of his questioner: "I don't know who you are, sir, nor what brought you here; but this book tells me to be ready to give to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in me; and I pray God I may be able to do it with meekness and fear. You see, sir, what a cripple I am; but you don't know what a sinner I am."

"How is that? You can't get about to drink, and game, and carouse, as others can. How then have you sinned?"

"I am one of the vilest of sinners for all that. I thought because God had made me such a poor lame cripple, and punished me so much for nothing, as I thought, that therefore I might take liberty to sin; for I said he would never be so hard as to punish me here and hereafter both. And because it was the easiest sin for me to get at, I took to cursing and swearing horridly. However, about three years ago (and blessed be God for it), one day when I was moving on my crutches over to the door, to catch a bit of sunshine, I was taken with a terrible pain, and I cried out, and fell down. Presently a thought came into my mind, 'What good have I ever done in my whole life? Why, none at all. Then I shall not go to heaven; and if I don't go there, I must go to the other place.' For you see, sir, I didn't know any other way to heaven than by my own works."

"Well," asked the minister, "is there any other way than doing all the good we can in order to gain God's favour?"

The cripple's face lighted up while he answered, "'By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified; for by the law is the knowledge of sin;'—'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.' But," he went on to say, "in this distress I prayed; and they were the strangest prayers, I sup-

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pose, you ever heard in your life. But God heard them. Somehow they seemed to please him: praying is just telling God what we feel we want of him. I then took to reading a Testament we had in the house. At first I could find nothing but what condemned me—awful words, about 'serpents and generations of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' Then I took to reading it over again; and when I came to the blessed first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and read these precious words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' I felt that that precious blood healed me, and I seemed as if I were in a new world. I could now repent, I could believe, I could love God; and if I had a thousand lives, I could have laid them all down for Christ."

"Well," asked his visitor, "have you never sinned since that time?"

He shook his head with a mournful smile as he replied, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

"But if you were to sin so as to fall away after all this, had you not better have remained in your ignorance?"

"Being confident," was the ready reply, "that He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ;—If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins."

This poor afflicted cripple, who had never read any book but the Bible, never heard a sermon, nor crossed the threshold of a house of prayer, was nevertheless, through the teaching of God's Spirit applying his own word, evidently wise unto salvation, rich in faith, a child of God, and an heir of his kingdom. He possessed spiritual beauty, however great his bodily deformity; and though clothed in miserable rags, he was covered with the glorious garment of the Redeemer's righteousness.

To test poor William in another direction, his unknown friend asked, "Do you think, then, that it does not signify what sins you commit, or how you live, now that he is become your Saviour?"

But a holy indignation rose up in his face while he replied, "God forbid! How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?—For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."

Whilst saying this, in his deep earnestness of spirit, he looked full in his questioner's face, and saw the sparkle of a rising tear which would come gushing from the hidden fountain. The poor fellow immediately cried out with irrepressible joy, "I am sure, sir, you are more than what you seem. Tell me what you are, and why you come to see me."

The answer was ready now: "My dear Christian brother, I am a poor sinner who has been led like you, by the Holy Spirit, to trust in that Jesus who died for the ungodly. I have just been telling your poor neighbours that 'the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

The effect upon William of this confession was almost startling. He eagerly lifted himself from his low stool, grasped both of the visitor's hands, and then, dropping upon his knees, he uttered a glad thanksgiving: "O my God, I thank thee; thou hast answered my prayer. I prayed that I might see and talk to one of thy people before I died."

Then followed such converse as springs up between lonely travellers who suddenly meet in the way, and find that they are going the same road, with the same home of rest in view; and then prayer and praise to the one Father, through the one Mediator, in the unity of the Spirit.

Other visits to William's hovel followed; and a scheme was formed for placing him in a much more comfortable position, though he was indisposed for any change. "I can live on the parish allowance [which was only two shillings per week]; and perhaps some of God's children, who have families, are in much greater want than I."

No one knew that the hour was almost come when he should "see the King in his beauty," and "be satisfied when he awoke with His likeness." One evening, a very short time after the discovery of this Bible-taught Christian, when, seated on his low stool, he was reading his one book to his ignorant mother, he suddenly stopped, and said, "Mother, I am taken very ill; help me up the ladder" (their only staircase), "and put me in bed; and then I shall have only one more step higher, and I shall be in my Father's house." She got him up the ladder, and ran out for some gin—her one remedy for all evil! But when she came back, bringing a neighbour with her, the power of speech was gone, and in a few more minutes poor William was sleeping in Jesus.

"IN HEAVINESS."

WHILE the Christian is prospered outwardly, and contending with spiritual wickedness in high places, he comes suddenly, often, upon great and wounding disappointments, utter reverses, and turnings back of life. Sometimes it is in one's own person, in the form of sickness and pain; sometimes it is long uselessness, in which one is entirely dependent upon others. The natural man revolts at such a condition; but, regarded as the lot which Christ has chosen for him, how easy it becomes!

Christ comes to the soul and says, "Wilt thou not take that lot and bear it for my sake, who gave it? Wilt thou not watch with me one hour? Wilt thou stand up in thy disappointments and exhibit my grace by thy contentment, until men shall say, Who hath given this man such power? Wilt thou, restless, zealous man, yield thy limbs to the crutch, or thy back to the pallet for months or years, and with such peacefulness, such gentleness, such patience, such heavenly conversation, such radiant hope, that men shall know of a surety that it is I that give thee such strange and blessed dispositions?"

Sometimes Christ asks, "Lovest thou me more than these?" and if we answer, "Yea, Lord," he makes the heart rich by saying, "Feed my lambs! Keep them; fold them; feed them!"

But again he comes and says, "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest." Then he stretches forth his hand and takes away the lambs.

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Beware, O soul! thou art in perilous places! Now, with thy heart aching; now, with thy yearnings that burn like fires; now, with multitudes of memories coming back in suffocating crowds;—now, what wilt thou say to thy Master? Now, when morning comes, but not the lark-like notes that used to waken thee; now, when every room raises remembrances, and fairy faces shine out from every corner and chair; now, when no hand any longer plucks the forbidden buds from the flowers, or carries tiny mischief to thy table or thy work; now, when every child's voice sounds in thine ear like a trumpet, and every little traveller in the street calls up a memory out of the grave;—now, what wilt thou say to thy Master?

Christ saith, "O my beloved one! dost thou not know me behind this affliction? Wilt thou not stand forth and let my grace so work upon thee that all men may see that I have delivered thee in this pass—that thy strength is not wilfulness nor sullen firmness, but that it is my hand beneath thee, my arm about thee, and my love within thee, that giveth thee this victory!" To whom the soul replies, "O Master, I can endure all things, if thou wilt go with me; but nothing, nothing can I bear, if thou leavest me!"

* * * *

Or it may be that we have stored our life and garnered our heart in some companion. Out of loneliness we came into a harmony which made our daily life like a procession of music. Hours flew away, and days and years it may be, in a companionship which left nothing to be desired, and filled all the deep places of our nature, and wrought wondrous growth in all our inward life; for a true and right loving is to the disposition what summer is to the patient earth. The heart overhangs one's life as the sun overhangs the soil, and ten million flowers cover the surface; and when, by long loving, one comes to have no separate life, but lives double, twining tastes with tastes, thoughts with thoughts, affections with affections, until there is no longer a separate and undivided life,—then at length, in the hour of great trial, in the hour of amazement and confounding, one awakes and is alone! Alone! The world is what it was, yet is all changed! Life is struck at its root. All is paralysis. The sun comes up—the same sun—but where is its light? The morning is as fresh, as dewy, as full of bird warbles; but what ails the ear, that none of these sounds enter? and what ails the senses, that none of those influences that used to rejoice have any power? Bright days and dark ones are all alike—day and night are both night. Joy is dead. The soul is dead.

Nay, not so. While we stand looking up into heaven, as the disciples did when their Master was caught up, we, like them, see angels in white, who say, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" For, as they have departed, so shall they appear again, in renewed and radiant life. Christ shall give them back to thee. Thou shalt have victory through him.—*H. W. Beecher.*

DIES IRÆ (DAY OF WRATH).

God takes our dearest,—ever so:
The reason why, we cannot know;
Helpless He leaves us, crushed with woe.

"Oh, Father! anything but this;
Oh! blot not our life's sole bliss,"—
So cry we; yet we pray amiss.

For answer comes not to the prayer,—
No word, no comfort anywhere;
And we lie struck with mute despair.

To see our *dearest* pass away;
To know we cannot bid him stay;
To feel our loss grow, day by day;—

Oh! 'tis the sharpest pang of pain
That He to mortals doth ordain;
The bitterest cup our lips must drain.

Ne'er was, nor shall be, human heart,
But it must bear that bitter smart,—
Must with its own, its *dearest*, part.

The idol set up on the throne
Where God should be, and God alone,—
The idol must be overthrown.

"Father," from out the depth doth rise,
"Ask of me other sacrifice,—
This thing is dearest in my eyes."

He seems as if He heard thee not,
Yet is no child by Him forgot,
No loneliness where He is not.

Yet is He *Father*, and would bind
Thee nearer to Him, heart and mind;
His chastisements are ever kind.

Thy Dies Iræ, dark and drear,
Shall open out in sunlight clear,—
Though cloud-veiled, still the sun is near.

Thy love so true may meet with scorn;
Thy friend may leave thy heart forlorn;
Thy darling from thy home be borne;—

Yet love, in every day of dread,
Is shining, sun-like, over-head;—
Thou shalt have blessing from thy dead!

Church of England Sunday School Quarterly.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. V.—THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

MATT. iv.

Ver. 1. Where was Jesus "led *up*" from? [From the valley of the Jordan, which is sunk to a great depth below the level of the surrounding country. Where the river enters the Dead Sea, it is 3500 feet below the level of Jerusalem. This depression may have taken place when Sodom and

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Gomorrah were buried.] Where was he led up to? [Probably the wilderness of Judæa; perhaps the wild district between Jericho and Jerusalem, the scene of the parable of the Good Samaritan.] By whom was he led up? For what purpose? What was the object of the Devil? [To induce Christ to sin.] What was the object of the Holy Spirit? [To *try* Christ, or put him to the proof, so as to let it be seen that he was above the power of Satan, and to confirm his graces by exercising them.] Do we read anywhere of God tempting any of his faithful servants? Gen. xxii. 1. Prove that when God tempts, it is simply to *test* his people; and that he does not, and cannot, stir us up to sin? James i. 13.

Ver. 2. Did Christ partake of any food during this time? Luke iv. 2. Did he feel hunger during the forty days? When did he feel it? Who before Christ had fasted for a similar period? Deut. ix. 9, 18; 1 Kings xix. 8.

Ver. 3. Did the Devil not tempt Christ also *during* the fast? See Mark i. 13; Luke iv. 2. Why is the Devil called *the Tempter*? Mention some instances of his tempting men to sin. Gen. iii. 1; Job i.; 1 Chron. xxi. 1. Why was the Devil so desirous to tempt Christ? [Because if *he* had fallen under temptation, he could not have saved men—all would have been ruined.] What sort of being must Satan be, when he is so eager for the ruin of all? Is it not then highly sinful to speak of him, or use his name, in the trifling way that many do? What was the first temptation the Devil made use of to Christ? Would it have been right to do this? [Christ's miraculous power was designed *for showing to men* that he was the Messiah. He did not use it for his own private gratification. See John iv. 6, 7; Matt. xxi. 18, 19. He bore hunger and thirst *as a man*, and as every man should bear them.]

Ver. 4. Where is this written? Deut. viii. 3. What does it mean? [That a word spoken by God can supply the place of bread: God's word sending *manna*, supplied the place of bread to the Israelites.] Is it better to have plenty of bread, or God's word promising to care for us? What common sin does this rebuke? [Seeking to have a large store of the good things of this world, rather than the favour of God.] What should we seek first? Matt. vi. 33; Ps. xxiii. 1.

Ver. 5. What was "the holy city?" How could the Devil take Christ thither? [He must have received a measure of power over the body of our Lord. See Job ii. 6.] Where was this pinnacle? [It is thought to have been "Herod's royal portico"—a high tower built on the verge of the steep precipice that overhung the valley of the Kidron; the height was such, that any one looking down was liable to be seized with dizziness.]

Ver. 6. Where is this passage written? Ps. xc. 11. What words did Satan leave out, in quoting this passage? What do the omitted words imply? [That God's protection may be relied on only as we are found "in our [proper] ways;" that is, such ways as *duty* requires us to go in.] Did duty require Christ to do what Satan proposed? Might Christ, if he had complied, have relied on the protection here promised? Had Christ (and his parents) ever experienced the truth of the promise of angelic protection? Ch. ii. 13. Mention some other instances of the angels acting as guardians to the children of God. Acts xii. 7; Rev. vii. 1–3.

Ver. 7. Where is this written? Deut. vi. 16. What does "tempt" mean here? [To provoke, by presumptuously and unduly trying God's goodness.] What is the difference between the right and the wrong feeling here? [The one is humble trust; the other, heedless presumption.]

Ver. 8. Can we tell where this mountain was? [No; tradition points to a mountain near Jericho, bleak and wild, called Quarantania, but without authority.] Could this view have been obtained by ordinary means? [It must have been miraculous, for it was presented "in a moment of time."] What may we learn from Satan having used this as his last temptation? [That he has nothing better to offer, or even to profess to give,—*this is his best bait.*] What did Solomon say of the glory of this world? Eccles. xii. 8.

Ver. 9. Had Satan really these things to give? Daniel iv. 25. What feature of his character did he exemplify in making this promise? What may this teach us regarding any worldly advantage offered to us through sinning? See 2 Kings v. 27.

Ver. 10. What mode of dealing with the Tempter did Jesus now adopt? James iv. 7. How did he silence this last temptation? What may we learn from the fact that Christ met every temptation of the Devil by a text from the Bible? What is the Bible called, as a piece of the Christian's armour? Eph. vi. 17. What does this teach us as to the value of acquaintance with the Bible? What do we learn from the *prompt and quick way* in which Christ repelled every temptation? [That it is dangerous to be undecided, even for a little, when tempted to do anything sinful: we should make up our minds at once to have nothing to do with it.] Where is the passage written that Christ now quoted? Deut. vi. 13. How is worship performed,—with the body, or the heart, or both? Who transgress this commandment, by giving *bodily* worship to others than God? [Worshippers of saints and images of the Virgin Mary, &c.] Who transgress it by giving the homage of the affections to others? [All who love, trust, and delight in any worldly thing or person more than God.] Is it easy to keep this precept? Ps. cxix. 25.

Ver. 11. What may we learn from the Devil's leaving Christ now? James iv. 7. Did he leave him altogether? John xiv. 30. What made Christ in special need at this time of the ministry of angels? Ver. 2. Do you remember any other occasion when an angel ministered to Christ? Luke xxii. 43.

Did Christ, in meeting these temptations, make use of any power of which *we* may not make use? [He met them all *as a man*, by the powers of his human nature, strengthened by the Holy Spirit (ver. 1), in order that he might the better leave an example to us to follow his steps.] What are we taught regarding Christ, from the fact that he was tempted? Heb. ii. 18. To what great practical duty should this lead us? Heb. iv. 16. What is the petition in the Lord's Prayer that bears on temptation? What do we pray for in that petition? [That God would keep us from being tempted to sin, or support and deliver us when we *are* tempted.]

DOCTRINE—Man by nature is in a state of misery.

1. *He is separated from God, the fountain of all true joy.* Jer. ii.; Luke xv.

2. *He is under God's wrath and curse.* Gal. iii.; Rom. i.

3. *He is exposed to the many miseries of this life.* Job xiv.; Eccles. ii.; Rev. vi.

4. *He is exposed to death.* Heb. ix.; 2 Sam. xiv.

5. *He is in danger of hell for ever.* Matt. xxv.; Rev. xx.

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FOR S. SCHOOL TEACHERS

I.—LEADING THE LITTLE ONES TO JESUS.

MATT. xix. 14.

How many little ones does a Sunday-school teacher suffer, or lead to Jesus? Each one with whom he has to do, all that enter his class, are come to him *to be led to Jesus*. He has no need to question in his own mind, "Is this child a child of God?" His path is plain enough. Lead them to God by your faith, by your prayers. Suffer them to come; do not keep them back by unbelief in your own heart. You know not who are God's chosen ones; but he does, and counts them all up; and there may be many of the kingdom of heaven who gather round you, week after week, and to whom you endeavour to distribute the bread of life. Do it heartily, as unto the Lord; keep your hand to the plough; look straight on; prepare the ground; and God, in his own good time, will raise the seed sown by your prayers and wrestlings with his Spirit for them. Courage! look up to the hills from whence cometh your help; there is a bright light shining in the darkness—the lamp, the Word—which never grows dim. Work on! by the sweat of his brow shall man earn bread; by the patient teaching and earnest prayers of the Sunday-school teacher shall the little ones be led to the fold of the Good Shepherd. The number will be told in eternity.—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly.*

II.—KINDNESS.

I know not how it is with others, but for myself (though not of a strong, passionate temper), I often feel inclined to tartness, asperity, and fretfulness, when I find my class dull or wandering. I find it difficult to exercise a spirit of patience and winning kindness. I want more of *His* mind who could say to his disciples, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." I want that gentle, expostulating tone,—"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" I want that compassionate eye which could subdue Peter with a glance.

"In teaching the young," says Jay, in his 'Life of Winter,' "that which is so requisite is, not a vastness of talent, but a peculiarity of disposition. It is a temper compounded of affection and patience; it is a temper that blends mildness with firmness, and *inspires* rather than *commands*; it is a temper that, like the genial ray of spring, warms, revives, opens—not like the stern severity of the winter day, that chills, freezes, and binds."

"You were beloved at Olney" (said Cowper to Newton), "and you will be beloved among the Chickasaws and Chactaws. Human nature is like a fierce mastiff—if you touch him gently, he growls; but if you scold him, he *flies at you*."—*Ibid.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"I WILL BE THY GOD."

Compare this portion with the lot of thy fellow-men! Some of them have their portion in the field,—they are rich and increased in goods, and their yellow harvests ripen in the sun: but what are harvests compared with thy God, the God of harvests! Or, what are granaries compared with Him who is thy husbandman, and feeds thee with the bread of heaven? Some have their portion in the city,—their wealth is superabundant, and in constant streams it flows to them, until they become a very reservoir of gold; but what is gold compared with thy God? Thou couldst not live on it; thy spiritual life could not be sustained by it. Apply it to thy aching head, and would it afford thee any ease? Put it on a troubled conscience, and could thy gold allay its pangs? Put it on thy desponding heart, and see if it could stay a solitary groan, or give thee one grief the less? But thou hast God, and in him thou hast more than gold or riches e'er could buy, more than heaps of brilliant ore could ever purchase thee. Some have their portion in this world, in that which most men love—applause and fame; but ask thyself, Is not thy God more to thee than that? What if a thousand trumps should blow thy praise, and if a myriad clarions should be loud with thine applause; what would it all be to thee if thou hadst lost thy God? Would this allay the turmoils of a soul ill at ease with itself? Would this prepare thee to pass the Jordan, and to breast those stormy waves which ere long must be forded by every man, when he is called from this world to lands unknown? Would a puff of wind serve thee then, or the clapping of the hands of thy fellow-creatures bless thee on thy dying bed? No; there are griefs here with which men cannot intermeddle, and there are griefs to come with which men cannot interfere, to alleviate the pangs, and pains, and agonies, and dying strife. But when thou hast this,—"I will be thy God," thou hast as much as all other men can have put together; for this is all they have, and more. How little ought we to estimate the treasures of this world compared with God, when we consider that God frequently gives the most riches to the worst of his creatures! As Luther said, God gives food to his children, and husks to his swine. And who are the swine that get the husks? It is not often that God's people get the riches of this world; and that does but prove that riches are little worth, else God would give them to us. Abraham gave the sons of Keturah a portion, and sent them away; let me be Isaac, and have my Father, and the world may take all the rest. Oh, Christian! ask for nothing in this world, but that thou mayst live on this, and that thou mayst die on this, "I will be thy God."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

II.—SIN PERPETUATES ITSELF.

A man should either convince himself that there is no such thing as a "law of sin" reigning in his moral constitution,—that the elements of his natural character are all pure and good, so that he may safely, as the philosophical Transcendentalists say, "fall back on nature,"—act freely out what there is within him, and brave the consequences fearlessly;—or else he should confess that there really is a "law of sin" working in his soul as a fatal malady; and, while he deplores its power, should accept the only remedy that has been provided—the grace of Christ revealed to us by the gospel. Unless you ignore the very idea of sin, you must come to this conclusion: for all who discern the reality of sin acknowledge that it has in itself a progressive and self-perpetuating power; that where it has its way in any rational being, it must gain the supremacy; and that wheresoever it lives in any human heart, it reigneth unto death—"changing all down its course each thing to one with its immortal nature."

But, alas! we cannot so easily ignore the idea of sin.

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unless it be in some momentary fit of moral inebriation; for though the benumbing spell seem of long continuance, in due time it must be broken. You cannot entirely deaden your sensibilities to a perception of this fatal reality. The hour must come when the soul shall know and feel that its cherished tastes and passions, habits and aims, jar against the constitution of the moral universe; and then, whereso-ever it may be, that whole universe will become to it a very HELL. All its memories and all its anticipations must then be elements of torture, preying upon its expanding capa-cities as consuming and eternal fires. For we need no Bible to teach us the solemn truth which one of the world's "own poets" has thus recorded:—

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like to scorpion girt by fire;
The circle narrowing as it glows,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in its ire,
One and sole relief it knows:
The sting it nurtured for its foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
He darts into his desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire.
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed to heaven—
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death."

When Lord Byron thus pictured forth in flaming words the interior state of the finally impenitent, did not exalted genius then pay a tribute, though unconsciously, to the worth of the gospel, and sound forth a call unto all men to give ear to the voice of mercy, which, through the lips of Christ, speaks unto us from heaven? Let not the warning be in vain; for every one of us must know the joy of true repentance, or be the victim of remorse for ever.—*W. Hague.*

III.—I AM CHRIST'S.

CHRIST is ours; then *be ye Christ's*, beloved. Ye *are* Christ's, ye know right well. Ye are his by your Father's donation when he gave you to the Son. You are his by his bloody purchase, when he counted down the price for your redemp-tion. You are his by dedication, for you have dedicated yourselves to him. You are his by adoption, for you are brought to him and made his brethren and joint-heirs with him. I beseech you, labour, dear brethren, to show the world that you are his in practice. When tempted to sin, reply, "I cannot do this great wickedness. I cannot, for I am one of Christ's." When wealth is before thee to be won by sin, touch it not; say that thou art Christ's, else thou wouldst take it; but now thou canst not. Tell Satan that you would not gain the world if you had to love Christ less. Are you exposed in the world to difficulties and dangers? Stand fast in the evil day, remembering that you are one of Christ's. Are you in a field where much is to be done, and others are sitting down idly and lazily doing nothing? Go to your work; and when the sweat stands upon your brow and you are bidden to stay, say, "No, I cannot stop; I am one of Christ's. He had a baptism to be baptized with, and so have I, and I am straitened until it be accomplished. I am one of Christ's. If I were not one of his, and purchased by blood, I might be like Issachar, crouching down between two burdens; but I am one of Christ's."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

IV.—CHRIST NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT HIS PEOPLE.

TILL the Church be fully gathered together, there is in some sort a want to the perfection of Christ. We must con-sider Christ two ways—*personally*, and *mystically*. Per-sonally, or abstractively in himself, he is not only perfect, but perfection itself. Mystically, or in relation to his body, the Church: "*Now ye are the body of Christ, and mem-bers in particular.*" And Christ's will is, that where he is, his members may be there also. So that till the whole body be gathered to the Head, the Head is in some sort not perfect.

What a treasure of joy and comfort is here opened us! Our Saviour so loves us, that he thinks not himself perfect without us. Thou hast saints, the spirits of just, blessed and obedient angels, thy own infinite self, to delight thee,—what need hast thou of a worm? What am I, O Saviour, that thou shouldst not think thyself perfect without me? Well may this sweeten all our poverty, and the misery, disgrace, and ignominy, that the world casts upon us. A great gallant blusheth to see thee take acquaintance of him, looks upon thee betwixt scorn and anger, thinks himself disparaged by thy company: be content, the God of heaven and earth thinks himself not perfect without thee. He that can break thy contemners to pieces, respecteth thee. Thou art unworthy of the favour of Jesus Christ, if thou canst not content thy-self with it, without the favour of the world.

V.—"GRAVE SWEET MELODY."

WE meet to *worship God*. We worship God by offering up to him the oblation of holy affections. In singing, we offer up this oblation in *unison*. It is, then, a service in which every believer is expected to *unite*. Hence the airs should obviously be simple. They should be emphatically expressive of solemn, tender, and devout emotion. How-ever well adapted music may be to the expression of other emotions, if it fail here, it is at best an impertinence. Un-less it fan the flame of devotion, it were better to omit it entirely, and lift up our souls to God in silence.

And if this be so, by what name shall we designate that service which is performed merely as a matter of musical divertisement, when the most solemn truths of which the mind can conceive are used for the frivolous purpose of pro-fessional display? Can that be the worship of God which is enacted by men and women hired from the theatre and the opera house to regale the ears of an audience of musical amateurs? Can it be pleasing to God to exchange the obla-tion of holy affections for a mere sensual oblectation? The Saviour, whom we worship, has said, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, *there am I in the midst of them.*" My brethren, do we believe this? Is such a service as this a meet oblation to offer to the Saviour, who is present in the assemblies of his saints? When he demands of us the tear of penitence, the yearning of holy love, and the confidence of childlike faith, is it seemly to offer him, instead, trills from a fashionable opera?—*Dr. Wayland.*

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. II.

THE PEACE OF GOD RULING IN THE HEART.

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts."—Col. iii. 15.

IN the text, when thus isolated, are these three things,—

I. The place where power is put forth—"in your hearts:"

II. The manner in which power is put forth there—"rule:"

III. The power which is put forth there and thus—"the peace of God."

These correspond nearly to the three essential constituents of every monarchy,—

The Subject Kingdom,
The Method of Government, and
The Reigning Prince.

To help the memory, we may call them—*The Region: The Reign: The Ruler.*

I. The Region: where the ruling power touches, and takes effect—"*in your hearts.*" "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo here; or lo there: for behold the kingdom of God is within you." "My kingdom is not of this world." "My son, give me thine heart."

How practical and plain-dealing is the word of God! It does not go about the bush. It makes a straightforward, pointed appeal. This word comes to you, brother; and it tells its errand aloud. God its author desires to have you:—to have you brought into subjection, and employed in righteousness. He puts forth his hand to arrest you in your rebellion: to uplift you from the deep. He comes forth to seek and find you:—to bring you back to himself, that the mansions which he has prepared may be peopled with sons and daughters. He desires to draw you with an everlasting love, and therefore he comes into your heart and fastens the cord there.

The Author of the Bible is the Maker of man. He knows our frame. He knows, he feels the measure of the force with which the carnal mind departs from the living God: He provides the power necessary to counteract and overcome it. He knows the point in the complex constitution of his creature where divine love should be applied, in order that it may have purchase and power to arrest and restore.

The heart, as it is called by a metaphor common to Scripture and the language of ordinary life, is the regulator of the whole man. It means the will and the affections, as distinguished from the intellect. It is the choosing faculty, as distinguished from the knowing faculty. It is that in man which fastens impetuously on an object loved, without waiting in all cases for a decision of the judgment whether the object is worthy.

In the regenerated man both faculties are restored to healthy action. The mind becomes capable of knowing the true, and the affections disposed to fix on the holy. But, although in the just made perfect, these two will be equally renewed, they differ both as to order and importance during the process. Both in "the fall and the rising again" the heart goes first, and is chief. There the disease begins, and there the remedy must be applied. By the fall, the heart has become deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: in the regeneration, the heart is made new. By sin it becomes a stony heart: through grace it becomes a heart of flesh. It is there that the fool says, No God: and there that God our Saviour dwells when the possessed has come to himself again. This heart of man is the great battlefield of the world. Satan triumphed there: and thence a Stronger casts the usurper out. The heart of the children of men is set in them to do evil: to turn it again like a river of water, and cause it to flow towards God and goodness, is the errand of Christ to earth. After his ascension the message which he sent to that apostle who had lain closest to his bosom, and who lingered longest behind in life, is, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man open, I will come in."

It is by this heart that our attitude is determined, our path traced out, and the impulse given. When the heart is drawn in one direction, the whole man follows. To sin and death and hell the man madly follows, when the heart has tasted its forbidden pleasures and leads the way; as the ox runs toward the shambles, drawn by the scent of blood on the butcher's hands. Down the slippery incline the heart leads the unresisting victim, although the understanding should perceive and the conscience proclaim that these steps take hold on hell. When you endeavour to arrest a brother who is thus drawn unto death, you must get hold of him by the heart; for although you gain his judgment to the side of righteousness, the judgment has not power to reverse

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the movement, or even to slacken the speed. The heart's affections, strong and foul like a river in flood, bear the victim down, and the breath of a better judgment, though it blow from heaven, avails not to turn and save.

On this torrent, brethren, we all lie. With it we are carried impetuously down. The rush of an evil heart's affections, like other swollen streams, will not yield to reason. When God by his word and Spirit comes to save, he saves by changing the heart. If we ever be plucked from perdition, mercy must hold us by the heart.

An engine dragging its train on the rail is sweeping along the landscape. As it comes near, it strikes awe into the spectator. Its furious fire and smoke, its rapid whirling wheels, its mighty mass shaking the ground beneath it, and the stealthy quickness of its approach—its whole appearance and adjuncts make the observer bate his breath till it be past. What power would suffice to arrest that giant strength? Although a hundred men should stand up before it, or seize its whirling wheels, it would cast them down, and over their mangled bodies hold on its unimpeded course, with nothing to mark the occurrence but a quiver as it cleared the heap! But there is a certain spot in the machinery, where the touch of a little child will make the monster slacken his pace, creep gently forward, stand still, slide back like a spaniel fawning under an angry word at the feet of his master.

A ship driven by fierce winds is gliding with all the momentum of great bulk and great speed forward—forward upon a sunken rock, where the gurgling breakers greedily, gloomily predict her doom. What apparatus can you bring to bear on the devoted vessel? What chain thrown around her bows will bring her to a stand? The massiest cable coming across her course will snap like a thread of tow! But a touch by a man's hand on the helm will turn the huge mass sharply round, and leave it standing still upon the surface, with its empty sails flapping idly in the wind.

These great works of man laugh to scorn every effort to arrest their course; and yet they are so constructed, that a gentle touch on a tender place makes all in an instant still.

This greatest work of God, more wonderful by far—this man—this self of me—moves with a greater impetus to a deeper, longer doom. Moving from birth in the direction of Death, the immortal gathers momentum every hour, bursting through all the resolutions and efforts of himself and his neighbours, as Samson broke the withes that essayed to bind him. How Paul wept when he found that his wild heart would brook no restraint of his better judgment! I *find* a law in my members that when I would do good, evil is present with me. No power in heaven or earth will arrest that downward fall, unless it be laid upon the heart. The being is so made that a touch there may turn him, but nothing else will. Oh, brethren, to be arrested by the heart! Unless Jesus cast the bands of his love about that heart, as we are rushing past, there remains nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment. Lord, grasp me there. Lord, save me, I perish. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.

When they told the blind beggar at the way-side that Jesus was passing by, he rose and ran, and cried, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" *My* heart, Lord! and *mine!* Subdue it: make it new. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

II. The Reign: the manner in which the heart is possessed and controlled—"*rule.*"

The word translated "rule" in this text is very peculiar. It occurs nowhere else in Scripture. But although the word is only once employed, its meaning is neither difficult nor doubtful. It is borrowed from the practice of the Greeks at their great national games. Or rather, the Greek language was formed upon Greek history, and the scriptures of the New Testament adopt the language as a vehicle to reveal God's will. Hence, in a way altogether natural and necessary, great spiritual facts and laws are expressed by words that were originally cast in the mould of Greek customs, or jurisprudence, or warfare. This word relates to the prize for which the athletes contended in the Stadium. A monarch, or other chief presiding, held the prize in his hand while the contest proceeded, and conferred it on the victor at the close. Thereby he exercised over the runners or wrestlers a peculiar kind of rule. By the display of that prize, he led, he impelled them. They felt the impulse, and gave their whole being over to its sway. The word which designated the office and power of this president, is the "rule" of our text.

This is different from the rule which a king exercises over his subjects, or a master over his servants. It is more pervading, more complete than theirs. In every emergency, men are fain to resort to it, when other authorities fail. When a valuable jewel is lost, or a murderer escapes from the hand of justice, if the sense of duty and the magistrate's command suffice not, the last resource—last, because strongest—is to offer a reward. This is a force that reaches far, and penetrates deep. It finds out the person who can do the work, and constrains him to do it. That species of rule avails to accomplish the object when other kinds have proved impotent.

This is the kind of rule which man's Maker applies to man's heart. By hope are ye saved: or by despair lost. "There is no hope; we have followed idols, and after them will we go:" or, "There is bread enough in my Father's house, and love enough in my Father's heart: I will arise and go to my Father." Thus were the Hebrews ruled throughout their long pilgrimage in the wilderness. The promised rest, ever displayed before their weary eyes, held them up and drew them on. Even Jesus was, in this respect, made like unto his brethren. It was for the joy that was set before him

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that he endured the cross and despised the shame. It was the same species of force that generated Paul's impetuous and persevering movement — forward, upward. That crown of glory which by faith he saw glittering already in the righteous Judge's hand, held his heart as with a magnet's mysterious drawing, and slackened not until his course was finished and the victory won. The long train of worthies commemorated in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, where every verse is a hero's monument, felt, too, this resistless impulse, and followed whithersoever it led. Their whole life declared aloud that they sought a city, and expected it, too, as the issue of all their sufferings—"A city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Promises such as God makes, and the godly cling to, are indeed exceeding great and precious. They are the anchor of the soul which blessed hope holds by, until the soul reaches the rest that remaineth, and needs no more an anchor, because it feels no more a sea.

Be not deceived, brethren, by great swelling words, or secret deceitful thoughts about being free. Freedom from rule is not competent to man. The only choice he has is a choice of masters. Every spirit here is ruled, the boldest as well as the most timid—ruled by motives swaying his heart, as a feather is borne on the wind, or a withered leaf on the bosom of a torrent. Your body is held by gravitation to the surface of the earth, and the earth is kept by gravitation moving in its orbit round the sun. In these respects we are ruled. We are absolutely helpless in the hands of matter, and its laws, and its Lawgiver. This cord binds us and carries us, whether we will or not, millions of miles through space every day. Suppose one of these comets to be a vast world of fire; and suppose that it lies at a certain point in space forward many millions of miles on the earth's orbit; suppose that the earth going forward must meet it, like the collision of two ships in the sea, and that the meeting is destruction to the earth, and death to all that live on it. The wail of all mankind in the prospect will not save them. Forward! forward all must go to meet their doom! They cannot flee. Freedom of motion, indeed, we have through a little space on this planet's surface; but the planet and all its inhabitants are, in the meantime, inexorably drawn on in a determined route, and at a determined velocity, by laws and forces absolutely beyond their control.

Now the rule in the world of spirit is as absolute as in the world of matter. We are ruled, not rulers. There is, indeed, a liberty to choose and to refuse,—a liberty such as suits the creature, and such as the all-wise Creator has bestowed,—it is all we have, and all we need; but it is like the liberty of moving from place to place on the earth's surface, while the earth, with us upon it, follows another drawing, and obeys another law. In kind and degree the little liberty which man possesses is the very liberty that suits him best. Oh! if all were in his own power, and subject to his own will, who then should be saved? The only hope of fallen, falling spirits, lies in the will of the Infinite compassing their will about, and carrying them and theirs by a way which they know not into life. We have a will, and room for its exercise: we have a will; but God has one too! and his will wraps itself round us and our will, and all our world; and for his own glory and our good, binds us, and carries us whither of ourselves we would not go. Saul of Tarsus had free will, and vigorously exercised it on that journey to Damascus; but, oh! it is good for him now that another will, almighty, was thrown round him and his world that day, and carried him another way—carried the man and his will too into Christ.

III. The Ruler; the power that sways a human heart and so saves the man—"*the peace of God.*"

1. It is God and no idol that should rule in a human heart. Ever since the fall, other lords have had dominion over it; and the grand design of the gospel is to drive the intruders out, and regain the kingdom for its rightful Lord.

We cannot enumerate these evil spirits which possess and rule men's hearts. Their name is legion. Some are vain, and some are vile. The devil does with us as he tried to do with the Sinless One,—shows us the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, that he may rule in our hearts thereby.

The conflict in and for the kingdom of a human heart is like that great trial between Elijah and the prophets of Baal. It is one, with God upon his side, against four hundred. It is a war in which there is no quarter on either side. If they prevail, the witness will be silenced, and God, whom he served, cast out. If he prevail, they will all be destroyed.

In the course of life there are many changes of masters —at least many changes of the guard whom the god of this world sets over his prisoners. When a man passes from youth to age, he changes his master, but is still a slave. When he passes from death into life in the regeneration, he escapes from Satan's bondage, and becomes the subject of the living God. He is never for a moment free. Formerly, he obeyed the law of sin in his members against the authority of God in his conscience; now, his heart obeys the law of God, and struggles against still indwelling sin as his foe; but first and last, then and now, he obeys. No man can serve two masters: but every man at every moment of his life serves one.

If suddenly by a miracle our eyes were opened to see spiritual things, as we now see material, what a sight would meet our eyes, what a scream would escape our lips! We would be amazed to learn who is our neighbour's master, and ashamed to let our neighbour see who is our own. It is not to whom you say, Lord, Lord; but who really rules in your hearts.

2. But more particularly: when it is settled that God should rule supreme in the hearts of men, the question is suggested, What special attribute or manifestation of his being and character asserts and exercises the sovereignty in the heart of man?

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It is not his *wrath*. The terrors of the Lord are great, but they do not exercise supreme sway in a human heart, and lead all its affections whithersoever they will. His anger is not a ruling, leading, drawing power. It is mighty, but not to save. It is a force that casts the wicked into hell; but not a force that can win any son of man near in willing obedience. It is not a force in that direction. The stream of the Mississippi is a great power. It floats loaded ships or fallen forests downward with great velocity to the sea; but it cannot impel one tiny boat upward to the fertile regions near its source. This is done by another, and an opposite power. A breath from heaven in the sail will carry the vessel up against the stream. So with the manifested terror of the Lord against all unrighteousness of men. Its power is great—greater than we can know—who knoweth the power of thine anger?—but it does not lead any one any way in the path of righteousness.

Not this, but the *peace of God* rules in a disciple's heart. This is a sufficient power, acting in the right direction, and laying hold at the proper place. The origin and nature of that ruling power is seen in the cross of Christ. If you would see it, you must look unto Jesus. God has given his own Son to bear iniquity and make reconciliation. He gives, and delights to give, free pardon and eternal life to lost sinners for Jesus' sake. The invitation is, "Come unto me"—"Whosoever will, let him come"—"Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out." And, "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." God, in the act of pardoning a sinner for his dear Son's sake, makes an absolute separation in the man's account between him and his sins. The pardoned man knows and says, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity; O Lord, who shall stand?" But he lays himself down in peace, knowing that God has marked his sins to the Saviour, and the Saviour's righteousness to him. Sin is taken away, and wrath. There is now no condemnation: there is peace. This is the greatest thing for man. For you and me to-day, the greatest thing is to be pardoned and reconciled. Peace with God: if I have that, I need not care what I want.

But this peace as a *ruling power*—what effects does it produce? It is an old fear, and has continued till this day, that to set a man so free will encourage him in evil. Will this simple, instant, free, complete pardon of sin by God, not make sin seem a light thing to the man? No; nothing makes sin appear so sinful as its pardon through Christ crucified. The objection is an honest one, but it is not well founded. A blind man may honestly say the day is dark, or a foreigner say your language is obscure, when the day is bright and the words transparent. But they know no better. God's peace—his pardon, holds a heart from sin, and rules it in holiness. The bond is not visible to the natural eye, but it is not therefore feeble. Even in nature, the bonds that are invisible and intangible are surest and strongest and most enduring.

If you had been present when the Creator framed these worlds, and set them in motion, you would have trembled for the consequences when you saw him launch this globe from his hand with such freedom and force into infinite space. You would have thought, "It will fall away, and away for ever, into darkness—into the blackness of darkness for ever." You see no bond holding it, and therefore you think it will burst away uncontrolled. But the law of its Maker unseen compasses this world about, and holds it in. It is far more effectively restrained than if material barriers had been raised around it. Softly, invisibly, but most perfectly, is the heavy ball held and ruled and led by a law of God, and made meekly to do its Maker's bidding.

Thus a sinner forgiven is thrown off free. All his sins are forgiven. God retains no account against him. He is severed from all the past. It cannot be brought up against him. The pardoned is pardoned wholly, pardoned freely, pardoned for ever. There is now no condemnation. The Son has made him free; he is free indeed. But the very hand that freed him still holds him bound. Nay, though it seem a paradox, it is a great and sober truth,—to bind them, sets them loose; to free them, holds them bound. Those who are still bound over to the judgment by the law's inexorable grasp on an unclean conscience, are loose in life; run riot in wickedness. "There is no hope; we have loved idols, and after them will we go." *It is the act of setting him free that binds him.* There are many glorious paradoxes in the gospel. "When I am weak, then am I strong," is one. "*When I am set free, then am I bound fast*," is another.

Our English word *oblige* may help to explain somewhat the mystery. Its literal meaning is, *tied to*. By such and such a gift you will *oblige* me; that is, you *will tie me to you*. I was in your debt. I had by my own fault incurred the debt. You held the bond against me. You held me bound, and could any day have cast me into prison. You cancel all freely. You blot out that handwriting which was against me, by which you held me. You cut it through. You let me clean go. What then? Then and thereby, if there be one spark of truth or generosity in my being, you have bound me to yourself. By setting me free, you have bound me fast; you have bound me by my heart. The bond is invisible; but it holds a soul,—it rules a life. Love is the cord of a man. Other cords will hold a brute, but in this only can a human soul be held.

Such, although purer in nature and infinite in degree, such is God's method in the gospel, of seizing and binding and ruling a human heart. It is his peace that rules; it is his act of letting me go free that binds my whole soul for ever. Other bonds will wear out or break, but this is a heavenly, godly thing. This chain will not rust. Love is an everlasting thing, for God is love.

Free pardon is the only ruling power. Either God rules you by that, or you abide his enemy. A forgiven soul is like this earth in space—set absolutely free, and

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yet held all and held always in constant, complete submission. O to be forgiven!—to have no condemnation, no sin lying to my charge! LET GO! Then and thereby would I be *held*. If the peace of God in Christ Jesus go about my heart and rule me, I shall neither go away from Him in the course of life, nor be cast away from him in the judgment.

W. A.

DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD.*

AN American missionary from Persia, when paying a visit to his own country in 1842, had occasion to spend a Sabbath in the town of Middlebury, Vermont. He was in search of labourers for the foreign field, but he had no thought of finding what he wanted when he took his seat that day in the church of the late Dr. Merril. But he tells us, "After I entered the meeting-house, there came in a young man and ascended the desk, whose appearance was quite youthful, yet very mature, and whose whole air seemed to me more angelic than human. I was no prophet. But hardly could the mind of Samuel of old have been fastened more confidently on David, the son of Jesse, as the future king of Israel, than did my heart fix on *David Stoddard* from the moment my eye first rested on him, as the young man whom, of all I had ever seen, I could wish to have as our companion in the toils, and trials, and joys of missionary life." The heart's instinct was not, in this instance, mistaken. The young man who was thus providentially brought under the notice of Dr. Justin Perkins was one whom God had been actually preparing for the work. There was even considerable extrinsic interest connected with him. He was a native of Northampton—a town than which, perhaps, there is no other in New England better known in religious circles throughout the world—the town of Edwards, "the greatest," as Robert Hall has called him, "of the sons of men;" and the scene of that remarkable revival which so altered the character and aspect of the whole locality in which it took place, as to have supplied a vivid illustration of what we may expect to see when this earth is covered with its millennial glory. But, more than that, the young preacher was himself a member of that family with which the religious history of the town is so intimately connected. All who have read the life of the great President, will remember that his predecessor, and for a time, indeed, his colleague in the pastorate, was his grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, who, during the long period of fifty-seven years, sustained with uncommon power and dignity the office of the ministry in Northampton. The blood of that patriarch flowed in the veins of the future Nestorian missionary. Grace is not necessarily hereditary; but a blessing, we are yet assured, rests as a rule upon the seed of the righteous; and those have great reason to be thankful who, like the subject of this notice, can trace their descent from a godly ancestry.

David Stoddard was born December 2, 1818, and received a thorough education, first at the Round Hill School, which was then famous among the academies of Massachusetts; next at Williams College; then at Yale; and finally, at Andover. In all he maintained a high place. His tastes led him especially to the study of the physical sciences, and in some of these he achieved such proficiency that, if he had listened only to the promptings of ambition, he might have gained for himself a high worldly reputation. While yet a student at Yale, for example, he received the offer of a post in the United States' Exploring Expedition, then about to sail for the South Pacific; and when, after having taken his degree, he was acting as tutor in Marshall College, Pennsylvania (an office which he held for a year previous to his commencing the study of divinity), he was invited to take a professorship of natural science in Marietta College, Ohio. But, before either offer came, he had made his election to serve God in the gospel of his Son; and having a single eye to that end, he steadily resisted both. Still the love for scientific pursuits continued with him. He carried the telescope he had himself constructed out to Persia, and employed it to some extent in furthering his work. There, indeed, he had in general other things to think of than the study of the stars; but there are few who will respect the missionary less, that he was able to show a Mohammedan Moolah Saturn's rings and Jupiter's satellites, and send to Sir John Herschel certain astronomical observations that were both new and important. It is, however, with his spiritual history that we have chiefly to do.

Enjoying the unspeakable benefit of earnest and affectionate teaching at the hand of pious parents, his mind was early exercised with religious thoughts. "Almost as soon as I could speak," he says himself, "I was taught to pray every morning and night; and as soon as I could read, I used once a day to read a chapter of the Bible to my mother. She often talked with me about God, and seized every opportunity to impress religious truth upon my mind. Sometimes she retired with me to her closet, and there poured out her soul in prayer on my behalf." Those efforts were not altogether unavailing. "Often was David overheard, in his own chamber, weeping and praying for the forgiveness of some childish fault, and supplicating grace for his future duties." But the first decided expression of concern for his soul's salvation upon record, is in a letter written in his fifteenth year, and addressed to one of his brothers. It is dated, "New York, May 3, 1833." It was a season of general religious interest in that city. His uncle, with whom he was residing, spoke to him, and urged him to repent. He went to hear Mr. Finney, "and became rather more impressed." Conversation with that well-known revival preacher and with other ministers followed: and the result was—it is difficult to say what! "While verging toward the light, he does not seem," says his biographer, "to have found the light of LIFE." He clung, however, for a while to the hope that he was a Christian; and his parents, whose anxious wish was that he should devote himself to the ministry, judged so favourably of his state of mind, that they determined to send him to college. Three years later, in 1836, he passed through an experience which probably marks the true time of his entrance into the kingdom. He was then at Yale. That institution was enjoying one of its many special visitations of Divine mercy; and those of the students who had already taken their stand on the side of Christ, came to an agreement among themselves that they would each visit some unconverted classmate at his room, for the purpose of religious conversation. The result of this appeal in the case of David Stoddard was, that after successive interviews with the friend who had undertaken to visit him, he was brought to a sense of gracious acceptance

* Memoir of Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. New York, Sheldon & Co. 1858.

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with God in Jesus Christ. "My mother," he writes, February 29, 1836, "I trust the Lord has heard your prayers, and looked upon me in tender mercy. I humbly trust that I, who have gone on so long in impenitency, am in some measure brought to see my wretched condition, and am willing to accept the terms of salvation. Yesterday was a day long to be remembered by me, as one upon which my final deliberate choice was made for eternity."

Very early after this great change, we find Mr. Stoddard contemplating work in the foreign field. "I cannot but indulge the idea that I shall be a missionary, and perhaps labour for Christ in the dark corners of the earth." And in a letter written about the same time to his brother, he speaks of a firm conviction to which he had come in his own mind, that duty would summon him, at a future day, to give up friend and country, and spend his life in a foreign land. But in the meantime he was but in his literary course,—years must elapse before he could receive a formal commission to preach the gospel, and in the interval his enthusiasm might cool. It did so to a certain extent—or rather, he came to look at the work less in a romantic and more in a real light; and when he actually came to preach, he appears to have had the *Home* Missionary field most immediately in view. This, however, did not indicate any diminished sense of the importance of the ministry, or a waning of heart-interest in the cause of the kingdom. "I cannot bear the thought," he says, soon after he had been licensed by the Association of Congregational Ministers of Western Massachusetts, "of preaching such glorious truths as our blessed religion contains with a cold heart—I do sincerely long always to be in a glow of holy love. Pray for me, that I may be entirely consecrated to this glorious work." When Dr. Perkins, on the occasion referred to above, asked him to go with him to Persia, he promised that he would consider the matter, "though," he added, "I hardly think I shall go any where as a missionary." In this matter, however, his earlier thoughts proved truer than his later. After weighing the subject soberly and prayerfully, he came to the decision to which his instincts at the outset were opposed; and no sooner was that reached, than a cheerful and joyous activity was imparted to his mind. "He never knew repining or regret. He never had one feeling of wavering or reluctance. He went forward to the chosen work of life, not as a task or a sacrifice, but as a privilege and blessing."

Girdled on three sides by the Koordish Mountains, and bounded on the east by an extensive Salt Lake, is the beautiful plain of Oroomiah. It forms part of the north-westernmost province of the Persian empire; is within no great distance of the Turkish and Russian frontiers; and is reached from Europe or America by landing at Trebizond on the Black Sea, and by a long ride thereafter over the mountains of Armenia. Though somewhat inaccessible, it has intrinsic interest sufficient to repay the Christian traveller who visits it. On the one hand, its natural scenery is singularly attractive, being dotted over with some three hundred villages, each surrounded with luxuriant wheat-fields, vineyards, fruit gardens, and melon patches. On the other, it is inhabited by a people whose religious history and condition cannot but engage our curiosity and attention. They are NESTORIANS: forming an Eastern Church, which submits neither to the Greek nor Roman faith, but, maintaining for itself an independent position, has earned for its members the honourable name of "The Protestants of Asia." It might seem at first as if here were no proper field for a missionary station. But a very little consideration will show that the American Board acted wisely in selecting it as one of its fields of labour. The Nestorians possessed the Scriptures, but they were in manuscript, and were written besides in the ancient Syriac, which had ceased to be the vernacular language. In consequence of this, the Church, though freer from error than many others, had sunk into a state of formalism and ignorance. It was thus insufficient to keep religion alive within its own border, much less to extend its influence over the surrounding region. And hence it was a most thoughtful and far-seeing proposal, to seek to throw fresh light and life into this already christianized community, in the hope that through it the darkness beyond might be more quickly and more effectually dispelled. This was "the dark corner of the earth" in which Mr. Stoddard was to labour for Christ. He arrived at the city, which, standing in the centre of the plain, bears also the name of Oroomiah, on the 14th of June 1843, and at once addressed himself with characteristic ardour to such work as he was in a condition to attempt.

The mission machinery was much the same as that employed in other fields. There was the education of the young—carried on by a seminary in the town, which it was hoped would prove a nursery for an evangelical Nestorian ministry, and by a large number of schools in the country villages. Then there was preaching in the vernacular regularly at the principal station, and as occasion offered in the district round. And lastly, there was translation work, and the printing of a version of the Scriptures in the ordinary language of the people. In all these departments Mr. Stoddard was soon able to take a leading part. "He gave himself to his work," says one who knew him, "with singular devotion and purity of motive. He brought his whole heart's affections, and all the strength of his mind and body, and laid them at the feet of this poor despised people, saying, 'I am yours, to spend and be spent for you.' Never were vows more faithfully performed than those he took when he consecrated himself to labour on behalf of this people. Never was a sacrifice bound with tighter cords on the altar of Christ." The interest, however, attaching to his labours in the plain of Oroomiah did not arise either from any peculiarity in the agencies employed, or from his personal diligence in sustaining these agencies; but rather from the singular spiritual power which ere long attended his efforts. This is how we find him speaking six months after he had been in the field: "External prosperity, freedom from persecution, schools multiplied, knowledge increased, the Bible circulated, the gospel preached, are all causes for devout thanksgiving. But our great object ought to be *to save souls*, —to stand by them as dying men, in danger of going down to everlasting woe! to hold up a Saviour,—to intreat them to come to him for pardon and eternal life. This is our work, and a blessed one too. But if, at this late day, when years of labour have been bestowed on the people, there are few, very few conversions, it ought to keep us continually at the mercy-seat, pleading for the Holy Ghost." "I think there is a deep and growing feeling among the brethren that we must have a revival." "Pray for us, pray for us *earnestly*, pray for us *continually*, that God may descend and rest on this mission with his life-giving power." In this spirit the missionaries gave themselves more entirely than ever to prayer and the ministry of the word; and, as is usually the case,

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the intense longing which was awakened in their hearts for a time of refreshing proved the precursor to the blessing itself. The shower, however, came not all at once. Drops fell only here and there at first. Then trials intervened—trials from the wild Koords of the adjacent mountains—trials from the omnipresent Jesuits, who at Teheran and Tabreez did their best to excite Mussulman prejudice against them—trials, strange to add, from the *Puseyites* (agents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel), who at Mosul almost succeeded in doing them a still worse turn, in making the Nestorian Patriarch their enemy. But at last, after long and prayerful waiting, the sound of abundance of rain began indeed to be heard.

On the 20th of January 1846, Mr. Stoddard wrote: "Appearances indicate that we are on the eve of a revival;" and the very next day he was enabled to add, "I think as many as twelve of my larger boys are solemnized, not to say somewhat anxious. These boys occupied the schoolroom for prayer till late last night, and were up praying before the light this morning." The work of grace was truly and unmistakably begun. Two months later he writes: "During six weeks we have had in both seminaries, and, to some extent, in the villages, the presence of the Holy Spirit; and I may almost say, that we are rejoicing *with joy unspeakable*." Of this revival Mr. Stoddard wrote for behoof of the Mission Board an extended narrative, which is introduced into the interesting volume from which the facts in this paper are culled. Our limited space forbids, of course, our entering into particulars; but one can imagine the satisfaction—the thankfulness of heart—the fulness with which these missionaries of the Cross wrote thus home to their friends in the distant West: "After twelve years of toil and anxiety,—after all the vicissitudes through which the mission has of late passed,—after some of our members have left us through discouragement, and our own hearts were often oppressed with gloom, God has come among us with the still small voice of the Holy Spirit, and is breathing into these dry bones the breath of life."

The multiplied labours which the altered state of things required began by-and-by to tell upon Mr. Stoddard's health. Partial relief was given to him, first by the removal of the seminary from the plain to the bracing atmosphere of a neighbouring mountain, and afterwards by a trip on mission business to Erzeroom. But the improvement was only temporary, and in June 1848 he set out, along with his family, on a longer tour, to Trebizond and Constantinople. On arriving at the former place, however, an event happened on which he had never calculated: this was the death, from cholera, of his wife. Left thus with two motherless children to care for, there seemed no other course open to him than that of proceeding with them to America—a step, indeed, to which he had already, on independent grounds, been urged. By Southampton, then, and Glasgow (where a brother of his was resident), he made his way homeward, and reached Boston in the end of October. It was his plan to remain in the United States only till he had found a home for his children, and somewhat recruited his own health; but there was work given him to do which he had not anticipated. In visiting the colleges and churches, and in editing the Board's periodicals, two years and a half passed away; and it was not till March 1851 that he embarked again for his mission-field in the East. In the end of October he was once more welcomed to Oroomiah.

"Through the loving-kindness of the Lord," thus he writes shortly afterwards, "my hopes have at last been realized. I am again surrounded by my pupils on Mount Seir, and enjoying more than I can express as we rove together through the green pastures and beside the still waters of the gospel." Reviewing his ten years of labour, he feels that he has not spent his strength for nought. "Of the fifty-four scholars who have gone out from us, about thirty-four, or nearly two-thirds, are considered pious, and many of them devotedly so; nine are efficient and able preachers of the gospel, fitted to minister to our best congregations; while nineteen more, or twenty-eight in all, upwards of half the whole number, are so far preachers that they can conduct religious meetings in the villages with acceptance and usefulness. Further, twenty-five are regular teachers of village schools, besides one who is a translator, one printer, two in college at Malta, three teachers in the seminaries, one superintendent of village schools, and three which make preaching their employment. This result is very cheering; indeed I may say very delightful. These ten years have been the best years of my life, and yet who will say that I could have employed them more profitably?" This blessed and profitable work was now resumed, if possible, with increased ardour; and for six more years he was permitted to bear aloft, among the Nestorians, the standard of the Cross. In these years he manifestly grew rapidly at once in grace, in learning, and in weight of character; and, though comparatively young, there was no labourer in that field more influential, or from whom greater things might most reasonably have been expected. But the Lord had need of him in another sphere. In the end of 1856 he returned home from Tabreez, with the seeds of what ultimately proved to be typhus fever in his frame. With his wonted zeal he struggled against the debilitating power of the illness, and continued his work as before; but this position could not be maintained. He allowed himself at last to be laid up, and every means which skill or affection suggested were employed to promote his recovery; but all was in vain—his hour had come. For him, however, death had no terrors. "I am not very sick," he said some days before the end—"I think I shall get well; but if I should die, it would not trouble me,—I have no fear of death." "I rather expect to live," said he on another occasion; "but the better world seems so near, so very near, that I shrink from coming back to go the rounds of sin again." "Perhaps it may seem strange to you," he remarked again, "that I think and say so little about my sins and unworthiness; but I have no strength to look over them now. I have given myself to Jesus." "It is well worth the pains of such a sickness to have so much peace, and *such* peace. I never knew such peace before." "I lie passive—I lie *joyful* in His hands." "Peace! peace! All well!" were among his last words. He died January 22, 1857; and while his happy spirit joined the angel throng, his mortal remains were borne to their last resting-place by his own children, as it were; that is, by pupils who became hopeful Christians in the first revival.

"He goes among the churches," said Professor Edwards of Andover of Mr. Stoddard in 1849—"he goes among the churches burning like a seraph. I call him Henry Martyn, junior. So heavenly a spirit—one whose meat and drink it is to be a missionary—has hardly ever been seen in this country." "He did not have those deep depressing self-

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bathings which Brainerd had," says the Rev. S. Rhea; "but rather the happy, exultant spirit of M'Cheyne and Summerfield." "His life," adds his biographer, to whom a cordial acknowledgment is due for the taste and skill with which he has prepared this Memoir—"his life is a weighty appeal to young men of ability and education to give themselves to the highest, noblest, most rewarding service."

N. L. W.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

SCRIPTURAL STUDIES.

It may be safely admitted that, while our Authorized Version—which, whatever be its faults, is the best version of the Bible in existence—renders the original language of inspiration with extraordinary faithfulness and precision, there may be peculiarities in the original notwithstanding, to explain which commentary as well as translation is needed. The idioms of one tongue are very rarely susceptible of perfect rendering in another. In proportion, obviously, to the ease with which this could be done, there would be less of real idiom in the phrases, and, consequently, less of difficulty to the translator, and less of meaning lost to the reader who depended on him for his knowledge of the original work. In most instances, we may content ourselves with substantial accuracy in a translation. In regard to the word of God it is otherwise. It is the standard of our faith. True piety dictates that to the utmost we should avail ourselves of every aid by which we may arrive at an exact acquaintance with all that it contains, not merely in the broad outlines of holy truth, but in the more delicate shades of meaning attaching to the language under which it has originally been revealed to us.

The attempt to popularize learned criticism is difficult. The reader, under a mistaken impression, may shrink from accompanying us in the task. We have no intention of plunging into a sea of criticism, or of loading our pages with discussions on linguistic niceties. It is surely a fair question, however, if common readers of the sacred word cannot be made to appreciate in some measure the beauties of Scripture,—nay, solemn and instructive aspects of divine truth,—hid from them under the veil of a dead or foreign tongue. Alford would have our lads behind the counter study Greek for the purpose. Perhaps he underrates the difficulties of such an acquirement; difficulties arising from no want of capacity in the youths of the class to which he alludes,—for with a tithe of the energy they devote to business, they would speedily master the tongue,—but from the want of opportunity; such is the high pressure with which business in every department is wrought in modern times. We may try, however, to afford a few specimens of the ore that may be dug from this mine, contenting ourselves with the merest hints, and forbearing to cite authorities. To the scholar, such references would be too brief; to the ordinary reader, they would be, however brief, very unprofitable. Let us offer a few notes on *synonyms*,—resting generally, for the distinctive meaning of the words, on the works of Tittmann and Trench, though some of the instances which we adduce are not found in these authors:—

"In that he saith, A *new* covenant, he hath made the first old. Now, that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."—Heb. viii. 13.

"But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it *new* with you in my Father's kingdom."—Matt. xxvi. 29.

"A *new* commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—John xiii. 34.

The word "new" in such passages is altogether different from the more common one which is rendered by the same English term elsewhere; as, for example, in Luke v. 39. It is certain that, upon the sensitive ear of the Greek, the two words were not tautological,—they must have fallen with an echo of different significance. The word in the former passages denotes what is *relatively new;* the word in the other passage denotes, not *relative novelty*, but *recency of origin*. According to a happy illustration of the difference, the wine of 1846 may be new in the latter sense as compared with the vintage of 1811; but the latter, if introduced at an entertainment subsequently to the former, is in this sense *new* as compared with it. What truth have we thus elicited to us?

The covenant referred to in Heb. viii. 13, is described as new in the sense that it is *relatively* new. The inspired writer is comparing the dispensations, one of which was inaugurated and developed in its national form "in the day" when the Lord took the fathers of Israel "by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt," while the other was ushered in at the first coming of our Lord. The choice of the term in question shows that there was a change of system, not essentially as respects the principles of grace implied in both, but in regard to external accessories. Only once does the other Greek term which signifies "new" occur in connection with the word "covenant," Heb. xii. 24; where, as coupled with "the blood of sprinkling,"—the propitiation common to all the dispensations of grace,—it may denote absolute newness,—the way of salvation by grace as contrasted with the way of life by obedience. But to waive this point, it is something to realize under the distinctive import of a particular epithet, the identity of saving grace under every change of form and circumstance. Redeemed by the same blood, all true and living members of the Church are knit into a glorious unity. Considering what diversity has marked the children of God under various dispensations, why should we be so slow and chary in recognising in many of our contemporaries who cannot utter our precise Shibboleth, the lineaments of the same Divine image into which grace has in common renewed us? Are we not all to sing in heaven the same "new song;" *new*, as the covenant is new,—in the same sense of change, not as to its essential matter, but its outward form and circumstance? What is more, we are to

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drink "the new wine of the kingdom" in heaven. Here, too, the term signifies not what is *absolutely* new; for this were to the disparagement of the heavenly beverage, new wine being always of inferior quality and value; but *relatively* new,—not the less precious that, though it mellows in the lapse of eternal ages, it is ever new in the fresh disclosure of heavenly wonders with which the blessings of grace, first realized on earth, may have ripened to our enjoyment above. Though, as we are told, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor human heart conceived, what things God hath in store for his people there, they must, as we are further told, be revealed to us by the Spirit now; otherwise we cannot realize them hereafter. The very epithet our Saviour employs, therefore, seems to indicate that it is the same wine of grace by which we are comforted amid earthly trials that shall cheer us in glory. In what sense it shall, nevertheless, be new in heaven must be left perhaps for the beatific vision to declare. One thing is clear; on the principle which regulates the selection of the Greek epithets, if we have not "tasted and seen that the Lord is good" on earth, we can have no relish for, and no hope of enjoying "the wine of the kingdom" above. "Now is the accepted time."

So, too, with "the new commandment" of our Saviour. Absolutely and essentially it was not new; it was old as the precept to love our neighbour as ourselves. There is, notwithstanding, about it a feature of thrilling novelty as regards the motive by which it is enforced, and the model to which the exercise of our benevolent affections is to be conformed. Formerly, we were to love another as we love ourselves—with the strongest of strong instincts in the human bosom—the instinct of self-preservation—of self-love as discriminated from selfishness, and implying a just and wise regard for our own welfare. The demand is heightened in the gospel. We are to seek the good of others, not according to the instincts of a just self-love, but in the spirit of a generous self-denial, according to the blessed example of Jesus, "walking in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and given himself for us."

"And in that day ye shall *ask* me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall *ask* the Father in my name, he will give it you."—JOHN xvi. 23.

Is this a contradiction? The disciples are to ask, and yet not to ask. Can we explain it on the principle that prayer is to be directed not to Christ, but to the Father? But we have instances of prayer addressed to Christ, and answered by Christ, subsequently to his ascension,—as witness the case of the early martyr Stephen. The explanation, in truth, depends upon a synonym wholly obliterated in our version. It renders by a common term, "ask," what in reality is expressed by two different words. The one in the former member of the verse signifies primarily to *ask a question*, though under certain circumstances it has the subordinate meaning occasionally of *asking a favour*. The other word, in the latter member of the verse, uniformly signifies to ask a favour—in other words, to pray.

It is *inquiry*, not *prayer*, therefore, that is meant in the former case—the word being the same with that which occurs in ver. 19, where most clearly it relates to a question which the disciples were desirous of putting to Jesus. The general affirmation in the verse is, that a day was coming when familiar questioning must give place to humble prayer, and when that prayer, if offered in the name of Christ, would not be in vain. The change would necessarily ensue when our Lord withdrew from them to the scenes of his reward above, and when, according to Stier, the necessity of asking would be abolished through consummated knowledge in the light and life of the Spirit. And as Christ, according to the narrative, had marvellously anticipated by his own omniscience the expression of the desires at work in their hearts, they had a new and special encouragement to pray; for the fuller light which superseded questioning was not to hinder and prevent appeals to his love. It should the rather stimulate them to come to the throne, not with the questioning of doubt and uncertainty, but with the prayer of confidence. "Now are we sure that thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should *ask* thee" (ver. 30); for here again it is a term for *inquiry* rather than *prayer*. The omniscience so manifest when he was visibly in the midst of them, a solemnized and wondering group gazing on his countenance and hanging on his lips, would not be abated of its power when, far above all heavens, he stood beside the throne, their Intercessor with the Father. If, during the interval of separation from his human presence, they could not ask questions, they could pray. From what had just transpired, they saw that he needed no questioning, as if we would be left in uncertainty whether the expression of our wish had reached his ear, till it came back to us in the audible response which any questioning is ordinarily designed to elicit. By previous intuition he knew their wish before it rose from their lips. The Divine attribute implied in such infinite knowledge, is the highest pledge that if we pray, we may receive, in answer to our prayer, all the light we need. "In thy light shall we see light."

There is more truth suggested by these words, but we reserve it till it comes up before us again in a connection still more interesting and important.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall [i. e., not one of them shall fall] on the ground *without* your Father."—MATT. x. 29.

"Therefore we conclude, that a man is justified by faith *without* the deeds of the law."—ROM. iii. 28.

Here also there is a difference in the word translated *without*. Can any inference of value be founded on the distinction between them? According to the best authority on such points, the term in the former instance bespeaks the *absence* of the object from the subject—the sparrow, the subject spoken of, could not so die as that the Father was absent, unconscious, unwilling. In the

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latter instance, the *separation* of the subject from the object is denoted; faith justifies in a state of separation from,—viewed as apart from works. Had the former term been used, it would have meant that faith justifies in a case where there are no works. It only means, however, that faith, not works, is the ground of justification. There is no warrant for sin,—as if faith were in opposition to works,—while works are simply excluded, not because they are not essentially required of us, but because, however obligatory, they are not the ground of our acceptance with God. The careful observance of the synonym magnifies the honour of faith as the instrument of justification, while it guards the honour of holiness, as not opposed to faith, but promoted by it.

Edinburgh. G.

"NOW THE CRUCIBLE IS BREAKING."

Now the crucible is breaking,
Faith its perfect seal is taking,
  Like the gold in furnace tried;
Through the test of sharp distresses,
Those whom heaven most richly blesses
  For its joys are purified.

Trial when it weighs severely
Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
  On the heart of all his friends:
In the frame His hands have moulded
Is a future life unfolded
  Through the suffering which He sends.

Suffering curbs our wayward passions,
Childlike tempers in us fashions,
  And our will to His subdues:
Thus His hand, so soft and healing,
Each disordered power and feeling
  By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted,
That the soul be not distracted
  By the world's beguiling art.
'Tis like some angelic warder
Ever keeping sacred order
  In the chambers of the heart.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
To eternity's devotion,
  And awakes a fond desire
For the land where psalms are ringing,
And with palms the martyrs singing
  Sweetly to the harpers' quire.

Suffering gives our faith assurance,
Makes us patient in endurance.
  Suffering! who is worth thy pains?
Here they call thee only torment,—
There they call thee a preferment,
  Which not every one attains.

Brethren! grace which thus assuages
Suffering is through diverse stages
  Reached by true disciples here;—
While they're pierced by sharpest anguish,
While in many a death they languish,
  Watch through many a night of fear.

Though in health, with powers unwasted,
And with willing hearts we hasted
  To take up our Saviour's cross;
If through trial our good Master
Should refine these powers the faster,
  What good Christian counts it loss?

In the depth of its distresses,
Each true heart the closer presses
  To His heart with ardent love;
Ever longing, ever crying,
O conform me to Thy dying,
  That I live with Thee above!

Sighs and tears at last are over;
Breaking through its fleshy cover,
  Soars the soul to light away.
Who, while here below, can measure
That deep sea of heavenly pleasure
  Spreading there so bright for aye?

Day by day, O Jesus, nearer
Show that bliss to me, and clearer,
  Till my latest hour I see.
Then, my weary striving ended,
May my spirit be attended
  By bright angels home to thee!

(*From the German of Hartmann.*)
J. D. B.

"IS IT NOT TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!"

Towards the close of last summer, a dear friend, whose health had been long declining, went to reside in one of the many beautiful suburban villages of London. We all expected that the change would be beneficial, and that a few weeks spent in the country would send her back to us, if not well, at least what she had long been—a cheery, willing, working invalid. It was a pleasant task to me, in those bright summer days, to pay many a visit to my sick and suffering friend in that quiet cottage. As the summer waned away, it became manifest that our dear friend's health was failing rapidly too. My visits had to be shortened. Sometimes she was too weak to be seen at all. And on one occasion, as she lay stretched on a sofa, I saw too visibly, to be able any longer to put it away from me, that death was written on every line of her beautiful countenance. I spoke of it to her as a possibility. She knew it; had long known it; was ready for it, and had not a desire that it should be otherwise. Perfectly calm and self-possessed, she spoke to me of many things which she

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wished done after her departure. Then she asked me to pray with her, and specially to seek strength to enable her to bear her sufferings, which were intense and unceasing all night long, all day through. I came away sick at heart. How vivid is my remembrance of that day! The tall, still trees; the Crystal Palace, blue and shadowy in the distance; the slight brownish tinge settling down on the borders of the landscape; the noise and rude din of men as the city was approached.

On the occasion of my next visit, I saw that there was indeed no hope. She had a few little commissions of mercy for me, and had all prepared before I arrived. In the midst of all her suffering, she had abundant room in her heart for others; and "this was for that poor man," and "that for the poor woman." This over,—and it was quickly done,—"Now," she said, "take the Book, take the Book, and read to me; read me the promises of God; read about heaven; read in the Revelation, in the closing chapters." I read—read with what voice I could find—slowly, here and there dwelling on a word, repeating it; read now from the Old Testament, and now from the New, such passages as I thought suitable; her hand the while rising and falling, as if she had been listening to the sweetest, softest music; and now and then a look,—a look that said unutterable things. Then I prayed. My closing petition was, "May she be able to say, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell'"—at this point she interrupted me by herself taking up the words with a beautiful emphasis—"in the house of the Lord for ever;" and then she added, "for ever."

On my next visit, in the course of a conversation necessarily very brief, I asked if she was always as I saw her; had she no fears, no doubts, no seasons of darkness? She spoke of heaven with such fulness, frequency, and feeling of nearness; of seeing this dear friend, and that dear friend, whom she named, so soon; and even, speaking of one known and dearly loved by us both—one who is old, and drawing near the confines of the better land—she said, "Tell I——, that I shall soon see her dear blue eyes in heaven." And all this was spoken with so much naturalness, and with such a total absence of anything like excitement of any kind, that I could not help asking, knowing, as I well did, how exquisitely acute and constant were her sufferings, whether it was always so with her, and whether she never had any doubts. "No," she said, "never. No; never any doubts excepting this, and this comes often enough—Is it not all too good, too perfectly blessed, to be true? Can it be that I am really going to heaven to be with Jesus and all the glorified? Am I not deceiving myself? Is it not too good to be true?" To this I replied, that there were just two ways of it: Either that she was going to heaven, and the possession of all that glory, on the ground of what she herself was and had done; and then certainly she was right—it was all too good to be true, and she was deceiving herself indeed; heaven was too good for her; hell was the fitting place for her, as for every unworthy sinner, on that ground. Or she was going to heaven, and the enjoyment of all that ineffable glory, on the ground of what Jesus was, and had done, and suffered; and then, in that case, it was not too good to be true at all,—it was not too good *for Him;* even heaven and the Father's house could not be too good or too glorious as a reward for what Jesus was, had done, and suffered.

I saw by the smile and the look that the nail was fastened in a sure place by the hand of the Master of assemblies. From that day down to the day of her death her faith grew clearer, was ever unclouded, and triumphed over all. I saw her removed, a wasted skeleton, to her own home, and watched day by day, sometimes seeing her, and conversing a little with her as she could bear it; but it was ever the same to the last,—"My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." She was tended by a most faithful and loving, I say not, servant, for she had long ceased to be that, but by one who watched her to the very last, and who now mourns her loss as that which heaven only can replace; and she died, full of the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

I have told you all this, dear reader, to give me an opportunity of asking you whether you do not think that the good things offered and promised in the gospel are too good to be true. Is not this a ground of your unbelief? You cannot believe that God really means to pardon you, to accept you, to adopt and glorify you, and all without money and without price. But think that the whole inheritance of the saints is a purchased possession. It *is* bought, though you never did or could buy it. It *is* paid for, though the price is not of your, but of God's providing. All that God offers, though it is very great, and gracious, and glorious, is simply worthy of God. You know the famous saying of Cæsar? "This is too large a gift," said one, "for me to receive." "But," was the reply, "it is not too great for Cæsar to give." The gospel is worthy of *all* acceptation. He that believeth it shall be saved, and he that believeth it not shall be damned.

I would fain also claim the privilege of asking, as a question that arises naturally out of the simple facts I have narrated, Are *you* ready to die thus, now? I can testify of my own knowledge, that it was the work of many years for my friend to prepare herself for meeting God in the calm, quiet way I have described. She did much on her death-bed, and did it because she had done much while she lived. It is living well that is the *only* preparation for dying well; and we cannot live well without living, loving, growing faith in the Lord Jesus. May it be granted of God that this friend, though dead, may now thus speak, dear reader, to the quickening of thy soul! God grant it! Amen.

Chelsea. T. A.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

In resuming the Home Lessons, we beg to remind our readers that they are designed mainly as samples of the questions that may be put, and that we are far from recommending that they be adhered to in every instance. Additional questions put by the parents will greatly freshen the exercise. We may add, that for very young children, a simpler exercise than this series would need to be adopted.

No. VI.—COMMENCEMENT OF CHRIST'S MINISTRY IN GALILEE.

MATT. IV. 12–25.

[Between the temptation of Jesus and what is recorded now, many events in his life seem to have occurred that are not mentioned by Matthew. They are recorded in the first five chapters of John. Matthew was not called by Christ till after these events; not till Christ came to live in Capernaum.]

Ver. 12. What John is spoken of here? By whom was he put in prison? Why? Luke iii. 19. What did Jesus do then? Why? [To commence his own public ministry. One witness for the truth was silenced, but He to whom he witnessed, and who was Himself "the truth," instantly took his place.] Do you remember anything similar to this in the Acts of the Apostles? [Martyrdom of Stephen, followed by conversion of Paul.] Why did Christ choose Galilee rather than Judea as the scene of his ministry? [Possibly because the people, on the whole, were less bigoted and prejudiced. Jerusalem was the head-quarters of the scribes and Pharisees, Christ's bitterest enemies. He went up to Jerusalem thrice every year, at the great feasts.]

Ver. 13. Why did Christ leave Nazareth? Luke iv. 28–30. Where did he now come to dwell? What is Capernaum called from this circumstance? Matt. ix. 1. How far is it from Nazareth? [About twenty miles.] On the shore of what sea or lake was it situated? Did Capernaum profit by the high privileges it enjoyed? Matt. xi. 23. What solemn warning may we draw from this? See Rev. ii. 5. What is the present state of Capernaum? [A mound of black ruins, almost hid by thorn-bushes and thistles, in the green, crescent-shaped plain of Gennesaret, is believed to be the site of Capernaum. Thickets of thistles cover the ruins of most of the towns on the lake: they are as tall as a man on horseback, and so thick that no horse can break through them. Three or four Arabs with their clubs are required to open a passage from ruin to ruin. See Isa. xxxii. 13.]

Ver. 14. Where is this prophecy to be found? Isa. ix. 1, 2.

Ver. 15, 16. Was this district of country celebrated in Old Testament times? [No; the tribes of Zebulun and Naphtali were not renowned. The city of Dan, where Jeroboam set up one of the golden calves, lay in the district; and the whole neighbourhood was often ravaged and made miserable by the Syrians and the Assyrians, when they invaded the land. 1 Kings xv. 20; 2 Kings xv. 29.] Why is the district called "the region and shadow of death?" [On account of the worship of the calf at Dan, in Isaiah's time; the worship of the Greek god Pan, afterwards; and the general carelessness and godlessness of the people.] What change in the condition of this district did Isaiah foretell? What were the chief employments of the people about the Lake of Galilee? [Mostly connected with *fishing*. It was a very busy, active population. The banks of the lake were crowded with towns which swarmed with people. Nearly all these towns have now disappeared; and a recent traveller could hear of but a single boat upon the lake.]

Ver. 17. Who had preached in the same strain before? ch. iii. 2. [Observe, Jesus took up the same subject as John. Without the knowledge of *sin* men would never turn to Christ for *salvation*.] What is meant by "the kingdom of heaven?" See on ch. iii. 2, p. 59.

Ver. 18. Where was Jesus walking? [The Sea of Galilee is a lake about 12 miles long and 5 broad. Mountains commonly rise straight up from its edge. The chief exception is at Gennesaret, where there is a small fertile plain, on which Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and other places stood.] Had Peter and Andrew ever seen Jesus before? John i. 40–42. What was the employment in which Jesus found them engaged? What may we learn from the humble nature of their employment? [Not only that the poorest may render good service to Christ, but that He often chooses such to render special service, that the glory may be of God and not of man.]

Ver. 19. What command did Christ give them? And what promise? Does Christ address the same command to any of us? [Specially to ministers of the gospel, but as *really* to every one of his people—all of whom are bound to "watch for souls" as they shall give an account to him.] Are we naturally willing to follow Christ? Who can make us willing? Ps. cx. 3. What is meant by "fishers of men?" [Persons who win souls to Christ.]

Ver. 20. What are we taught by the *readiness* with which Peter and Andrew obeyed Christ? Do you remember a memorable instance in the Old Testament, of one who gave up the world to serve God? See Heb. xi. 24. And of one who "looked back," and became a pillar of salt? [Lesson—The call of Christ should be above every worldly consideration.] What will become of those who refuse or neglect Christ's call? Prov. i. 31.

Ver. 21, 22. What may we learn from the fact that so many of Christ's disciples were *brothers*? [That Christ has a special interest in *families;* that he loves to see *brothers* of the same spirit, and engaged together in his work; that he has great delight in a *Christian household*.] Give an instance of Christ's love for a Christian family not among his apostles. John xi. 5.

Ver. 23. How is Christ said to have spent his time? Acts x. 38. What are the three modes of doing good mentioned here by Matthew? What were the synagogues? [Places where the Jews met for reading the law and for worship on Sabbath-days and other days. They were in every city: in Jerusalem their number is said to have been 480.] In what manner did Christ preach the gospel of the kingdom? [As at Nazareth, Luke iv. 21.] What does the word "Gospel" mean? Luke ii. 10. [Observe, Christ had begun by calling men to *repent;* now he brings *glad tidings* to the contrite and lowly.] What were the *two* purposes of his miracles? [1. To show that he came from God; 2. To shadow forth the nature of the blessings he was to confer. Men are fallen, crushed, bruised, plague-stricken by sin: Christ came *to make all whole*.]

Ver. 24. What district was embraced by the word "Syria?" [The Roman province, from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean—a much larger district than Palestine.] What may we learn from the fact that Christ healed every one that was

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brought to him? [That he is both able and willing to save all that come to him, Heb. vii. 25.] Are men as willing to apply to Christ for salvation as for healing? Why are they not? [Because they love *sin*, while they hate *pain*.] What is really the cause of the existence of pain?

Ver. 25. What was Decapolis? [The word denotes a district of *ten* cities, on the east of the Sea of Galilee; but it is not quite certain what cities it included.] Were these multitudes real disciples? Why did they follow Christ? What may we learn from the fact that of the multitudes whom Christ called, so few were really converted? Matt. xx. 16. [How earnestly ought this to lead us to pray that we may not be suffered to leave Christ, but may be united truly to him, and enabled to "cleave to him with purpose of heart!"]

DOCTRINE.—Men are unable to save themselves.

Job ix.; Ps. xlix.; Prov. xx.; Jer. xiii.; Ephes. ii.; Rom. v.; 2 Tim. i.; Titus iii.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"THE LIGHT WITHIN."

THE sun had nearly sunk behind the hills, leaving the valley in sombre shadow, as if to warn the traveller that night came early these dark December days; but Alice Lee sat weeping beside a stile at the road-side, regardless of the gathering gloom, only now and then looking helplessly at a bundle of sticks that lay beside her. How long she intended to sit there no one knows, but soon a rustling noise was heard in the wood she had just passed through, and a girl about her own age clambered over the stile with a heavy burden of sticks on her back.

"Why, Alice!" she cried, "how can you sit there in the cold? You'll be frozen to death!"

"And who would care?" said Alice.

"I would," replied her friend, laughingly; "and you wouldn't much like it yourself either; so come, cheer up, and let us see who will be first home."

But Alice was too sullen to be persuaded, and at last Ellen Wilson went on her way more quickly than before, to make up for lost time. Alice sat watching her retreating figure until a turn in the road hid her from view; then slowly raising her own bundle, she began to walk in the same direction, but very slowly, and still weeping bitterly.

The road stretched along the valley, and both the girls were making towards two cottages which stood apart from the village, and a good way up the hill; but the difference was great between the two children who were thus following the same path to homes that seemed so much alike. Both were very poor, and neither had what could be called a happy home; but the one loved God, and the other knew him not; or in other words, the one was happy, and the other was miserable. Alice had never felt the contrast between herself and Ellen so strongly as this night, and she was inwardly wishing she knew what Ellen's secret was, when some one, who had been walking much more rapidly than herself, drew near, and she was joined by a kind-looking elderly gentleman. He asked her why she was crying; and when she told him because she was cold, and weary, and was afraid that her mother would scold her when she reached home, he looked very sorry for her, but said he did not think crying would do any good. "I am afraid, little girl," he added, "that you don't know how to be happy."

"I am not always crying, sir," said Alice.

"I daresay not," he replied, with a kind smile; "but it is one thing to be sometimes merry, and quite another thing to be always happy."

"Always happy!"—the words sounded very strange to the wearied child. "I would like to be always happy, sir," she said.

"None are happy on earth," he answered, "excepting those who love God, and the Lord Jesus, who died to save us. This makes them contented with their lot in the world, whatever it may be, because it is God's choice for them. Do you see those two cottages high up on the hill-side?"

"Yes, sir," said Alice; "we live in one, and Ellen Wilson and her father live in the other."

"Well," he said, "as I came along the valley this evening your cottages were quite bright in the beams of the setting sun; but as it went down, they grew darker and darker, till I could scarcely find them out on the hill-side. But now, don't you see how bright one of them is again? Can you tell me the reason of this?"

"There is a light within, sir," said Alice. "Ellen has got home, and she has kindled the fire?"

"Yes," he said, "that is it; there is a light within! And so it is with ourselves, whether old or young. It is easy to look bright when the sun is shining outside; but when darkness and trouole come, then we envy those who have a light within. And mark this, my child, the only light for these dark, sinful hearts of ours is the love of Jesus, and the sweet spirit of contentment which this love always brings with it."

Here he stopped, for his road now lay in an opposite direction; but he gave Alice a little hymn-book, and told her to keep it in remembrance of an old friend who prayed that God would himself teach her the only way to be happy both here and hereafter.

Alice went on, pondering over the strange words she had heard. She paused at the Wilsons' cottage, and watched her friend Ellen busily engaged in making all tidy before her father's return. "Oh," she thought, "I am sure that Ellen has the light that the gentleman spoke of, because she loves God, and that will be why she is happy, while I am miserable." But she had no time for further thought, for she heard the angry voice of her mother screaming, "Come along, you idle, little vagabond, or I'll see if I can't make you walk smarter!"

Poor Alice hastened on with her burden, but did not escape an angry blow as she entered the cottage. The sticks would not burn, they only smouldered among the embers, for they had been gathered from the nearest and dampest corner of the wood; and after a fresh torrent of abuse, the poor child was sent supperless to bed. She lay shivering on her straw pallet, thinking that she could never sleep, and feeling that all was very dark both without and within.

But children do not often lie awake even when cold and hungry; so Alice fell asleep, and she dreamed a dream.

She fancied it was day, and time for her to take Nancy, the cow, to the hill-side; but when she reached the door, there was scarcely any light coming from the sun, for a dark shadow seemed over it, and there was a mysterious chill in the air, just as she remembered feeling when there had been a wonderful eclipse.

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"Mother! mother!" she cried, running into the cottage again, "why is it so dark?"

"Dark!" repeated her mother, "and the sun shining so bright. You're not awake yet, or you're blind, or idle, and that's more like to be the way of it. Get to your work, child, or I'll give you a beating that'll make you see right."

Alice did not wait a second bidding; but as she went out again, she met several people, and when she spoke to them of the darkness, she saw that they only wondered, and thought that she was blind; but there was an unusual stir in the Wilsons' cottage, so she turned in there. Ellen stood with her little bonnet and hood on, and a small bundle and lantern in her hand.

"Oh! Ellen," she said, "where are you going?"

Ellen looked as if surprised at the question. "I cannot stay here," she said; "this place is too dark; I am going to the beautiful country you have heard about, that needs neither the sun nor the moon to lighten it."

Alice asked, "Are you going alone?"

"Oh, no!" said Ellen, "that would never do. I have a Friend with me, though you cannot see him, and he has promised to take me safely there."

Alice asked if it would be a long journey. "I am not sure," Ellen replied; "but it is a pleasant road, and you see what a bright light I have."

She held up the lantern, and Alice read in golden letters all round it, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"Father is going to follow me," continued Ellen, "and you must come too; but I have no time to wait for you."

So she trimmed her little lamp afresh, and left her home.

Alice watched her as she hastened on through a rugged defile among the hills; sometimes the road looked very rough, sometimes smoother again, but she saw that the light, which had burned dimly among the fogs of the valley, grew brighter and brighter as Ellen ascended the hill, till it threw quite a glory over the pathway and round her little figure; and Alice could see that the way was covered with golden inscriptions. One was, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" another was, "This is the way, walk ye in it." But the one that pleased Alice best was this, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." She gazed and gazed upon the glittering words until she forgot to look any more at Ellen. At last she seemed to hear confused noises, and dreamed something about a thunder-storm, till awakened by a violent shaking from her mother, and a storm of angry reproach for having slept so long.

The poor child rose in a moment, and hastened to her morning work; but though her dream was gone, its pleasant memory remained. She eagerly told it all to Ellen, and said she thought it meant something like the "Pilgrim's Progress," but asked if it would not mean that Ellen was to die soon. Ellen smiled, and said,

"Perhaps it means that I have begun a pilgrimage to heaven, like Christian."

"And who is your Friend?" asked Alice.

"That must mean Jesus," said Ellen; "and you know he has promised never to leave any that come to him."

"But I can't love Jesus!" exclaimed Alice. "I can't love him when I have not seen him, and when he makes me so poor and wretched."

"I used to think all that," said Ellen. "Mother used to tell me a great deal out of the Bible, but I did not care for it till she was dead. Then, one night when my father was drunk, he beat me till I ran out of the house crying, and I thought, 'What a miserable, miserable world this is!' Then I remembered how Jesus had left his throne to come into this very world, and to suffer and die for us; and it seemed such wonderful love! I cannot tell how wonderful it seemed. And mother had bade me ask God for help; so I asked him then, and it makes me so happy to have learned to pray. Now, when father beats me, I can bear it better, and sometimes I have such sweet thoughts!"

"What kind of thoughts?" said Alice.

"I think," she said, "that heaven is my real house, where Jesus, and the angels, and my mother are; and that this is only a school where God is giving me some hard lessons to learn for his sake."

How Alice wished that night that she might dream her beautiful dream again! But though it would not return at her bidding, it was never forgotten; for she felt as if all her life till now had been a dream, and that she had newly awakened to see why she had come into this world, and to hear of the glorious inheritance that might yet be hers.

The true light had shone into her heart, and even her mother wondered at the change, which she could not understand. Ellen rejoiced, and not a few saw that another little pilgrim had left the broad for the narrow way, and was seeking a "better country, that is an heavenly."

Edinburgh. S. B.

II.—HOW TO DWELL SAFELY.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—Ps. iv. 8.

THIS is a sweet verse, my dear children, for you and me to remember, and to repeat when we lie down to sleep at night. It is what king David says, who had so many enemies, and came through so many dangers; and it is just as true now as when he wrote it so many long years ago.

God only makes us to dwell in safety. This should comfort us, though we were in a small ship on a stormy sea, with only a plank of wood between us and the deep waves; or in a foreign land, with wild animals or wilder men all around us; or among dangers of any other kind. Still we need not be afraid, for God only makes us dwell in safety; and none of these things can hurt us, unless he is pleased to permit them; and he always loves his children, and knows what is best for them. Therefore, many a one, loving and trusting in Jesus, has laid him down in peace and slept, like David, though death and danger were on every side. When you are older, you will read about this in the life of Captain Vicars, and in the history of other Christian men.

God only makes us to dwell in safety. Remember this when you have lain down in your own comfortable little bed, when mamma and nurse have kissed you, and left you to sleep, and all is quiet and peaceful round about you. Still, *God only* can make you dwell in safety. It is not the care of your dear friends; it is not all the comforts their love provides that you must trust to. Sickness, and danger, and death might come any night to their dear child, without their being able to save him. It is only to our heavenly Father we must look at all times, to keep us safe from harm. Do we love him; do we love his dear Son our Saviour? Have we asked Jesus to pardon all our sins, and change our

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hearts, and take our souls into his keeping for this world and for the life to come? Then we may lie down every night in peace, and sleep; and although death should come to us before the morning, and we were never to awake in this world again, we would only open our eyes in that happy home where danger and fear can never come, where all the children of God are perfectly safe, and perfectly blessed for ever. J.

III.—ZEAL.

The Bible says, that "it is good to be zealously affected in a good thing." This, of course, does not mean that we are to be greatly excited with what we have to do. I suppose that it means earnest, prompt action—doing with our might what ought to be done; and not acting as though we had time to waste in loitering,—in *talking* about our work, but never doing it. It *is* a good thing to go zealously about what should be done. There are people in this world who never accomplish anything, because they will not wake up and let their hearts grow warm with the thought of the world's work to do.

I have seen little boys sauntering around with their hands in their pockets, or going about their work with a sleepy, discontented look. I have seen little girls, too, using thousands of golden minutes in doing what should be well done in a very few. And seeing this, I have sometimes wanted to give these little boys and girls a *shake*, and say to them, "Wake up, wake up, little tardy toes, there is work to do—beautiful, *grand* work to do! Think about it now, and set yourself to doing some good thing zealously."

There are children who cannot find a moment for idleness, they are always full of zeal to do something; and if this something were always a *good* thing, what useful children such would be! I once attended the funeral of a good young lady, who began a life of usefulness at the age of three years. Scarcely had she learned to read, ere she began to teach others; and when only six years old, she formed a society of children who came together weekly to read the Scriptures and pray. Thus many of these children learned to fear God and keep his commandments. So deeply interested was this little girl in her plans for doing good, that she would talk of them when asleep; and thus during her short life she was always doing what she could—always zealously affected in some good thing; and early called to her heavenly home, she was no doubt able to say, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." There are those who are called suddenly to another world, and leave much unfinished; and this thought should inspire us to work while the day lasts.

Are you not interested in the world's work, little children? Try to become so. Inquire what is to be done before the Lord Jesus Christ can become King of nations? Would you do something to hasten this *glorious* day? You can. Let your hearts grow warm with the thought. Can you teach a poor child to read, or get one into the Sabbath school? Can you save pennies for the missionary-box, or set the good example of patience, industry, and zeal, in doing what you can? Nay, what is even better, can you cause the little light of your example so to shine, that others may be led to follow Jesus with you. If so, you can have a part in the great work to be done, and a share in the glory which is to follow the great work completed.

IV.—"LET ME RIDE."

Have you heard of the fearful balloon-ride of two little children only three and five years of age?

An aeronaut, or air-sailor, came down suddenly with his great balloon into a farm-yard. The farmer and his wife came out, and were amazed at the sight of their strange visitor and his wonderful vehicle. When their fears had subsided, and their curiosity had been gratified, they consented to take a short ride—the aeronaut holding on to a rope to keep them from going up far. When they came down, their little children, who stood looking on, cried, "*Let me ride*," and were helped into the car; but by some sad mistake the balloon flew up in the air, out of the reach of the aeronaut, and the poor little children were lost sight of. On they went, borne with rapid speed through the air, while the parents wrung their hands with anguish. All thought they would freeze to death up in the air, or fall into some lake and drown, or in some deep forest and die with hunger, or be dashed in pieces.

When the children felt themselves going up, they screamed with all their might, "Pull me down, father!" But though their pitiful cries pierced the hearts of those who heard, none could help them. They passed on over villages and forests. By-and-by the little boy became cold, and his sister covered him up with her apron.

After sailing a long distance, they came down in a tree near a farm-house, and were discovered and helped out by the farmer; and were at last safely restored to their parents' arms.

This is a strange but a true story; and yet I have known little children take more perilous trips, and no account reached the newspapers, because people are not enough afraid of that which kills the soul.

When boys beg their parents to take them to the horse-race, or the theatre, and after much persuasion gain their point, they make me think of the little aeronauts crying, "*Let me ride.*" Sometimes unwise parents help them to such places; and when the boy has become a worthless, dissipated idler, they mourn in anguish, but, alas! too late.

Sometimes boys plead for permission to hang about the tavern, where sounds of profanity and drunkenness fill the air. But, like the children in the swift-mounting balloon, the boy fast gets beyond his parents' reach, and becomes a wretched drunkard ere they have opened their eyes to the awful truth.

Sometimes young girls will cry, "*Let me ride;*" and sighing after the ball-room, opera, and theatre, gain the consent of their parents, who ought to know better; and thus grieve the Holy Spirit, and go far out of the reach of Christian influence. They may, in some moment when death stares them in the face, cry, like the children in the balloon, "*Save me, father!*" and the heart-broken parent wring his hands in anguish, but be unable to save his child.

"*Let me ride,*" they cry. They see no danger. Thinking they can return at any moment to the security of childhood, they go on exhilarated with their rapid course of pleasure, and awake too late, to find themselves perishing in the dark forests of sin, and starving far from the bread of life and waters of salvation.

Take care of yourselves, dear children. Your sinful natures ever incline you to enter into new scenes of temptation. When you are begging your parents or guardians to

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let you indulge some forbidden pleasure, remember the little aeronauts, and keep close by the Lord Jesus, by the Bible, and by prayer. Where one such wanderer escapes, how many are lost!—*Amer. Messenger.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—HEARERS AND DOERS.

Our blessed Saviour describing good hearers, tells us, they are such as bring forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold (Matt. xiii. 23). And elsewhere he compares the obedient hearer to the man who built his house upon a rock, which stood firm and immovable in the midst of all winds, waves, and weather; and the man that heareth and doth not practise, to him who built upon the sand,—which house quickly fell, when the winds blew, and the waves beat (Matt. vii. latter end). His meaning and intention, reader, was to quicken thee and me to mind subjection to the word, without which we must perish. Suppose thou art ever so great a hearer, yet if not a doer, thou deceivest thine own soul. Alas! what will become of the frequent hearer, when the non or negligent doer shall be thrown into hell?

I have read a story of two men, who, walking together, found a young tree laden with fruit. They both gathered, and satisfied themselves at present. One of them took all the remaining fruit, and carried it away with him; the other took the tree, and planted it in his own ground, where it prospered, and brought forth fruit every year: so that though the former had more at present, yet this had some when he had none. They who hear the word, and have large memories, and nothing else, may carry away most of the word at present; yet he that (possibly) can remember little, who carrieth away the tree, plants the word in his heart, and obeys it in his life, shall have fruit when the other hath none. The practical memory is the greatest mercy.

It is reported of a good man, that coming from a lecture, and being demanded whether all were done, he would fetch a *deep* sigh, and say, "All is said, but all is not done.".

Reader! when thou hast heard the word, consider, though the sermon be at an end, yet there must not be an end of the sermon. Practice, which is the heart of hearing, is still behind. Observe the properties of those persons to whom, and their posterity, God will be propitious: "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting, and his righteousness to children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and remember his commandments to do them" (Ps. ciii. 17, 18). They are described by their act; they lay the word up, they *remember his commandments;* and by their end, to lay the word out in their lives,—*to do them.* A good husband having received a bag of money, locketh it up safe, that none may rob him of it, and as occasion is, fetcheth it down, and layeth it out, some for food, some for clothes, some for rent, some for servants' wages, some for this, some for that, as his necessities require: so, friend, do thou lay up the precious treasure of the word safe in the cabinet of thine heart, and bring it out as thy occasions call for it in thy life. Art thou in adversity? fetch out the promises for thy comfort; broach that strong liquor which was purposely tunned up for thee against a groaning hour: "This is my comfort in mine affliction, for thy word hath quickened me" (Ps. cxix. 50). Art thou in prosperity? bring forth the precepts for thy carriage: look to that card and compass by which thou mayest sail evenly and trim, notwithstanding those high winds and swelling waters: "Thy word is a light to my feet, and a lamp to my path" (Ps. cxix. 105). Wouldst thou resist and conquer Satan's temptations? the word is a shield, which is full proof against all thrusts and darts: "By the words of thy mouth, I have kept myself from the paths of the destroyer" (Ps. xvii. 4).

II.—KINDNESS AND UNKINDNESS.

How sweet to feel that all the kindness and tenderness of the creature flow first from Christ! If this be so, the creature may change, but Jesus never.

How often has an unkind look or word proved a blessing to my soul! It has made me flee to Christ; and there I have found no unkindness. He has appeared at such times more than to make up for the want of all creature love and created good.—*Mrs. Mary Winslow.*

III.—THE STAR AND THE CHILD.

A maiden walked at eventide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled, as in its depths she saw
A trembling star's reflected beam.

She smiled until the beam was lost,
As 'cross the sky a cloud was driven;
And then she sighed, and then forgot
The star was shining still in heaven.

A mother sat beside life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled, as from its eye she caught
A hope that it might still live on.

She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even;
And then she wept, and then forgot
The child was living still in heaven.

IV.—HOW TO MAKE A FAST A FEAST.

Break thy bread to the hungry, as saith Isaiah. Think not fasting sufficient alone. Fruitful will be thy own privations, if thou offerest by them abundance to others. Thou hast deprived thyself; to whom wilt thou give what thou hast taken from thyself? Where wilt thou put that of which thou hast denied thyself? How many poor may be filled by the meal we have given up to-day? So fast, that thou mayest rejoice in having feasted by the eating of another. But God loveth a cheerful giver. If thou givest thy bread unwillingly, thou hast lost both the bread and the blessing.—*Augustine.*

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BASHAN AND THE GIANT-CITIES.

"THE English," said a chief of Scinde, when he heard of a Feringhee traveller sailing up the Indus, "are like ants: you see one here, another there, in solitary wanderings; but let one of them find what he wants, and quickly myriads are on the spot!" The remark of this shrewd Indian may be applied in a wider and better sense to the wonderful impulse given of late years to Eastern exploration, specially in lands that lie within the range of Bible story. In the series of splendid discoveries that have been the result, and which have thrown a flood of illustration over the sacred narrative, our countrymen have stood in the foremost rank. But nearly all the nations of Christendom have borne a part, each tribe sending its man to spy out the land. Within a few years we have had Robinson and Wilson reading the faded page of Palestine like a vellum palimpsest,—detecting Hebrew features under a Roman or Saracenic mask, and unravelling Hebrew names from tangled and knotty Arabic, much as the scholar, by critical spade-work, unearths and recovers a classic author long buried under the rubbish of some monkish chronicle. We have seen the mounded sepulchre of Nineveh burst open, and the queenly city wearing still some regal ornaments,—like the dead Charlemagne in his marble crypt, sitting erect in his imperial robes, the diadem on his head and the sword by his side. The annals of a dead empire have been unrolled before us, in arrow-lines of enduring imagery; and the interpreter has stood forward, and turned these mystic runes into living symbols of thought. Lastly comes a voice from the far wilderness beyond the hills of Bashan, to tell us of wondrous relics of a dim antiquity,—a waste land sown with cities not in ruin, not smothered in sand-drifts, but standing in unmouldered strength from base to battlement, their dwellings mostly as perfect as in the time when the large-thewed Rephaim dwelt in their castles of stone, and the last king of the giants went forth to fall in battle by the avenging sword of Israel. It is as if one had come on the bones of some colossal skeleton, the last of a race of Titans, bleaching in some cavern among the mountains.

At the period of the arrival of Israel on the borders of Canaan, the whole territory east of the Jordan was held by two powerful kings of the Amorites,—Sihon, whose capital was Heshbon; and Og, who dwelt at Edrei, the chief city of Bashan. These Amorites, so often mentioned in the Hebrew wars, were a branch of the descendants of Ham, called, from their great strength and stature, the Rephaim, whom we can trace at an early period advancing from the banks of the Euphrates across the wilderness to the mountain-range of Bashan and the table-land around it (Gen. xiv. 5). These "munitions of rocks" were the strongholds of the giant race; and it was here, amid their rugged fastnesses, that Israel first came into hostile collision with their heathen enemies. Sinister reports of the superhuman strength and resources of the foe had spread alarm through their camp. Their spies had seen the cities that were "very great, and walled up to heaven"—their crowds of swarthy warriors—men of mighty frame and lordly presence, fierce in battle and ruthless in victory. Yet, with unseen allies fighting on their side, the Hebrew shepherds had but to advance, and these phantom-terrors melted away before them—

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

In two stricken fields they wrested the whole East Jordan land from their grasp—a magnificent heritage in itself, from the brooks of Arnon to the foot of Hermon; and here for ages the three pastoral tribes abode by their sheepfolds, in the watered dells of Gilead and the rich pasture-lands of Bashan. As described by all who have risked the journey, nothing can surpass the picturesque beauty and luxuriance of the country beyond the hills that wall in the Jordan valley on the east, particularly the northern portion of it which fell within the limits of Bashan.

After gaining the summit of these brown hill-slopes, the outer fence of this romantic region, we find ourselves on a lofty table-land, different from anything to be seen in Western Palestine—a wide extent of rolling downs and prairies, carpeted with verdure; here and there furrowed by rocky glens, with rivulets winding through a maze of thickets; their sides clothed with evergreen forests of oak, intermingled with terebinth and sycamore. In these tracts of splendid woodland, the famous "oaks of Bashan," that were felled for the Tyrian galleys, flourish in their ancient grandeur; and the abundance of the finest pasturage, over which the herds of Manasseh roamed at will, explains the peculiar imagery with which the name was associated—"butter of kine and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs and rams of the breed of Bashan."

This fruitful tract is, however, only the richer fringe of the old country held by the pagan kings. The great plateau, now left in all the wildness of nature, stretches forty miles away to the mountains of the Haurân, beyond which the arid desert flat begins, which sweeps unbroken to the Euphrates. The level plain near the mountains is strewn with huge boulders of rock; and an immense tract of black basalt, called the Lejah, roughens the surface for miles like a reef of coral. Here we are in the heart of Og's old domain. The recesses of these mountains, the steppes beyond, and this gloomy labyrinth of volcanic rocks, are strewn with unpeopled cities like fossils of an ancient world. From time to time, within the last fifty years, reports had reached us of cities still existing there in wonderful preservation.

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The district had been first entered, but only glanced at, by Seetzen, in the early part of the century. A few years later it was visited by Burckhardt, who assumed at great risk the name and dress of a native, and succeeded in reaching Edhr'a, the ancient Edrei, the royal town of Og. Among other cities which he saw was Kenath, still inhabited, standing in the heart of an oak forest on the edge of a deep and wild ravine. From the summit of the range above, the traveller had a prospect over the open plain to the east, and beheld to his surprise a region studded with ancient towns, which he could make no attempt to explore. The district of the Haurân is one of the most lawless and dangerous in the East—infested with hordes of Arab robbers, who have no faith in firmâns or passports, and laugh at all law but that of sword and spear. It is thus that the country has come to be regarded as all but inaccessible; and only within the last few years has interest been revived in it afresh by a journey which Mr. Porter made from Damascus in 1853. It is to his narrative, and to a recent essay by the Rev. Cyril Graham, who travelled in the Haurân in 1857, and penetrated farther than any previous explorer, that we are indebted for the materials of the present sketch.

Crossing the broad level of the Haurân, you have a glimpse of a wilderness of black and sombre rocks, rising up as abruptly from the plain as a volcanic island from the ocean, and with a coast-line of rugged capes and bays as sharply defined. From a distance it looks like the surface of a stormy sea, with its waves frozen and petrified in the moment of their wildest agitation. This tract, which in its features is quite unique, stretches in an oval form for nearly sixty miles from north to south —an herbless, treeless, desert isle, split and riven in all directions—a labyrinth of dismal rents and twisting chasms, that looks like something left unfinished at the making of the world. Such is its aspect of gaunt and utter desolation, that Mr. Graham can only compare it to the appearance presented by some portions of the moon. In its gloomy ravines, and round its edges, lie the blocks and fragments of basalt of which the Rephaim built their cities. This is the ancient Argob (Deut. iii. 4, 13), now El-Lejah, the Acropolis of the "land of giants;" and on its western side, perched among the naked rocks, grimly frowning over the defiles by which it is approached, stands Edrei, with massive walls and heavy towers, black as if scathed by lightning. All round this region of Argob, and even in the interior among the gloomy clefts and recesses of the place, the towers and castles of the Rephaim were built—masses of stupendous masonry, reared on impregnable sites, where Og and his stalwart chiefs hung up their armour after many a battle, and held carousal over their bloody spoils. Walled with solid cubes of stone laid in courses without cement, ceiled with heavy flags of black basalt, and with a single ponderous slab turning on pivots as the door, these dwellings of the past, in their colossal mould and symmetry, have upon them the stamp and impress of a race of giant-builders. An earthquake which rocks a modern city into a heap of ruins, would not here displace a stone. Very different from the shattered palaces of Nineveh, or the roofless villas of Pompeii, is this crowd of cities in the desert, with their revelations of an elder world. "The streets are perfect, the houses perfect, the walls perfect, and, what seems most astonishing, even the stone doors are still hanging on their hinges."—*Graham.* And not only in the Lejah, but everywhere in the mountain-range of the Haurân, and to a distance in the outlying plain, do these impressive monuments exist. One town in particular visited by the traveller—the ancient Beth-gamul, nearly as large as Jerusalem—made an impression on him which he will never lose. He walked about the streets, entered every house, opened the stone doors, and saw the rooms as if they had just been left; and the thought that he was actually in the private dwellings of a people who for two thousand years had "ceased to be a people," filled him with an awe and an impression of the reality of God's word, which every Christian mind can understand.

Another wild and rocky region—Es-Safâh, far out in the desert—was visited by Mr. Graham, who found here also cities and towns of ancient days, though not so perfect. To add to the interest of the spot, the plain to the eastward, which had never been previously explored, was completely covered with basaltic stones, many of them inscribed with characters of a form unknown—weird symbols, in which the secrets of the old giant-dwellers among the rocks may have been locked up for ages, not, we may believe, to be sealed and lost for ever.

In the Scripture narrative of the conquest of Canaan, the king of Bashan is said to have had "threescore walled cities, all of them fenced with high walls, gates, and bars; besides unwalled cities a great many." Most of these cities must have then been of high antiquity, built by the early settlers in the land; and when we find still standing on the very spot where Israel crushed his power, city after city reared in the same style of savage grandeur and rugged strength, bearing in many cases the same names as of old—name and building both outlasting all the storms of battle and ravage, all the shocks of whirlwind and earthquake that have swept over these plains—no candid mind can doubt that these memorials have been guarded by special care, that by their preservation another link might be forged in that chain of evidence by which the literal accuracy of God's word is ever receiving fresh attestation as time rolls on. The pagan lords of Bashan have passed away, but their monuments remain as lasting as the rocks and hills where they reared them. Their adamantine armour has been left on the battle-ground, to prove to the coming ages that nothing less than Omnipotence overthrew them.

Beyond Salchah, the border-town of Basnan, the farthest point which any traveller had reached, Mr. Graham extended his researches into the neighbouring country—the old land of Moab. The numerous towns and cities

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he found here were among the most perfect and interesting of them all. It was here he saw Beth-gamul, uninjured but forsaken, and read, with a new impression of their awful truth, those words of prophecy—"Give wings unto Moab, that it may flee and get away; for the cities thereof shall be desolate, without any to dwell therein. Judgment is come upon Beth-gamul . . . and upon Kerioth, and upon Bozrah, and upon all the cities of the land of Moab, far and near. The horn of Moab is cut off, and his arm is broken, saith the Lord."

All who have seen these deserted cities bear uniform testimony to the fact that they look as if they were only forsaken for a time, and were waiting again to be tenanted. Very different is the present condition of the towns of Moab from those of the neighbouring Edom—from those heaps of rubbish which are strewn over the basin of Petra—the nest of the eagle that built in the crags torn to pieces, in token that it will be built no more. In this contrast there would seem to be some special design of Providence; and it is in accordance with prophetic hints and foreshadowings of changes that yet lie in the obscurity of future time. For while Idumea is to be a "perpetual desolation," it is written, "I will bring again the captivity of Moab in the latter days, saith the Lord." The tide of life has ebbed for ever from the one, and left it empty and forlorn as a naked beach; but here it may return to its former channels, and flow with a fuller current than of old. The household lamp may once more be lighted in the dwellings; the cheerful stir and murmur of men be heard in the streets; the song of the reaper, the joy of vintage, the innocent mirth of children; and, sweeter than all, the melodies of Sabbath praise.

J. D. B.

THE NAIL IN A SURE PLACE.

Early one morning, in one of our larger cities, a minister of the gospel received an earnest request from the governor of the jail to hasten to him without much loss of time. The clergyman was soon at the gate of the prison, knocking for admittance. After a polite apology for disturbing him at such an early hour, the governor proceeded to state the circumstances under which his presence had been requested. On the previous day a female had been convicted of the crime of theft, and the offence had been so heinous that transportation had been the sentence passed on her. All night she had been in a tumult of remorse. In the course of some attempts made to soothe and tranquillize her mind, she came out with an abrupt and earnest inquiry if a minister of a certain name had ever been known to the person with whom she was conversing. When the inquiry reached the ears of the governor, he happened to be acquainted with the minister in question, and had engaged to send for him. Such was the mental excitement of the poor woman, that when the minister arrived at the jail, in the circumstances just mentioned, it was deemed proper before he entered the cell to fumigate it slightly, lest some species of typhoid, as well as mental agony, should be the cause of her distress. No sooner had he entered the cell than she turned on her couch, and fixed on him a keen, haggard, searching look. "You do not know me?" were the words which first broke the silence. "No," replied the clergyman; "but if I can be of any service to you, I shall be glad to render it." Too full of her own bitter thoughts to advert to his offer, she simply continued, "But I know you; you once preached in the mills of L——." The minister, after an effort of recollection, was able to recall the circumstance to his mind; nor was it remarkable that he had some difficulty in assenting to her statement, for the long interval of thirty years and upwards had elapsed. To his great surprise the woman mentioned—what he himself had entirely forgotten—the subject of his sermon, and the text from which he had preached, Matt. xiii. 46. He had illustrated in what sense Christ was "the one pearl of great price." He was soon able to recollect that as he had given some lessons in the family to whom the mills belonged, when he was a student, they had asked him, on receiving license, to preach in some large apartment in the mills. "But you will remember the end of the sermon, then?" was the somewhat abrupt and eager question of the female. This, for the moment, was another blank in the memory of the pastor. The woman seemed amazed that what had told with so keen an edge on her mind, should have escaped the memory of him who uttered it; and proceeded, with ill-suppressed agitation, to give some account of the remark which had affected her so deeply, and of its bearing on her future life. It was not the text, nor the sermon as a whole, which had left such an indelible impression on her memory, so much as a trite and commonplace remark in the application at the close, to the effect that our Lord and Saviour, if not glorified in the salvation, will be glorified as judge in the condemnation of every hearer that rejects him. The remark had struck the woman forcibly in the course of the preaching. She was the more struck when, in the course of some domestic catechising, subsequently she was asked if she specially remembered that solemn truth as urged in the application of the discourse. In all her subsequent life, that remark never deserted her memory; it haunted her wherever she went; more especially in any moment of thoughtfulness, after a deed of sin, it came back upon her with overwhelming power. And, alas! her deeds of sin were not a few. She had married, and the marriage had been so unhappy a one that her husband and she separated. She had not seen him for years, and knew not where he was to be found. Her own course had been one of crime and shame, till, too well known in one large city, she had left it for the city in whose jail she was lying, in order to pursue evil practices with more hope of impunity. But her averment was—and it was made with too much evidence of sincerity to be doubted—that scarcely in a single instance had she been engaged in any action of particular criminality, but by a power

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and with an intensity for which she could not account, the remark of the preacher returned upon her mind, and deprived her for a time of all peace. It seemed to gather up before the eye of her conscience every dark cloud of threatening that hovered over Sinai. Every moment of awakening she trembled as if it were about to break in the vivid flash and fire—as if the awful threatening implied were on the eve of execution. The times when it bore hardest on her were after some plunge into sin, when she had any brief opportunities of reflection and remorse. Now that her long career of iniquity had been consummated, and she was on the point of leaving her native country, with faint prospects of returning, the old monitor had come back with tenfold urgency. The solitude of her imprisonment gave it every advantage. It wrought within her such a tempest of feeling, that her case appeared one of the worst of fevers. We could wish to add that ere she left, her sore malady was healed by the application of the balm of Gilead. The minister did visit her, and that frequently —the way of salvation was clearly stated, and faithfully pressed on her acceptance—useful tracts and books were put into her hand. Some good effects ensued; her mind calmed down into a hopeful and inquiring mood—she manifested a becoming sense of gratitude for the attention paid to her case—she took special delight in Bunyan's "Come, and Welcome." Little more can be said, for her sentence speedily took effect, and she was removed from the country. The minister often sighed to know what had become of her, and whether she had given evidence subsequently that she was indeed a brand plucked from the burning. All inquiries failed to trace her future history. Let us hope the best, and meanwhile let us deduce one or two thoughts from her case.

1. Sowing beside all waters, whether as ministers or teachers, or parents or Christian friends, we sometimes feel as if there were no signs of a harvest to reward our toil. The blade may indeed be long in springing, and yet it may spring in the end. Words, on which we lay no great stress as we utter them, may be winged with the omnipotence of God to pierce between the joints of the harness—arrows that rankle in the conscience, nails fastened in a sure place. The pious counsel, a warning, a remonstrance, dropped as it might seem for a time into heedless ears, may exert an influence, even while it seems to be despised; and may take root in the end to blossom as the rose, in the full beauty of a character renewed and sanctified by it under the blessing of God.

2. What an awful power is conscience! and when conscience combines with memory to torment us, what more is needed to constitute the worst agony of hell—the worm that never dieth? There is ground for the theory that all thought is indestructible. God has but to unseal the fountain of evil memories in the evil mind, and the waters of bitterness will overflow. The sinner may thus find in himself his worst tormentor in his eternal doom. "Had it not been for the four corners of my cell, I should have gone mad," said a criminal once, with whom the effect of penal silence and solitude was tried. When the sinner shall have no scheme to break the monotony of his unsleeping remorse; when he shall be left "to devour his own heart," not in disappointment merely, but in agony; when insulted Truth rises upon his memory, not to renew the offer of pardon, but to sharpen the stings of conscience,—who can picture or exaggerate the intensity of his woe?

3. And is it not true that Christ will be glorified in the condemnation of every sinner that rejects him? He would be our Saviour now, he will be our Judge hereafter. Are we prepared to meet him? When the gospel is described as an offer, how many deal with it as if it were an offer from man; as if, should they reject it, the only alternative would be that they were no worse than before! Reader! it is not so. There is another alternative consequent on the rejection of the gospel—a doom of enhanced severity. It had been better for thee thou hadst never been born, or being born, thou hadst sunk with a millstone round thy neck into the depths of the sea, than live to consummate the sin of thy nature in the sin of thy life, by rejecting the gospel of the grace of God. Yes, Jesus if not glorified in thy salvation, *will* be glorified in thy condemnation!

G.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

NOTES ON DIFFICULT TEXTS.

BY CHARLES HODGE, D. D., PRINCETON.

"Which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known [it], *they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.*"—1 Cor. ii. 8.

Lord *of glory* is a title of Divinity. It means possessor of divine excellence. "Who is the King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory" (Ps. xxiv. 10; Acts vii. 2; James ii. 1; Eph. i. 17). The person crucified, therefore, was a divine person. Hence the deed was evidence of inconceivable blindness and wickedness. It was one that could only be done through ignorance. "And now, brethren," said the apostle Peter to the Jews, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as *did* also your rulers" (Acts iii. 17). The fact that the princes of this world were so blind as not to see that Christ was the Lord of glory, Paul cites as proof of their ignorance of the wisdom of God. Had they known the one, they would have known the other.

This passage illustrates a very important principle or usage of Scripture. We see that the person of Christ may be designated from his divine nature, when what is affirmed of him is true only of his human nature. The Lord of glory was crucified; the Son of God was born of a woman; he who was equal with God humbled himself to be obedient unto death. In like manner we speak of the birth or death of a man, without meaning that the soul is born or dies; and the Scriptures speak of the birth and death of the Son of God, without meaning that the divine nature is subject to these changes. It is also plain that to predicate ignorance, subjection, suffering, death, or any other limitation of the Son of God, is no

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more inconsistent with the divinity of the person so designated, than to predicate birth and death of a man is inconsistent with the immateriality and immortality of the human soul. Whatever is true either of the soul or body may be predicated of a man as a person; and whatever is true of either the divine or human nature of Christ may be predicated of Christ as a person. We need not hesitate, therefore, to say with Paul, "the Lord of glory was crucified;" or even, in accordance with the received text in Acts xx. 28, "God purchased the church with his blood." The person who died was truly God, although the divine nature no more died than the soul of man does when the breath leaves his body.

"Then [cometh] the end, *when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father;* when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power."—1 Cor. xv. 24.

In what sense is Christ to deliver up the kingdom to the Father? In the common text the words are, *when he shall have delivered up;* most of the modern editors read, *when he delivers up.* That is, when the end comes, Christ is to deliver up the kingdom to his Father. What does this mean? The Scriptures constantly teach that Christ's kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of his dominion there is no end. In what sense, then, can he be said to deliver up his kingdom? It must be remembered that the Scriptures speak of a threefold kingdom as belonging to Christ:—1. That which necessarily belongs to him as a divine person, extending over all creatures, and of which he can never divest himself. 2. That which belongs to him as the incarnate Son of God, extending over his own people. This also is everlasting. He will for ever remain the head and sovereign of the redeemed. 3. That dominion to which he was exalted after his resurrection, when all power in heaven and earth was committed to his hands. This kingdom, which he exercises as the God-man, and which extends over all principalities and powers, he is to deliver up when the work of redemption is accomplished. He was invested with this dominion in his mediatorial character, for the purpose of carrying on his work to its consummation. When that is done—*i. e.*, when he has subdued all his enemies—then he will no longer reign over the universe as Mediator, but only as God; while his headship over his people is to continue for ever. *To God even the Father*—*i. e.*, to him who is at once his God and Father. This is the Scriptural designation of the first person of the Trinity. He is the God of the Lord Jesus Christ, inasmuch as he is the God whom Christ came to reveal, and whose work he performs. He is his Father in virtue of the eternal relation subsisting between the first and second persons in the Godhead.

"And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him."—1 Cor. xv. 28.

When the work of redemption has been accomplished, the dead raised, the judgment held, the enemies of Christ all subdued, then, and not till then, will the Son also himself be subject to him who put all things under him. This passage is evidently parallel with that in ver. 24. The subjection of the Son to the Father here means precisely what is there meant by his delivering up the kingdom to God even the Father. The thing done, and the person who does it, are the same. The subjection here spoken of is not predicated of the eternal Logos, the second person of the Trinity, any more than the kingdom spoken of in ver. 24 is the dominion which belongs essentially to Christ as God. As there the word *Christ* designates the God-man, so does the word *Son* here designate, not the Logos as such, but the Logos as incarnate. And as the delivery of the kingdom, or royal authority over the universe committed to Christ after his resurrection, is consistent at once with his continued dominion as God over all creatures, and with his continued headship over his people; so is the subjection here spoken of consistent with his eternal equality with the Father. It is not the subjection of the Son as Son, but of the Son as God-man, of which the apostle here speaks. The doctrine of the true and proper divinity of our Lord is so clearly revealed in Scripture, and is so wrought into the faith of his people, that such passages as these, though adduced with so much confidence by the impugners of that doctrine, give believers no more trouble than the ascription of the limitations of our nature to God. When the Bible says that God repents, we know that it is consistent with his immutability; and when it says the Son is subject or inferior to the Father, we know that it is consistent with their equality, as certainly as we know that saying that man is immortal is consistent with saying he is mortal. We know that both of the last-mentioned propositions are true, because mortality is predicated of man in one aspect, and immortality in another aspect. In one sense he is mortal, in another sense he is immortal. In like manner we know that the verbally inconsistent propositions—the Son is subject to the Father, and the Son is equal with the Father—are both true. In one sense he is subject, in another sense he is equal. The son of a king may be the equal of his father in every attribute of his nature, though officially inferior. So the eternal Son of God may be coequal with the Father, though officially subordinate. What difficulty is there in this? What shade does it cast over the full Godhead of our adorable Redeemer? The subordination, however, here spoken of is not that of the human nature of Christ separately considered, as when he is said to suffer, or to die, or to be ignorant; but it is the official subordination of the incarnate Son to God as God. The words, *the Son himself*, here designate, as in so many other places, not the second person of the Trinity as such, but that person as clothed in our nature. And the subjection spoken of is not of the former, but of the latter—*i. e.*, not of the Son as Son, but o the Son as incarnate; and the subjection itself is official, and therefore perfectly consistent with equality of nature.

There is another difficulty connected with this verse which it may be well to notice. According to the Scriptures and the creeds of all the great historical Churches (Greek, Latin, Lutheran, and Reformed), the term *Son*, as applied to Christ, designates his divine nature. It is a term of nature and not of office. He was from eternity the Son of God. Yet it is of the Son that subjection is here predicated. This is urged as an argument against his eternal Sonship. The fact, however, is, that the person of Christ may be designated from one nature, when the predicate belongs either to the opposite nature or to the whole person. That is, he may be called God when what is said of him is true only of his human nature, or of his complex person as God and man; and he may be called man when what is said is true only of his divine nature. Thus he is called the Son of Man when omnipresence and omniscience are ascribed to him; and he is called God, the Son of God, the Lord of glory, when he is said to die. These passages do not prove that the human nature of Christ is everywhere present, or that his divine

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nature suffered and died.' Neither do such expressions as that in the text prove that the Son as such is inferior to the Father, nor that the term Son is not a scriptural designation of his divine nature. The principle here adverted to is so important, and serves to explain so many passages of Scripture, that it will bear to be often repeated.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these [is] charity."—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

The words, *and now*, may either indicate time, *now*, during the present state; or they may be inferential, *now, i. e., since things are so.* In the latter case, the sense is, "Since these extraordinary gifts are to pass away, faith, hope, and love abide." The former are temporary, the latter are permanent. The only objection to this interpretation arises from the apostle's speaking of faith and hope abiding in a future state, whereas elsewhere, Rom. viii. 24; 2 Cor. v. 7; and Heb. xi. 1, faith and hope seem to be represented as pertaining only to our present state of existence, and as being hereafter merged, the one in sight and the other in fruition. This apparent inconsistency arises from the comprehensiveness of the terms. The state of mind indicated by faith and hope, as now exercised, will not continue in the future life; but the state of mind, so to speak, of the saints in heaven may be designated by these same terms, because confidence and expectation will continue for ever. Faith in one form ceases when merged in sight; but in another form it continues; and the same is true of hope. Or perhaps the same idea may be more correctly expressed by saying that some exercises of faith and hope are peculiar to the present state, while others will never cease. Certain it is that there will always be room even in heaven for confidence in God, and for hope of the ever advancing and enlarging blessedness of the redeemed.

If, however, *but now* be taken, as is commonly done, as relating to time, the meaning is, "Now, *i. e.*, so long as we continue in this world, there remain faith, hope, and love." These are the three great permanent Christian graces, as opposed to the mere temporary gifts of prophecy, miracles, and tongues. But this does not seem to be consistent with what precedes. The contrast is not between the more or less permanent gifts pertaining to our present state, but between what belongs exclusively to the present, and what is to continue for ever. In ver. 8 it is said of love, as a ground or reason of its pre-eminence, that *it never fails;* and here the same idea is expressed by saying, *it abides.* "To abide," therefore, must mean that it continues for ever. The same permanence is attributed to faith, hope, and love. They are all contrasted with the temporary gifts, and they are all said to abide. The one is to continue as long as the others. The former interpretation is, therefore, to be preferred.

The greatest of these is love. In what sense is love greater than faith? Some say, because it includes, or is the root of faith and hope. It is said that we believe those whom we love, and hope for what we delight in. According to Scripture, however, the reverse is true. Faith is the root of love. It is the believing apprehension of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ that calls forth love to him.' Others say, the ground of superiority is in the effects. But we are said to be sanctified, to be made the children of God, to overcome the world, to be saved, by faith. Christ dwells in our hearts by faith; he that believes hath eternal life—*i. e.*, faith as including knowledge is eternal life. There are no higher effects than these so far as we are concerned. Others say that love is superior to faith and hope, because the latter belong to the present state only, and love is to continue for ever. But, according to the true interpretation of the verse, all these graces are declared to abide. The true explanation is to be found in the use which Paul makes of this word *greater*, or the equivalent term *better*. In xii. 31, he exhorts his readers to seek *the better* gifts—*i. e.*, the more useful ones. And in xiv. 5, he says, "Greater is he that prophesieth than he that speaketh with tongues"—*i.e.*, he is more useful. Throughout that chapter the ground of preference of one gift to others is made to consist in its superior usefulness. This is Paul's standard; and judged by this rule, love is greater than either faith or hope. Faith saves ourselves, but love benefits others.

HOURS WITH CONTINENTAL DIVINES.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

If there is any peculiarity that more frequently and more strikingly than any other re-appears in every part of Paul's long career, and of his numerous writings, it is his unabating joyfulness. Serious like himself, like his convictions, like his ministry, his joy was, at the same time, as genuine and as simple as could exist in the breast of a joyous child. Take from Paul's life one single thing,—the divinity of his mission, the holiness of his aim; leave all the rest,—toils, difficulties, persecutions, danger always present, death always near; add to this the world's contempt, the ingratitude of brethren, —his authority alternately acknowledged and denied,— others entering on his labour, and reaping what he had sown,—then, in the midst of all this, find a place for joy? It bursts forth everywhere. It overflows sufferings, reproaches, complaints. Everywhere it abounds, along with love, from which it is inseparable.

But love, it will be said, is a source of sorrows. Yes, but the sorrows of love are a thousand times more precious than the joys of selfishness. Love is its own recompense, its own solace. Constant suffering with love would be a paradise, compared to constant prosperity with hatred. When love fails, joy dries up; but while love abounds, joy continues to flow. On the other hand, brethren, let us not form to ourselves a fantastic conception of human life and Christian joy. Whoever may have understood the word *joy*, which we have so often repeated, to imply a state of ecstasy and transport, has mistaken its meaning. We walk by faith through a valley of tears, and constant joy has been given to us as an arm against constant sorrow. Had we but the sorrows of love, life would be cheerless; for, in a world such as this, sorrow is multiplied by love. Like Paul, we could not see around us affliction without feeling it as our own. Ministers or laymen, we should be forced to say with him, "Redeem the time, because the days are evil." We should feel with him the pains of childbirth till Christ were formed in those we love. Finally, we should often be cast down like him, and, like him,

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should have need of consolation. Christian joy is far from implying insensibility. It does not alter the essential conditions of life. It cannot destroy death. Neither does it level all diversities of natural temperament. It is, according to the respective characters of individuals, severe or genial, quiet or sprightly, brisk or pensive; but in all those varieties of individual susceptibility, it is always joy, and always visible. It is seen, it is felt, it breathes, in those on whom God has bestowed it. It beams sweetly around them. It casts over them a kind of halo. It may not, perhaps, immediately strike the beholder, but gradually it draws and fixes the attention; and it is perhaps in its least imposing form, and under the aspect of uniform tranquillity, that it exerts most surely its blessed influence.

It is, then, uninterrupted; and the sorrows of life exercise it without suppressing it. There is only one sorrow that interrupts it, and for a time more or less prolonged overwhelms and destroys it; and that is sorrow for sin. But how can we sin, after having received the earnest of that joy, and in that joy a foretaste of heaven? On the other hand, how can that joy, that pure and holy joy, exist with sin and after sin? Here the command to rejoice seems severe for mercy, inexorable for compassion. Nay, more, it seems at variance with the holiness of God. Joy in sin! joy immediately following sin, without hesitation, without a struggle! Let us admit, it is through the scantiness of our own holiness that we are shocked at the idea. It is the idea of Paul,—it is that of the Holy Spirit. Undoubtedly joy is interrupted by sin, and the renewal of joy after sin is a trial, a severe trial of faith. Still, however, it is a duty. Can there be one more hard? It was no easy matter for you, when under the load of the old man, to draw near to the gospel of grace; it was no easy matter to accept, to admit into your heart, the joy of your salvation. Your own sense of justice raised, as it were, its voice against mercy; and remorse itself made it hard for you to believe. God, who offered you grace, gave you also faith to receive it. He overcame your scruples. He gave you courage to receive all his love. He gradually familiarized your mind with that miracle of divine mercy; he humbled your natural reason under the mystery of Christ, God and man, dying on the cross. You were enabled to believe in the work of justification; and, with all your sins about you, you drew near to Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; called him your Father and the Friend of your souls; seated yourselves at his table; and, as his children, tasted the joys of his house. But when the trial has to be repeated; when, after our faith has been found wanting, we have to believe again in the faithfulness of our Father, believe in the constancy of his love, notwithstanding the inconstancy of ours; when we have to accept again from his hand the gift of which we have a thousand times proved ourselves unworthy; when the same heavenly voice seems at one and the same time to bid us both mourn and rejoice,—with a sorrow more deep, and a joy more lively than ever,—what a trial! what a task! who is sufficient for these things? Yet how many are there who, enchained by grief, misled by remorse itself, pining under their sins, hesitating to accept proffered grace, live a sort of half life on the remnants of faith; live just enough not to die, or rather keep dying daily of a sadness that unnerves and prostrates them; and obstinately deprive themselves of that "joy in the Holy Ghost" which is an essential qualification for the kingdom of heaven,—that is an essential element of Christian life and reality! These must a second time have the courage which had been given them before, and which enabled them to hope against hope, and to rejoice in sorrow. With an humble but trusting eye they must look up to that same God to whom at the beginning of their Christian course they presented nothing, because they had nothing to present, and whom they are at present as unable as then to satisfy or appease. They must now, as then, believe in him who justifies the sinner,—who sees nothing in us to please him, except what he himself has bestowed; which we merely accept by faith, but to which we are bound to add, living faith, unswerving trust, and unvarying conformity to the divine will. Now what is faith without joy? What do we offer to God, when we offer faith without joy? What obedience, what service can he expect from a faith that is without joy? How can souls without joy adorn his sanctuary and contribute to his glory? How can God be honoured or pleased, how can his purposes be promoted, and his light diffused here below, by the man whose soul is depressed and benumbed by sadness? Attain once more, then, ye dejected believers, the joy of your salvation, in order to attain with it energy, zeal, life, and, in a word, love, which is all these in one—which is the accomplishment of your chief end, the crown of your happiness, your paradise on earth, and your all in all in heaven! Ask God to restore to you the fallen diadem; beseech him to cause a ray of his glory to penetrate your hearts, and illumine your second night. From the depth of your present calamity implore him to give you back the glory and the gladness of your first love. Ask boldly. He is expecting your petition. He is only waiting for it, to restore to you all you have lost, and to conduct you by a path of light to new progress,—to achievements greater and purer than those of the best days in the earlier part of your career. —*Evangelical Meditations by the late Rev. Alexander Vinet, D.D.*

THE SLEEP.

WHAT would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout for patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"HE giveth his beloved sleep."

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Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say;
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

* * * *

For me, my heart—that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
Seeing through tears the juggler leap—
Would fain its wearied vision close
And child-like on His love repose,
Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me—
When round my bier ye come to weep;
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Elizabeth Barret Browning.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT.

"I NEVER saw Christianity so well and so palpably imaged forth in the whole walk and conversation as in the life of Alexander Anderson. His life I reckon of more value than all the 'Evidences of Christianity' I have ever read. He was the best and the most lovable man I have yet known, or now ever expect to know, in this world." Such were the words of a friend who knew well the subject of an interesting "Memorial" which has just appeared under the title of "Life in the Spirit."* The years of Alexander Anderson were too few to yield to a biographer the variety and incidents of a life of Christian action. His name was even little known beyond the circle of his own immediate friends. Two years began and closed his brief ministry in an obscure part of the north of Aberdeenshire, where a barn, fitted up with fixed seats and a pulpit, constituted his church, and a single room in the cottage of a carrier his dwelling. There, throughout the winters of 1852–3, and during months when his barn church was inaccessible from "magnificent snow-storms," he prosecuted his pastoral labours, travelling miles to visit the peasantry in their cottages, often starting at a late evening hour, that he might make sure at the end of the day's work of the full family gathering. The spirit in which that short ministry was fulfilled may be learned from an incident in his own journal, where he writes:—"1*st Sept.*—Called last night on a woman who had 'sinned' once and again; read with her, and prayed with her. On leaving her, I felt my heart somewhat tender, and able in a manner to remonstrate with the Lord for taking such a one as I am into the kingdom and leaving her out. And I was able to plead, as I walked along, more earnestly on that ground for this poor sinful and desolate sister. Ah! Lord, how could I have done otherwise when I hear Jesus saying, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'" But it is mainly as the student he is presented to us in the "Memorial;" yet as a student in whose inner life we read the religious action, the conflict of religious thought, characteristic of our age, and from whose experience may be gathered the best antidote against the modern novelties in doctrine that have turned so many aside from the simplicity that is in Christ. In "Life in the Spirit," we are introduced into a fresh treatment of the theological views of the Maurice and Kingsley schools. They have been subjected by others to a thorough theological discussion, and found wanting. The "Memorial" supplies a new element in their disproof. It subjects them to the practical test of Christian life and experience.

Like most other young men of literary taste and speculative mind, Alexander Anderson felt the fascination and owned the power of the writings of Maurice. As he breathed their earnest, fervent spirit, their large human sympathy, and was charmed with their philosophical tone, subtlety of thought, rich and varied fancy, and marvellous power and flexibility of English style, he insensibly drunk in their doctrine, and was staggered especially in the faith he had hitherto held in the true and proper sacrifice of the Redeemer. "I commission you," he writes to a friend, who was, in 1849, about to set out for London, "to make some inquiries about Maurice and Trench—the former particularly, because his lectures on 'The Hebrews' have carried me off my feet quite. I never read anything like them." That he was fairly in the current, and making rapid progress towards its centre, is evident from this commission. In our next account of him we should expect to hear of his being swept along with it, a passive, earnest disciple of the Lincoln's Inn school, dropping, doctrine by doctrine, his old faith, and receiving, as far as he could comprehend, and as his master had articulately expressed, the articles of the new belief. But happily his subsequent and almost immediate history is a history of his *escape*. He is arrested in the current, its force is broken, and he is landed at his old moorings a better and wiser man. In effecting his escape, the instrumentality is not the reasoning superiority or analytic skill of the theological antagonists of Maurice. He does not enter upon the arena of theological debate, and, after a careful and cautious weighing of biblical proofs and logical arguments, accomplish his extrication, deciding in favour of his old faith. He does not even appear to have been seeking an escape, or under the conviction that he needed one, when the snare was in an instant broken. A truth was let into his heart with the light and power of the Divine Spirit that set his spirit free—the truth most antagonistic to that doctrine of the cross of the Redeemer which he had been drinking from the volumes of Maurice.

While engaged in writing a lecture on Romans viii. 6, "To be carnally minded is death," a remarkable change came over his views, and a deeper one over his life. He himself calls the change his conversion, and dates from thence his spiritual birth. At all events, it was a season of fresh illumination and strength from the Spirit of light and power. He had noted, in preparation for his lecture, the remark of Bengel on the 3d verse, to the effect "that as the law could not justify, the conscience being weak and altogether defiled, God had sent forth his Son, and in his flesh deprived the sin in our flesh of its power to condemn or tyrannize. He made it as good as dead, so that it could no longer hurt them that are in Christ." As he read this over, a new light

* Life in the Spirit; a Memorial of the Rev. Alexander Anderson, M.A. By the Rev. Norman L. Walker, Dysart. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1859.—A small but, (in view of its practical bearing on the most important theological questions of our day,) very valuable work.

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dawned upon him. "I can compare it," he says, "to nothing in my former experience. I seized my pen, and wrote as follows under my remarks on the passage: I see this as I never saw it before. How glorious! And I then wrote: 6 P.M.—I have got such a view of the crucifixion of sin,—of its life's blood being now shed,—as I never had before. I now see how his name—the second Adam—has a most peculiar meaning. I now see how the sins in my flesh, the sins of all whose eyes he has opened, have been crucified to their very core, and deprived of all their power to condemn, by being condemned and put to death in the pure and holy flesh of Jesus. I now see that all my past views of my Redeemer have been most inadequate. I never till now saw what was meant by sin having been pierced to the heart, having had its poison taken out,—by the sword of Divine justice being plunged into the Saviour's side,—by being crucified with Christ,—by having been baptized into his death. . . . I have been blind in regard to the spiritual meaning of the Atonement up to this time; the idea of such a glorious doctrine had never got beyond my understanding or imagination. My heart has now been opened to feel how precious those great drops of blood were which fell from the agonized Redeemer in the garden. The Spirit of the Lord has done it, and it is all of *grace;* I was perfectly *passive*. Not to me, O Lord, not to me. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and I now *feel* there is."

In beautiful harmony with this new-born spiritual liberty, he tells us some days afterwards, "I have such enjoyment in it that I cannot but desire the liberty of all sentient creatures. Such a feeling has led me to release a bee that had fallen down between the window-sashes. This is a trifling incident, but it shows what my present feelings are."—No, the incident was not trifling, as the index of the joyful, tender spirit of the man who lives under the shadow and blood of the cross; and who, as he *feels* its power, is constrained to communicate its liberty. He *must* make it felt in his home, family, social circle; and, rather than that it should be unexpressed, he will call, like the Psalmist, on "beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowls, to praise the Lord."

It is not wonderful that after this discovery he should have written those brief, emphatic words to a friend—"Maurice will not do;" or that to the same friend he should have written more at large, though to the same effect, when he says in a subsequent letter, "The family of which the children of God are members is not a mixed multitude of imaginative religionists, who *think* they have been admitted into it by the feeble attempts of their fleshly minds 'to realize the Incarnation;' who regard the sacrifice of Him whom they rightly call the God-man as the subordination of the self-will to the will of the Father; who speak of the faith of Socrates and the faith of Paul in the same sentence; and who look upon all the beautiful products of the imagination, which the Bible declares to be as the flower of the grass, although glorious in a human point of view, as manifestations of the Holy Spirit of God."

When he thus rejected the views that had been "carrying him off his feet," there was no lingering liking retained—no dubious recurrence to them, as if uncertain of his own position. It had been given him to grasp, and with no uncertain hand, the key that unlocks the gospel—Christ in his sufferings the Substitute of the sinner. "I did not know," he says, "what was meant by 'Christ crucified.' I looked to God in Christ, but the look was one of vagueness. I did not see sin *slain*, crucified, dead; but somehow God not punishing me for Christ's sake,—without, however, the sin being taken away. But the Lord opened my heart, and the truth *slid* into my soul." What thus slid into his soul became quickly productive of new discoveries of truth. If error is ever a descent from less to more—a plunge into increasing darkness, truth is a golden chain along which we pass from link to link—rising in our progress to clearer, brighter, nearer views of Him who is the Truth. In the experience of Alexander Anderson, the light that shone on sin slain at the cross led the way to the discovery, like the breaking of a new truth upon his soul, of the righteousness of Christ, and of the union between Christ and his people. In the theology of Maurice, there is maintained both a righteousness communicated by the Redeemer, and a union of the Redeemer to his people, or rather to humanity; but for the righteousness and union for which Maurice pleads, we shall search in vain in the Scriptures, or anywhere save in his own imaginative theology. With him the righteousness of the Redeemer is a righteousness that is inherent, and that belongs to man—"lying deeper," as he expresses it, "than the iniquity that is in him, yea, at the very ground of his existence." It is a righteousness that every man has by virtue of Christ being in every man. The Righteous King is already in all hearts, and one with all souls; let them only believe it, and the light which is in them will be separated from the darkness, and their souls regenerated and saved by the belief.

How far the mind of Anderson at any time substituted these "conceits"—we cannot even call them misconceptions of scriptural doctrine—for divine verities, does not appear. He at least needed no argumentative conflict to deliver him from them. He had grasped the first link of the golden chain, and the same divine Spirit that gave the first added the second. He does not even appear to have directed his studies with the view of testing successively the opinions of Maurice, and subjecting them in detail to the fresh light he had gathered from the cross. They seem of themselves to have disappeared before that light; or if they are to be afterwards traced, it is chiefly in the intensity of his opposite mind, which, as by a reaction and self-condemnation, was generated from their belief. It was whilst engaged in the earnest, close, prayerful study of the word, that the fulness of the doctrine of Christ's righteousness, as a righteousness of God "to be given away," broke upon him with much of the power and freshness of the light that had at first shone upon him from Christ crucified. Had he at this time been entangled in the misty imaginations of the school which, playing with the terms of "the righteousness of Christ," really means the sinner's own, this fresh light from the sanctuary would have again set him free. But he needed no second deliverance. He required only "to grow in the knowledge of God his Saviour;" and that growth, like his first planting, was the work of the word and Spirit of God. "While engaged," he says, "with my discourse on 'the Lord our Righteousness,' I got a view of the righteousness of God, which up to this time I had understood as mere human teaching could make me understand it. But while reading Romans iii. 25, 26, I saw, and saw clearly, how, when God justifies, he does so not with his essential righteousness, but with a righteousness that is *communicable*, and which has a twofold effect, in that it propitiates God for the sins that are past, and

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thus slays the enmity in every heart that believes, and that it is also a sufficient covering for all time to come."

No sooner did he grasp this further truth, than it appeared living in his hand. It was not with him a dogma to complete a system of orthodox belief, or to be wielded in theological controversy. He does not even turn it against his old master. With an exquisite truthfulness, he thus converts it into practical Christian life: "It struck me," he says, as he records his thoughts on Sabbath, 16th August, "that, as I prayed for an outpouring of the Spirit to make the word preached effectual, if I were really clothed with the garments of righteousness, then I was a priest unto God, invested with the priestly attire, and ordained for man, my fellow-men, in things pertaining to God. And what is the one thing pertaining to God on which he is most bent? The glorifying of his beloved Son. And how is his Son to be glorified? By the salvation of sinners. And what part does God do in this work of salvation? He gives the heathen to his Son for an inheritance. And what part have we who are priests unto God the Father of our Lord to do? To ask of him that he may *give*."

One truth remained to complete the circle or circles in which the mind of Anderson delighted to move, and from which his soul had its liberty. In his diary three periods are distinctly marked, each the era of the spiritual revelation of a truth that subsequently became inwrought into his experience and life. He sailed on the great circles of Bible truth—Christ our Sacrifice, Christ our Righteousness, Christ our Head—taking his course along each in the order named. "And to any one acquainted with the fundamental errors of the system of Maurice," as has been remarked in the Memorial, "these revelations, in their order and character, will appear not a little remarkable." More remarkable still, as a feature peculiar to the experience of Anderson, and recurring at each stage of a fresh access of truth, his mind burst at once into the light of a truth, without his steps having graduated towards it; and once found, it was never lost; not even was its first lustre dimmed. "O most memorable Lord's-day! the third grand transition in my spiritual history!" he exclaims, in relation to the discovery which had broken upon him of Christ's oneness with his people. "Blessed," he continues, "be the Lord! I now see that I was with him in his birth—with him in doing his Father's will in all things—with him in fulfilling all righteousness; in one word, that wherever he is, and whatever he has done, there am I, and that have *I* done. There is a perfect oneness between us."

That a mind thus armed with the spiritual weapons he had proved for the fight of faith, should have been removed so soon from the field, is one of those mysteries of His providence who giveth not an account unto any. The life of Alexander Anderson had been one of study and preparation for service; and when the time of action came, the hectic flush of a disease that spares few it assails, sent him a wanderer into more genial climates, and ere long laid him in an early grave. Yet his life of study was not lost. It was a preparation for his own life of suffering; it was the candle lighting for the dark night; and when the darkness came, with *his* hold on a Saviour's cross, righteousness, and person, it was all light about him. It was not lost, if, through his experience, the rocks that are ahead of the young inquirer be more clearly marked; or minds that have already strayed be brought back to those pillars and grounds of the truth where he found what man needs, and what the gospel received in simplicity alone yields—peace of conscience, and spiritual quickening.

A MINER'S DEATH-BED.

THE home-comforts of our winter fire, and the commercial prosperity flowing in perpetual streams through our extensive coal and iron trades, are obtained at the cost of a danger and loss of life comparable only to that incident on the perils of the battle-field or of the wide ocean. The fact that a thousand lives are annually lost by mine accidents, should surely make us feel that those who descend into the deep places of the earth to toil for our comfort, are entitled to stronger sympathies than any arising from mere commercial relationships. We rejoice that, while the prevention of those deplorable mine accidents is more and more engaging public attention, the religious condition of the miners is also awakening the lively interest of good men in all our churches. While there is reason to believe that more than a sprinkling of "the salt of the earth" remains amongst the colliers, it is also true, that, dwelling in isolated villages with often a most imperfect education, and very nomadic habits, great bodies of them have forsaken the public ordinances of religion, and live in habitual disregard of eternal things. Evidently the great duty of the Church is to go out to this class, "and compel them to come in." And this will be accomplished, not so much, in the first instance, by the building of churches, and other external arrangements, as by the contact of heart with heart—by the personal appeals and systematic visitation of Christian pastors and people; and, above all, by the hitherto too much neglected agency of out-door preaching. To show that God has already blessed some of those agencies, and to encourage others to come and work in those fields already white unto the harvest, is our object in relating the following narrative.

In the autumn of 1858, two ministers visited a mining village near the Scottish western metropolis, to spend a fortnight in out-door preaching. The hamlet was well known in old coaching-days; but during the last five years it has so increased, in consequence of mining operations in the neighbourhood, as to have assumed a totally new aspect. A population over two thousand, mostly non-church goers, has accumulated in the neighbourhood. To them these servants of Christ proclaimed the gospel faithfully and fully, almost every evening they remained in the neighbourhood. Of the many who thus heard the words of life, a few scarcely gave heed, but turned to their pleasure-walk with sullen remarks against all clergy; the most, however, listened attentively and respectfully, while not a few good resolutions were made, alas! too soon to be swept away by the first blast of sin and temptation. In one soul, at least, the good seed was sown, which was afterwards to bring forth fruit unto eternal life. One night, after sermon, a young man entered his humble dwelling, and announced that whatever the others might do, *he* was henceforth determined to seek the Lord.

Some three months after this, I was asked one Sabbath morning to visit a dying man who had been in great agony during the night. The patient had succumbed in the great battle for existence. Hard physical labour, necessary for the support of a mother and other female dependants, in the vitiated atmosphere of the mines, had undermined a consti-

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tution never one of the strongest; and he had now for two days lain under the complication of a nervous disease, and hemorrhage of the lungs. This morning he had lost sight in one of his eyes, and the muscles of his face were constantly disturbed, whilst every second he gasped with low sharp moans for breath. I never stood by such extreme physical suffering. His mind, however, was in a state of perfect composure. Before I had entered, he had requested those round his bedside to unite in singing the 53d paraphrase:—

"Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep."

The reader may imagine the mingled feelings with which the by-standers sung this hymn. When we came to the third verse—

"As Jesus died, and rose again,"

his wan features lighted up, and he gave assent by a hearty "Amen," to the blessed assurance of immortality through the Saviour which the verse embodies. Conversation with one suffering so severely, except when necessary, was felt to be but the infliction of needless pain. But his mind was so filled with the things of eternity, that he could not but speak of them amidst all his agony. I shall not soon forget that noble confession of his, spoken in sharp, hurried tones, broken by extreme pain, yet with the utmost decision—"I have been a great sinner, but Christ is a great Saviour. 'The chastisement of my peace was laid upon him; with his stripes I am healed.'" It seemed to me that my poor friend had been cast into that sharp furnace of physical agony, to teach his fellow-toilers that the love of Jesus Christ, and that eternal life which he offereth to every man, was indeed *a reality*—not idle words for selfish ends of the clergy and others, as, alas! many of them suppose. Here was one, ground down by the wearying moil of competition, for whom life was but a prolongation of extremest agony, yet who was calm, nay, triumphant in the very presence of death! The world, and the world's show, had been to him no friend; yet he could rejoice in the friendship of One who sticketh closer than a brother. Here was more convincing evidence to me than any laboured treatise, that *there is* One who heareth the cry of those in sore trouble and affliction, and sendeth deliverance. I need not tell my reader that this was the young man to whom I have previously referred. Since the evening of his memorable determination, he had maintained a walk consistent with it; he had been often observed wandering in the fields with his Bible—the only retirement a miner can enjoy; and now he lay on that death-bed thus strikingly to show to others the great treasure of eternal life he had found.

When I visited him on the Monday he was suffering less, but still was happy and settled in his mind. "I am wearying," he said, "to go home. In the night I saw Abraham, and Isaac, and Moses, round my bed, and they were beckoning me away."

On the Tuesday, it was evident that the final struggle was fast approaching. He had sunk so low as to be unable to speak. I contented myself with reading detached portions of Scripture, chiefly the gracious words and promises of our Lord and Saviour. The frequent motionings of his head were made to show, that though death had nigh chilled his bodily frame, the immortal spirit was rejoicing in its Redeemer. I specially noticed that whenever the name of Christ was named in the reading, an unearthly lustre lighted up his countenance. At his oft expressed wish, I continued with him for more than an hour, till the entrance of another friend. When I called in the evening he was gone.

A. T.

"I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT."

"For evil is wrought
By want of *thought*
As well as by want of *heart*."

"*I never thought of it.*"

It is a great pity you did not, for the surplus fruit and vegetables from your garden, which have just gone to waste, would have been a most welcome boon to poor Widow B——, with her large family. It would have saved her many a hard-earned sixpence, besides bestowing much enjoyment and wholesome food upon her little flock, while the kindness would have cheered and refreshed her anxious, lonely heart. And, what is more, you have yourself lost a very sweet and pure joy—the joy of doing a little good, and giving a great deal of pleasure in a very simple way. Above all, you have lost the sweet acknowledgment you would have received from the Master, who makes the widow and the fatherless his peculiar charge,—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto them, ye have done it unto me; ye shall in no wise lose your reward."

"*I never thought of it—it was such a trifle. I quite forgot to thank her for it.*"

A trifle, perhaps, in your opinion, but no trifle if your estimate of the value of gifts were formed after your Lord's example, when "He sat over against the treasury." Your little Sabbath scholar's present of flowers was very precious in *her* eyes. No wonder she prized them highly, for in a certain sense they were her *all*. She had nothing else absolutely her own—nothing else she could freely give away; and she has tended their growth and watched their bloom with eager solicitude, and with a view to making them a little grateful offering to you. So when, the next time she met you, she perceived how completely you had forgotten her gift, and thus how little you had valued it, it is no wonder that her heart was pained, and her eyes filled with bitter tears. Perhaps, in after-life, much greater trials may not wound her with so keen a pang. Now, do not think, because it is only a child you have wounded, and that about a little thing, that your *offence* is therefore a little one. On Sabbath-day, when you speak to your class on the Golden Rule, as your illustrations make it plain to this little one's mind how you have yourself broken it, think how the force of your example will *bar out* the precept, and remember what an awful thing it is to stumble and offend one of these little ones!

"*I did not think of it, my mind and my hands have been so full of other things; but I had not the least intention of neglecting her.*"

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Very likely not; few people are heartless enough to *intend* to vex or to give pain. But if you had just taken the trouble to think a little about her, and to consider how *you* felt when in similar circumstances of deep affliction. You remember how sweet and soothing *expressions* of love and sympathy were. How it gratified you to see your friends seeking to bear your burden and lighten your load! Their kindness and tenderness, though they could not heal the wound, cheered, refreshed, and comforted you. Think what your feelings would have been if some, to whom you most looked for sympathy, had seemed to forget that you stood in any peculiar need of it;—had they made their visits no more frequent than usual; and if, when they did come, hurried and absorbed, they had brought all their own ordinary intents and cares into the hushed and sacred presence of your great grief. Think of all this, till you are able to realize what you have made her feel; and consider what a sad thing it is, by your *want* of thought, to add "to the grief of one whom God hath wounded."

"*I never thought of her being lonely and dull. She was neither bed-ridden nor dangerously ill, or I would have considered it my duty to visit her often.*"

Yes, you never thought; there was the evil! Strong and well yourself—free to go out and come in as it suits you—all your faculties fully employed, and body and mind quite able for all—you never thought of trying to see with her eyes and feel with her feelings in order to ascertain how you should act towards her. Yet you could have done so, for you have known what feeble health is; it is not so very long since you felt yourself a poor prisoner, laden with hampering chains; when every cold or damp day shut you within doors, and kept you from many a pleasant work and precious privilege; when the burden of a weak and suffering body made every employment a weariness. How feeble your mind was, how low your spirits, how stagnant your whole being; and how refreshing and pleasant was any little wave from the outer world in the isolated pool of your still existence! Don't you remember feeling that an illness, in which came neither crisis nor danger, excited little sympathy or interest among your friends; and what a bitter aggravation of your trial it was, to be left to bear it so much alone? You learned then what the Psalmist meant when he said, "I am forgotten, like a dead man out of mind"—"Lover and friend stand aloof from my sore, and mine acquaintance stand afar off;" and the humiliating consciousness of uselessness and enfeebled powers, which made him cry, "I am like a *broken* vessel."

Now, surely one reason why you were brought into these painful circumstances, was just that you might learn how to feel and how to act towards those in the same; that you might know how to "comfort the feeble minded," instead of laughing at or despising them; and "to support the weak," instead of leaving them to languish and fall under their burden. What a pity it is that *one end* of all your own sufferings is still unattained; that God's endeavours to shape and fit you to be an instrument of comfort and consolation have been in vain; and that, in the person of a suffering member, the Lord has reproachfully to say to you, "I was sick, and ye visited me not!" Ah! the fallacy of that reproof, so often administered by those who are at ease to those who are ready to slip with their feet, "If you had real trials to bear, you would think little of trifling evils!"—as if it were not just those who are broken, bruised, enfeebled by the pressure of heavy trials, who suffer most from, and are least able to bear, the pain and irritation of small ones. A healthy body, unconscious of the depressing effects of sickness, and a spirit unbroken by affliction and distress, can well afford to set lightly by and speedily to forget things which are intolerable burdens to the sick and sorrowful. Just as the prick of a pin, in some morbidly nervous case, is almost enough to bring on convulsions; yet what pain could be more insignificant to one of sound frame? But, after all, no one *really* despises the pain occasioned by the thoughtlessness and inconsideration of others, even in little things. We all feel what a fruitful source they are of much of the *every-day* suffering, which goes so far in making up the great bulk of human misery. It is with little things we have chiefly to do. The daily cross to be borne, is made up of them; the daily fight to be fought, is against them. They alone are the true tests of our *habits* of mind—our character. And what do trifling instances of want of thought for others indicate, but the operation of corrupt self-love, so taken up with its own things as to be at little pains to look on the things of others? It is not easy for us to do this last aright: very hard and self-denying work, to be always putting ourselves into another's place, and bringing our thoughts and feelings into harmony with theirs: hard to weep with those who weep when we are rejoicing; and harder still to rejoice with those who rejoice when we are weeping.

Has not the Lord Jesus too much reason to complain of us all, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and *do not* the things which *I say?*" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." How quickly we perceive and resent any breach of this *towards* us! We seek too much to *get*. We are less concerned about giving. Yet Jesus says, "It is *more* blessed to give than to receive;" and they who are most taken up about giving, come on best in the way of receiving. "For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." "Love seeketh not her own." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and *so* fulfil *the law* of Christ." "For I have left you an example, that ye should follow my steps."

Glasgow. C.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. VII.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT—CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES OF CHRIST'S DISCIPLES.

MATT. v. 1-16.

[It is scarcely possible to give to an examination of the Sermon on the Mount the kind of interest which may belong to a lesson on history or narrative. The subject is more abstract; the thoughts are often very deep; and the exact meaning is sometimes not easily seen. But we could on no account be justified in passing over hastily this most precious portion of Divine truth. We shall try faithfully to bring out the real meaning, endeavouring, at the same time, to adapt it as best we may to the capacities of the young.]

Ver. 1. What is this sermon commonly called? And why? Do we know where the "mountain" was? ["The Mountain of Beatitudes" is the name given by tradition to a square hill, about sixty feet high, with two summits, and a platform between, on which a multitude of people might find accommodation. It is situated in a plain between the hills of Galilee and the Lake of Tiberias. The plain was the scene of a memorable defeat inflicted by Saladin on the Crusaders, A.D. 1187. It is called "Hattin," and the two tops of the hill, "the horns of Hattin." The objects seen from the hill may have suggested the imagery of Christ's sermon. "The tulips and anemones on the plain below may have suggested the image of the lilies of the field; the numerous birds, in their bright and varied plumage, fluttering over the thickets near the lake, that of the fowls of the air; the neighbouring fields, rocks, lake, and desert, had all their part in the appeal, 'What man is there of you, whom if his son ask *bread*, will he give him a *stone*? or if he ask a *fish*, will he give him a *serpent*?' Perhaps the great crowded highway passing between the cities, contrasted with some lonely mountain-path, suggested the image of the broad and the narrow way; while some stable edifice built on the rock, and some slender shed by the sandy bed of a mountain torrent, may have furnished the closing image of the wise and the foolish builders."]

Ver. 2. May this sermon be laid out in heads or divisions? [Christ's manner of teaching was so easy and artless, that he did not in words lay down heads or divisions; but we may observe *five* great subjects treated of in the sermon: 1. The character and privileges of his true disciples, ch. v. 1-16. 2. An explanation of the *moral law*, as fulfilled in the gospel, ch. v. 17-48. 3. Warnings against *outward show* in religion, and encouragements to a thorough inward dedication of ourselves to God, ch. vi. 4. Cautions in regard to our conduct towards others, ch. vii. 1-6. And 5. Concluding exhortations, calling us especially to be not merely *hearers* of the word, but *doers* also, ch. vii. 7-29.]

Ver. 3. What kind of persons are meant by the *poor in spirit*? Isa. lxvi. 2. In the parable of the Pharisee and the publican, which of the two corresponds to this? Luke xviii. 10. What promise does God make to the humble and contrite? Isa. lvii. 15. What is God's most acceptable sacrifice? Ps. li. 17. What is said, in the verse before us, to belong to the poor in spirit? [Mark, it is not said merely that *they* belong to the kingdom of heaven, but that the kingdom of heaven, with all its spiritual treasures, *belongs to them*.] Is anything to be learned from the fact, that this was *the first thing* Christ uttered in his sermon? [How essential it is that men should be altogether *emptied of self*,—that is, should feel that they have *no goodness of their own*, in order to their being *filled from the stores of the kingdom of heaven*—"filled with all the fulness of God," Eph. iii. 19; the fulness of pardon, of peace, of holiness, of heavenly joy.

Ver. 4. Does this refer to *all* mourners? What class of mourners was Christ anointed to minister to? See Isa. lxi. 3, first clause. What is meant by "mourners in Zion?" [Those whose mourning is of a *spiritual* kind—for their own sins, and the sins of others.] What is promised to them in this verse? When is this fulfilled? [Partly in this life, partly in the life to come.] What comfort is given them *now*? Matt. ix. 2. What comfort have they under chastisements? Heb. xii. 11. What comfort shall be given them hereafter? Rev. vii. 16, 17. Is not such mourning, then, a happier and more blessed thing than the joy of the world? ["Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep."]

Ver. 5. What is meant by *meekness*? [A patient, forgiving, loving spirit.] What great man in the Old Testament was eminent for this grace? Num. xii. 3. When are we most liable not to show meekness? [When we are provoked, crossed, taunted. See 1 Sam. i. 6.] How was Jesus a pattern to us of meekness? 1 Peter ii. 23. What sort of answer turns away wrath? Prov. xv. 1. What blessing is here promised to the meek? Have those who have possessed themselves of the earth hitherto usually been meek men? [No; conquests of the earth have usually been made by tyranny, force, deceit.] When shall the meek have their turn? [Perhaps the reference is to the "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter iii. 13.] Do we then lose in the end, if we give up our rights in the spirit of meekness?

Ver. 6. What is the righteousness spoken of here? [Chiefly, *perfect conformity of heart and life to the will of God.*] What degree of desire is expressed by *hungering and thirsting*? What is the only thing that will satisfy one literally hungering and thirsting? Can we be hungering and thirsting after righteousness if we merely wish we were better than we are? What is the promise to those who hunger? When shall it be completely fulfilled? 1 John iii. 2.

Ver. 7. Who are the *merciful*? [Compassionate, tender-hearted, loving persons.] How did Christ show the difference between the merciful and the unmerciful in the parable of the two servants? Matt. xviii. 23. How did he illustrate the duty of being merciful in the parable of the good Samaritan? Luke x. 30. What is promised to the merciful?

Ver. 8. What sort of purity or cleanness did the Pharisees require? Wherein does Christ say we must be pure? How is this purity to be obtained? Ps. li. 10. What is the promise to the pure in heart? What is implied in *seeing God*? [Beholding his glory in the face of Jesus Christ; enjoying his favour ("the light of his *countenance*"); having his image; partaking of his pleasures, Ps. xxxvi. 8.]

Ver. 9. What is meant by a peace-maker? What exhortation have we on this subject in Rom. xii. 18; Eph. v. 1, 2? What are some of the usual causes of strife? See Prov. x. 12; xxvi. 20; xxviii. 25. What is the blessing promised to peace-makers? ["They shall be called," &c. They shall be declared to be *of the same nature or disposition* as God.] How has God shown himself the great peace-maker? 2 Cor. v. 18.

Ver. 10. For what *cause* are these persons persecuted? What is their blessing? (See on ver. 3.) How is this blessing

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appropriate to their case? [It makes up for all they may lose: they may lose the things of earth, but "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Heb. x. 34.]

Ver. 11. Did Christ ever promise his followers perfect ease in this life? What three kinds of bad treatment are mentioned here? *For whose sake* is it to be endured?

Ver. 12. Are we to be cast down when thus treated? Why? Is this reward anything that we *deserve*? [No; it is a *reward of grace*, conferred by God of free mercy.] Mention any of the prophets who were thus treated?

Ver. 13. What is the use of salt? How may Christ's people be said to be the salt of the earth? Compare Gen. xviii. 23, 24, &c. What is meant by the salt losing its savour? [Christians becoming careless and useless as purifiers of the world.] What are such in danger of?

Ver. 14. From whom do Christians derive their light? John i. 9. [Jesus is like the *sun*, the fountain of light; believers, like the *moon* and *planets*, that shine by *reflecting* the sun's light.] What should every Christian try to do in the world? Phil. ii. 15. Where were cities usually built in Palestine? [On the crests or ridges of hills.] Whom does Christ compare to a city set on an hill? What should follow?

Ver. 15. What spirit does Christ reprove by this illustration? [*Selfishness*, in Christians keeping all their privileges or light to themselves. Light should spread, and, if it be light at all, *must* spread; guiding, gladdening, beautifying all.]

Ver. 16. What is meant by our *light* here? [Our life, as seen by the world.] What ought to be apparent in all who make a religious profession? Should Christians practise good works to draw praise and credit to themselves? What, then? To whom is all the praise due? When the children of a family are well trained, to whom is the praise due—to the children, or the parents? For the good training of GOD'S children, to whom is the praise to be given?

DOCTRINE.—It becomes sinners to lie low, in shame and silence, before God, on account of sin.

Job xlii. Ps. ii. Ezekiel xvi. Jonah iii. Luke xviii. Rom. iii.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"LORD, HELP ME."

MATT. XV. 25.

THIS is the prayer which the poor woman of Canaan offered to Jesus in the day of her distress. And though at first he gave her what seemed an unkind answer, you know in the end he granted all that she wished. It is a very short and simple prayer—just three words—"Lord, help me!" The youngest of you, dear children, may learn it, and offer it on your knees before God; and yet the oldest man you ever saw, if he be a true believer, will often use the very same words. How can the same prayer suit both a child and an old man?

Just think for a little how much meaning there is in these few words. This poor woman felt that she *needed help*, she was in such great distress about her dear child. She felt, too, that she could not help herself; *she* could not rebuke the devil and cure her daughter, however much she wished it. She believed that Jesus *could* do this, because he was the Son of God, the Son of David, the Messiah, the Saviour; therefore she came to him for help, and did not leave off asking till she got it. Now, this is real prayer. To feel that we are sinners, whom God must be angry with, and may justly punish; to feel that we cannot save ourselves, or make up for our sins, and that we are always sinning again in every good thing we try to do; to believe that Jesus is able and willing to save us, because he once suffered and died for sinners, and the Father promises, for his sake, to forgive all who come to him; and, therefore, to come each one for himself, and humbly and earnestly ask him to have mercy upon us; we may feel all this when we say, like this poor woman, *Lord, help me!*

Dear children, have you ever felt this? Have you ever prayed in this way? If not, O do not lose another day; come to Jesus this very hour, and say, Lord, help me! For till you have done this, your souls cannot be safe. But if you have already taken this prayer as your own, then remember, Jesus is ready to hear it at all times, and to help you in everything. You may ask him for help, whenever you feel in need of it. You may have great sorrows and difficulties, for these are sometimes sent even to young children; or you will certainly have your own little ones, which will seem great to you. Jesus knows this, and he is as ready to help *you*, in your childish trials, as he was to help David and Paul. O how wonderful that thought is! how full of comfort! Believe it, make use of it, and then you will soon begin the list of *answers* to prayer, which will grow longer every year you live, and you will be able to say with David, "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man can do unto me. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings I will rejoice." B.

II.—HYPOCRITES.

"PAPA," said a boy to his father, "when we were in the steamboat yesterday, I heard Captain Wood say a very wicked thing."

"What was that, Charles?"

"He said, papa, that all religious men were *hypocrites*."

"Indeed! that was a bold saying. But you know it was not true."

"Yes, but the other gentleman seemed to believe it."

"Did you hear of whom they were speaking at the time?"

"About Mr. D——, who was transported for false coining. They said he used to give tracts, and attend prayer-meetings, just as you and uncle do. He *was* a hypocrite, I suppose."

"Yes, poor man; and I fear there are others like him, which is a sad and humbling thought for the true people of God. But yet, my boy, there is comfort in it too. Why do forgers take so much trouble, and run such great dangers?"

"That they may make what looks like real gold."

"But why are they so anxious for that?"

"Oh, papa, because, you know, they can buy everything with it, and live like rich men."

"Then, if real gold were not so valuable, they would not take the trouble to imitate it?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, the very fact of there being false coiners in the world, proves that there is such a thing as true gold, and that the man who can get it is very fortunate. Now in the same way, I have comforted myself by thinking that the fact of there being hypocrites in the Church, men who pre-

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tend to a false religion, proves the reality of true piety—how valuable it is, how blessed they are who really possess it! There would be no hypocrites if there were no real Christians."

Charles looked bright and pleased. "Papa, I am so glad you have told me that—I had not thought of it. Will you say so to Captain Wood some day?"

"I certainly shall, if I have an opportunity. But you see what a dreadful thing hypocrisy is. Not only does it ruin a man's own soul, but often the souls of others also. People, like Captain Wood, who are glad of an excuse for not thinking seriously at all, when they meet with one hypocrite, settle that all religion is a pretence. My son, I trust there is no danger of *your* being ever led into this awful sin. But it is not enough to be no hypocrite. If you would glorify God, and do good to your fellow-men, you must be a decided, consistent Christian. You must act in all things so as to "*adorn* the gospel." God alone sees the heart, he alone knows how far you are sincere in what you profess to be in church or in your closet. But *men* must judge of it by what they see—by your conduct now in the school-room, and in the playground; and if you live to be older, by what they shall see in your public and family life. God grant that it may be said of you and me, as it was of the first disciples,—men "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

J. L. B.

III.—GENTLENESS.

Dear children, have you ever thought much of the lovely grace called gentleness? In the Bible, it stands among the nine "Fruits of the Spirit," which are given us as *tests* that we may know whether we are Christians or not. Everybody loves what is gentle. I mean everybody whose heart is not too *hard* for love. Nature's gentleness is beautiful, even to little children. The soft spring-time, with its tender grass and opening buds; the sweet breeze just breathing upon us as we walk in the cool of the day; the gliding stream, which disturbs not even the violet upon its moss bed—all these are *gentle*, and we love them on this very account.

But there is a gentleness higher and more beautiful than this. When our Saviour spoke to his disciples of the grass, and the lilies, he asked, "Are ye not much better than they?" It is not intended that so beautiful a grace as gentleness should be confined to nature.

Large, grown-up men, if they have houses, lands, and plenty of money, can better dispense with these than with the Christian grace called gentleness; for it takes this to make a *gentleman*. Ladies, too, if they could not procure this great treasure without buying it, had better part with jewellery, fine clothes, even *beauty* itself, rather than not have it; for gentleness is much better than all these. But *children*, dear little children, so dependent on the love of their fellow-creatures, must learn to be gentle. Boys are apt to think that gentleness is only suited to little girls. John Bowling said that it would make him less a man; but that was a great mistake in Johnny. It was a pity that John Bowling made it, because, but for the great want of gentleness, he would have been a fine boy. His rough, boisterous manners, spoiled his noblest deeds. Johnny was kind, very obliging, and generous; he would divide his last morsel with the hungry, and do a great many good-natured things every day; yet, after all, people felt annoyed when he was present, simply because he was always doing or saying something in a manner uncouth and boisterous. Perhaps you think that, with so many good qualities, the one want of gentleness should have been forgiven John. The children must not forget that one fault in our character, especially a glaring one like that, is like a great rent in a beautiful garment, or an ugly scar upon a beautiful face.

John once heard me say that I was fond of peaches; and it was just like him to climb to the very top of a tree, in order to get me the finest in the garden. That was kind, and I might have felt very grateful; but what do you suppose was the next step? Why, instead of handing them to me, like a gentleman, he threw them in at the window, so that they came against my head, and left a stain upon my dress. A popular writer has said that "a person must be very fond of a thing, to eat it when it is thrown in his face." I felt so with regard to the peaches.

Never forget, dear children, that "gentleness" is placed by God among the fruits of the Spirit. We have *one* perfect pattern of gentleness, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ. Little children were never afraid of *Him*. Nor need they be now. They may come, and ask to be made like himself.

IV.—NOTHING FINISHED.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words "I love;" but *what* she loved was left for me to conjecture. "It cannot be," thought I, "that this little girl loves the Bible; if so, she would not have left even a picture of the blessed book soiled, and not half finished." Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." It did not tell me for whom it was intended; but of this I was certain, whoever the dear one might be, that "needle-book" was not for her. I need not however, tell you *all* that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article *complete;* and mute as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of *perseverance*, that ruined all her generous plans, and after a time gained for her a name which she was not willing to bear; for though she was always ready to enter into any plan for the benefit of others, little account is made of promises from those who are without perseverance; and, without any intention of being untruthful, this little girl came at last to be treated as a *deceiver*.

Let us remember, my dear little friends, that everything

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relating to our present and eternal felicity depends on resolute *perseverance* in the right. It matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by, to see what men, and women, and little children *have done*. Let us begin, then, and finish every *good* thing already commenced, no matter how small the object. We must learn a noble perseverance by exercising this principle in small matters.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—I AM WITH YOU.

If thou art Christ's, under the cross thou mayest *expect God's company*. The worse the way and the weather are in which thou travellest, the more need thou wilt have of good society. Good company will be comfortable when thou art called to journey in a dangerous road; especially such a companion will be a mercy as will bear thy charges and thy cross all the way. Truly, such a friend will thy God be to thee if thou goest therein upon his errand. He is not so unkind a Master as to leave his servants in the lurch, when they fall sick in his service, and even in their sickness are solicitous about his business. Ah! "see thou to that," may become a wicked Jew (when his slave is dying in his cursed cause), but 'twill never come out of the mouth of the blessed Jesus (Matt. xxvii. 3, 4). The Captain of our salvation, as a faithful general, ever goeth foremost to look danger in the face, and seeth all his soldiers safe before he leaves the field. The Christian tide of comfort hath not seldom been at the highest, when the waters of affliction have been at the deepest. If the sick child carry himself dutifully, he need not fear but his mother will bring out her sweetmeats and cordials, which were denied him in his health.

Under a shower of stones about Stephen's ears, his eyes saw the best sight that ever was seen (Acts vii. 56). If God's sons be in danger of death, then his bowels yearn over them, and he thinks nothing too good for them. Israel had the rarest manifestations of God when they were in the wilderness. Whoever be neglected, the sick child shall be tended; and that not by the maid, but by the mother herself. Though God may leave his prospering saints to angels, yet his afflicted ones shall be sure of his presence and favour, both in the water and in the fire (Isa. xliii. 3, 4).—*Swinnock.*

II.—SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
Yet be not thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;—
Take thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our ownselves they also knew;—
Lord, Holy One! if thou, who knowest worse,
Shouldst loathe us too!

Trench.

III.—HOW TO SET ABOUT IT.

The *Foreign Missionary* contains the outlines of a sermon which we commend to the attention of all congregations who have undertaken the erection of churches, or any other religious enterprise:—

Text.—Nehemiah iv. 6: "The people had a mind to work."

This refers to the Jewish Church, who rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem.

I. Notice their circumstances:
  1. They were *poor*, very *poor*.
  2. They were greatly *harassed* by their enemies.

II. Notice their disposition:
  1. They had not a mind to *rest*.
  2. They had not a mind to *look on*.
  3. They had not a mind to *talk*.
  4. They had not a mind to *plan* and *advise*.
  5. They had not a mind to *find fault*.
  6. But they had a mind to *work*.

III. Notice the result:
  1. Their work was *done*.
  2. It was *well done*.

Application: "Go thou and do likewise."

IV.—"CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN."

Blessed be God, he loves not according to our deserts, but according to our necessity! It is not written, His blood can cleanse from all evil we see, but from all that he sees. . . . Many chambers within are unopened yet to us; we see but through the crevice: yet his blood gets entrance and drowns all.—*Lady Powerscourt.*

V.—THE FATHER OF MERCIES.

O the unspeakable privilege to have him for a Father who is *the Father of all mercies, and God of all comfort!* Do not think he can shut out a bleeding soul that comes to him, and refuse to take and to bind up and heal a broken heart that offers itself to him, puts itself into his hand, and entreats his help. Doth he require pity of us, and doth he give it to us, and is it not infinitely more in himself? All that is in angels and men is but an insensible drop to that ocean.—*Leighton.*

VI.—A FALSE GENIUS.

I see a spirit by thy side,
Purple-winged and eagle-eyed,
Looking like a heavenly guide.

Though he seem so bright and fair,
Ere thou trust his proffered care,
Pause a little, and beware!

If he bid thee bow before
Crowned Mind and nothing more,
The great idol men adore;

And with starry veil infold
Sin, the trailing serpent old,
Till his scales shine out like gold;

Though his words seem true and wise,
Soul, I say to thee—Arise,
He is a Demon in disguise!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

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THE CHILD IS DEAD.

BY REV. S. I. PRIME.

IT is hard to believe it—that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from his glad heart.

Child as he was, he was a pleasant child, and to the partial parent there are traits of loveliness that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none besides. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead. You may put away his playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

His clothes you may lay aside; I shall often look them over, and each of the colours that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead. The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold. His little heart is not beating now. How pale he looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of his hair, every feature of the face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold and hard a bed; but he will feel it not. He would not know it, if he had been laid in his cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side: like them he withered.

Carry him out to the grave. Gently! It is a hard road this to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulchre. Oh, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. Sleep on now, and take your rest.

Fill it up! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every smothered sound from the grave is saying, Gone, gone, gone! It is full now. Lay the turf gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust, precious dust, indeed is there, but our child is in heaven. He is not here; he is risen.

I shall think of the form that is mouldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come at times and think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow—the idol of my heart.

And it is beyond all language to express the joy, in the midst of tears, I feel, that my sin, in making an idol of the child, has not made that infant less dear to Jesus. Nay, there is even something that tells me the Saviour called the darling from me, that I might love the Saviour more when I had one child less on earth to love. He knoweth our frame; he knows the way to win and bind us. Dear Saviour, as thou hast my lamb, give *me*, too, a place in thy bosom. Set me as a seal on thy heart.

And now let us go back to the house. It is strangely changed. It is silent and cheerless, gloomy even. When did I enter this door without the greeting of those lips and eyes, that I shall greet no more? Can the absence of but one produce so great a change so soon? When one of the children was away on a visit, we did not feel the absence as we do now. That was for a time; this is for ever! He will not return. Hark! I thought for a moment it was the child, but it was only my own heart's yearning for the lost. He will not come again.

* * * * * *

Such thoughts as these have been the thoughts of many in the season of their first grief.

As heart answereth to heart, there is a wondrous likeness in the sorrow of parents over the death of their little ones. The rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant are alike, when they sit by the side of their babes in the struggles of death; and when they follow them to the grave their hearts are true to nature, and nature mourns when the loved are torn away.

One of the iron sort of men, a man of war, sent for me to come and see him in his affliction. His child, a sweet girl of three or four years only, had been taken with the croup, and died before medical relief could be obtained. He met me in his hall, and fell on my neck, and wept like a child. I had never seen him weep before. I had never thought that such a man as he had tears to shed. And I do not know that he would have wept had the pestilence or the sword swept off all the rest of those whom he loved, and spared the infant that nestled in his bosom.

If this is a weakness of those who have never tasted the cup, I am sure that none of them will be offended with these words, for they will not read them till they are weeping too. To be a brother in sorrow, you must have suffered. Even the Lord of heaven had to become a man, that he might, by his experience, learn to bear our sorrows. And then he wept with those who wept.

Some time ago, I was at the funeral of the child of a pastor; and when the neighbouring minister, who had been called upon to bury his brother's child, had closed his words of sympathy and comfort, the stricken father said to those present: "When I have sought to minister

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to your consolation in the times of your affliction, weeping with you over your dying children, you have often said to me that I knew nothing of the anguish, and could not sympathize with you in your loss. I feel it now. I never did before." And then he pointed them to the sources of comfort that God was opening to his soul, and asked them to come to the fountain and drink. The house in which we were then assembled stood on a hill-side, overlooking a beautiful river, and, on the other side of it "sweet fields stood drest in living green." The pastor went on to say—and there was a strange power and beauty, too, in the words as they fell from his lips in the midst of tears—"Often, as I have stood on the borders of this stream, and looked over to the fair fields on the other side, I have felt but little interest in the people or the place in full view before me. The river separates me from them, and my thoughts and affections were here. But a few months ago, one of my children moved across to the other side, and took up his residence there. Since that time, my heart has been there also. In the morning, when I rise and look out towards the east, I think of my child who is over there, and again and again through the day I think of him, and the other side of the river is always in my thoughts with the child who is gone there to dwell. And now, since another of my children has crossed the river of death, and has gone to dwell on the other side, my heart is drawn out toward heaven and the inhabitants of heaven as it was never drawn before. I supposed that heaven was dear to me; that my Father was there, and my friends were there, and that I had a great interest in heaven,—but I *had no child there!* Now I have; and I never think, and never shall think of heaven, but with the memory of that dear child who is to be among its inhabitants for ever."

It was a beautiful and impressive illustration. The heart of the father was soothed by thoughts like these. He loved to look away to heaven, and think of it as the abode of his child, a seraph now, happier far than he could be in this vale of tears, and happier than he could ever have been, had he lived to grow up to manhood, to die, it might be, in sin.

Standing by the coffin of one whom he most tenderly loved, and for whom he would most cheerfully have died a thousand deaths, Fénélon cried:

"There he lies, and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him. But if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not for ten thousand worlds be the turner of that straw, in opposition to the will of God!"

"I have had six children," said Mr. Eliot, "and I bless God for his free grace, they are all with Christ, or in Christ; and my mind is now at rest concerning them. My desire was that they should have served Christ on earth; but if God will choose to have them serve him in heaven, I have nothing to object to it. His will be done."

Yes, I will say so likewise: His will be done. It is the best and wisest will; and though it does darken all my prospects, and disappoint a thousand cherished hopes, I know that he who has done it doeth all things well. I can trust him for this, as I have never trusted him yet and found his promises fail.

"I sincerely sympathize with you," says Dr. Erskine to a friend who had lost an only son, "in your heavy trial. I have drunk deep of the same cup: of *nine sons*, only one survives. From what I repeatedly felt, I can form an idea what you must feel. I cannot, I dare not say, Weep not. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and surely he allows you to weep. But oh, let hope and joy mitigate your heaviness. I know not how this shall work for your good; but it is enough that God knows. He that said, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God,' excepts not from this promise the sorest trial. You devoted your son to God; you cannot doubt that he accepted the surrender. If he has been hid in the chamber of the grave from the evil of sin and from the evil of suffering, let not your eye be evil, when God is good. What you chiefly wished for him, and prayed on his behalf, was spiritual and heavenly blessings. If the greatest thing you wished for is accomplished, at the season and in the manner Infinite Wisdom saw best, refuse not to be comforted. You know not what work and what joy have been waiting for him in that other world."

An old tombstone bears this epitaph, and one might think an angel whispers it to a mourning mother's ear:—

"Weep not, my mother, weep not; I am blest,
But must leave heaven if I *come to thee;*
For I am where the weary are at rest,
The wicked cease from troubling. *Come to me!*"

"THE LIFE EVERLASTING."

"He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."—Ps. xxi. 4.

Put out the little taper
That flickers in his breast;
Fold the silken curtains close,
And rock him to his rest.
Look for tears no longer
In those half-open eyes;
The angels kissed them all away
When they bore him to the skies.
The little life has fleeted
Like a rainbow on a cloud,
But the light of immortality
Is gleaming on his shroud.

Death respects not persons—
A ruthless lord is he—
He plucks alike the forest flower
And fells the forest tree.
But Life's rejoicing angel
Receives them at his hands,
And freshened by his dewy breath,
They bloom in brighter lands.
There is life, long life,
In the spirit-home above,
Where every sound of sin and strife
Is quenched in songs of love.

Edinburgh. M.

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THE BEGGARS.

A FOG, denser than even December often brings, had settled over the busy town of Birmingham. The lamps, lit at mid-day, seemed to add to the gloom rather than to disperse it.

There were few comers and goers upon the streets, and the few were either men of business, or the children of want and wretchedness, to whose trade such a day was a very harvest. In one of the larger squares of the city, some shrill voices were singing a well-known ballad. It was Ellen Bird and her two little ones, come forth to try how much pity was left in the world. Their emaciated figures, dressed in trailing brown rags, seemed almost a part of the uncomfortable mist; and many a kind-hearted mother, forgetting all she had often said about the sin of giving to beggars, sent out some food or pence to the forlorn singers.

Their task was nearly over when a child passed them, poorly clad, and carrying a basket. Just as she passed there was a chink on the pavement, and Ellen Bird picked up a sixpence.

"She has lost it, mother!" cried little Annie; "let me give it back—she's just like ourselves."

The woman looked at the sixpence. The temptation was strong, but the child's entreaties prevailed. "There, take it," she said; "we won't rob the poor."

In a moment Annie had found its owner. "Here's your money, little girl," she said; "we don't keep it, for you are poor. Where do you live? Are you a beggar like us?"

The girl looked quite angry as she answered, "No indeed, none of us are beggars; and mother said we were never to speak to beggars."

So saying, she darted off, leaving little Annie sobbing at the ingratitude of her new acquaintance.

Ellen Bird was by descent a beggar, and had married a tramper. While her husband lived, they were seldom long in one place; but, for some reason or other, after his death she had settled in Birmingham, where begging, as in all manufacturing towns, was a lucrative trade. Busy men, who had no time to seek out the deserving poor, found it a relief to their consciences to scatter some money as they hurried along; and perhaps more than their share fell to the lot of the widow and her children.

Low and degraded as the poor woman was, she did love these two children, and it was this only that preserved her from becoming a confirmed drunkard, and made her prefer living alone with them in the crazy old garret which they occupied, to congregating with others of her class in some beggars' lodging-house.

No sooner did they reach home that foggy night than a fire was lighted on the hearth, and a fagot thrown on, which crackled and sparkled famously, to the great delight of little Molly, a child of six years old. A pot was next swung over the flames, and from her stores Ellen dropped in sometimes meat, sometimes potatoes, till quite a savoury mess was prepared. Meanwhile, Annie, the elder girl, sat near, gloomily stitching together some of the most detached fragments of her frock. At last she broke silence. "Mother," she said in a determined voice, "I won't be a beggar any more!"

Mrs. Bird ceased to stir the pot in pure amazement. "And what will you be, little lady?" she asked, almost furiously. "Maybe a queen?"

"I don't know," sobbed Annie, "but I won't beg any more, to be laughed at by wicked little girls. I want to work."

"You'd soon tire of that," said her mother with a scornful laugh. "Here, child, eat this, and go to sleep. There's little rest and plenty of hunger for them that works."

The child took her supper, and said no more; but the sullen, determined look did not leave her face, and when Ellen Bird awoke next morning, there was no one near her but little Molly.

It was at early dawn that Annie had risen, and stolen softly down the stair into the still, silent street, resolved to be a beggar no longer. She walked quickly along until she was at a considerable distance from home, and then paused to consider what she should next do. Looking round, she saw a woman busy sweeping down the steps in front of her shop. Strange to say, she had never felt afraid to beg, yet now she trembled all over as she went towards the woman, and said, "Please, ma'am, do you need a little girl like me to carry your vegetables?" The woman looked at her kindly, but said—"No, my dear; and if I did, it wouldn't be a little arm like yours that could carry my baskets." Then, hastily entering her shop, she returned with a roll, which she held to the child, asking if she were hungry. Annie took the roll, and turned sadly away.

Many such answers she got, and some harsher ones, too; till at last she sat down on a door-step to cry, and to eat her roll, for she was hungry as well as weary. While she sat there, she saw an old gentleman coming down the street, and she thought, "That old gentleman looks so good that I think he would help a little child to get work." So as he came near she rose, and dropping a courtesy, began:

"Please, sir,—"

"Get along, get along, I don't like little beggars!" he said in a quick, loud voice.

Poor little Annie burst into tears as she saw her last hope failing her; but she sobbed out, "I don't want to beg, sir."

"What do you want, then?" he asked in the same rough voice.

"Please, sir, I want to get work," she answered.

"A likely story, indeed!" said the old gentleman. "Stealing is the only work you are fit for, I fear. But come," he added, looking kindly at her, "you may come along with me, and I'll give you a chance."

Annie followed her new friend to a handsome house, near where they had met; and when a servant opened the door, he was told to take her into the kitchen and give her some breakfast. After some time she was again sent for, and taken into a large room, where the old gentleman was sitting along with an old lady, who looked as kind as himself. They asked her many questions about her mother, and their former life, and what now had made her wish to work. Annie told all the truth, pretty much because she was frightened, and had not time to think of any story that would sound better. At last the lady said, "My dear, we think you are too young to work yet; but if you will try and be a good child, we will send you to a school, where you will learn to read, and be taught, I hope, to love and fear God; and when you are older, we will put you into some way of gaining an honest livelihood."

This was, indeed, far better than Annie had ever dreamed of; for if she had one desire stronger than another, it was that she might go to school. Her evident joy pleased her

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kind friends; but when she found that she was to live in the school, a cloud came over her face, and she said, "Then I can't go, ma'am—I can't leave my mother and Molly."

It was in vain that they told her of the good food and clothes she was to have, and that they promised to be kind to her mother. The little girl had a strong will of her own, and no promises could change her resolution. "I could not leave mother at night," she stoutly maintained. "Mother would just take to drinking, if she had not Molly and me. Oh, let me go to school in the day-time, ma'am, and let me go home to mother at night!"

Little Annie got her own way of it, and in less than an hour's time she was seated at the foot of a long form in the Industrial School. What a wonderful day this first one at school seemed to the poor beggar girl! There were many happy little faces there, but the earnestness of the new scholar sometimes caused a laugh among those who had been longer there. The Bible-class that morning was taught by a stranger. He had been speaking to them very earnestly of heaven as that happy home where God wished to welcome them all at last, and of Jesus as the mighty Saviour, who could wash all their sins away, and lead them safely there, when, seeing the look of painful eagerness with which little Annie listened, he suddenly turned to her, and said, "My child, what do you know about God?" Annie thought a moment; "I do not know about God," she said; "mother speaks of him when she is angry." Some of the rude children near her laughed, but a stern "Hush!" from the teacher silenced them all. "Poor, poor child!" he said; "and yet you have lived ten years in what we call a Christian land!" Then turning to the others, he said, "We must teach her a text from the Bible about God. Can any of you tell me one of only three words?" After a while a boy said, "God is love."

"Right! that is the very one I wished. Now, find the board which has that text upon it. And can any of you tell me another of four words which we can teach this little girl?"

No one answered, so he added, "Thou, God, seest me;" and when that text was also found, he bade one of the elder children take Annie to a form apart from the rest and teach her them both. Annie was an apt pupil, and learned many things this first day, but nothing seemed to her so wonderful as this Bible lesson. To hear that she had a Father in heaven was good news to the little wanderer, and as she repeated the verses over and over, she felt ready to exclaim, "Oh! why did no one tell me this before?" As she passed through the crowded thoroughfares on her way home, she looked with a new interest on every one she passed, wondering whether they knew the mighty truth which she had learned that day.

She passed two rude boys, who were amusing themselves teasing a poor idiot girl. "Ah," she thought, "they have never heard it!" and she paused a moment to think if she would tell them; but she was afraid, and passed on. Soon she heard angry words near her, and she saw two girls fighting. She knew one of them in a moment. It was the girl she had restored the lost sixpence to; but she was afraid to speak to her, so she passed on again. Then, turning into a quieter street, she was surprised to see the very woman who had given her the roll in the morning beating a poor dog most unmercifully, which had thrown down one of her baskets of potatoes. "What a pity," thought Annie, "that such a nice woman has not been taught about God! I will tell her." And, going gladly forward, "Oh, ma'am," she said, "have you never heard it?"

"Heard what?" asked the woman.

"I mean," said Annie, "what I learned to-day. 'God is love;' and 'Thou, God, seest me.'"

"The dear child!" exclaimed the woman. "Them's old words. I thought you had gotten some news to tell us."

"Thank you, my pretty maiden," said an old man, who Annie thought must be the woman's father. "If ye make as good a use of all ye learn at school, ye'll do."

Annie went on not a little abashed; she saw they had known it all before, and that it was possible to know and not to believe. When she reached home, further mortification awaited her. Her mother was at heart very glad to see the child return, but she took no notice of her; and though Molly was eager enough to ask where she had been, she would not listen long, and soon was dancing round the room, imitating the antics of a monkey they had gone along with part of the day.

Each morning found Annie at her post in the school, and the rapid progress she made surprised the teachers, and delighted Mr. More, the kind old gentleman who had brought her there. He even found out their miserable garret, that he might try and get little Molly to school too; but Mrs. Bird angrily answered, that she would not have Molly taught to despise her mother. "I am sorry if Annie has learned that at school," said Mr. More.

"No, no," she replied; "it would be hard to set Annie against her mother. She's a good child. But there's not two like Annie in the world, and I'll not let Molly have the chance."

So Mr. More said no more, and Molly was left to her vagrant life.

Some months had passed since the beginning of my story, when one evening Molly and her mother were later than usual of returning from their wanderings. Annie had come home, and kindled the fire, and done all she could to make the little place look comfortable. At last they came, and there was a colour in her mother's cheeks, and a glitter in her eye, that made Annie afraid she had been in the gin-shop—only Molly was with her, and she never took Molly there. She tossed a torn jacket to Annie, and said, "There, child, put that together, if you're not too proud to work for your mother!" Annie found a needle and thread, and meekly took up the soiled and tattered garment. There was a long silence, for even Molly was afraid to speak. A cat, which sometimes shared their garret, crept near the fire; but Mrs. Bird drove it away with a fearful oath. Annie sprang from her seat: "Oh, mother!" she cried, forgetting all her fear, "do not speak that way! It is God's name!"

"And what do I care for that?" she replied, fiercely. "What is God to me?"

"God is our Father in heaven," said Annie. "God is love. God gives us everything."

There was a solemn earnestness in the child's voice that awed her mother for a moment; but then, as if ashamed of such weakness, she broke forth more wildly than before. "And what kind of a Father has he been to me? Let them praise him that have something to praise him for! What has God given to me? What has he given to Ellen Bird but a life of sorrow and shame, and want and wretchedness?" Her voice sunk into a sort of low wail, and she

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covered her face with her hands. Annie crept very close to her. She whispered softly, "Mother, dear mother! God has given you Molly and me!"

She had touched the right chord, the only soft point in that long hardened heart. Ellen flung her arms wildly round the child, and wept as she had never wept before; and Annie knew that she was felt to be a good gift from her Father in heaven.

Ellen Bird had little thought, when she went out that morning, that it was the very last time she should ever wander through these streets—the last day of her beggar-life; but so it was. The flushed face and wild voice that had so startled Annie was the beginning of a violent rheumatic fever. For weeks she lay all but insensible in an hospital, and when the fever was over, she was carried—a poor helpless cripple—to one of the workhouses of the city. No one could say what passed in the mind of the poor sufferer, for she spoke little, only she bore the irksome monotony of her workhouse life with wonderful patience. Annie and Molly were both boarded in the school by their kind friends, and their weekly visit was the one enjoyment of her life.

When Annie was fifteen, her ability seemed so great that she was sent for three years to a Normal School; and when her training there was completed, she was appointed mistress to a flourishing school at D——, some miles from Birmingham.

The joy and gratitude of her heart were now complete, for she could bring her mother to her home; and such a home, too! No dark, crazy garret, such as they had once lived in together, but a sweet little cottage, fragrant with roses and honeysuckle. It was a happy day when she and Molly helped to lift the poor invalid into a comfortable chair, provided for her by Mrs. More. "Blessings on you, my two good children!" she said, as they laid her carefully down. "I never looked for this. But, Annie, I have learned it all now. God has taught me that he is love." S.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"NO DISCHARGE IN THIS WAR."

THERE is a great fortress and line of siege confronting every homestead, and commanding every group of our people—a line whose pointed musketry we are, perforce, sooner or later, all of us to face—and into the very mouth of whose death-dealing batteries we are steadily marching. Sabbath by Sabbath—day by day—hour by hour—moment by moment, with each heaving of the lungs and with each winking of the eyelash—the young, the old, the rich, the poor, the thoughtless and the gloomy, the ignorant and the scholarly, are walking up, in one inevitable procession, with the intermingled tramp of Manhood's heavy foot, and the patter of Childhood's footfall,—into the flaming range of these terrible bastions. "THERE IS NO DISCHARGE IN THIS WAR." You fall here: I fall there. The rattling hail of Death is among us at this instant. Sure as the daylight now shines, so sure is it that we must all bide this summoning, and must brook this conflict. I might go from bench to bench in the Sunday-school, and from pew to pew here, and without the least hazard of mistake say to every one,—"And you, too, must die." "IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE"—appointed by an All-knowing One, of whom there is no cheating,—an Omnipresent One, whom there is no shunning,—an Almighty One, whom there is no resisting. No skill, no craft, no force, no tears, no outcries, no affection can baffle the stroke. No heaps of golden ore, no ranges of widest empire can purchase exemption from the confiscations of Death. To-day, the capitalist stalks the Exchange, wielding his own large fortune, and it may be that of many another household than his own; to-day, the king rules his myriads of subjects, and all the cabinets and courts watch with solicitude the turns of his policy. The war of Death comes on; and by to-morrow the grim invader and destroyer has handed over the fortune of the millionaire to greedy heirs, and the keys of the bank to other office-holders; and has tossed the diadem and sceptre of a dead Cæsar, perchance, into an infant's feeble and quivering hands. None pillages like Death, with such sweeping forfeitures; his victims "carry nothing away." None hunts like Death, never losing his scent or missing his game. None aims like Death, with a shaft that always strikes. Is there no flying—no bribing—no pleading—no reasoning—no treating with the enemy? No. "There is no discharge in this war."

If Death takes you away as you are, and without Christ, your soul is lost beyond a doubt. Will God let the destroyer hurry you away thus unprepared? Why not, if God's book explicitly warns you that "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness?" Why not, if our text most plainly says, rounding out the words we first chose with this addition: "Neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it?" Why not borne away unprepared, if the fault, as to want of preparation, is all your own? You have been familiar with the gospel; you have lived in a land of Bibles and Sabbaths, and have had your personal warnings from Providence and your own secret strivings of the Holy Ghost. When this great, dread war, to which you were born, and of which every cemetery, every tolling bell, every funeral notice, every passing hearse, every ache in your own person, and every ailment, warned you—this war, so long foreknown and so terribly fatal—calls you, the reluctant and the truant, to take yourself the front place—what show of reason is there in your pleading want of preparation as a discharge? For what was life given but to know God? And knowing God, as in Christ he most graciously revealed himself to be known by you, you would have been prepared. Why have you forborne to know your Saviour? why refused to acknowledge his gracious claims, and been ashamed to wear his blessed livery? He shrunk not from ignominy, or any pain or any loss, that he might reach and rescue you. Why have you withholden the heart that he asked? and why clung to the sins and the idols that he

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denounced? and why rejected the love, and peace, and the heaven that he proffered freely—proffered sincerely—proffered often—and is proffering you even now,—but as yet has proffered to you all in vain?

It is, indeed a terrible lot, from a land of light and revivals, to go down, unprepared and unforgiven, to an eternal sorrow. The death of one dying without Christ is a fearful sight to behold; and the departure of such a spirit on quitting the body is a journey that Fancy may well shudder to follow, and faint as she attempts to depict it. But how many have so died! And if Death comes for us thus found unready, we may tremble and recoil; but the terrible sacrifice, and the hopeless doom that are before us as we go, are to the grim, pale King of Terrors no discharge.

"Not ready!" he may exclaim; "and after all this time—after twenty years, thirty years, fifty years, or even seventy years, not ready? When would you be? Come with me, then, as you are! If you have loitered, I, the messenger of a holy law and a just God, am no loiterer: here is my warrant, and it demands you, body and soul!"

The smoke of the torment of the wilfully impenitent will go up day and night, by the purpose of a just and justly incensed Jehovah. But, in this the day of opportunity and of repentance, there is proclaimed to us who yet survive One mightier than is either death or hell. It is the Prince of Life and the Lord of Glory. He came to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil. But Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, in bringing rescue, must himself "taste of death"—must not only meet the common lot, but must bear upon himself the common and concentrated guilt of our race. Doing it, he tore from death its sting; and to them that believe he is become the author of life everlasting.

To them that receive Christ, the war, though fierce, has lost its main terror, and is stripped of its perils. To him, mortality loses its ghastliness, and puts on already hopefulness and promise. The grave is like the wet and cold March day now brooding over our heads and miring our streets. Of darker hue, and moister, chiller air, indeed, than he might have chosen; but behind all this gloom, and behind all this damp, lie the treasures of bursting spring, and the glories of refulgent summer. The light afflictions, that are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. To the saint, Death changes many of his offices. Does Pain walk at his side? But is he not also the queller of Strife and the calmer of Care? The aching head throbs no more; the swollen heart fetches no more sighs. The weary are at rest. He is, in one sense, the Destroyer; but he is also the Restorer. He brings back, through Christ's victorious grace, the lost innocence and peace of Eden. Is he the Divider, sundering the nearest ties, and riving asunder the household bands? But he is also the Re-uniter, gathering me to my dead who sleep in Jesus, and to "the general assembly of the first born." Is he the curse of the law? Is he not also, through our blessed Master, who magnified and satisfied that law, become to us who believe the end of sin, the gate of paradise, and the guerdon of a new, a better, and an unending life?—*W. R. Williams, D.D.*

HERS WAS A MOTHER'S HEART.

Hers was a mother's heart,
That poor Egyptian's, when she drew apart
Because she would not see
Her child beloved in its last agony;

When her sad load she laid,
In her despair, beneath the scanty shade
In the wild waste, and stepped
Aside, and long and passionately wept.

Yet higher, more sublime,
How many a mother since that ancient time
Has shown the mighty power
Of love divine, in such another hour!

Oh! higher love to wait
Fast by the sufferer in his worst estate,
Nor from the eyes to hide
One pang, but aye in courage to abide.

And though no angel bring
In that dark hour unto a living spring
Of gladness—as was sent,
Stilling her voice of turbulent lament—

Oh! higher faith to show
Out of what depths of anguish and of woe
The heart is strong to raise
To an all-loving Father hymns of praise.

Trench.

"THINGS ABOVE."

Col. iii. 1–3.

My soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth;
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow?
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow?

Why art thou for delay?
Thou can'st not here to stay.
What tak'st thou for thy part
But heavenly pleasure?
Where, then, should be thy heart
But where's thy treasure?

Thy God, thy Head's above—
There is the world of love;
Mansions there purchased are
By Christ's own merit:

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For these he doth prepare
Thee by his Spirit.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit,—
I trust thy love and merit;
Take home thy wandering sheep,
For thou hast sought it;
My soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

Baxter.

JESUS LEADS.

Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than he went through before.
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Ibid.

BIBLE MOUNTAINS.

No. I.—LEBANON.

The mighty mountain-wall that guards the northern flank of Palestine, sending forth its rocky roots on one side to the Great Sea, on another to the Great Desert,—the cradle of four famous rivers which spring from its snows to water regions once the seat of splendid monarchies,—the symbol of grandeur, and magnificence, and luxuriant beauty,—Lebanon stands in some respects alone and unrivalled among the mountains of the world. A most impressive signal of approach to the Holy Land is the first glimpse of the ancient mountain off the shores of Cyprus, rising from the eastern waters, its peaks wreathed with everlasting snows, and flushed with shifting hues of rose and purple in the clear evening sky. High up in its aerial solitude, pure and lustrous like a cloud steeped in sunshine, it stands for us as the emblem of that old Oriental world which lies in its shadow,—Damascus, buried in its depth of everblooming verdure,—Antioch, where the Orontes runs sparkling through its laurel groves to the sea,—Baalbec, with its grey colossal relics, the Stonehenge of the desert,—Tyre, discrowned and desolate, by the waters,—and away in the south the hills of Galilee with Jerusalem beyond, and the red peaks of the great and terrible wilderness which closes in this land of wonder. From the time when the Jewish leader sighed to see "the good land beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, even Lebanon," through those later days when Hebrew seers and poets looked up to its vineyards and forests, its purple slopes and its burnished silver diadem, and drew from them eternal types of truth and beauty, what a boundless wealth of sacred tradition and imagery has been treasured up in the venerable name of Lebanon!

This name, which is now confined to the eastern mountain chain, "Libanus," properly so called, is used in a wider sense by the inspired writers, and includes the great parallel range of "Anti-Libanus," which in Hermon, its loftiest summit, attains a height of ten thousand feet. This mountain, uplifted in its magnificent elevation over the plain, is "the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus." From a large part of the low country of Palestine these heights were constantly in view, and their ancient names, as Stanley remarks, are "all significant of this position;—Hermon, 'the lofty peak;' Sion, 'the upraised;' Shenir and Sirion, 'the glittering breastplate of ice;' above all, Lebanon, the Mont Blanc of Palestine, the 'white mountain' of ancient times." Hence, too, the force and charm of every allusion to them would come home to the popular heart, breathing through the Jewish poetry with the freshness of mountain air, and tinging it with native glow and colour. The peasant of Galilee could feel as deeply as the Levite of Jerusalem the power of this peculiar imagery,—the glory and excellency of Lebanon, the richness of its harvests and vintages, the bloom and fragrance of its gardens, the delicious coolness of its valleys with their heavy dews, their brimming fountains and foaming rivulets, "living waters and streams from Lebanon," the wildness and grandeur of its upper ravines, the solemn gloom of its primeval forests, the drifting mists and clouds which gathered darkly on its summits, and launched the thunderstorm over the land. In one of the sublimest psalms of David (the 29th) we have clearly such a storm described, rising from the waters, shrouding the topmost peaks of Lebanon, rolling in long, grand reverberations through the ravines, shivering with its lightning-lance the gnarled cedars of its woods, darkening the broad land with its shadow, till its far echoes die away in the southern wilderness of Kadesh.

To the Jewish people, so proud of their national temple and its associations with the golden age of their history, Lebanon, on this account alone, would be reverently endeared. From its quarries were hewn the massive blocks of stone which rose on Moriah without sound of axe or hammer, and many a giant tree had been felled by the Tyrian woodman in its forests to yield the precious wood so largely employed in the building.

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In the luxurious days of the later kings, the mansions of the noble and wealthy in Jerusalem were embellished with this costly wood, "ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion" (Jer. xxii. 14). The height of this tree made it a symbol of pride; its stateliness and far-spreading branches, of extended empire: "The Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; no tree in the garden of God was like unto him for beauty" (Ezek. xxxi. 3, 8). With a deeper meaning, as an emblem of the spiritual progress of the believer, the Psalmist says, "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." A conception of wonderful sublimity is that of Isaiah, when, speaking of the majesty of God, he imagines the whole mountain to be a colossal altar, its cedar forests and odorous gums the fuel sending up fragrant clouds of incense, and all the flocks on its hills and valleys to be consumed in one oblation—"Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering" (xl. 16).

The mountain region of Lebanon is a world in itself, peopled by ancient races whose religious feuds have often carried devastation through its fairest valleys. The northern part of the range is occupied mainly by a Christian population, the Maronites; the southern by the Druses, a brave, high-spirited people, whose religion is a mystery, and seems to be a kind of Mohammedanism, tinctured with the wild fanaticism of the East. The number of villages scattered about the mountain is amazing. On approaching it from the sea, one is struck by the groups of white dwellings that gleam among the vineyards on its lower slopes, and higher up speckle the dark pine-groves,—multitudes of little hamlets clinging to its sides, or hanging like swallows' nests from its rocky eaves. Everywhere, as one penetrates into the recesses of the mountain, or makes his way through its storm-gashed ravines, where cataracts leap and torrents twist and foam, by winding and broken paths clambering up from steep to steep to its snow-shining summits, each sudden turn of the road, each glimpse into the branching glens, brings into view new villages, dropped about here and there in green retreats, and slumbering through long blue summers in their mellowing orchards and mulberry groves to the drowsy murmur of woodland waterfalls, like nooks of Paradise shut out from the world. From the highest point, which perhaps one has gained on a journey from Damascus and Baalbec to the cedar forest, the prospect is one of surpassing grandeur. All at once the mountains sink and fall away to a giddy depth beneath,—a maze of furrowed ridges surging like the waves of a frozen sea through a veil of warm blue vapour, old castles and convents perched on islanded heights, villages everywhere clustering on the terraced steeps, at your feet the venerable cedar wood dwindled to a thicket of shrubs, and away in the distance the hazy gleam of the Mediterranean waters. One is reminded of the paradise of Kubla Khan, that gorgeous dream of Coleridge:—

> "There were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
> Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
> And here were forests ancient as the hills,
> Infolding sunny spots of greenery."

It is not for the multitude of its cedars that Lebanon is now renowned, but the spot where stand the last surviving relics of the forests that once clothed its sides will always be a haunt of pilgrimage. The wood contains about three hundred cedars, of which fifty trees, twisted by the storms and scarred by the tempests of centuries, may challenge special admiration. On a mound in the centre stands the patriarch of the grove, nine feet in diameter, spreading his ponderous arms, each a tree in itself, over the heads of the many generations that have grown up below. A little chapel has been built on the spot, where a Maronite monk celebrates mass to the pilgrims; but the place itself, withdrawn in this deep recess of the mountains, enclosed with marble walls of snow, lying inviolate in its sombre shadows and cloistered stillness, is Lebanon's true temple,—"a building of God, an house not made with hands." The solemn murmur and vibration of the mountain wind in the roofing branches seems set to the music of the old Hebrew psalm,—"The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

The rich luxuriance which was the ancient glory of the mountain has not departed from it. With swift bright rivulets dashing everywhere over its rocks, and lying in deep clear pools in its woody ravines, it is not only fruitful in itself, but the source of fruitfulness to the thirsty lands around it. The snows of Lebanon fill the blue veins of Abana and Pharpar with those crystal waters which give perpetual verdure to the gardens of Damascus. Nowhere perhaps is the wonderful union of mountain grandeur with beauty of site and richness of culture better seen than near the Christian village of Eden, described in glowing terms by all who have visited it. It stands on the brink of a gorge nearly two thousand feet in depth, its houses of hewn stone scattered under the shade of walnut-trees, every slope and terrace waving with corn-fields and vineyards, and groves of mulberry and poplar. The chime of bells, so seldom heard in the East, awakens a peculiar emotion when ringing the hour of prayer in these Christian villages.

Not here alone, but wherever one may wander over the sunny hills and valleys into which the romantic region of "the Lebanon" is cloven, will he find himself in presence of a living picture of ancient times and ever-fresh associations. He will find the venerable mountain incrusted with a rich and sacred symbolism. The waving of its golden harvests will speak to him of "an handful of corn on the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." Its vineyards purpling in the clear heat of summer, the mellow fruitage of its load of orchards, the brilliant colours of its wayside flowers, the sweetness of its odorous thickets and beds of thyme, the balsamic fragrance of its cedars will give more vivid force to holy words which have rus

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from childhood through the memory: "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return: they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." Stability, fragrance, fruitfulness, types of the highest graces that beautify and exalt the life of man, dwell in pure and endless companionship beneath the cedars of Lebanon.

PRAISE, WHEN YOU CANNOT PRAY.

I was called on one day by the young daughter of one of the members of my congregation, who wished to get my advice about a servant in their family. It appeared that one of their servants, who was only slightly known to me, as she belonged to another communion, was in great concern about her soul. My young friend and her sister, both of whom I rejoice over as born from above, had done all they could to set the truth before her, aided by their parents, who also walk in the truth. I gave the best advice I could under the circumstances; and, for the time, the matter ended. Soon after, however, I inquired how it fared with the servant's soul, and learnt that she was still in deep waters, and could find no rest: even sleep had fled from her eyes. This was good news. I asked, "Could she not call on me at some convenient time?" She would be willing, I was told. She came: and I found that she had led the usual life, and that her sin was ungodliness at the worst; yet her convictions were so real and true, that she was terrified to sleep lest she might waken in hell: like Noah's dove, she could find no rest for the sole of her foot. It was specially interesting, too, to be told that the immediate cause of all her trouble was the simple reading of a little book by one of the old divines, while staying at home alone on the Sabbath-day. I tried all the usual methods,—set before her, with all fulness, the marvellous grace and matchless mercy of God,—showed how she had but to grasp a free pardon held out to her by God, and fairly within her reach,—that her sins were only the usual sins, and came clear as noonday within the ample sweep of the glorious gospel,—and illustrated and argued all with my whole might; but in vain. It ever came back to the old story, "All that may be true for everybody else, *but not for me.*" She had tried to pray, but dared not speak to God. After a long pause, a thought struck me, and I said to her, "If you cannot pray, perhaps you could praise." She did not understand me. But I went on to show how this was none other than the finger of God that was stirring her soul; that she had good ground for praise,—that God had passed by the doors of thousands of the great, rich, and noble, and on that quiet Sabbath had come down to her in her kitchen, and made the words of that dead old book to be as a hammer; that he had given her life, for she had feeling,—dead men did not feel, did not weep nor cry, but sinned in peace; that God had kept that life stirring within her, and would let her have no rest in her sin; that if she did not praise and bless his holy name for all this marvellous grace and mercy of his in not leaving her alone to go down quickly and quietly to the pit, she would be indeed the very chief of sinners; but if she praised and blessed God for what he had done, she would soon find that he that had begun the good work in her would carry it on, and out, to the praise of the glory of his grace.

The light began to dawn upon her soul as I set forth all this at length: faith in God, as already working in her soul, rose and grew and strengthened. I commended her to go home, and sing as she went that glorious 103d Psalm, "O thou my soul, bless God the Lord." She departed with a light heart, singing as she went; and she is singing still, praising and praying, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The whole matter was very instructive to me. Conviction of sin is from God. It is the movement of a begun life. It is the wile of the devil to keep the soul in the deep waters. It is no part of his policy to disturb anybody in sin, or permit them to be disturbed. The strong man armed keepeth his goods in peace. When the stronger than he comes, the devil's tactics ever are to keep all still,—to keep the man back from the prayer of faith, and the praise of faith, and from faith itself as a habitual state of the soul. He makes it out to be presumption for a convinced sinner to lay hold of a free pardon and all free mercy of God in Christ; whereas the presumption is in the unbelief. It is a dreadful thing to say either that God cannot or that he will not forgive me, when I have his own word expressly to the contrary. "He that believeth not hath made God a liar." Those who are convinced of sin speak of their own sins in strong enough terms; but do they think of this sin of sins—making God a liar? This *is* sin. "He that believeth not shall be damned."

Dear reader! have you ever felt all God's waves and billows rolling, dashing, and breaking over you; or have you still peace in sin, in place of peace in believing? It is a terrible thing to have to lie groaning and writhing in agony; but it is much worse when the nerves are all unstrung and dead to all sensation. Are you in this latter case? Can you sin at peace? If so, that thought ought to bestir and arouse you, and make you cry with all the energy of despair, "Help, Lord, I perish!" And, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

London. T.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

No. I.—WHERE ART THOU?

"And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" Did not God know, then, where

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Adam was? If so, why did he ask? Was it not to show the man his folly, in thinking that he could hide himself from God? What a wreck was here! Come and behold what evil one sin hath wrought already in this fair world. A man, but lately created in the very image of the living God, goes to hide himself from his presence behind the trees of the garden! Men talk of the foolish ostrich hiding its head in the sand when danger is near; but come here and look at this—"Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden!" This is one of the things that sin can do: it can bring down man, made in the image of God, to this point of wretched folly. Is there in this world a lower depth of degradation which thou canst reach? To desire to be out of the sight of thy best, thy only Friend! and to have thy reason so shattered and broken as to think that there can be any covering from the Omniscient Eye; and that trees can be that covering! Thou thoughtest to become like God by eating of the fruit of the tree; now thou thinkest that God is become altogether such an one as thou! Thus hast thou deceived thyself and been deceived.

And where art *thou*, O reader! Behind what tree hast thou skulked, in thy vain attempt to hide thee from God? Art thou, too, behind, among, the trees of the garden? Dost thou use that which God made as blessings, and gave thee as mercies, to hide him from thee, or thyself from him? Dost thou hide thyself behind that formal prayer, that praise out of the mouth when thy heart is dumb and still, that hasty skimming over the page of thy Bible at times few and far between? Are you behind that ceremonious worship, — that whited outside which men see and bow to? Or are you behind your doled-out charity, tossed carelessly forth of your abundance,—carefully giving nothing but what you can spare and never miss? With what fig-leaves have you covered *your* nakedness? Are you beneath your own filthy rags;—filthy, unclean, because from an unclean heart; rags, rent and tattered and torn,—obedience not continuous, but riven and split up in all directions? Is this all that you have, and is it all used to hide you from the presence of the Lord God? Does your religion bring you to God, or hide you from God?

Where art thou? It is God that asks. You should not be out of his presence at any moment of time. Have you been all your life-long hiding with Adam, and never taken hold of the hand of the second Adam, to be by him again led back into the presence of His Father and your Father? It is God that asks, that always asks, that in his love will never cease asking till even his patience is worn out, and he sends forth Death to smite thee down, and bring you up before his presence on the judgment-seat.

Where art thou? Art thou in Christ, or art thou only in the Church? All who are in Christ are in the Church, but all who are in the Church are not in Christ. Or, worse still, art thou in the world—in the Church and in the world,—and in the Church that thou mayest be all the more easily in the world? Art thou in a state of sin, and so in a state of death,—dead in trespasses and sins?

Where art *thou?* Ten thousand eyes may read these words, but the question comes to each of them as perfectly as if addressed to him alone. By no effort can you hide yourself, at any moment, from God. All things, and all persons, are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. You are as perfectly known to him as if he held you in his hand, scanning you with his eye. In the dark night, when thou goest forth on thy errands of sin—on thy bed, when thou art still—in thy solitary musings—in all the wiles and doublings of thy evil heart of unbelief, thou art under the eye of God, seen and known to the furthest corner and very innermost centre of thy being: for "I, the Lord, search the heart—I try the reins of the sons of men."

And where *art* thou? But a little while ago, Adam, and thou wert in a state of holy, happy innocence; but where *art* thou now? What you were, dear reader, is not the question, but what you are; what you have been, though it had been altogether good, can be of no service to you, if now you are out of the way. That struggling swimmer, just going down, has the agony of his last bubbling cry increased to the bitterness of death by the distant sight of the full white sail of the gallant ship, whose deck he but lately trod in the pride of life and strength. It is thy present position to which thou must give heed. Where *art* thou?

Finally, there is not a tree in all the garden behind which thou mayest hide thyself, saving one—"the tree of life." There is but one refuge for a sinful soul, but one covering for sinful nakedness. In the very presence of God must thou hide thee from God. In God himself—in God-man, the Word made flesh, must thou hide thee, if thou wouldest be safe from the wrath to come. Dead in him, thou livest: hidden in this cleft of the Rock, thou mayest behold with open face the glory of the Lord. No way near him, no way about him, no way connected with him, other than being wholly in him, canst thou be all safe. Noah must enter the ark, and the Lord must shut him in, ere he can be safe from the waters of the flood. Amidst no trees of the garden art thou hidden from the eye of the All-seeing. Thou must be rooted on, and growing up in, the tree of life. From this Root, out of the ground which is everywhere else dry, thou must derive all thy life-sap and soul-sustenance. Thou art only accepted and acceptable when thou art accepted in the Beloved. Then, when the inquest goes forth, Where art thou? you may answer in the words of the apostle,—I am "found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Blessed are the dead that die *in the Lord* from henceforth.

London. C.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. VIII.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT—THE LAW FULFILLED BY CHRIST.

MATT. v. 17–32.

Ver. 17. What is meant by "the law or the prophets?" [The meaning *here* is, chiefly, the *moral* law, or law of the ten commandments, *as enforced* by the Old Testament prophets.] Had Christ come to set men free from the duty of obeying the ten commandments? What then? How did Christ *fulfil* the moral law? [1. By his *example*—obeying it in every jot and tittle, in thought, word, and deed. 2. By his *precepts*—applying it much farther than even the prophets. 3. By his *sufferings*—enduring all the punishment due for his people's transgression of it. 4. By his *Spirit*—sent forth to enable them to keep it.]

Ver. 18. What is meant by "one jot or tittle?" [The smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet was called *yod* or *yot;* a tittle was a small mark that distinguished certain letters from others resembling them, like the stroke through *t*, or the dot over *i*.] What, then, is the meaning of this verse? Some say the ten commandments are not binding under the gospel—what does this verse prove on that subject? Some say the Old Testament is useless—what says this verse?

Ver. 19. Can any part of God's law be trifled with in vain? How should every teacher try to get others to feel and act towards the law of God? What shall be the reward of those who are successful in this? Daniel xii. 3. What should be our prayer, when we think of God's law, and of all that it requires? Ps. cxix. 5, 10, 33, 34, &c.

Ver. 20. What sort of righteousness had the scribes and Pharisees? Matt. xxiii. 23. Why will *such* righteousness not gain admission to heaven? [1. It cannot procure *pardon*, or *acceptance with God*. 2. It does not make us inwardly *meet* or *fit* for that holy place.] What righteousness *alone* can procure our pardon and acceptance? Phil. iii. 9. How does that justifying righteousness become ours? Rom. iii. 22. How may we obtain *inward* righteousness, or fitness for heaven? Titus iii. 5.

Ver. 21. *Christ here gives his* FIRST *example of his mode of fulfilling the law.* Which of the commandments does Christ here quote? What was "the judgment?" [Believed to have been a court of seven judges (others say twenty-three), which existed in every city, tried criminals, and had the power of life and death.]

Ver. 22. What was "the council?" [The supreme court of seventy judges, called the Sanhedrim, before which Christ was himself tried. Matt. xxvi. 59.] What were the different modes of inflicting death practised by these courts? [The *judgment* inflicted death *by the sword;* the *council*, by *stoning;* and there was a third form of death, *by fire*, which was counted very disgraceful.] Where was this last mode of death usually inflicted? [In a valley close to Jerusalem, called the Valley of Hinnom, once used for abominable idolatries (Jer. vii. 31); afterwards as a receptacle for rotten carcases and filth (2 Kings xxiii. 10), which were from time to time consumed by fire. The Greek name of this place, "Gehenna," is applied in the New Testament to hell, and its fire became a figure of "hell-fire."] What is the *first* of the three sins which Christ here speaks of as exposing us to "the council?" How do we break the sixth commandment by this sin? [The *spirit* of murder is in anger: while it lasts, it would *drive its object out of its way—anywhere.* See 1 Sam. xx. 33; Num. xxii. 29.] Does not this give us an awful view of the guilt of anger? What are we exhorted to do with anger? Ephes. iv. 31. What is the *second* form of the sin against which Christ warns? What does "Raca" mean? [A vain, empty person.] How is this sin greater than the last? [It is the same feeling in the heart, *with the addition of an abusive name.*] What should this teach us to the practice of calling names? What is the *third* and worst form of the sin? What does "Thou fool" mean? [A wicked, godless person. Ps. xiv. 1.] How is this the worst form of the sin? [It includes all the rest, with the addition of *a malignant pleasure in the wickedness of the person denounced.*] If people are wicked, what should be our feeling regarding them? Ps. cxix. 136; Luke xix. 41.

Ver. 23. For what purposes did the Jews bring gifts to the altar? [As symbols of atonement, *to get pardon for sin;* or as thank-offerings, *to express gratitude*, &c.] What is the offerer supposed to remember? [Observe, the thing remembered is, that *his brother has a complaint* (which may be just or unjust) *against him.* If he feel that he has wronged his brother, *so much the more need* for going to him.]

Ver. 24. Would his gift have been acceptable to God if he had not gone? Why? [He would have been neglecting a command. Rom. xii. 18.] Why has God such a dislike to quarrels? [They breed so many sinful passions, disorder the soul, unfit it for holy exercises, &c.] Should not the party who has done the injury be the first to try to make it up? [Doubtless; but if he should neglect this, the other should go to him. There may be wrong on both sides; as long as the quarrel lasts, there is sin; and there is nothing we should be so eager for as *to put an end to sinning.*] When should we be most careful to attend to this duty? Ps. lxvi. 18; 1 Cor. v. 8. [In the early Church, the members, before partaking of the Lord's Supper, used to ask one another forgiveness of all injuries.]

Ver. 25. Who is meant by "our adversary?" [One with whom we have a quarrel, about to be carried into a law-court.] What is meant by "on the way with him?" [On the way to the court.] What should we try to do, even at that last stage? Why?

Ver. 26. How long may the consequences of disagreement last? [See how important, in Christ's view, is a *conciliatory*, peaceable temper.] What other controversy, besides our quarrels *with man*, should we be eager to bring to an end? Which of the parties—the injured or the injurer—has *come forward* to end that controversy? 2 Cor. v. 19, 20.

Ver. 27. *Christ here gives his* SECOND *example of his mode of fulfilling the law.* Which of the commandments is this?

Ver. 28. Mention a celebrated king in the Old Testament who broke this commandment flagrantly. 2 Sam. xii. 9. But, according to Christ's explanation, did not David break the commandment before he "sent and took" Bathsheba? See 2 Sam. xi. 2. Where is it that *all* open violations of the commandments begin? Matt. xv. 19. What great duty does this enforce? Prov. iv. 23.

Ver. 29, 30. Does Christ seem to speak here literally or figuratively? What harm is the right eye and the right hand supposed by him to do to us? [Offend, or rather *cause*

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to offend,—become an occasion of sin.] Of what are the eye and hand probably used here as figures? [Anything, not wrong in itself, of which we are very fond, or on which we set a great value, *but which leads us to sin*. Books that dissipate the mind, pleasures that excite us unduly, companions that tempt, gainful occupations that trouble our conscience, should all be given up.] How does Christ enforce this? What is the great duty called, enjoined in this passage? [Self-denial.] In what other terms did Christ ever enforce it? Matt. xvi. 24. [The *young* should pay great attention to this duty.] Will those who practise it lose or gain by it in the end? Matt. xix. 29. [Read, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," the account of the two boys, Patience and Passion, in the Interpreter's house.] What may we learn from the repeated allusions to *hell* in this first discourse of our Lord? [How necessary it is that we should be often reminded of it, and warned to flee from it.] What may we learn from the fact that it is *Christ* who speaks so much of hell? [That the more there is of true love in the heart, the more anxious will it be for the rescue of men from hell.] Did Christ speak of it in a spirit of denunciation, or of tender, compassionate affection?

Ver. 31, 32. Was it a common practice for men to put away their wives for trivial reasons? [It was very common among heathen nations, from whom the Jews seemed to have copied it.] What was it thought sufficient to give to a wife thus put away? [A writing of divorcement.] What may we learn from our Lord's protest against this evil? [How *sacred* family ties are in his eyes, and how willing he is to give his blessing where they are faithfully observed.]

DOCTRINE—Salvation is wholly of the undeserved mercy of God.

Ps. li. Ps. cxxx. Isa. xliii. Ezek. xxxvi. Dan. ix. Rom. ix. Eph. ii. Titus iii.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—LOOK AT YOUR COPY.

THE bees were among the flowers, the rooks were flying to and fro over the old barn, and the haymakers were at work in the fields; but there was not a more busy scene in the village than that beheld in the school-house on the green.

It was writing afternoon, and the boys were all at their lessons.

"Look at your copy, William," said Mr. Adams the schoolmaster, as he stood by the side of one of the boys. "Take care to follow your copy," said he again, "and do not let me see any blots or mistakes."

Mr. Adams had written the first line in the first page of William Hart's new copy-book. It was in small-hand, and the words were, "Be not wise in thine own eyes."

William wrote the next line. It was pretty well done, though some of the up-strokes were rather too thick, and the down-strokes were a little too thin. But when he came to the third line, instead of looking at his copy, his eyes rested only on his own writing just above. And we may guess what came of that. William copied all the faults, and made more too; so that every line all the way down was worse than the one before it: there was not a line that was like the copy at the top of the page!

"Look at your copy," said the schoolmaster once more; but this time he spoke to Charles Crisp, one of the youngest boys in the school. Just then Mr. Adams had so much to do, that he had told one of the elder scholars to write a text-hand copy for Charles. This boy went about his work in such a careless way, that instead of "All are sinners," he wrote "All are siners;" so that Charles, who kept close to his copy, made a blunder in every line.

Again the sound was heard in the village school, "Boys, look to your copy." Mr. Adams was now standing at the desk near to Andrew Price, and noticing the care with which he wrote in a neat round-hand the line, "Depart from evil, and do good." It was clear that Andrew was taking pains, and was doing his best. There was not a blot to be seen in his book. "That is right, Andrew," said his master; "practice makes perfect."

The writing lessons were at an end, and the boys came running out of school, when who should they meet at the door but old Reuben, the gardener at the great house on the hill! He had been resting on a seat in front of the schoolhouse; and as the window was quite open, he had heard all that had passed.

Reuben and the boys were great friends; and when school was over, and his work was done, many a walk they took together in the woods. As he was a pious as well as a wise man, they seldom left him without a few words of advice. In a moment the boys were standing around him showing the copies they had just written.

"Well, Mr. Reuben," said they, "you look quite serious: what are you thinking about?"

"Why," replied the old gardener, as he quietly turned over the leaves of one and another of the copy-books, "I was just thinking of what I heard Mr. Adams say to you about looking at your copy."

"Oh, then, you have been listening at the door!" they cried.

"Not exactly so," replied Reuben; "but as I sat to rest myself in front of the window, I heard what he said. 'Look at your copy,' thought I: these words are a lesson for the old man who sits without as well as for those young boys within. You know that we not only learn to write by having copies before us, but we form our habits and character for life in much the same way. If it is well for us to have a good copy, without blot or blur, in the one case, it is much more so in the other.

"There are some, like William Hart, with a *fair copy* before their eyes, who yet manage to copy their own faults day after day; and so, instead of improving, they really get worse.

"Then there are others, like little Charles Crisp, who follow a *bad copy*, and we need not wonder that they go wrong. If it be well for us to take care that our copy is what it ought to be when writing in a copy-book, it is much more needful to mind what example we have before us in life. There are too many, my boys, who, though a good pattern is set them, do not attend to it; while there are still more, I fear, who have only a bad example before them, which their wicked hearts make them too willing to imitate."

"I suppose, Reuben," said William Hart, "you have seen a great number of both sorts in your time?"

"That is quite true," replied the gardener; "but it is not

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only those I have seen myself,—there are many others I have read of. I have a book containing some good copies which I always keep by me, and into which I look every day."

"Why, that must be the Bible, Reuben?

"To be sure it is. If you want some of the best examples, you must go to God's word for them. The meekness of Moses, the faith of Abraham, the patience of Job, the zeal of Paul, and the love of John, should be copied by us all. But good and holy as they were, it is not safe to follow them in all their ways, for they did and said some things that were not quite right. There is only one perfect pattern—one which shines above all the rest."

"Oh, yes, it was the example of our Lord Jesus Christ," said the boys.

"Right again," added Reuben. "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who is over all, God blessed for ever, took upon him our nature, to reconcile us to God; and in that nature he left us an example, that we should follow in his steps. Great and holy as he is, he is a pattern for all ages of the world, to all people in every land, and to rich and poor, old and young alike."

"Then Jesus must be a pattern for *us* also?" said Arthur.

"That is quite true; for he was once of the same age as you are now. He knows how a little child feels, for he was once a little child. His bright example lies before us in the pages of the New Testament, and even the youngest of you may learn from it. See what a dutiful son he was to a poor mother, the blessed Mary. He never grieved her heart by his conduct. He never showed a bad temper, never spoke an idle word, and never did a wrong act. 'He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.' From him we may learn what we should do, how we should speak, what we should love, and what we should seek or shun. He was meek and lowly of heart, and was ready to forgive all affronts and injuries. He loved the house of God, with its prayers and praises. Indeed, all that was pure and lovely and of good report was to be seen in him. If we really want to be like Christ, we need not to be at any loss to find out what he would do if he were in our place. There is no step in all our path through life in which the light of his bright example does not shine."

"Then we must look to him all our days?"

"Certainly you must. The best scholars are always learners: you may be learning of Jesus Christ as long as you live. But if you would be like him, there are two things you must not forget. First, you must believe in him and love him. He is our Saviour. The apostle Peter says, 'His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree' (1 Pet. ii. 24). So again, as I was reading in my Bible this morning, 'Christ also hath suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God' (1 Pet. iii. 18). We imitate those we love and trust."

"And what, Reuben, is the second thing we are to attend to?"

"You must pray for the Holy Spirit to be given to you. If any of you feel that you are not like Jesus, go and kneel in some quiet place and ask that the Spirit of God may create within you a new heart. Remember, my boys, that Christ must be to us both a Saviour and a Pattern. We are only true Christians when we believe in him, and strive to be like him.—There, it is time for you to go home. Take care to look at your copy, and to follow it."—*Wayside Books.*

II.—JESUS WEPT.

JOHN xi. 35.

THIS is the shortest verse in the whole Bible—only two words, but how very sweet and comforting they are! Let us think a little of what we may learn from them.

1. We learn what kind of heart was that of our dear Lord and Saviour. He was the mighty God, who could do all things, and was soon to show his almighty power by calling back the soul of Lazarus to his body again. But he was also man. He felt grief and compassion, as you and I do; and when he saw the sad sisters, Martha and Mary, and all their friends weeping round the grave, his tender heart was full of pity—"Jesus wept" too.

2. We may learn that *we* are allowed to mourn when those whom we love are taken from us by death. It cannot be wrong for us to do anything that Jesus did. He wept, and therefore we may weep also; only we must take care, as Paul tells us (1 Thess. iv. 13), not to sorrow as those who have no hope; who do not know and love Jesus; who have not him for their comforter. We must not weep so long or so bitterly as they do; but take comfort, knowing that if our dear friends have "fallen asleep in Christ," they are "not lost, but gone before" to heaven, and that we ourselves can never be without hope, while we have God for our Father and Jesus for our Friend.

3. We may learn to go to Jesus for help and comfort in all our sorrows. He is called "the man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He *knows* what our poor sad hearts feel. He pities us. He will help us. My dear children, though you are very young now, some of you may already remember the time when your dear father or mother, or little brother or sister died; when their souls went to God, and their bodies were laid in the grave. Many were weeping around you on that sad day, and you were weeping too. Perhaps you are still wearing a black dress, and tears still flow when you think that you will see that smile and hear that sweet voice no more. But think of these words, "Jesus wept." Go to him on your knees alone, and tell him all your sorrow. Tell him all you have lost, and ask him to make it up to you, by making you know and feel more of his own love. Ask him to pardon all your sins, to give you a new heart, and to make you feel as David did, and as even a young child may do, that "it is good for you to be afflicted." And then look forward with hope and joy to the time when God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes, in the good land where sorrow and sighing shall never come.

"*Jesus wept.*" How many a sorrowful heart has thanked God that the Holy Spirit made these two little words be written down in the Bible! If you are happy now, dear children, be thankful. I do not wish to make you sad; but I wish you to seek Jesus *early*, and know that you have him to go to, as your friend and comforter when sorrow comes.

III.—EFFORT.

DEAR little boys,—When a little girl, I attended a school in the country. In this school were children of all sizes, from the little ones reading in A B C, to the big boys and girls; who, as they stood and read, seemed to me large and learned. Among the smaller scholars was a boy called Peter, a poor boy, who lived in a little black hut not far from the school-house. Peter's father was a drunkard,

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and his mother a pale, sorrowful-looking woman, of whom the neighbours said, "She is not long for this world." When walking along the road, and not going to school, Peter often carried a jug and a bag. The bag was for meal or flour, which his father sent him to beg for; and the jug was for spirits, frequently bought with this same meal and flour.

Now it so happened that although Peter was a good-natured and obliging little boy, there were those among us who despised him, mainly on account of his jug and bag. This was wrong; for though we ought to hate sin, our Saviour has taught us to love the sinner; therefore we had no right to hate even the poor sinful father, much less the unfortunate little Peter, who only obeyed his father's bidding. It is a happy thought for children thus despised and forsaken, that the great God is their Father, and loves them none the less because they are poor, and have wicked parents.

But I was telling you of the school. One day Peter was reading—

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"

and the teacher told him that little acorns meant poor little boys like him; and tall oaks were the great and good men which such boys might become, if they had a mind to make noble efforts.

Some of the scholars laughed, as though it were a ridiculous thing for a boy like Peter to make an effort. But the little boy's face brightened, and "*Try*," seemed to be looking right out of his two black eyes. Soon after, it was said of Peter, that he no longer carried a jug and bag, but earned bread for himself and his family. It was known, too, of this little boy, that when sent to barter meal and flour for spirits, he often ran the risk of a severe whipping by purchasing other articles instead.

Things relating to little Peter were in this state when I left that neighbourhood with my parents. I shortly after heard that Peter's mother was dead, and that his father had become a temperate man.

Years passed away, and I heard no more of Peter until last summer, when a gentleman, who used to be one of the "tall young men" in that school, called upon me. He had just returned from a visit to the village where that school was kept, and interested me very much by talking of people and places familiar to us both. "I spent the Sabbath there," said this gentleman, "and going to the old church, heard one of our old school-fellows preach." He asked me to guess his name; and I mentioned all the bright-eyed, smart little boys who I thought possibly could have become ministers; but he shook his head, and asked me if I had forgotten the "little acorn," who carried the jug and bag? I had not, and now learned, to my great joy, that he had become a "tall oak," or, more properly speaking, a wise, good man, and a minister of the gospel!

IV.—"FAITHFUL IN THE LEAST."

We have often admired the fidelity of that noble boy who stood "amid the battle wreck, when all but him had fled;" who, while the flames leaped wildly from shroud to shroud, waited his father's permission to go. This was fidelity—which, though it cost the boy his life, won for him a noble name. *Our* fidelity may never be called to a test so severe; yet there are tests, every day of our lives, by which we may prove ourselves, and know whether we have the principle of fidelity or not. The Scriptures say, "He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much;" and whenever we see a little boy or girl faithfully doing the work appointed them, no matter how *small* that work, we have great confidence that when called to more difficult duties, they will not shrink, but do with noble fidelity, even unto death.

I once heard a father say of his little son, "When I left anything for Samuel to do, I was always sure to find it *well* done." He said this while Samuel was lying in his coffin. The hands which had done so faithfully what they found to do, were now folded, cold and pale, over the bosom where a heart of true fidelity once beat. Their earthly work was done. Yet when the father said this, we did not feel so sad. We trusted that he had been as faithful to his Father in heaven as to his father on earth, and hoped that his happy spirit was able to say to its Father, God, "I have finished the work THOU gavest me to do."

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"A LIVING WAY."

HEB. x. 20.

It is a living way, for no man can die in this way. That way may be called a living way indeed, if there were such a one that led to a good place, that no traveller in it could die, and would be a great temptation for people to undertake it. There are some places in the world where riches and honours are, that people run towards, and run through a great many dangers for; but they may die in that way. But never a man dies in this way; they sleep in Jesus, but they die not. "I am the resurrection and the life," says he; "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" (John xi. 25, 26). Oh, how sweet a question is that, "Believest thou this," that a believer in Christ can never die? Wherefore now, since our Lord died, death hath got a more sweet name. It is called sleeping, and sleeping in the Lord. Thus it is said of Stephen, that he was stoned, calling upon God, and saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! And when he had said this, he fell asleep" (Acts vii. 59, 60). It is called "sleeping in Jesus" (1 Thess. iv. 14, 15). Do not you see, say you, that believers die like other men? Yes; but then they die in Christ Jesus; they only fall asleep in the way. And the Lord, the way, will awake them in a little while, and raise them up again, and bring them their new apparel, their house from heaven (2 Cor. v. 1, 2, 3).

Is Christ a living way to heaven? Is a slain Christ for us the living way in which we must walk to heaven? Then surely it should be very pleasant to the people of God to go to heaven. What is there to make it irksome to a believer? What is going to heaven? It is nothing but walking in Christ towards Christ, to be ever with Christ—that is going to heaven; our way is walking in him, our way is walking towards him, our hope is to be ever with him. I know that there are a great many impediments and hinderances in the way, and yet these Christ has disarmed and removed by his death: they may make an appearance that may be frightful to such weak people as we be; weak believers take the

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shadow for an armed man, and are afraid many times unreasonably; but how pleasant will it be, I say, for a believer to find himself guarded from all attempts against him in his way to heaven. "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him; rooted and built up in him" (Col. ii. 6, 7). Fix your root in him, and draw your fruit from him.

Is Christ a living way to heaven? Then what a sorry pitiful case are they in that walk in the ways of death, that despise this way of life! It is very common, and it does not cease to be the more sad because it is common, but is so much the more grievous, that persons love death rather than life. The matter now is balanced thus: every sinner is by nature dead in sin; if he continues in that state, he dies in his sin; and dying in his sin, he dies for ever, for his sin. This miserable case now is to be balanced with what our Lord proffers—that he will give the light of life—that he offers to lead men to heaven—that if they will but set foot in him, set their hearts on him, lodge their faith on him, and put all their trust in him, he will guide them safe thither. You should reckon it a mercy, that you have sinners to preach to you: if it were not that we have the experience of that rebellion of the natural heart in ourselves, ministers would be mighty impatient in dealing with ungodly persons. What ails men, that they refuse Christ Jesus? What madness possesses the hearts of men, that they will rather go to hell with the devil than to heaven with Christ Jesus? Do not they well deserve to be in hell for ever that make such an abominable choice? Yet every natural man does so; every natural man prefers the way of death to the way of life, and prefers Satan's driving to hell unto Christ's gracious and blessed leading to heaven.—*Traill.*

II.—A PROMISING GOD.

No wonder if God will command men; no wonder if God will threaten sinners; these things become God, and are like him, and are suited to his nature. But will God promise to man? *Will he make a covenant with man?* (Job xli. 3, 4. So Ezek. xvi. 6–9.) As it is a great condescension in God to reveal himself to us as a promising God, so it is a great duty upon his people to keep that name of God continually in their eye. Pray, what do you do in the word? in prayer? What is the God you deal with? Do you betake yourselves to the word, to hear the word of God as a commander? Ay, but where is the strength for obedience? That is uncomfortable work then. Ay, but, saith the believer, God's promising for all that he hath done for his people before, and all that they have done in their actings of faith towards him, encourages me. Would it not put another sort of edge upon our prayers were we to eye God as a promising God? What do we do in prayer, think you? what is the business of prayer? The main thing in prayer is to put God in mind of the promise. The great work of Christians is to turn promises into prayers, and God will turn both into performance. Every believer, you know, is to ask according to God's will. The asking according to God's will is to ask in faith (James i. 5, 6). And not only to ask what God bids us ask, but to ask what God has commanded us to hope; and we know what to hope for by what God has promised. If we stretch our hope beyond the promise, we are out of the way; but his promises are so large, that a believer needs not fear but he hath room enough for his faith to work in, nay, to run in. The faith of a believer hath room enough to treat with God in. Labour for this. All the disquiets that are in the minds of believers—all the changes that are in their thoughts about the God they have to deal with, all proceed from this. In the day of his love, in the day of their peace, he hath been made known to them as a promising God. Ay, but now there is a cloud comes upon their faith, and maybe a veil upon his face; and he comes to them and appears as if he were a threatening or commanding God. No dealing with him in this case. Learn to mind God's true name—*He is a promising God.* The Lord teach you this.—*Ibid.*

III.—WEAK THINGS CHOSEN.

I ENTERED the little room. It was clean and tidy, with a bed in one corner farthest from the fire, by the side of which, in an old arm-chair, sat an idiot girl about seventeen years of age. She was dressed neatly, and looked happy, though ill. Her mother, a respectable-looking woman, was by her side. I took an offered chair, and drawing near the girl, asked her how she was. She replied, "Sick." "And what have you in your lap?" pointing to a book which lay there. She opened it, and with an expression of delight I shall not soon forget, reached it to me. It was the New Testament. "Do you love the Lord, my dear child?" "Oh yes," she replied, though with great difficulty; "Jesus is good." "He *is* good, my poor child; what a mercy for you that he has enabled you to know it!" "Oh yes," she repeated again; "Jesus is good. Mr. Maclay good man; Mr. Maclay tell poor Ellen of Jesus." I turned inquiringly to her mother, who told me her simple, affecting story. She had a year or two back been convinced that she was a sinner, and her distress of mind in consequence was so great that it brought on the illness (paralysis) with which she is now affected. Her intellect, feeble from her birth, is now nearly gone, and she is able to understand little else but that "Jesus is good, and loves poor Ellen;" and this is her constant cry. She is always reading her New Testament, which, with a hymn-book, is her constant companion. She was very attentive to all I said of the Lord, and listened with great eagerness. I read to her a hymn she gave me, and then, looking earnestly in my face, she said, pausing between each word, "*In—my—Father's—house—are—many—mansions.*" As she could with difficulty speak, I repeated to her the following verses. But, oh, what an expression of joy and delight did she manifest! Her whole body was convulsed, and her ecstasy seemed too much for her poor shattered frame to bear. She spread both her hands before her face, while tears of joy stood in her eyes. As soon as she could speak, "Jesus is good; Jesus loves poor Ellen," were the words which seemed most fully to express her whole heart. So great was her agitation, and so incessantly and rapidly were these words repeated, I was compelled to lay my hands gently upon her, and soothe her to silence. When I left her humble abode, I thought, "There dwells an heir of glory, a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, in a cellar-kitchen, rich in faith!" Oh, how true the precious word of God: *God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, and weak things of the world, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, and things which are not, that no flesh should glory in his presence.*—*From Mrs. Winslow's Life.*

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IV.—"I AM VILE."

One cheering word, sinner, poor lost sinner, for thee! You think you must not come to God because you are vile. Now, let me tell you that there is not a saint in this place but is vile too. If Job, and Isaiah, and Paul, were all obliged to say, "I am vile," oh, poor sinner, wilt thou be ashamed to join the confession, and say, "I am vile," too? If I come to God this night in prayer, when I am on my knees by my bedside, I shall have to come to God as a sinner, vile and full of sin. My brother sinner! dost thou want to have any better confession than that? Thou wantest to be better, dost thou? Why, saints in themselves are no better. If divine grace does not eradicate all sin in the believer, how dost thou hope to do it thyself? and if God loves his people while they are yet vile, dost thou think thy vileness will prevent his loving thee? Nay, vile sinner, come to Jesus! vilest of the vile! Believe on Jesus! thou offcast of the world's society. I bid thee come to Christ. Christ bids thee believe on him.

> "Not the righteous, not the righteous;
> Sinners Jesus came to save."

Come now: Say, "Lord, I am vile; give me faith. Christ died for sinners; I am a sinner. Lord Jesus, sprinkle thy blood on me." I tell thee, sinner, from God, if thou wilt confess thy sin, thou shalt find pardon. If now with all thy heart thou wilt say, "I am vile, wash me;" thou shalt be washed now. If the Holy Spirit shall enable thee to say with thine heart now, "Lord, I am sinful,—

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me,
> And that thou bidst me come to thee,
> Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come!"—

thou shalt go out of this place with all thy sins pardoned; and though thou comest in here with every sin that man hath ever committed on thy head, thou shalt go out as innocent, yea, more innocent than the new-born babe. Though thou comest in here all over sin, thou shalt go out with a robe of righteousness, white as angels are, as pure as God himself, so far as justification is concerned. For "now," mark it, "*now* is the accepted time," if thou "believest on him who justifieth the ungodly." Oh! may the Holy Spirit give thee faith that thou mayest be saved now; for then thou wilt be saved for ever!—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

V.—ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY AND THE GOSPEL.

By undeceiving, enlarging, and informing the intellect, Philosophy sought to purify and to elevate the moral character. Of course those alone could receive the latter and incomparably greater benefit, who, by natural capacity and favourable contingencies of fortune, were fit recipients of the former. How small the number, we scarcely need the evidence of history to assure us. Across the night of paganism, Philosophy flitted on like the lantern-fly of the tropics, a light to itself and an ornament, but, alas! no more than an ornament of the surrounding darkness.

Christianity reverses the order. By means accessible to all, by inducements operative on all, and by convictions, the materials and grounds of which all men might find in themselves, her first step was to cleanse the heart.—The benefit did not stop here. In preventing the rank vapours that steam up from the corrupt heart, Christianity also restores the intellect to its natural clearness. By relieving the mind from the distractions and importunities of the unruly passions, she improves the quality of the understanding, while at the same time she presents for its contemplation objects so great and so bright, as cannot but enlarge the organs by which they are contemplated. The fears, the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy and a sum of knowledge which a life spent in the groves of academies or the "painted porch" could not have attained or collected. The result is contained in the fact of a wide and still widening Christendom.—*Coleridge's Aids to Reflection.*

VI.—A WRECK.

I saw a wreck upon the ocean flood.
How sad and desolate! No man was there;
No living thing was on it. There it stood;
Its sails all gone; its masts were standing bare;
Tossed in the wide, the boundless, howling sea.
The very sea-birds screamed, and passed it by.
And as I looked, the ocean seemed to be
A sign and figure of eternity.
The wreck an emblem seemed of those that sail
Without the pilot, Jesus, on its tide.
Thus, thought I, when the final storms prevail,
Shall rope, and sail, and mast be scattered wide;
And they, with helm and anchor lost, be driven,
In endless exile sad, far from the port of Heaven.

Professor Upham.

VII.—RESIST BEGINNINGS.

The trees of the forest held a solemn parliament, wherein they consulted of the innumerable wrongs which the axe had done them: therefore they enacted that no tree should hereafter lend the axe wood for a handle, on pain of being cut down. The axe travels up and down the forest, begs wood of the cedar, oak, ash, elm, even to the poplar; not one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve him to cut down the briers and bushes, alleging that those shrubs did suck away the juice of the ground, hinder the growth, and obscure the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to afford him so much. When he had gotten his handle, he cut down themselves too. These be the subtle reaches of sin: give it but a little advantage on the fair promise to remove thy troubles, and it will cut down thy soul also. Therefore resist beginnings: trust it not in the least. Consider a sin (as indeed it is) a crucifying of Christ: wilt thou say, I may crucify Christ a little? I may scourge his flesh, wound his side, pierce his heart a little? What man loves the Lord Jesus who would either say it or do it? Consider thy falling into sin a hurling of thyself down from some high pinnacle: wilt thou say, I may break my neck a little? Consider it a casting thyself into unquenchable fire: wilt thou say, I may burn my soul and body a little? As suffering we think the least misery too great, so sinning let us think the least iniquity too great.—*Thomas Adams.*

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THE LAND OF GILEAD.

NEAR one of the summits of that long mountain barrier which forms the eastern wall of Palestine, at a point where a rough track crossed the ridge, and went winding downwards into woody glens, there might be seen for many a year, in the ancient days of Canaan, a grey and moss-grown heap of stones. It was such a "cairn" as, in some lonesome place on Highland moor or Andalusian sierra, marks a spot haunted by mournful legend or ghastly recollection,—where some traveller has fallen under the robber's knife, or some shepherd, bewildered in the snow-storm, has laid him down to die. No such dismal tradition, however, startled the Hebrew herdsman at the sight of this rude memorial among the hills. It recalled to him a passage in the life of one of the patriarchs of his race, when Jacob and his Syrian kinsman, who had pursued and overtaken him in his hurried journey, parted in friendship on this spot, and reared a mound of stones in token of the covenant of peace that was between them. This monument was called by Jacob "Galeed," or the "Witness Cairn;" and the name came to be applied to the whole mountain-region in which it stood, and the beautiful country which lay in gentle slope or open meadow at its feet,—here dark with spreading forests, there narrowing into rich green reaches of luxuriant dale which wandered far up among the foldings of its hills. A "delightsome land" was this of Gilead,—a land of olives and vines, of blossomed orchards and golden harvests, where honey dripped from the rock, and groves of balsam shed delicious fragrance,—where woodland juices curdled into lucid gums, and the hot summer scorched the spice-rind into crisp and pungent ripeness. At an early period the fame of its costly products had reached the bazaars of Thebes and Memphis. The merchants to whom some Hebrew shepherds sold a lad in the wilderness, were "Ishmaelites from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh" to the markets of Egypt.

Many a thrilling incident of Hebrew story, many a saintly and heroic character of the days of old, are for ever associated with the name of Gilead. Within its limits was comprised the whole territory east of the Jordan, up to the border of Bashan,—the first part of the promised inheritance which passed into the hands of Israel. Every valley in its mountain chain sent down its feeding streamlet to the Jordan,—chief among them the Jabbok, which might be called the sacred brook of Gilead, as the scene of Jacob's night-watch, and wrestling with the Angel of Blessing. The three tribes to whom this region was assigned, had retained more of the primitive habits of patriarchal life than the others; and settled in a tract of the richest pasturage, they appear to have led the same nomade existence as the Bedouins beyond the Jordan at the present day. Separated from their brethren on the other side, they formed a community by themselves, at times divided in interest and feeling from the other tribes, and following a course of their own. Thus we find Reuben standing aloof from the alliance of the northern tribes against the Canaanites under Sisera, and rebuked by Deborah for his want of decision:—

> "By the streams of Reuben there were great debatings,
> Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds,
> To hear the bleatings of the flocks?
> By the streams of Reuben there were great debatings."

At a later period, we find a chief of Gilead the foremost man of Israel, and in his romantic career we have glimpses of a state of things which has still its parallel in Arab life. Driven from his father's house, Jephthah becomes captain of a band of adventurers, and gains renown by a series of guerilla exploits against the heathen tribes of the frontier. In the hour of distress, the elders of his people turn their eyes to the daring partisan, and under his leadership the land is freed from its oppressors, and Jephthah raised to be judge over Israel. In the rash vow, so sternly carried out, and the merciless revenge he took on the rival tribe of Ephraim at the fords of Jordan,* we trace the fierce spirit, ruled by fiery impulses of honour, and the clan-feeling of the Hebrew mountaineer,—a true Israelite, but a border-chief, in whom faith in the God of his fathers is darkly tinged by superstition.

A man of a different fibre and grain of character, but with much of the rugged stamp and mould of his birthplace, unique in heroic massiveness and incisive force among the great names of Israel, first drew breath among the hills of Gilead. The wild free air of the mountain glens in which he grew to manhood, is about Elijah the Tishbite from first to last. In his coarse attire, his hermit fare, his rough, weather-browned features, his abrupt appearances and retirements from the world, we see the prophet in whom a fervid ascetic piety had been nourished by a solitary life in forest shade or mountain cave—we can think of him as kneeling under the frosty starlight on the upland crag, or roaming in austere meditation far out on the windy desert beyond. Not a man this to dwell in kings' houses, but to speak to the conscience of kings! What a boding vision must his sudden presence have seemed in luxurious Samaria! how must his influence have been felt stirring the stagnant unwholesome atmosphere of a vicious court—like the keen, pure air of heaven blowing through a chamber faint and sickly with perfume!

* As a modern illustration of the "Shibboleth" test, we may refer to a practice of the Sikhs while they were masters of the Punjaub. There was an order against the admission of Cashmerees into their army, on account of their proverbial cowardice; and when a suspicious recruit presented himself, he was told to utter some such word as *Ghora* (a horse), which, if from Cashmere, he pronounced *Ghoura*, and was thus detected.—*Vigne's Travels in Cashmere.*

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As the eastern frontier of Palestine, this province was the first to suffer from the Syrian invasions, which so often swept over the land in a track of rapine and carnage. Hence the prominence of Ramoth-Gilead, and the sieges it sustained as the border fortress, the key to the mountain-passes and the fords of Jordan.

To the isolated position of the region was it also indebted for the importance it assumed as an asylum, a place of retreat and shelter in the troublous times that often chequered the fortunes of Israel. "It was emphatically," as Stanley remarks, "the land of exile—the refuge of exiles." One of its towns, which marked the spot where Jacob, on his return from Syria, "met the angels of God,"—two bright squadrons, as it would seem from the name, "Mahanaim," meeting him at the gates of Canaan,—stands out especially as a mountain sanctuary and citadel. It was here that Abner, after the fatal day of Gilboa had scattered the partisans of the house of Saul, set up the throne of the feeble Ishbosheth, and maintained him in some poor semblance of royalty, while David reigned in Hebron over Judah. Years after, at the darkest crisis of David's life, when driven from his capital before the victorious advance of Absalom, he crossed the Jordan, and found refuge within these walls. It was here that Barzillai the Gileadite, and other wealthy magnates of the country, heads of tribes, with the frank and plenteous hospitality of a pastoral people, brought all kinds of refreshments and needful articles for the king and his weary men, loyally taking on themselves the burden of supplies for an army. The list of stores shows a rustic abundance, and gives us an insight into the resources of the country (2 Sam. xvii. 28, 29). It was in the gate of Mahanaim, with the watchman on the turret above, that David passed that day of cruel suspense, when the battle that was to decide the crown of Israel was joined between his followers and those of his unhappy son. Many a wide tract of woodland on the slopes of Gilead still represents to the eye the forest of Ephraim, where the rebel-faction suffered a disastrous rout. Many a stately oak, which centuries of summers have seen green and flourishing, still throws its broad shadow over the glades. Where is *the* "terebinth," whose knotty arm clutched the craven traitor (in this guise the angels of God met *him!*)—from whose boughs the Borgia of Palestine, his fair face livid in the death-pang, dangled and writhed between earth and heaven? What forgotten storm laid in the dust the Doom-tree of Gilead?

What memorable scenes have been witnessed by these picturesque dells, these craggy passes, these silent hill-tops! How many armies of Syrian or Greek invaders have here descended to the fords of Jordan, and swept in clouds of dust, pierced by a fitful glinting of helm and lance, up the long ravine to Olivet, where Jerusalem sat proudly on its rocky height! How many bands of wretched captives, dragged into hopeless bondage—priests and warriors, wailing matrons and maidens of Israel—have stayed their feeble steps a few moments on this ridge, and looked their last on the sacred river, and the palm-groves of Jericho, and the faint blue hills of Galilee, and offered a farewell prayer toward the Holy City, and then turned their faces to the wide bleak desert, where the heart of the exile was to break, "or brokenly live on!" "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

Such things had often been, and might be in the mind of One who on a later day came over the river, and sought asylum somewhere in these valleys with a little band of followers. Strange that He, too, should have been driven from city and from temple, "beyond Jordan, unto a country near to the wilderness,"—that He should be able to make the Psalm of the Exile his own, and wander in the solitudes where "the hart panted after the water-brooks," and say, "O God, I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar." (Ps. xlii.) It was in the shadow of these Gilead hills that the swift messenger from Bethany found Him out with heavy tidings, and called him back to the house of sorrow, and the new-closed sepulchre at the foot of Olivet.

A last and crowning association with Gilead as a land of refuge occurs in the earliest annals of the Christian Church. On the eve of the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, the Christians, discerning the signs their Lord had given, forsook the city, and fled to Pella, the ruins of which are still in existence. A hiding-place was here prepared in the wilderness for the infant Church—an ark where God shut it in—from which it could watch the storm gather and the lightnings flash against those devoted towers. The site of Pella, now called "Fahil," is a lofty terrace nearly enclosed by hills; "covered," says Robinson, who first identified it in 1852, in company with Dr. Smith and Mr. Van de Velde, "with the foundations of houses, and heaps of hewn stones intermingled with fragments of columns." At the foot of the hill is a large and noble fountain, with two pillars still erect standing near it,—the remains of an ancient temple. The view to the west is wide and grand, Jordan in the foreground flowing through its woods; Gilboa and the hills of Galilee; and away over the rich plain of Jezreel rises the distant summit of Carmel.

A few miles from Pella some ruins, called by the Arabs ed-Deir, on an eminence, mark the probable site of Jabesh-Gilead, the scene of one of Saul's most brilliant achievements. He relieved it at the last moment from a besieging enemy,—a service well repaid when a band of its citizens removed by night the bodies of the king and his sons from the walls of Beth-shan, and gave them decent burial under a tree near their city.

But in these northern borders of Gilead other memories crowd upon us. We come upon the track of a

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mightier Deliverer, who on His divine errand of mercy passed this way. Here, in the Saviour's time, stood the cluster of cities which gave to the district the name Decapolis; a region which rung with the fame of His saving power, when one of whose terrible story its hamlets had often heard, came down from the wild Gadarene country, and published all over it "what great things Jesus had done for him." These busy Perœan towns and villages poured forth their eager throngs to swell the great congregations that followed the Prophet of Nazareth over Galilee. Many of them had heard the Sermon on the Mount, and sat as guests at His desert-table. Where are now those flourishing cities and hamlets that once made this whole fair region a murmuring hive of men? The savage Bedouin pitches his tent and fences his sheepfold on the grassy mounds and in the pleasant dales where they stood. The same saddening look of blight and desertion,—the same endless contrast between nature's stability and man's evanescence, follow us over the hills of Gilead as by the crystal sheet of Gennesaret. On every forsaken site, in every heap of ruins, we spell out, letter by letter, the superscription of judgment,—the "Tekel" of manifest doom, graven, not by art nor man's device, but by the finger of God. Yet, "according to His promise," we look for a time when this handwriting of the curse shall be blotted out; when, in repeopled city and blooming waste, and in the gathering together of a redeemed and holy nation, there shall be impressed on this land of miracles the sign of blessing and favour —"a new name which the mouth of the Lord shall name."

"Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken;
Neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate:
But thou shalt be called Hephzibah,
And thy land Beulah:
For Jehovah shall delight in thee,
And thy land shall be married."

J. D. B.

THE BENEFACTOR OF INDIA.

THE CONVERSION OF DR. C. BUCHANAN.

If we saw a youth stifling his religious convictions, eagerly deadening conscience by sinning, hushing all its warnings and putting from him every opportunity for growing wise unto salvation, it would scarcely occur to us to hope well of one so decided in ungodly ways.

If we saw the same youth forming the romantic idea of travelling over the continent of Europe on foot, in imitation of Oliver Goldsmith—with no means of supplying his wants or carrying him on his way, except what the music of his violin might extract—such a resolution would scarcely alter the estimate which we had formed of the youth; it would rather ratify and seal it.

If we found, moreover, that he had obtained the consent of his parents to leave his home only by concealing his real design, and imposing on them by a cool and most deliberate falsehood, our moral appreciation of that youth would become even lower. Those who loved him best would probably fear the worst.

If we found that, in carrying out this deception, he had actually started on his wayward journey—commenced the life of a wandering violinist, and experienced, of course, its miseries, yet proudly and stubbornly refused to acknowledge either his folly or his sin, —would such a discovery at all alter our opinion?

Further; if we found that that youth reached London, and wandered about a fugitive there till he was obliged to pledge his books, his watch, his clothes, and all that he *could* pledge, to secure a bit of bread—

—If we found that his life in London was one of sin, and therefore of shame—

—If we learned that he continued from time to time to correspond with his parents in Scotland, but always wrote as if from the continent, pretending to be carrying out there the engagement which he had feigned to obtain their consent to leave his father's roof—

—If we found him, in short, deep in sin, and by consequence in misery, so that his life for some years was one long lie—what would be our verdict upon such a man? With that lie in his right hand, and the guilt of it on his conscience, could we anticipate a bright future or a blessed career? Is *that* the man to whom we would point as the benefactor of millions—the very ruler of rulers—the man who was to begin or largely promote a movement whose results would stretch into eternity? To entertain such anticipations would be to act like one who dreamed. It would seem a reversing of all that is sound in judgment or solid in hope.

Yet such was the youthful career of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, one of the greatest benefactors of India. The agents whom God selects to do his greatest work on earth are often—how often!—those whom we would reject. It was so with Paul; it was so with Bunyan. In one sense it was so with Luther; it has been so with many whose pathway on earth has been tracked by light—a radiant line amid surrounding darkness—a heavenly shower where all was parched and desolate.

But how was Claudius Buchanan reclaimed from the error of his way? By what process or by whose agency was he whom no amount of mere suffering could lead back to God, plucked like a brand from the burning?

He was living in London the life of one self-exiled and a wanderer, and had more than begun to find out that the way of transgressors is hard. His ways had once seemed good in his own sight; but he now felt, though he never traced the feeling to its right origin, that the end of such ways is death. Again and again had he been reduced to want, almost to the verge of starvation; but again and again his proud heart refused to turn. Godless companions, Sabbath amusements, and similar influences drugged his conscience as fast as suffering or penury could stimulate it. Fever came, but conscience slept on or surmounted the attack. His father died; but what can even a father's death accomplish in turning an unconverted soul to God?

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At length, however, the set time to favour the poor youth arrived. As God left our world for four thousand years to plunge from woe to woe and guilt to guilt, in its mad and blind endeavours to find its way back to *some* chief good—something which ever fled as it pursued—he left Claudius Buchanan to feel the folly, the shame, the self-ruin of sin, before leading him back to that God whom he was signally to serve. And the way in which that change began was remarkable. Buchanan, from no religious motive, but the reverse, happened to ask a friend if he believed there was such a thing as divine grace, or whether it was only the dictate of austere, fantastic natures. A man born as he was among the revivals of Cambuslang, or reared as he had been by those who had then felt the power of grace, could not be utterly ignorant of its influence; and without any commendable design, Buchanan put the question which we have mentioned. It proved the steel smiting the flint, or the rod of Moses to the rock. That question drew forth a remarkable appeal: conscience was roused, and the sinner quailed; reformation was resolved on, but in his own strength; and measures were adopted in ignorance of that very grace about which the wanderer had been inquiring, but measures which the God of all grace employed to fan and feed the flame which now appeared likely in due time to shine and glow.

"How wise the ways, O gracious God,
Which guide us home to thee!
How sweet the pang, how blest the blow,
Which sets the sin-bound free!"

Yet the process was tardy, for self was appealed to, not God. The caught criminal attempted to pray, but he could not; he tried, and failed again. His eye had not yet descried the Saviour, and all was therefore dark, difficult, impossible. Sermons were now heard,—religious books, like Alleine's "Alarm to the Unconverted," were read,—and the conviction grew that only the Almighty hand which had created him could create him anew. Still, however, the work was not done. He was trusting to means,—to earnestness,—to prayers, not to God our Saviour; and these things by themselves never yet brought repose to a sin-tossed soul. Buchanan went to hear John Newton in St. Mary Woolnoth Church, as his surviving parent had advised him, and could have remained till midnight to hear him; yet it was long ere he derived any permanent good: he was looking to the creature, and not to the Redeemer. He at last described his case in an anonymous letter to Mr. Newton, and was invited from the pulpit to a conference with that man of God, who could thoroughly sympathize with Buchanan's case. He went, and gradually the scales fell from his eyes. He beheld the Lamb of God, for God's own Spirit was guiding him; and it does not appear from his Life that he was ever subject again to religious darkness or doubts. Such had been his training that he now and henceforth lived and moved in God.

After these events, Buchanan's choice was early made. He chose the service of his Saviour, and instantly entered it. He wished to proceed to Sierra Leone, to win souls there; but, in the providence of God, India became his sphere, and there he accomplished an amount of good which perhaps no single individual has ever been honoured to achieve in that land. True, he had to withstand Governors-General, and again and again to combat the Court of Directors. He had to endure hostility because of the truth,—to make long tours to promote it,—to face and explore the abominations of Juggernaut, as well as investigate the state of the lapsed Syrian churches on the coast of Malabar. Moreover, he had to wake up the British churches, which were then dormant or dead to the importance of winning India to Christ. The universities in Scotland and England, and Trinity College, Dublin, with the chief schools in the empire, were all appealed to. Prizes were given to the value of some thousands of pounds, and that not in vain. Buchanan lived to see a wide and a deep interest evoked in India; and when he was laid in his grave in 1815, at the early age of forty-eight, it could be inscribed on his tomb, with more truth than many epitaphs, "He pleaded the cause of neglected India, nor pleaded in vain: Britain was roused to a sense of her duty, and sent forth labourers to the harvest."

Such is a glimpse of this man's conversion and life-work. By the grace of God he was what he was. Alas! how many thousands who began life as he did have been left to perish in their sins, and meet God with a lie in their right hand! Where now are the companions of his early career; and where are they who tried to thwart his Indian measures, or prolong and perpetuate the reign of spiritual death?

W. K. T.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTATORS.

I.—"TO DELIVER SUCH AN ONE UNTO SATAN."

"To deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."—1 Cor. v. 5.

To deliver such an one unto Satan. There have, from the earliest times, been two prevalent interpretations of this expression. According to one view, it means simply excommunication; according to the other, it includes a miraculous subjection of the person to the power of Satan. Those who regard it as merely excommunication, say that "to deliver to Satan" answers to "might be taken away from you," in ver. 2, and therefore means the same thing. The Corinthians had neglected to excommunicate this offender, and Paul says he had determined to do it. Besides, it is argued that excommunication is properly expressed by the phrase, "to deliver to Satan," because, as the world is the kingdom of Satan, to cast a man out of the Church was to cast him from the kingdom of Christ into the kingdom of Satan. Compare Col. i. 13. In favour of the idea of something more than excommunication, it may be argued—1. That it is clearly revealed in Scripture that bodily evils are often inflicted on men by the agency of Satan. 2. That the apostles were invested with the power of miraculously inflicting such

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evils (Acts v. 1–11; xiii. 9–11; 2 Cor. x. 8; xiii. 10). 3. That in 1 Tim. i. 20 the same formula occurs probably in the same sense. Paul there says, he had delivered Hymeneus and Alexander unto Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme. 4. There is no evidence that the Jews of that age ever expressed excommunication by this phrase, and therefore it would not, in all probability, be understood by Paul's readers in that sense. 5. Excommunication would not have the effect of destroying the flesh, in the sense in which that expression is used in the following clause. Most commentators, therefore, agree in understanding the apostle to threaten the infliction of some bodily evil, when he speaks of delivering this offender to Satan. *For the destruction of the flesh.* This is by many understood to mean, for the destruction of his corrupt nature, so that the end contemplated is merely a moral one. But as *flesh* here stands opposed to *spirit*, it most naturally means the body. "The man was delivered to Satan that his body might be afflicted, in order that his soul might be saved." *In the day of the Lord Jesus*—that is, the day when the Lord Jesus shall come the second time without sin unto salvation. It appears, from 2 Cor. vii. 9–12, that this solemn exercise of the judicial power of the apostle had its appropriate effect. It led the offender himself, and the whole Church, to sincere and deep repentance.—*Dr. Hodge.*

II.—NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

LUKE v. 33–39.

WE should observe, in these verses, how *gently and tenderly Christ would have his people deal with young and inexperienced Christians.* He teaches us this lesson by two parables, drawn from the affairs of daily life. He shows the folly of sewing "new cloth on an old garment," or of putting "new wine into old bottles." In like manner, he would have us know, there is a want of harmony between a new dispensation and an old one. It is vain to expect those who have been trained and taught under one system to become immediately used to another system. On the contrary, they must be led on by degrees, and taught as they are able to bear.

The lesson is one which all true Christians would do well to lay to heart, and none perhaps so much as Christian ministers and Christian parents. Forgetfulness of it often does much harm to the cause of truth. The hard judgments and unreasonable expectations of old disciples have often driven back and discouraged young beginners in the school of Christ.

Let us settle it in our minds, that grace must have a beginning in every believer's heart, and that we have no right to say a man has no grace, because it does not come to full ripeness at once. We do not expect a child to do the work of a full-grown man, though he may one day, if he lives long enough. We must not expect a learner of Christianity to show the faith, and love, and knowledge of an old soldier of the Cross. He may become by-and-by a mighty champion of the truth; but at first we must give him time. There is great need of wisdom in dealing with young people about religion, and, generally speaking, with all young disciples. Kindness, and patience, and gentleness are of the first importance. We must not try to pour in the new wine too quickly, or it will run over. We must take them by the hand, and lead them on gently. We must beware of frightening or hurrying them, or pressing them on too fast. If they have only got hold of the main principles of the gospel, let us not set them down as godless, because of a few lesser matters. We must bear with much weakness and infirmity, and not expect to find old heads on young shoulders, or ripe experience in those who are only babes. There was deep wisdom in Jacob's saying, "If men should over-drive them one day, all the flock will die" (Gen. xxxiii. 13).—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

IT becomes us to speak cautiously and reverently on a matter of which God has revealed so little, and that little of such awful moment; but if we may be permitted to criticise the arguments of the opponents of this doctrine with the same freedom with which they have criticised the ways of God, we may remark that the whole apparent force of the moral objection rests upon two purely gratuitous assumptions. It is assumed, in the first place, that God's punishment of sin in the world to come is so far analogous to man's administration of punishment in this world, that it will take place as a special infliction, not as a natural consequence. And it is assumed, in the second place, that punishment will be inflicted solely with reference to the sins committed during the earthly life;—that the guilt will continue finite, while the misery is prolonged to infinity. Are we, then, so sure, it may be asked, that there can be no sin beyond the grave? Can an immortal soul incur God's wrath and condemnation only so long as it is united to a mortal body? With as much reason might we assert that the angels are incapable of obedience to God, that the devils are incapable of rebellion. What if the sin perpetuates itself,—if the prolonged misery be the offspring of the prolonged guilt!

Against this it is urged that sin cannot for ever be triumphant against God,—as if the whole mystery of iniquity were contained in the words *for ever!* The real riddle of existence,—the problem which confounds all philosophy,—ay, and all religion too, so far as religion is a thing of man's reason,—is the fact that evil exists *at all;* not that it exists for a longer or a shorter duration. Is not God infinitely wise, and holy, and powerful *now?* and does not sin exist along with that infinite holiness, and wisdom, and power? Is God to become more holy, more wise, more powerful hereafter; and must evil be annihilated to make room for his perfections to expand? Does the infinity of his eternal nature ebb and flow with every increase or diminution in the sum of human guilt and misery? Against this immovable barrier, the existence of evil, the waves of philosophy have dashed themselves unceasingly since the birthday of human thought, and have retired broken and powerless, without displacing the minutest fragment of the stubborn rock, without softening one feature of its dark and rugged surface. We may be told that evil is a privation, or a negation, or a partial aspect of the universal good, or some other equally unmeaning abstraction; whilst all the while our own hearts bear testimony to its

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fearful reality, to its direct antagonism to every possible form of good. But this mystery, vast and inscrutable as it is, is but one aspect of a more general problem; it is but the moral form of the ever-recurring secret of the Infinite. How the infinite and the finite, in any form of antagonism or other relation, can exist together: how infinite power can co-exist with finite activity: how infinite wisdom can co-exist with finite contingency: how infinite goodness can co-exist with finite evil: how the infinite can exist in any manner without exhausting the universe of reality:—this is the riddle which Infinite Wisdom alone can solve, the problem whose very conception belongs only to that Universal Knowing which fills and embraces the universe of being. When Philosophy can answer this question; when she can even state intelligibly the notions which its terms involve,—then, and not till then, she may be entitled to demand a solution of the far smaller difficulties which she finds in revealed religion;—or rather, she will have solved them already; for from this they all proceed, and to this they all ultimately return.

The reflections which this great and terrible mystery of Divine judgment have suggested, receive perhaps some further support when we contemplate it in another aspect, and one more legitimately within the province of human reason:—that is to say, in its analogy to the actual constitution and course of nature. "The Divine moral government which religion teaches us," says Bishop Butler, "implies that the consequence of vice shall be misery, in some future state, by the righteous judgment of God. That such consequent punishment shall take effect by his appointment, is necessarily implied. But, as it is not in any sort to be supposed that we are made acquainted with all the ends or reasons for which it is fit future punishment should be inflicted, or why God has appointed such and such consequent misery should follow vice; and as we are altogether in the dark how or in what manner it shall follow, by what immediate occasions, or by the instrumentality of what means; there is no absurdity in supposing it may follow in a way analogous to that in which many miseries follow such and such courses of action at present,—poverty, sickness, infamy, untimely death from diseases, death from the hands of civil justice. There is no absurdity in supposing future punishment may follow wickedness of course, as we speak, or in the way of natural consequence from God's original constitution of the world; from the nature he has given us, and from the condition in which he places us; or in a like manner as a person rashly trifling upon a precipice, in the way of natural consequence, falls down; in the way of natural consequence, breaks his limbs, suppose; in the way of natural consequence of this, without help perishes."

And, if we may be permitted to extend the same analogy from the constitution of external nature to that of the human mind, may we not trace something not wholly unlike the irrevocable sentence of the future, in that dark and fearful, yet too certain law of our nature, by which sin and misery ever tend to perpetuate themselves; by which evil habits gather strength with every fresh indulgence, till it is no longer, humanly speaking, in the power of the sinner to shake off the burden which his own deeds have laid upon him? In that mysterious condition of the depraved will,—compelled, and yet free,—the slave of sinful habit, yet responsible for every act of sin, and gathering deeper condemnation as the power of amendment grows less and less,—may we not see some possible foreshadowing of the yet deeper guilt and the yet more hopeless misery of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched? The fact, awful as it is, is one to which our every day's experience bears witness: and who shall say that the invisible things of God may not in this, as in other instances, be shadowed forth to us in the things that are seen?—*Mansell's Bampton Lectures.*

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

I.—"I PERISH WITH HUNGER."

A HUNGRY herd of animals, waiting for the time of their feeding, do not show their hunger more convincingly, by their impatient cries and eager looks and motions, than the human race do theirs, in the works, and ways, and tempers of their selfish life.

I can only point you to a few of these demonstrations. And a very impressive and remarkable one you have in this, viz., the common endeavour to make the body receive double, so as to satisfy both itself and the soul too with its pleasures. The effort is, how continually! to stimulate the body by delicacies, and condiments, and sparkling bowls, and licentious pleasures of all kinds, and so to make the body do double service. Hence, too, the drunkenness, and high feasting, and other vices of excess. The animals have no such vices, because they have no hunger save simply that of the body; but man has a hunger also of the mind or soul, when separated from God by his sin, and therefore he must somehow try to pacify that. And he does it by a work of double feeding put upon the body. We call it sensuality. But the body asks not for it. The body is satisfied by simply that which allows it to grow and maintain its vigour. It is the unsatisfied, hungry mind that flies to the body for some stimulus of sensation, compelling it to devour so many more of the husks, or carobs, as will feed the hungry prodigal within. Thus it is that so many dissipated youth are seen plunging into pleasures of excess,—midnight feastings and surfeitings, debaucheries of lust and impiety; it is because *they are hungry*,—because their soul, separated from God and the true bread of life in him, aches for the hunger it suffers. And so it is the world over; men are hungry everywhere, and they compel the body to make a swine's heaven for the comfort of the godlike soul.

Again we see the hunger of sin, by the immense num-

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ber of drudges there are in the world. It makes little difference, generally, whether men are poor or rich. Some terrible hunger is upon them, and it drives them madly forward, through burdens, and sacrifices, and toils, that would be rank oppression put upon a slave. It is not simply that they are industrious—industry is a virtue—but they are *drudges*, instigated by such a passion of want that they are wholly unable to moderate their plans by any terms of reason.

Others show their hunger by their closeness: the very look of their face is hungry; the gripe of their hand is hungry; the answer of their charity is the answer of hunger; the prices they pay for service are the grudged allowance of a heart that is pinched by its own stringent destitution.

Notice again how men contrive, in one way or another, to get, if possible, some food of content for the soul that has a finer and more fit quality than the swine's food with which they so often overtask the body,—honour, power, admiration, flattery, society, literary accomplishments. Works of genius are stimulated, how often! by a kind of superlative hunger. And the same is true even of the virtues that concern a repute of moderation; such as temperance, frugality, plainness, stoical superiority to suffering: a kind of subtle hunger for some consciousness of good is the secret root on which they grow.

There is no end to the diverse arts men practise, to get some food for their soul; and to whatever course they turn themselves, you will see, as clearly as possible, that they are hungry. Nay, they say it themselves. What sad bewailings do you hear from them! calling the world ashes, wondering at the poverty of existence, fretting at the courses of Providence and blaming their harshness, raging profanely against God's appointments, and venting their impatience with life in curses on its emptiness. All this, you understand, is the hunger they are in. Feeding on carobs only, as they do, what shall we expect but to see them feed impatiently?

This also you will notice as a striking evidence, that however well they succeed in the providing of earthly things, they are never satisfied. They say they are not, have it for a proverb that no man is, or can be. How can they be satisfied with lands, or money, or honour, or any finite good, when their hunger is infinite, reaching after God and the fulness of his infinite life,—God, who is the object of their intelligence, their love, their hope, their worship; the complement of their weakness, the crown of their glory, the sublimity of their rest for ever? Such kind of hunger manifestly could not be satisfied with any finite good, and therefore it never is.

Look also at some of the more internal and experimental evidences supplied by consciousness. Consider, for example, the vice of envy, and the general propenseness of men to be in it. There are very few persons, however generous in their dispositions, who are not sometimes bitten by this very subtle and bitter sin. And the root of this misery is hunger of soul. Envy is only a malignant, selfish hunger, casting its evil eye on the elevation or supposed happiness of others. The bitterness of it is not simply that it really wants what others have, but that the soul, gnawed by a deep spiritual hunger which it thinks not of, is so profoundly imbittered that every kind of good it looks upon rasps it with a feeling of torment, and rouses a degree of impatience and ill nature, out of all terms of reason. It is the feeling of a prodigal, or spend-thrift, who, after he has spent all, vents his ill nature on everybody but himself, and hates the good possessed by others, because it is not his own. O how many human souls are gnawed through and through, all their lives long, by this devilish hunger, envy!

Remorse differs from envy only in the fact that the soul here turns upon itself, just as they say it is the principal distress of extreme bodily hunger, that the organs of digestion begin themselves to be gnawed and digested, in place of the food on which the digestive power is accustomed to spend its energy. Remorse, in the same way, is a moral hunger of the soul. It is the bitter wail of a famished immortality. It is your conscience lashing your perverse will; your defrauded, hungry love, weeping its dry, pitchy tears on the desert your evil life has made for it. It is your whole spiritual nature, famished by sin, muttering wrathfully, and growling like a caged lion at the bars which shut him up to himself. And as bodily hunger sometimes causes the starving man to see devils in his ravings, so this hunger of remorse fills the soul with angry demons and ministers of vengeance, waiting to execute judgment. Sleep vanishes not seldom, or comes only in dreams that scare the sleeper. The day lags heavily. The look is on the ground. The walk is apart and silent, and the man carries a load under which he stoops, a load of selfish regret and worldly sorrow, that worketh death.

Or, if we speak of care, the corroding, weary, ever multiplying care, of which you are every day complaining,—what again is this but your hunger? We like to speak, however, not of care, but in the plural, of cares; for these, we imagine, are outside of us, in things, not in ourselves. But these cares are all in ourselves, and of ourselves, and not in things at all. Things are not cares; cares are only cravings of that immortal hunger which the swine's food of earthly things cannot satisfy. You say in them all, "What shall I do, for I perish with hunger?" You look up from the bitter husks or carobs, and say, "I must have more and better;" and these more and better things are your cares. The very word *care* meant originally, *want;* and these cares are nothing but the wants of a hungry soul misnamed.

I might speak also of your perpetual irritations, your fits of anger, your animosities, your jealousies, your gloomy hypochondriac fears. These all, at bottom, are the disturbances of hunger in the soul. How certainly is the child irritable when it is hungry! Even the placidity of infancy vanishes, when the body is ravening for food. So it is with man. He is irritable, flies into

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fits of passion, loses self-government, simply because the placid state of satisfaction is wanting in his higher nature. He is out of rest, because of his immortal hunger. Three-quarters of the ill nature of the world is caused by the fact that the soul without God is empty, and so out of rest. We charge it, more often than justice requires, to some fault of temperament; but there is no temperament that would not be quieted and evened by the fulness of God.

Now the Spirit of God will sometimes show you, in an unwonted manner, the secret of these troubles; for he is the interpreter of the soul's hunger. He comes to it whispering inwardly the awful secret of its pains,—"Without God, and without hope in the world!" He reminds the prodigal of his past history. He bids the swine-herd look up from his sensual objects and works, and remember his home and his Father; tells him of a great supper prepared, and that all things are now ready, and bids him come. Conscious of the deep poverty he is in, conscious of that immortal being whose deep wants have been so long denied,—wants that can be satisfied only by the essential, eternal participation of the fulness of God,—he hears a gentle voice of love saying, "I am the bread of life; I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live." Are there none of you to whom this voice is calling now?—*Dr. Bushnell.*

II.—GOD AND IDOLS.

We sometimes feel and express surprise that rational beings should degrade themselves by worshipping blind, dumb idols, which their own hands have made; but it is precisely because the idols are blind and dumb that men are willing to worship them. A god or a saint that should really cast the glance of a pure eye into the conscience of the worshipper would not long be held in repute. The grass would grow again round that idol's shrine. A seeing god would not do: the idolater wants a blind one. The first cause of idolatry is a desire in an impure heart to escape from the look of the living God, and none but a dead image would serve the turn.

From history and experience it appears that idolaters prefer to have an image that looks like life, provided always that it be not living. A real omniscience they will not endure; but a mimic omniscience pleases the fancy, and rocks the conscience into a sounder sleep. In the present generation the Romish craftsmen have tasked their ingenuity to make the eyes of their pictured saints move upon the canvas. The eyeball of a certain saint rolled, or seemed to roll, in its dusky colouring within the dimly-lighted aisle, and great was the effect on the devotions of the multitude. In places where Protestant truth has not shorn their superstition of its grosser outgrowths, the procession of the *Fête Dieu* is garnished with a huge goggle eye, carried aloft upon a pole, moved in its socket by strings and pulleys, and ticketed "The Omniscient." This becomes an object of great attraction in the crowd. In one aspect it is more childish than any child's play; but in another aspect a melancholy seriousness pervades it. This hideous mimicry of Omniscience is an elaborate effort to weave a veil under which an unclean conscience may comfortably hide from the eye of God. After all the darkening and distorting effects of sin, there lies in the deep of a human soul an appetite for the knowledge of God, which, when it can do no more, stirs now and then, and troubles the man. It is the art of Antichrist to lie on the watch for that blind hunger when first it begins to stir, and throw into its opening mouth heaps of swine-food husks, to gorge and lay it, lest it should seek and get the bread of life.

This is the grosser method, which grosser natures adopt to destroy within themselves the sense of Divine omniscience. There is another way running off in an opposite direction,—more refined, indeed, but equally atheistic,—more manly, but not more godly, than the crowded Pantheon of ancient or modern Rome. This other road to rest is Pantheism. If there is speculation in an age, it becomes restive under the thick clay of image-worship. There is a spirit which will not endure a material idol, and yet is not the spirit of God. Dagon falls, and the philosophers make sport of his dishonoured stump. Instead of making a little ugly idol for themselves, they adopt a great and glorious one made to their hands. God, they say, is the soul of Nature; and Nature, therefore, is the only god whom they desire or need. Sea, earth, air,—flowers, trees, and living creatures, including man,—the creatures in the aggregate,—the universe is God. In this way they contrive to heal over the wound which the sense of an omniscient Eye makes in an unclean conscience. It is the personality of God that stings the flesh of the alienated. It is easier to deal with Nature in her majestic movements than with the Self of the Holy One. Nature heaves in the sea, and sighs in the wind, and blossoms in the flowers, and bleats on the pastures. Nature glides gently round in her gigantic orbit, and stoops not to notice the thoughts and words of a human being. He may live as he lists, although Nature is there. Philosophy compels him to reject the paltry, tangible, local gods of all the superstitions. Reason constrains him to own the universality of the Creator's presence. The problem in his mind is, how to conceive of the Lord's eyes being in every place, and yet indifferent to sin. In order to accomplish this, the personal, with its pungency, must be discharged from the idea of God. This done, the great idol, though more sublime, is not a whit more troublesome than the little one. The creature, whether great or small, whether God's hand-work or man's, cannot be a god to an intelligent, immortal human soul. Neither the idolater's stock nor the philosopher's universe has an eye to follow a transgressor into those chambers where he commits his abominations in the dark; but in every place "our God is a consuming fire" upon a sin-stained conscience. The darkness and the light are both alike to him (Ps. cxxxix. 12).—*Arnot.*

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STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

WAIT; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

PRAY; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears:
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Legends and Lyrics by Adelaide Anne Procter.

PHEMIE CAMPBELL.

[Phemie Campbell was one of the early gathered fruits of the Reformatory movement. We find her brief but touching story in a little work recently published, entitled "The Home School of Thornvale; or, Fourteen Years Experience of a Female Reformatory"—the most interesting, sensible, and encouraging record of labour in this department with which we are acquainted.]

On entering the school one morning, I remarked a child who, without being exactly repulsive, certainly approached very near to ugliness. She was clumsy in figure, of sallow complexion, and coarse features. She looked stupid, heavy, uncomfortable. I found she had only arrived that morning, and that her previous history was as follows:—That eight or nine years before, she had been picked up, a half-dead infant, from the streets; that every effort to discover her parents having failed, she had been brought up by parish charity; and having now attained an age when some education was thought necessary, had been sent to Thornvale. She had been taught nothing; but her childhood, upon the whole, had not been an unhappy one, though very solitary. She had lived in a lonely cottage, with a woman who made her living by working in the fields, and the child was thus accustomed to spend most of the day alone.

We found Phemie a reserved and solitary child, with a great want of childish glee and youthful life. She did not care to mingle in the sports of the other children; the solitude of her childhood clung to her. Her temper was by no means quarrelsome; yet, when attacked, she could defend herself, and, altogether, showed a good deal of independence. She remained about two years in the school, during which time she learned to read well, and acquired a considerable degree of Bible knowledge. Contrary to what we generally observe, her personal appearance did not improve; but she appeared happy in her own quiet way, and I was agreeably surprised to find her possessed of respectable abilities, and a nature much more impressible than her features seemed to betoken. Altogether, she was looked upon as rather a hopeful child, but as one still too young to excite any very special interest.

Towards the close of her second winter with us, she caught a cold, which, after hanging about her for some time, assumed the form of a lung complaint. She was removed to the infirmary, and we were told that her return to the school was more than doubtful. When I first visited her there, it was upon a beautiful morning of early spring. The sky had no longer the cold bright blue of winter, but seemed softened, and was filled with warm hazy light. No breeze disturbed the haze—a few birds were singing their morning song—a few flowers enlivened the garden—a shade of green might be traced on the hedges—Nature appeared in smiles, to tell us that the storm and gloom of winter had passed away. Some of the patients were walking in the infirmary grounds; Phemie was amongst them. On seeing me, she hastened towards me, holding out her thin hand, and her sallow countenance brightened with a smile of pleasure. I saw at once that the summer's sun would shine upon her grave. I found her franker and more cheerful than I expected. Indeed, as her illness progressed, so did the weight that seemed to rest upon her nature remove—the playfulness and light-heartedness of childhood returned to her, and remained to the last.

I visited her once a-week, and found she had always some little request ready, apparently sure it would be granted. These requests were a strange medley. Some of them, I remember, were for her "Hymn-book," her "Catechism," "a *little* Testament"—the school Bible having now become, I suppose, too heavy for her wasted hands—and, in the same breath, for "a visit from the big school doll." She showed a great love for flowers, and was generally kept supplied with them; and as, contrary to expectation, her life was prolonged during the greater part of summer, a little fruit was frequently requested. During all her illness she displayed the greatest patience, and a good deal of cheerfulness. No murmur ever passed her lips. She became not only frank, but very sociable; and a visit from her companions was looked forward to with the greatest pleasure. At my weekly visit she always named the one she wished to see, and was apparently, from always fixing upon a new one, fond of variety. Every one in the ward loved the gentle, uncomplaining little girl; and the table at her bed was kept covered with her toys, books, and flowers. She was now, indeed, a very engaging child; and we trusted she was ripening for the better land. Yet her piety was completely that of a child—gentle, unobtrusive, undisturbed by either doubt or fear. "I think," said an interesting child-believer, "I try when I play myself to think of God;" and such appeared to be the sentiment of Phemie.

The summer holiday was now very near, when Phemie asked if such a girl might come and see her. "Yes," was the answer; "it is the holiday." "I know that," she replied somewhat sadly, "but I won't be there." "Who," asked her visitor, "sees it far better for Phemie

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to be ill and lying in bed in the infirmary, than strong, healthy, and seeing her friends?" "God," was the whispered reply. We had been a little anxious to know whether the child was really aware that her days were so nearly numbered, and, therefore, her visitor said, "I should not much wonder if Jesus should soon come and take you to his home above: would you be willing to go with him?" It was a moment of suspense—a peculiar light flashed on the expression of the dying child, showing that she clearly understood what was meant. She fixed her eye on her visitor, but did not speak. "Would you be afraid, Phemie, of the dark valley, if He is with you?" "No," she replied very firmly. "Will you be willing to go with him?" "Yes." "Do you love Jesus?" "Yes." Another time, when I asked the question, "Why do you love him?" she replied very quietly, "Because He died for me."

Her illness had now progressed rapidly; she was not only constantly confined to bed, but had become so weak as to be unable to raise her head. She was, however, free of pain, and quite lively and cheerful. To keep her from wearying, another little girl in the ward was put in the bed next to hers; and very soon a great friendship sprung up between the two children.

The evening Phemie died, she suffered a great deal; and her little companion, on seeing this, began to cry. "You need not cry for me," said Phemie; "I am happy. I am not afraid to die. I am going to heaven." A little after, according to her usual custom before falling asleep, she asked the nurse to hear her say her hymns. One of these was—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

In the middle of it she said, "I can't finish,—my breath is stopping;" and in a minute or two, the foundling Phemie was sheltered in the Home above.

No kindred tears fell on the foundling's grave, and in Thornvale her place had been so long filled up, that the news of her death excited but a passing interest. Yet her short life had been a very happy one. Love and sympathy had attended her to the end. As for ourselves, we felt that in bringing up this young soul for heaven, a high honour had been bestowed upon us; and we also felt considerably encouraged with regard to the other children.

PAPERS FOR THE CHURCHES.

"ARISE, SHINE!"

In northern regions of the globe, where the whole winter is one continuous night, it is said that the inhabitants, when the spring draws near, and the sun is expected to appear above the horizon, ascend together the nearest eminence, and greet with joyous acclamation the return of day. There is here a close connection between the rising and the shining. Had they not arisen and gained a height above the level of their huts, they had not seen the sun. You may easily suppose that some—the infirm or the indolent—are left behind in the plain; and you can further suppose these looking up and seeing the faces of their companions glistening in the direct rays of the sun, while themselves experience none of his cheering influence. The very same connection there is between "Arise" and "Shine," when considered as a command to a backsliding church. Those who refuse to be quickened, will not be enlightened; those who cleave to the dust, will not be cheered by the light of God's countenance. Ye must be willing to rise, otherwise ye cannot shine. But, in the case just alluded to for illustration, it would have been vain for the men to ascend the hill in quest of light had not the sun been shining. It is true that their ascending the eminence brought them within the direct influence of his beams; but it is also true that their ascending the eminence would have been of no avail, had not the sun been above the horizon. So, when we are addressed in this imperative strain, there is hope concerning this thing: "Shine, *for thy light is come*, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee:" "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead;" and good encouragement there is to attempt compliance, for it is added, "Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. v. 14). Our light has come, and it is required that we rise and look upon it. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6).

The glory of God, then, is revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. That is the glass in which we can behold it. Observe the effect that follows from looking on it: "We, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory" (2 Cor. iii. 18). By steadfast looking unto Jesus we acquire his likeness. Feature after feature is transferred as we gaze, until the image is complete in all its essential parts. The glories of the Redeemer are, one by one, imprinted on the believer's soul, until glory in the picture answers to glory in the great Exemplar—grace corresponding to grace, as the letter to the type impressed upon it. And well may the saint, thus illumined, shine in the world! The impression stamped upon his nature is that which shines in the face of Jesus; and that which shines in the face of Jesus, is the "glory of the Lord."

Christians! this is your encouragement; your light has come; you need not wait for another; no brighter sun will ever appear on your horizon. You have only to yield yourselves to the influence of his light and heat. The great work is not to be done—the power not to be exerted by you. No man is required to save his own or his brother's soul. That were a hopeless task. When a man is commanded to work out his own salvation, the encouragment—the only thing that could have afforded a ground of hope—immediately follows: "For it is God which worketh in you" (Phil. ii. 13). In like manner, when Christians are commanded to shine for the purpose of enlightening and saving others, they are not left to the hopeless task of producing the light themselves, for, saith the Scriptures, "Thy light is come." Only be

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willing to let it shine on you, and it will produce its own work.

As we pursue this topic, we are writing out our own condemnation. The condemnation of the world is, that "light is come into it, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil" (John iii. 19). Here is the condemnation, far more severe, of the Church —we may read it literally from the text: "Thy light,"—not merely "light" as it is in the world, and not appropriated, but "*Thy* light is come, and the glory of the Lord *shall* be seen upon thee." It is still among the things that shall be—it is not seen yet. The glory of the Lord not seen in us! And why? This is our condemnation, that all other things are now ready, and we are not. "They looked to him, and were lightened." Know, that if ye are not enlightened, it is because ye do not look. If ye are not radiating around you the very glories that shine in your Redeemer, it is simply because, cleaving to the dust, you are not looking to Jesus.

When the Church shall receive the glory of the Lord from the face of Jesus Christ, and reflect that glory around, the effect will be to dispel the darkness that broods over the earth—to remove the gross darkness that covers the people. * * *

Recurring to the illustration already introduced;—suppose a few men placed on an eminence—that on them the sun has arisen—that there is a multitude on the plain below who see not the sun, but whose life depends on seeing him. Suppose, further, that those below have no inclination to ascend—that invitations are addressed to them in vain—that they are prevented from making any effort by a secret sluggish doubt whether it really be true that the sun has appeared above the horizon—that they are fast falling into a lethargy, and dropping, one by one, dead on the cold ground. Suppose that the effectual means of inducing them to come up to a place of safety were to let them see the sun's rays actually shining on the countenances of those who had already attained the height. What would ye think of those favoured few, if they should refuse to turn toward the sun as the signal and the means of safety to their perishing brethren below? Oh, how shall we wash our hands from the guilt of our brother's blood!

When the tempest-tossed vessel approaches in darkness the rocky shore, everything depends upon the steady shining of the appointed signal-lights. Trusting to these, the mariner may thread his way through a thousand dangers, and safely come to anchor in the calm waters of a protected haven. If your king and country had intrusted one of these beacon-lights to you, ye would have felt a great weight of responsibility, increasing aye as the darkness deepened, and the storm rose: ye would not dare to desert your post; ye could not lie down to sleep; ye would be kept awake, if not by the howling of the tempest, by the imagined cry of distress. An aggrieved conscience would convert the whistling of the wind into shrieks of drowning men. Or if, from unconquerable indifference, or a malicious design, ye proved unfaithful, and lured to destruction a ship's confiding crew, ye would be called to a strict account before the righteous tribunals of the land. Blood for blood would be the demand; and the sentence of the judge, confirmed by the acclaim of an indignant people, would consign you to death unpitied for your crime. Such, in so far as things temporal can be compared with things eternal—such in the sight of God must be the guilt of those who by their profession have assumed the character *of lights in the world*, and then proved unfaithful to their sacred trust. The unconverted man reads in the record of truth that the disciples of Christ are the lights of the world: he feels himself to be in darkness; he hears you call yourselves by the name of Christ, and looks to you for guidance: he looks to your conduct for an example of what Christianity really is. If your conduct be inconsistent with your profession,—if the glory of the Lord is not *seen* upon you, ye are holding out to him as the religion of Jesus, as the salvation of God, something altogether different. He cannot distinguish between the good and the evil; he embraces a false representation of the thing for the thing itself; he has grasped a lie, thinking it to be the truth, because he received it from you; he goes down to the grave with that lie in his right hand; he is cast away in his iniquity. This is the end of *him;* but how shall *ye* escape?—"*Where is thy brother?*" I cannot conceive of any question more dreadful issuing from the judgment-seat on the great and terrible day.—*Lectures on Revivals*, 1840.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. IX.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT—THE LAW FULFILLED BY CHRIST.

MATT. v. 33–48.

Ver. 33. *Christ here gives his* THIRD *example of his mode of fulfilling the law.* Which of the commandments does Christ now take up? What is meant by *forswearing* one's self? [Either to *swear* that a thing is true when it is not true, or to *vow* to do a certain thing and not do it.] Give an instance from the Old Testament, and one from the New, of false witness-bearing. 1 Kings xxi. 13; Matt. xxvi. 60.

Ver. 34–36. What was the opinion of the Jews as to oaths in which God's name did not occur directly? [That they were not binding.] What sort of oaths were they accustomed to make use of? How does Christ show that to swear by heaven was as solemn as to swear by the very name of God? How does he show the sin of swearing by the earth? And by Jerusalem? And by one's head? What does this prove respecting such expressions as "By my faith," "As sure as death," &c.

Ver. 37. Should Christians make use of any oaths *in their intercourse with each other?* [The simple *word* of a Christian should be as good as an oath.] What does Christ say that anything more than a simple yea or nay *cometh of?* What does this mean? [That if any one, *of his own accord*, adds

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an oath, or something like an oath, to his word, he shows that his simple yea or nay is not to be relied on; therefore, that he is not *absolutely truthful*.] Would it be wrong to swear solemnly, as in a court of justice? [The same rule does not hold in such a case, as in the intercourse of Christians; but even in a court of justice, an oath can only be viewed as a necessary evil: *if men loved truth for its own sake*, that would keep them from giving false witness much more effectually than an oath.] In what part of our being is it said that God desireth truth? Ps. li. 6. What ought to be our feeling as to falsehood of every sort? Ps. cxix. 163.

Ver. 38. *Christ here gives his* FOURTH *example of his mode of fulfilling the law.* Does he refer here to any of the ten commandments in particular? [No; the reference is to the *law of retaliation* (Exod. xxi. 24), which was enacted by Moses to check theft, assault, and open crimes of that kind, but which the Jews used to abuse very much.] What is it that *commonly* induces men to seek revenge for injuries? [It is *selfishness;* the habit of looking mainly to *our own* interests, *our own* comfort, *our own* reputation, &c.] What is the great aim of the gospel in reference to this habit? Phil. ii. 4. [To lead us to consult *self* less, and *the good of others* more.] Who has given us a most glorious example of the unselfish, self-sacrificing spirit? Phil. ii. 5–8. Was the law of Moses meant to exercise the selfish, revengeful spirit? See Prov. xxiv. 29. [It was only meant to check open crime; but the people perverted it to their own selfish, revengeful purposes.]

Ver. 39–42. Is it meant that, *on every occasion*, all these things are to be literally done? [Christ's *great* object is to teach us to make *a daily habit, in our ordinary employments*, of watching against, and crucifying the *selfish* feeling, and exercising the generous, self-denying, forbearing, and forgiving spirit.] Did Christ himself obey all these precepts *in the letter?* John xviii. 23. Did he obey them in the spirit? [His whole life was a glorious fulfilment of them.] Is it possible for unaided human nature to live up to such rules? What should this teach us? Heb. iv. 16. [None need more than the young to guard against a revengeful, selfish spirit. Every morning they should pray specially for grace to enable them to resist the temptations to it that may arise in the course of the day.]

Ver. 43. *Christ here gives his* FIFTH *example of his mode of fulfilling the law.* Where is it said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour?" Lev. xix. 18. Is it anywhere said, "Thou shalt hate thine enemy?" [No; this was a perversion of such texts as Ps. cxxxix. 21.] Whom did the Jews count their enemies? [All Gentiles.]

Ver. 44. Give an example of loving an enemy, from the history of David. 1 Sam. xxiv.; xxvi. Of blessing them that curse us, from that of Stephen. Acts vii. 60. Of doing good to them that hate us, from that of Joseph. Gen. xlv. Of praying for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us, from that of our Lord. Luke xxiii. 34. Any other examples? [A Persian poem has the following beautiful lines on this subject:—

> "The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
> The axe that laid it low:
> Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
> Forgive and bless his foe."]

Ver. 45. Does God send his gifts in providence to those only who love him? To whom did God send his unspeakable gift? Compare Matt. xxi. 37, 38. What title does Christ here give to God? What feelings has a father towards his children? Matt. vii. 9–11. What is meant by being the children of our Father in heaven? [*Acting* like him, in his spirit; being full of kindness to all, as He is.]

Ver. 46. Who were the publicans? [Persons who collected the taxes for the Romans. They were generally an oppressive, unkind, odious class of persons.]

Ver. 47. Is it enough for the children of God to do as worldly people do? Why must God's children be far above others in goodness?

Ver. 48. What is the mark at which all the children of God should aim? What was the practice of Paul, in connection with the exhortation of this verse? Phil. iii. 12–14. How may we, in the highest sense, become the children of God? John i. 12. What Spirit must we have, to enable us to live as God's children should? Gal. iv. 6.

DOCTRINE—God hath chosen some in Christ Jesus to everlasting life.

Acts xiii. Rom. viii. Ephes. i. 2 Thess. ii. 1 Peter i. 1 Peter ii.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—RESULTS OF KINDNESS.

DEAR children, in treating of kindness (see p. 29), I promised to show you its power in the management of a disorderly school. It was a very keen morning in the month of December, when a group of great boys collected around a roaring fire in the school-house, and talked over the battles and victories of the previous winter. Ned Jones hoped that they would secure another iron-fisted Goliath, and they all laughed as they talked of the way in which the last was laid low.

At last the new teacher came, leading some little children whom he had found crying with the finger-ache, on their way to school. He seemed to those great boys more like David than Goliath, for though they eyed him keenly, they saw neither sword nor spear. With his hat and coat lodged upon a peg, the young master stood quite unarmed.

"Good morning, boys," said he, advancing and cordially shaking each by the hand. "You know how to make good fires for a frosty morning." Then taking out his watch, he calmly remarked that it was nine o'clock; and those great boys, though they had resolved not to be *driven* to their seats, went of their own accord; but they looked at their new teacher all the while, as though expecting him to jump from his "sheep's clothing," and come down upon them like a wolf. So in waiting and watching, they kept quite still, while he read impressively from the Scriptures, and offered a short but very fervent prayer. Once during that prayer Ned's fingers wandered towards an ink-stand, and he thought how easy it would be to fling it; but his hand trembled so much, that he gave up the idea.

I should like to tell you how this kind of weakness increased upon Ned and the other boys; but, for fear my story should be too long, I can only tell you a little about the young schoolmaster's weapon, and how skilfully it was used. It was even more effective than David's smooth stone,

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for this only sank into the Philistine's head, while *kindness* sinks into people's *hearts*.

The boys in that school could not tell what ailed them. They sometimes talked the matter over, and gathered some courage by telling what they had done, and how easy it would be to make that young man afraid. But all experiments failed. They found that the fear always came upon themselves.

I will tell you a single incident, and you can judge how powerful was the gentle, unpretending principle which, being the offspring of charity, "never faileth." Coming into the school-house one day, the schoolmaster found Ned and another boy engaged "in furious fight." He did not command them to stop; for that, enraged as they were, would have been useless, but he boldly stepped between them, and took Ned's great hands into his own.

"I will, I will knock him down!" roared Ned, his face red and swollen with rage.

"No," calmly replied the teacher, "you can't without first knocking *me* down, and you *wouldn't* do that."

So Ned stood there, wondering that his hands grew so weak, and that he could not look straight into the eyes which were fixed upon his.

"Would you like to sit down?" asked the teacher, seeing that Ned was weak enough to be trusted.

"Yes, sir," was the tame reply; and thus ended the fight.

This is what we call "killing with kindness." There are passions in the human heart which ought to be killed; but there is no use in throwing stones at them. It is by *love* that our Saviour melts human beings, and then moulds them into angels. He will allow even little children to help him in this beautiful work: and this is the way to begin—be kind! be kind always!—even to the unthankful and the unholy *be kind*!

II.—WELL-LIGHTED LANTERNS.

Groping my way along as best I could, on a very dark night not long since, as I turned a corner of the street, I saw, but a short distance ahead of me, a well-lighted lantern. At first, I could not see who was carrying it, but it proved to be a boy, who was whistling merrily as he walked along.

Now, that lantern was of much service to me. It threw its light back on the path, or side-walk, for many yards. It showed me where to walk, and it showed me where *not* to walk, if I wished to keep out of the mire.

I felt thankful to the boy who was thus of so much use to me in lighting my way; while he knew nothing about the good he was doing.

He went along, not thinking of me, hardly knowing that I was behind him; and yet he was rendering me a very kind service.

I could not help thinking what a happy thing it would be if all the boys and girls, and all the men and women who have the privileges of the gospel, were well-lighted Christian lanterns! How much good would they do which now is left undone! We are not so much lanterns in what we say, as in what we do. It is the quiet but real influence of a good example that is a light to lighten others.

A very young child may be a very useful lantern. A small lantern, well lighted, is of much service; while a very large lantern, without any light in it, is of no use. And who knows how many the light from his lantern will reach and benefit? Now, children, do not be dark lanterns, or such as give no light; but as you pass along through life, at home, or in school, or in the street, or wherever you are, show that you love the truth, and that you seek, by God's grace, to walk as you are taught in his holy word. Show this in your lives. Show it by a cheerful, loving, honest walk with your companions. Never be afraid to let others see that you love God, and desire to do what is right in his sight. If thus you live, many will be benefited, and will bless you. Some may follow in the path of your light whom you know not, nor ever shall know, until you meet them in the world of glory above. *Let your light so shine* before your fellows that they may see your good works, and "glorify your Father who is in heaven."

III.—"I AM THE DOOR."

John x. 9.

Our Saviour compares himself to a great many different things, in order to help us better to understand what he is in himself, and what he is willing to be to all who love him. In this chapter he speaks of himself as the good Shepherd; and in this verse he calls himself the door to the sheepfold, by which all his sheep and lambs must enter in.

Dear children, do any of you wish to be the lambs of Jesus? Do you wish to be among the happy number whom the good Shepherd takes care of, and feeds, and watches over in this world, and takes when they die to the green pastures and living waters of the heavenly country? Then you must come into the sheepfold *by the door*. You must come to Jesus, alone, on your knees, and humbly ask him to pardon all your sins, to give you a new heart, to make you his own loving and obedient children. He is ready and willing to hear this prayer. But there is *no other* door into the fold.

Have you ever seen what is called a turn-stile—a kind of gate which turns round, so as only to let one person in at a time? All who wish may pass through, but each one must go separately. This has often made me think of the way in which sinners are to get into the kingdom of heaven, or the sheepfold of Christ, by himself the door. He is able and willing to receive all who come; he tells us none shall be cast out (John vi. 37); but every man or child must come by himself. I cannot put you through the door; your parents, your minister, however much they wish and pray for it, cannot change your heart; you must *each one* come alone to Jesus. My little reader, whoever you are, have you thought of this? Have *you* gone to the dear Saviour, and are you one of his happy lambs? If not, will you go *now*?

Oh! how thankful we should be for this comforting saying of the Lord, "I am the door." If a poor lamb were chased over the hills by a hungry wolf, and came to a place where he saw a fold all walled round, with the sheep within quite safe, what a joyful sight that would be! But the lamb's next thought would be, "Where is the door? oh! how am I to get in before the wolf comes up to me?" And when the kind shepherd opened, how eagerly he would run in! So ought we to rejoice, and give thanks to our heavenly Father for the way of escape opened up to us from our great enemy, who is always seeking to destroy our souls. Oh! let us all make sure that we have fled to Jesus as the door, and pray every day that he may keep us near himself, and that we may never wander away from him again. J.

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IV.—LITTLE LYDIA.

LITTLE LYDIA was the daughter of a German missionary, who had lost his health whilst serving God in India. With his family, he had returned to his native village to recruit, trusting God would soon restore him to strength, and enable him to continue the work he loved so well. This little one, the pet of the family, was but four years old; but, young as she was, her heart was full of love to God. She would sit long upon her mother's knee, listening to the story of the infant Jesus, and the tears would trickle down her cheeks as she heard how he had no warm cradle in which to be lulled to rest, and that the softest pillow his little head first knew was a bundle of straw laid in a manger. Her disposition was very truthful and upright. On being asked, one day, why she held her hands so tightly behind her back whilst walking through a garden belonging to a lady in the village, she replied, "Because I love the flowers so dearly, that my hands feel tempted to pluck them; and then, they are not mine, but Miss M——'s." But God saw fit to take this little one unto himself. One day she was sitting on her mother's knee as usual, when she suddenly started up, and, leaning over her mother's shoulder, exclaimed, "Give it me! that golden crown; give it me!" and, as if she conversed with some being unseen by all but herself, continued, "Oh, no! I cannot leave mamma yet; nor papa; nor my brother, nor my sister, nor my little garden; I must not go with you,—only give me that golden crown." Then sinking back into her wondering mother's lap, she sobbed, "Oh! how my head is aching!" A few days passed, and the fading glory of the setting sun illuminated the little room where that mother sat weeping by her dying child. She lay so still and quiet, one might have thought life had already fled; but, as her parent gazed upon her with nigh breaking heart, she raised her head, and stretching out her hands as if to grasp some unseen object, exclaimed, "I am coming now! the golden crown is mine! wait for me; I am coming!"

The seraph had not long to wait, for ere the clock had struck once more, he was winging his way with the little spirit to heaven, where she might receive the wished-for golden crown from the hands of her loving Saviour.

I saw the body that had held that spirit on the earth, before they lowered it into the little grave. The smile that still lingered on the waxy lips seemed but the reflection of the rays of glory which the angel's crown had cast upon her.

How peacefully she slept! Her life had been as the early dew, beautiful and pleasant while it lasted; and when its mission was fulfilled, drawn upwards to the skies, whence it came.

They mourned not for her, as they that have no hope; they knew she had been but lent them on earth, that now, when transferred to a happier home, their affections might be drawn more heavenwards,—their longings to be away and at rest, in God's good time, more deep and ardent.

"She is not dead, but liveth," whispered the suffering mother to us, as we gazed on the fair but empty jewel-casket before us.

Yes, Lydia had now begun a life of which cold Death knows nothing. Life's partner here, he is unknown in heaven, for there "there shall be no more death!"

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—HE IS A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH WHO IS A MEMBER OF CHRIST.

I HAVE seldom heard this catholic and happy doctrine more pointedly expressed than by a poor woman who dwelt in one of the darkest and most wretched quarters of our city. Away from her native home, and without one earthly friend, she had floated here, a stranger in a strange land, to sink into the most abject poverty,—her condition but one degree better than our Saviour's. In common with the fox, she had a hole to lay her head in. Yet, although poor and outwardly wretched, she was a child of God, one of the jewels which, if sought for, we should sometimes find in dust-heaps. With a bashfulness not unnatural, she had shrunk from exposing her poverty to the stare of well-robed congregations, resorting on Sabbath-days to the well—appropriate place!—where a pious man was wont to preach to ragged outcasts, crying in the name of Jesus, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." Supposing, in my ignorance of this, that she was living, like the mass around her, in careless neglect of her soul, I began to warn her. Nor shall I soon forget how she interrupted me, and, drawing herself up with an air of humble dignity, and half offended, said, "Sir, I worship at the well; and am sure that if we are true believers in Jesus, and love him, and try to follow him, we shall never be asked at the judgment day, Where did you worship?" Well said, and well shot, thou poor one; that arrow hits the mark! And as I hold no other creed, nor admit anything to be of vital importance but genuine heaven-born faith, let me ask, Are you true believers? Blessed are you! Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered! Are you unbelievers, impenitent, ungodly? You may, by profession, belong to a church which holds the Head. There is no safety in that. On the contrary, you appear only the more offensive to a holy God. A spot looks worst on the face of beauty; Satan looked most hateful when he stood among the sons of God; and, as I have observed at funerals in the winter-time, skulls never look so grim, nor the churchyard mould so black, as when they have been flung on a bank of snow. Trust not in your church, nor say, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we." Judgment shall begin at the house of God.—*Dr. Guthrie.**

II.—THE YOUNG SAILOR'S COUNSEL.

A YOUNG sailor arose in one of the New York prayer-meetings. He was evidently a Scotchman by birth. He was deeply impressed, as all could see by his voice and manner. This was a critical moment · the turning-point to some awakened souls.

"Will you take a sailor's advice," said he,—"a stranger sailor—you who are now deciding that at some future time you will be a Christian? Will you take a sailor's advice, and

* From Dr. GUTHRIE'S new and truly noble work, "Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints," (Edinburgh, A. & C. Black;) to which we were also indebted for the brief passage—"The Exhaustless Fulness," on page 3, of our last Part.

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not delay your choice another hour, but come now and be on the Lord's side. You cannot possibly magnify the danger of delay. You cannot believe it to be half as great as it is." And then he spoke of some of his dreadful experiences of the effects of procrastination. He related the following as coming under his own observation:—

"I remember," said he, "when in Panama, one of my brother sailors was taken very sick. I had previously, on many occasions, urged him to take Jesus as his guide, counsellor, and friend. But his answer had ever been, 'Time enough yet.' That fearful putting off, that delivering himself up to the power of Satan, who was constantly whispering in his ear, 'Time enough yet,' reached its fearful crisis at last. As he lay sick upon his mattress, his writhings and contortions denoted the fever and pain that were within. But the fever of his soul was causing much more anguish than all his bodily ailments. I said to him, 'You need a Saviour now.' 'Oh,' said he, 'I have put off seeking Jesus too long.' I earnestly begged him to look at the cross of Christ, and there learn what Jesus had done and suffered, that a poor sinner like him might not perish, but have everlasting life. But he replied with choking sobs, 'Too late! too late!' 'Oh,' he cried, 'no rest for me! I am going to some place I know not where. Oh, I know not where!' His head fell back upon the pillow. I cried, 'Ned! are you dying?' But all I heard was—through the gurgling in his throat—'No rest!' and my dying shipmate was gone."

Another touching incident he related as intimately connected with his own conversion, bearing upon the danger of delay. It was at his own home. He had a very pious, God-fearing mother, who had never neglected any opportunity which offered to impress upon his young mind the urgent need of seeking a Saviour in his youthful days. But he had constantly neglected to pay more than a passing attention to his mother's admonitions, until one Sabbath morning his mother invited a young girl, a neighbour's daughter, to accompany them to the house of prayer. "She replied in a light and trifling manner, 'Oh, no, I cannot go till next Sunday. I shall have a new bonnet then; my old one is too shabby.' Alas! that next Sabbath never came for her. On Monday she was taken quite sick. On Wednesday she died. My mother told me, with streaming eyes, as she came home from watching at her bedside, 'Emma is gone; and gone, I fear, without conversion.' This was so sudden, so unexpected, that it woke within my heart the cry, 'What must I do to be saved!' And, blessed be God, that cry was not made in vain. Jesus had mercy on my soul. He has been ever since that time the Rock of my salvation. Oh, come to him, all you who need the saving grace of a dying, risen Saviour! Will you take a sailor's counsel? Will you come? God is calling! Come now."

There were not many dry eyes in the room at the close of this touching, tender, earnest appeal. It came from a warm heart, and it found its way to every heart. He paused some time, remaining on his feet—then said: "Some eight or ten days ago I was here. A request was made in this meeting that prayers should be offered to the throne of grace, that God's Spirit might descend with divine power on a meeting that would convene on this day in Missouri. In accordance with that request, I take pleasure in reminding those who heard that request made, that it was for the 14th day of October, this being the day. I trust God's people will earnestly ask God's blessing on that meeting away in Missouri." This same sailor then offered one of the most fervent, importunate prayers to which we ever listened.—*N. Y. Observer.*

III.—SECRET PRAYER.

This is an age of association. Great corporations often supply the lack of individual enterprise and ability. Benevolent societies serve as the almoners of large charities, from which the most valuable element, that of personal sympathy, is eliminated. There is reason to fear that associated prayer is often regarded as an equivalent for secret wrestling in the closet. The frequent morning prayer-meetings, and those at noon-day, if made up of men who come from the closet, where they have been prostrate before the Lord, like Elijah on Horeb, or have wrestled with God, like Jacob at Peniel, carry with them a power which no visible results can measure. But Christians sometimes desert the secret place of prayer, hoping to find a substitute in the social gathering. The former seems cold; the latter warms and stimulates. The former requires effort to quicken the pulse of devotion, and isolate the soul from the world; in the latter, the end is secured without a struggle, and the heart is tender and devout. The conscience is easily quieted when piety is an apparent gainer by substituting public for secret worship.

But the gain is only apparent; the loss is real and fatal. The order of duty cannot be inverted. God invites his people to personal communion with him. When they enter the closet, he bends his ear to hear. His word read in solitude has a life-giving power. The solemnity of being alone with God, from whom nothing can be hidden, strips away all disguises, hushes all self-flatteries, and compels one to deal faithfully with himself. The confession of secret sins, the sorrow for duties neglected, the large and elevating views of Christian obligation obtained in the closet, are elements of individual piety which social meetings can never supply in equal measure. Ravishing views of God's favour, which is life, and of his loving-kindness, which is better than life; a secret assurance of oneness with Christ, even as he is one with the Father; and a confidence that he shall never be left alone in temptation, or in sorrow,—these are the elements of Christian experience which, if enjoyed at all, must be found in the closet.

We fear that devotion in the closet is too much neglected. The hurry and bustle of the age does not foster it. The early hours at which men hasten to their business leave little time for communion with God. The Bible is often unopened in the morning, and if a few moments are snatched for lifting the heart to God, it is with a distraction of mind, and a want of devout emotion, which rob the service of half its value. The evening hours overtake one as he is weary with the toils of the day, and the form of devotion supplants the reality. Reader, is it not so?

[The following sentences from *Mr. Ryle* are worthy of perusal in this connection:—]

Although "great multitudes came together to hear Jesus, and to be healed by him of their infirmities," he still made time for secret devotion. Holy and undefiled as he was, he would not allow the demands of public business to prevent regular private intercourse with God. We are told that "he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed."

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There is an example set before us here, which is much overlooked in these latter days. There are few professing Christians, it may be feared, who strive to imitate Christ in this matter of private devotion. There is abundance of hearing, and reading, and talking, and profession, and visiting, and almsgiving, and subscribing to societies, and teaching at schools; but is there, together with all this, a due proportion of private prayer? Are believing men and women sufficiently careful to be frequently alone with God? These are humbling and heart-searching questions; but we shall find it useful to give them an answer.

Why is it that there is so much apparent religious working, and yet so little result in positive conversions to God—so many sermons, and so few souls saved; so much machinery, and so little effect produced; so much running hither and thither, and yet so few brought to Christ? Why is all this? The reply is short and simple: *There is not enough private prayer.* The cause of Christ does not need less working, but it does need among the workers more praying. Let us each examine ourselves, and amend our ways. The most successful workmen in the Lord's vineyard are those who are like their Master—often and much upon their knees.

IV.—AN EVIL REPORT OF THE GOOD LAND.

I MUST, even with some indignation, expostulate with many of God's hidden ones about their heavy, pensive, and uncomfortable walking; for that they are so far from entertaining and expressing that unspeakable glorious joy which, upon their new birth, is their native-portion and patrimony—that they wickedly, if not wilfully, abandon and expose their spirits, freed for ever by the Lamb's blood from the hellish fangs of any slavish horror, to the unnecessary rack of so much fruitless, unworthy, and slavish sadness. Whereby,[1] besides their own needless, sinful, self-created torment—

1. They most unworthily undervalue, abridge, and disparage the infiniteness of God's dearest and tender mercy; who is a thousand times more ready and forward to bind up any broken heart than *it* is to bleed before him.

2. They unnecessarily disable and indispose themselves for the duties and comfortable discharge of both their callings.

3. They gratify Satan and satisfy his cruel humour; who, if he cannot have a man's company in hell hereafter—for if he were sure of that, he would make him live as joyfully and jovially as he could possibly—he labours might and main to hold him upon the rack of slavish, distrustful terrors all the days of his life.

4. They are thereby many times occasions of discouragement and disheartening to those which are without, that they are more loath to enter into the ways of life,—prejudging them to be thorny and rough, dark and deep, full of dumps and drooping, of heaviness and horror; whereas, in deed and truth, they are all paved with mercy and love, strewed with violets and roses, full of fresh springs of spiritual comforts, and sweetly illumined even in the darkest passages with heavenly and healing beams of the Sun of righteousness.—*Bolton.*

V.—THE PORTION WE SHOULD SEEK FOR OUR CHILDREN.

"The hand of the Lord was with him."—LUKE i. 66.

WE are not told distinctly what these words mean. We are left to gather their meaning from the promise that went before John, before his birth, and the life that John lived all his days. But we need not doubt that the hand of the Lord was with John to sanctify and renew his heart—to teach and fit him for his office—to strengthen him for all his work as the forerunner of the Lamb of God—to encourage him in all his bold denunciations of men's sins—and to comfort him in his last hours, when he was beheaded in prison. We know that he was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb. We need not doubt that from his earliest years the grace of the Holy Ghost appeared in his ways. In his boyhood as well as in his manhood the constraining power of a mighty principle from above appeared in him. That power was the "hand of the Lord."

This is the portion that we ought to seek for our children. It is the best portion, the happiest portion, the only portion that can never be lost, and will endure beyond the grave. It is good to have over them "the hand" of teachers and instructors; but it is better still to have "the hand of the Lord." We may be thankful if they obtain the patronage of the great and the rich; but we ought to care far more for their obtaining the favour of God. The hand of the Lord is a thousand times better than the hand of Herod. The one is weak, foolish, and uncertain—caressing to-day, and beheading to-morrow; the other is almighty, all-wise, and unchangeable. Where it holds, it holds for evermore. Let us bless God that the Lord never changes. What he was in John the Baptist's days, he is now. What he did for the son of Zacharias, he can do for our boys and girls. But he waits to be entreated.—*J. C. Ryle.*

VI.—MY FATHER.

IN a storm at sea, when the danger pressed, and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not,—was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No; he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trusiful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand, for he holds all these waters there!" The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to his faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul, in its extremity, cannot play with a beautiful idea. If the heart do not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of providence; but only the children love it. If they would tell the truth, those who are alienated from God in their hearts, do not like to be so completely in His power. It is when I am satisfied with His mercy, that I rejoice to lie in His hand.—*Arnot.*

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BIBLE CITIES.

No. II.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE JUDGES.

"TWO Rabbis," says a Jewish legend, "as they drew nigh to Jerusalem, saw a fox running upon the hill of Zion, and Rabbi Joshua wept, but Rabbi Eliezer smiled. 'Wherefore dost thou smile?' said he who wept. 'Nay, wherefore dost thou weep?' asked Eliezer. 'I weep,' replied the Rabbi Joshua, 'because I see what is written in the Lamentations fulfilled: *Because of the mountain of Zion, which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it.*' 'And therefore do I smile,' said Rabbi Eliezer; 'for in the sign that God hath fulfilled his threatenings, I see a pledge that not one of his promises shall fail!'"

Of this story it may be said, "*Se non è vero è ben trovato*,"—if it is not true it is well imagined. Such indeed will be the conflicting, yet strangely mingling emotions which a view of "the desolations of Jerusalem" must awaken in the Christian mind. Saddened by the contrast between the grey discrowned city on its stony hills, and the proud metropolis of Israel gleaming afar in marble whiteness and mystic glory,—the heart which rests on the Divine Word as the one reality of time, firm-set and unmoving as a rock amid the sweeping tides and shifting eddies of events, must gather hope and cheer from its revelations of the future, and in the low estate of the "Jerusalem that now is," behold in clearer light, and more vivid picturing, a vision of the Jerusalem that is to be.

Ancient cities have been well compared to those old parchments from which the original writing has been effaced, that some inscription of fresher interest may take its place, in its turn, perchance, to grow obsolete, and be scraped away or expunged by biting acids as ruthlessly. The tesselated pavements and cinder-urns of Roman London lie buried many feet below the London of the Plantagenets; and the rusted weapons and mouldy coins of Edwards and Henrys are buried as deep beneath the London of Victoria. It is with a singular impression that at Rome one looks down for the first time on the temples of the Forum, and the columns of Trajan and Antonine, rising out of pits or trenches far below the level of the present city, from whose accumulated rubbish they have been quarried out. But nowhere have there been so many strata of ruins, skeletons of cities, deposited in the lapse of ages, as on the site of Jerusalem. In digging the foundations of the English Church on Zion some years ago, a shaft had to be sunk fifty feet deep, through remains of buildings, before reaching the solid rock on which David's foot had stood. In this profound and darksome crypt lies all that is left of the stately city of the first age of the Hebrew monarchy; and coffin after coffin, each with the name of an epoch on its lid, and the dust of a dynasty within, has been lowered into the vault above it. To borrow the remark which Hobbes made about Rome, "The Jerusalem that we see is but the ghost of the ancient city sitting shrouded on the grave thereof."

It would be vain to attempt anything like an adequate presentment of the city at the successive eras of its chequered existence,—to try to photograph under our pale northern sunlight the phases through which its splendour waxed and waned. But so unique has been its history, so high and strange its destinies, and so closely linked has been its name with vicissitudes the most awful that have left their stamp on the world, and events the sublimest and the saddest that have thrilled the heart and moulded the mind of man, that from an endeavour to bring together the notices we have of it in Scripture we cannot fail to glean some profit. Its glimmering form and outline may rise again before us on its ancient hills, and the shadowy figures of saints, and prophets, and heroes, pass again over the marble pavement, and through the still white cloisters of Zion, as we turn upon the Holy City some rays of that sacred lamp which has long since gone out in the temple.

Some lowly dwellings clustering on the slope and brow of a woody height, with a range of loftier hills sweeping nearly round it, and deep ravines between, from one of which comes up the murmur of a brook,—a village into which some husbandmen and shepherds had gathered for protection from lawless neighbours,—such would seem to have been the town of Salem in early patriarchal times. Here a small community of Shemites, among whom were preserved a purer faith and worship than prevailed around them, had fixed their abode, and looked up to the patriarch of the settlement as their king and priest. In the name given to their town, "Salem," "Peace"—for we see no reason to doubt that it stood where the Hebrew capital afterwards arose—we can trace an unconscious prophecy of its fame; and in the person of its priestly ruler, as he came forth with bread and wine to bless the father of the faithful, with his name "King of Righteousness," we see the image of One whose feet were one day to stand on the spot where Melchizedek raised his altar. Already is this hill of

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Canaan conspicuous amid "the habitable part of His earth," touched by some faint shining of the coming glory. Once again, a few years later, it becomes the theatre of an event of solemn significance. The voice that had summoned Abraham from his Chaldean home reaches him in his tent at Beersheba, where the child of promise is growing up at his side. Another journey is before him—a pilgrimage and a sacrifice at a spot which God is to reveal. It is a mount in the "land of Moriah," where an altar is to be raised, and where the heir of the covenant is to be the victim. There in spirit, if not in deed, the mystic oblation was made. A three days' journey from Beersheba still brings the pilgrim to the gate of Jerusalem. "Moriah," the "chosen place of God," was the mount on which the temple rose, and from which the smoke of sacrifice ascended; and on that day, as an innocent victim carried the altar-wood to its lonely summit, the place was consecrated by a vision of the great atonement. The mystery of redemption fills out the symbol-rite of Abraham to awful sublimity; the altar of Isaac is a dim foreshadowing of the cross that shall one day stand on the "chosen place" of Calvary.

Very different from the picture of Salem under the mild sway of its patriarch-king is the glimpse that we have of Jerusalem when it next comes into view. The simple altar of the settlement has long been overthrown, and where it stood the demon-powers of Canaan are adored with dark and bloody rites. Its ancient name of "Peace" has been effaced, and "Jebus" is the royal city and stronghold of a fierce and powerful tribe. The king of Jerusalem was the soul of the confederacy formed by the southern septs of Canaan to oppose the victorious advance of Israel after the fall of Jericho. Strangely was he named "Adonizedek," "Lord of Righteousness," as if in mockery of the priestly chief of Salem; and signal was the overthrow that befell him and his Pagan allies on the day when Joshua lifted his spear, and "the sun stood still on Gibeon," as the ally of the armies of God.

Notwithstanding this crushing blow, no attempt was made during the life-time of Joshua to wrest Jerusalem from the Canaanites. Its commanding position, its natural intrenchment of ravines, its circuit of massive walls and towers, with other defences thrown up by a desperate enemy, must have made it almost impregnable. Soon after Joshua's death, however, the two tribes of Judah and Simeon united their strength, and stormed the lower part of the town, which they reduced to ashes. We have a passing glance at the state of Canaan, and the merciless warfare waged among its clans, in the notice of the chief of Jebus at the time—a man infamous for his cruelty among the savage rajahs of the country. It had been his pride to inflict mutilation on every rival who fell into his hands; seventy chiefs thus maimed were chained in his banquet hall. The same dreadful retribution awaited himself: "As I have done," were his last words, "so God hath requited me."

It was only a part of the city that had fallen into the hands of Judah. The citadel on the rock of Zion defied all their efforts: "As for the Jebusites, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out; but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Judah at Jerusalem unto this day" (Josh. xv. 63). A modern parallel to this state of things, though happily of shorter duration, may be found in Scottish history, during the intestine feuds that were carried on with such ferocity between King's men and Queen's men, three centuries ago. The city of Edinburgh was in the hands of one faction, while the castle on its rocky height was held by the other; and doubtless the shot of culverin or harquebuss which occasionally reminded the good burghers that their town was "divided against itself," had its counterpart in the Jebusite arrow or javelin whizzing through the lower streets of Jerusalem.

We are, then, to conceive of the future capital of Israel as thus parted between two separate and hostile races for a period of 400 years at least. Through all the time of the Judges, whilst Gideon, and Jephthah, and Samson were in the uplands and on the frontier turning to flight "the armies of the aliens," here, in the heart and core of the land, did a heathen enemy keep fast possession of its mountain fastness, insulting with its wild orgies the holy rites of Shiloh, and polluting the sacred air of Israel with the smoke of nefarious sacrifice. And, doubtless, when dangers gathered and reverses befell the nation—when the glare of the Philistine campfires could be seen from the Pagan citadel reddening the sky at nightfall over the hills of Judah, or the trumpets of Amalek rung in shrill echoes through the valleys,—this stubborn and deadly foe would seize their opportunity, and sallying from their hold, carry fire and sword through the crowded dwellings below.

No sooner was David proclaimed at Hebron king over Israel than, led by a divine impulse, he resolved to crush this hateful Pagan brood,—to cut out the eating cancer by the roots. The Jebusites from the fort watched his preparations, and treated his summons to surrender with insolent defiance. So secure did they deem themselves in their impregnable position, that they stationed on the walls "the blind and the lame" among them, as if they were able enough to defend it. The bravado was keenly felt. A brilliant recompense was offered to the first man who should climb the steep and enter the fortress. The assault was led by Joab, and on the day his foot was planted on the brow of Zion, David's gallant nephew became captain over Israel.

Henceforward the fort of Jebus was the "city of David," and soon on that embattled steep arose the walls and turrets of a stately palace, the house of cedar,—at once the splendid monument of his conquest and the seat of the Hebrew monarchy. There wanted but one thing to add a crowning grace to Zion, and redeem it for ever from the memory of its long desecration.

This was done when the ark was brought in solemn and joyous procession, with instruments of music and

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triumphal psalm-chants, to the pavilion which the king had prepared for it on the holy hill. Priests and Levites sung in alternate choir,

> "Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
> Thou, and the ark of thy strength.
> For the Lord hath chosen Zion,
> He hath desired it for his habitation.
> This is my rest for ever;
> Here will I dwell, for I have desired it."

From that day Zion became the symbol of all that was august and sacred in Israel—all that was proudest and dearest to the heart of the nation. Jerusalem, the "Foundation of Peace," rose to its place of honour as the mountain-throne and sanctuary of Jehovah, the shrine of the national worship, the metropolis of the kingdom, the rallying-point of the tribes. No longer defiled by the presence of the alien and the stranger, it spread forth its arms on every side, gathering within one ring of walls its group of pleasant mounts, "builded as a city that is compact together." It became the centre of a splendid dominion whose frontier was ever advancing till it reached from the rock cities of Idumæa to the garden groves of Damascus, and made the name of Jerusalem dreaded by the roving Arabs on the willowy banks of the Euphrates.

But its crown of holiness was the fairest diadem which encircled Jerusalem's brow. To it, in every town and hamlet of the land, the pious Israelite turned his face in prayer: to it, from the hills of Galilee and over the fords of Jordan, through green vine-fringed valleys, and along olive-sprinkled slopes, a thousand bands of worshippers bent their steps as the Paschal moon showed its brightening signal in the blue spring night of Canaan. The heart of man has made for itself many an altar, and turned to many a Mecca-stone in devotion, but on one only of all the cities of the earth has the seal of sanctity been ever set by Heaven. To the Hebrew city of the past alone belongs the pilgrim psalm of inspiration:—

> "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem
> Thither the tribes go up,
> To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
> For there are set thrones of judgment,
> The thrones of the house of David.
> Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
> They shall prosper that love thee."

J. D B.

FACTS AND LESSONS FROM THE INDIAN REBELLION.

The first outburst of the tempest and the first shock of war tell only of disaster,—of the sea strewn with the wrecks of the hurricane, and of the field of battle with the dead, the wounded, and the dying. Our hearts are torn with the terrible results. The immediate effects in death and ruin are before us, and for the time we see nothing else. By-and-by the dark side is shifted, and the pillar of cloud turns into a guiding pillar of fire. We begin already to discern a silver lining on the Indian cloud; and that, as there was a need-be for the affliction, it is not to be without its abundant fruits of righteousness. Seldom has a catastrophe burst upon an individual or a nation with more appalling suddenness, with wider-spread alarm, or with more threatening, calamitous consequences, than the Indian mutiny. There had been predictive mutterings of the approaching storm: the wise had read signs of danger, and glanced at the quarter whence it was to spring; but no man was fore-armed from being forewarned. Its prophets had at best but guessed at the source of the coming danger, and were only half convinced of the truth of their own predictions. When the calamity came, it was as a bolt from heaven; and, with the uncertainty of an infliction from heaven, no one knew where it was to strike, or how it might be shunned. From the first shot fired at Meerut, a reign of terror was inaugurated from the Khyber Pass to the shores of the Bay of Bengal. No Englishman could assure himself that the spot on which he stood might not erupt under his feet. India became to our countrymen as a fired American prairie. If they fled from Meerut, it was to be received on the swords of the mutineers of Delhi; if from Delhi to Futtehghur, the tragedy of blood and its actors had gone before them; if from Futtehghur to Cawnpore, it was to cast themselves on the tender mercies of the Nana of Bithoor. The perplexity and terror of that awful crisis can never be told. As was felt and has been described by one who passed through its scenes: "The mind was overmastered by the magnitude of the deeds of cruelty and treachery that were being done on all sides; its powers of realization and perception seemed benumbed and paralyzed. It grew faint and exhausted. It tried to think, but could not. It tried to feel, but the ability was gone. It tried to weep, but the fountain of tears was dried up. Although many did not actually with their eyes behold the massacres, yet all suffered mentally, as though they had been committed in their very presence. Each of us waited for his turn, and thought it would come next. All inhabiting the Upper Provinces were in the midst of a field of battle, in which a conflict stretching over several months was waging, and men, women, and children were being slain on every side." A day had come, the counterpart of that seen by Isaiah, when Israel was to be girdled round with the Assyrian host; and only through the living words and pictured thoughts of the prophet can we approach to the realization of the Indian catastrophe: "Fear, and the pit, and the snare, are upon thee, O inhabitant of the earth. And it shall come to pass, that he who fleeth from the noise of the fear shall fall into the pit; and he that cometh up out of the midst of the pit shall be taken in the snare. The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly.'

And whilst thus terrible in its immediate, there seemed nothing to hope from its more remote consequences. It was a struggle to recall the past of dominant heathenism, and recover for India its own degraded forms of life and faith. The hated European, and with it the hated Christian name, was to be extinguished; British institutions uprooted from the soil; and missions and missionaries, churches, schools, and converts, to share in the indiscriminate ruin. The attempt was, to roll back the tide of a century—to replace the India that preceded the battle of Plassey, when the fires of Suti blazed, and more than a thousand widows perished annually in Bengal, and myriads of infants, of whom no record was kept, were swept beneath the waters of the river gods.

From such a conflict what prospect of ultimate good could dawn on the most sanguine imagination? But the light which, at the hour of the crisis none could discern, now

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breaks upon us. The curtain is being drawn up, and the moral of that awful drama developed. Its great lessons begin to appear. We speak not of those it reads to the statesmen of Britain. They have learned, by events that admit of no doubtful interpretation, that a policy of religious compromise is a course of danger; and that if they would secure the blessing of God and the confidence of man, they must seek them through an open, honest confession of their own Christian faith.

But great lessons are emerging from the mutiny, that speak to a wider circle than our British statesmen,—that are for the ear of the world and the Church. The gospel, in its practical evidences and power, had a deep stake in the result of that crisis. Our common Christianity was put afresh on its trial; it was again at the bar, with an onlooking Mohammedan and Hindu world. It was to be proved whether the missionaries of the Cross and their converts could endure, like the disciples of an earlier day, trials of cruel mockery, imprisonment, and death, not accepting deliverance. It would seem needful that there should be a periodical renewal of the martyr test, at once for the conviction of the world, and for the revival in the Church of the power of its own faith. That test was once more to be applied. The field chosen for the Divine experiment was India; and the prominent subjects of the experiment, our Christian missionaries and their converts from amongst a people to whom no one had ever ascribed as their natural character the martyr qualities of firmness of mind or inflexibility of purpose.

The extent to which our Christian missionaries stood exposed to the storm, may be gathered from the fact, that the entire track of the northern mutineers—the hottest region of the rebellion—was studded with mission institutions. Everywhere the Christian oasis was rising along the northern Indian desert. Meerut, where the flame was first lit, had its mission of the Church Missionary Society; Delhi, its twofold yet harmonious mission of the Propagation of the Gospel, and Baptist Society; Agra, its magnificent mission-press establishment, with a clustering band of British and American missionaries; Futtehghur, the four American brethren who left as a legacy to their converts before they were themselves offered on the service of the faith, "Whatever else ye do, never deny your Saviour;" Allahabad, its mission the growth of years, with its college and schools, press and library, the munificent contribution of the American Board to the Christianization of India; and who has not heard of the mission at Cawnpore, drowned in blood amidst the horrors of the massacre by the Nana? When to these are added the missions of Mynpoorie, Bareilly, Futtehpore, Benares, Jaunpore, Azimghur, and Sealkote, it will be seen by a glance over the map of India how earnestly the work of missions had been prosecuted along the course of the mutineers, and how fearfully our Christian missionaries were exposed to the central force of the storm.

In that storm almost the entire mission property of the British and American missionaries of North-Western India perished. Mission bungalows, colleges, churches, schoolhouses, presses, and libraries, went up in the flames. They were narrowly sought out as the first object of Mohammedan vengeance. Take the position of one of the missionaries as representative of all:—"Here am I," writes an American missionary, the Rev. J. Owen, "in the fort at Allahabad, living in a small tent, with all the property I have left in the world comprised in a few changes of clothes, my Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, Turretine's Theology, Witsius' Economy of the Covenant, and a few other odd volumes. All my furniture, my splendid library, and most of my private manuscripts and papers consumed—our Jumna house burned, the church robbed, the whole place completely sacked." That plundered brother in Allahabad, the type of his spoiled brethren and their desolated missions, had yet reasons of very special thanksgiving to God that he was enclosed within the fort with his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, his Witsius' Economy, and a few odd volumes. A severer ordeal awaited his brethren around whom no walled forts threw their defence. Of those left thus unsheltered, thirty-nine amongst the European and American missionaries, including members of their families, perished as martyrs of the Cross. Faithful unto death, they received the crown of life.

How entirely in the spirit of Jesus these sufferers entered upon their martyr trials, may be gathered from expressions that occur in their letters, written when the prospect of death was before them, and which, by a singular providence, reached their destination notwithstanding the distracted state of the country: of which, let the deep heavenly calm breathed through the words of Mrs. Freeman, of the Futtehghur Mission, who suffered with her husband, be taken as an example. Writing when enclosed within the net of the enemy, she thus peacefully lays herself to rest in her heavenly Father's arms:—"We have no place to flee for shelter but under the covert of His wings; and there we are safe. Not but that he may suffer our bodies to be slain: and if he does, we know he has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think our death would do more good than we could do in all our lives. If so, his will be done. Should I be called to lay down my life, do not grieve that I came here, for most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down his life for me."

But whilst the faith of the missionaries triumphs in martyrdom, do their converts stand the trial? The steadfastness of the missionaries might have been unsurpassed: we had yet to learn that their children would follow in their faith and patience. The mutineers, who had spared neither mission-property nor missionaries, could not be expected to spare their converts. They were doubly obnoxious to the Mohammedan insurgents, as proofs of the impotence of their own religious system and of the power of its gospel antagonist. When subjected to their violence, will they be found steadfast unto death? This was a great question, and it had still to be answered—answered on such a scale as should put beyond doubt the reality of native Christianity, silence its detractors, and set to rest even the last suspicions of Christian men. Its answer is one of the great lessons of the rebellion; and that answer, as may be read in its pages of martyr suffering, proves that *India has her native Christian Church.*

It had long been customary, with those who should have been better acquainted with India and its people, to speak in no measured contempt of the weakness of native converts. With not a few Europeans, an Indian convert was a "mythic personage"—of whose existence there was no inconsiderable doubt; or, if a reality, a creature whose conversion was purchased by a handful of rice, and who was ready to return to his heathenism for another. Of strength of faith, or root of principle in the converts from native religions, many Europeans had no belief. The long-since recorded conviction of Sydney Smith—that the obstacles in the way of Hindu

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conversion to Christianity were insuperable—had not, down to our own day, been worn out. The convert was made to feel that the sting of the doubt was still living, in the averted look of Government officials, and the patronage that passed over him to the Hindu and Mohammedan of unsuspected faith. That doubt is now for ever settled. Full proof has been given of the faith of the Indian converts, at a season, and from numerous separate points, when a storm without a parallel for its suddenness and violence burst upon their peaceful mission homes.

It has now been ascertained, that of the thousands of native converts attached to the northern missions, and subjected to these unprecedented trials, a few—only two or three—openly and notoriously apostatized. Amongst the rest, all variety of shades of strength and weakness were found; some rising to the energy of the Christian hero, others yielding themselves to despair. Yet few stand out as having denied the faith: two of those reported are described as having always shown a degree of indecision and leaning towards a return to Mohammedanism, whilst the soul of a third was so torn at the recollection of his act, that he was ready, if his profession could have been trusted, to have revoked his recantation, and yielded the life he had too dearly purchased. "We are ready to live with you, and to die with you," was the spontaneous assurance of their numerous converts to the missionaries of Agra during the hottest of the crisis; and their word was not belied. Whilst every fragment of mission property in many of the north-western cities, and the printing-presses, the instruments of missionary work, the most precious of their possessions, perished in the storm, the true property of the missionaries—the fruit of their labours, and tears, and prayers, the children born to their missions—passed through the fire unconsumed. The casket was burned, the jewels were preserved, to shine on a future day on a brighter than a missionary, confessor, or martyr's crown,—as jewels in the crown of the Redeemer.

In other parts of this Number will be found some deeply touching cases confirming the view presented throughout this paper, of the faith and firmness of the native Indian converts. We have gathered them from two volumes *In Memoriam* of the gold that was tried by fire during the "Great Rebellion," and which should be read by every one who would learn of the faith that giveth the victory to the brave and to the timid, to the bold and to the fearful, which is might in weakness and power to those that have no strength. These volumes are, "Memorials of the Martyrs in the Indian Rebellion," by the Rev. William Owen; and "The Indian Church during the Great Rebellion," by Rev. M. A. Sherring, Missionary in Mirzapore.

HARVEST HOME.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

Weep, mourner, weep! thou need'st must sow in tears,
Beneath the storms of many a clouded sky;
Those precious drops shall swell the ripening ears,
To fill thy bosom when thy cheek is dry.

Dost thou not know that spring's first pearly showers
Weep out their sorrows on the thirsty earth,
Before the sun can wake the laughing flowers
From those dark cradles where they have their birth?

Turn the moist furrow, sow the precious grain,
Clasp thy weak, trembling hands in faith and prayer;
Thank the great Father both for sun and rain,
And leave the issue to his love and care.

Hush, mourner, hush! for thou shalt smile anon,
When autumn sighs among the yellowing leaves:
Sweet fall the carol of thy harvest song,
Thy glad arms bending with the golden sheaves.

Edinburgh. P.

SCRIPTURAL STUDIES.

No. II.

NEW TESTAMENT SYNONYMS.

"So, when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, *lovest* thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I *love* thee. He saith unto him, *Feed* my *lambs*. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, *Feed* my *sheep*. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep."—John xxi. 15–17.

We have here a cluster of synonyms, only one of which is indicated by the rendering of our version. The first relates to the object intrusted to the pastoral care of the apostle—"the lambs," "the sheep;" the second to the nature of the care he was to exercise over them; the third to the essential qualification for the office to which he was thus commissioned anew—love to the Master who commissions him.

1. The propriety with which we have the rendering *lambs* in the one verse, and *sheep* in the other, has never been questioned, although there are instances in which a far greater divergence of signification between two words has been ignored in our version. It is no uncommon interpretation of the obvious difference in the present case, that the former term refers to children, the latter to the adult members of the Christian Church. Doubtless it is a pleasing thought that the tenderest of the flock were not beneath the care of the Chief Shepherd, but lay so near his heart that he gave his apostle special charge respecting them. Such a view is in harmony with the prophecies which went afore respecting him, as the Shepherd who should gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom (Isa. xl. 11); and with the incident in his life, when he took children into his arms and blessed them. But the prediction and the incident are enough to illustrate the special tenderness of Jesus for the young, so that we need not press into service for such a purpose this injunction to Peter. The word rendered "lambs" nowhere else occurs but in this passage, and in the Apocalypse, where it is frequently used of Christ. There seems no ground to connect the term with children. No reason can be assigned for the

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reversal of the common order, if in this charge to the spiritual duties of his office the apostle was, in the first instance, enjoined to instruct the young as contradistinguished from the old. And what has especial weight in determining the application of the term, from the identity of the injunction as given in verses 15 and 17, the persons indicated by "the lambs" and "the sheep" respectively must be regarded as the same.

The same, but, notwithstanding, unless we deny the power of the synonym, under different aspects! As a diminutive, the former term is expressive of *endearment*. The first reference to his people as forming the future object of the apostle's care, springs more directly from the deep love of the Saviour towards *them*. In the charge as subsequently twice repeated, the idea naturally shades off from his concern for the flock into his commission to the shepherd. A term less expressive of his love becomes more suitable. Nor do we question that the former word implies also comparative *weakness* and *immaturity*, so as even not to exclude children. It has been explained, accordingly, in reference to the primitive disciples, but young in the faith, and needing peculiar tenderness on the part of Peter who had to deal with them, before, confirmed in spiritual experience and organized into a regular Church, they were "sheep" needing government as well as pasture. Under this view there is a species of implied prediction in the passage: the Church as young and tender, in the infancy of faith and experience, requires a wary and gentle tenderness, such as the lamb awakens in the bosom of the shepherd; but when it has outgrown this stage, when the Church has increased, and when increasing numbers occasion a necessity for firmer control, the element of authority, as well as the influence of love, becomes requisite. In the second charge, accordingly, the word is "sheep," not "lambs;" for besides the ideas of endearment and immaturity, lurking under the latter term, "sheep," as used in the second and third charge, is almost invariably a collective designation. It suggests a definite body—it stands opposed to "the goats," with which elsewhere it is particularly contrasted—it brings before us, in short, God's people as a *flock*. The relationship of the apostle, and of all who follow him in the same pastoral duties, to the members of the Church, is thus represented as twofold;—they have to deal with them individually; they have to deal with them besides collectively. In private and personal converse with Christians, there is scope for the utmost tenderness of regard—the most kindly and considerate adaptation of treatment and advice to every variety of case; in the eye of every pastor, as in the eye of Christ, they are lambs evoking from him feelings of warm benignity. But let that pastor bear in mind, that his official position must not be compromised by this tender individuality of affection. The charge of the Saviour is, that while we feed his people as "lambs," they are also to be directed as "sheep."

2. All this becomes the more easily understood and admitted when the words announcing the duty of the apostle fall to be examined. In the charge as first given, it is simply, "feed;" in the second charge it is, "act as the shepherd;" in the third, the first term is again employed, "feed." The second term has a closer reference to guiding than to feeding. What may be gathered from the difference, and why the recurrence to the word first of all employed, in the last form of the injunction?

The term in the second charge is confessedly more extensive in meaning than the one in the first. It relates to the whole office of the shepherd,—all the care needed to protect the sheep from danger, and to enclose them in a fold of safety, as well as to supply them with nourishment. Peter's repeated declaration of his love to Christ thus elicits a wider range of authority in the commission. Moreover, a different term seems required when the case of the flock as a whole, rather than tenderness to them individually, is enjoined,—for intensity of affection consists better with some specialty in the object, than with the notion of a multitude. Besides, greater latitude of signification bespeaking the wider commission, the second term is commonly associated with the exercise of *authority*. Christ in this respect is the Chief Shepherd. Kings, according to Homer, are shepherds over their people. Government, as well as instruction, and even more than instruction, appears to be denoted by the word. There is meaning in the fact, however, that the exercise of authority follows upon the communication of truth. It is first "feed," then "govern;" for Christianity demands not blind submission, but intelligent conviction. It is "a reasonable service" and submission she exacts of us. Our obedience to ecclesiastical rule, as it is enjoined, so it is regulated, by the Word.

But there is a seeming perplexity in the renewal of the charge at the last (ver. 17)—so far as the term "feed" is concerned, precisely as it was originally uttered after Peter's first reply to our Lord's question. No better explanation of the circumstance has been offered than the one cited by Trench from Stanley's "Sermons on the Apostolic Age:" "Whatever else of discipline and rule may be superadded thereto, still the feeding of the flock—the finding for them spiritual nourishment—is the first and the last; nothing else will supply the room of this, nor may be allowed to put this out of its foremost and most important place." Whatever office he hold in the Church—whatever distinction he may acquire in the management of ecclesiastical affairs, let nothing tempt the pastor to overlook the highest of his functions—the duty of providing spiritual pasture for the sheep under his care. It is first and last with the Saviour in his charge to Peter. Any fame gathered in another field will be to the shame of that pastor under whose ministry "*the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.*"

Coming last, the renewed precept to "feed the sheep" implies that for the life of the soul nutriment is always

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indispensable,—that equally for the most advanced, as for the most inexperienced Christian, suitable pasture is necessary and is provided. If there is milk for the babe in grace, there is the strong meat for the believer of riper attainments. That we may live for ever, we must feed for ever. The pasture of yesterday will not suffice for to-day, far less for to-morrow. There is eternal freshness in the truth of God; we shall enjoy what meets our wants, whether as "the lambs" or as "the sheep"—in every stage of our progress, in every phase of our experience, "food convenient for us," "meat in due season." So shall it be with us whether, as the sheep of his pasture, we crop the herbage that blooms in every oasis redeemed for our comfort from the barrenness of the present world, or in the end feed secure from all alarm on the slopes of glory.

3. Much has been written on the last synonym in the passage,—the distinction between the word rendered "love" in the first two questions put by our Lord, and the word with which Peter replies. It is impossible not to feel that some distinction guides the speakers respectively in the terms they employ. No small ingenuity has been evinced in tracing this distinction. We cannot enter on a detail of all the refinements that have been broached in regard to it. Dismissing them all, we content ourselves for present purposes with the simple statement of De Wette, whose scholarship, and taste, and sobriety of view, sinking, alas! into very rationalism, may fill us with confidence in his decision on such a point as this. He makes the first term refer to love as excited by the qualities of the object; the second to love as realized in the consciousness of him who feels it. The first term is love, according to the common lexicon, "as including respect, confidence, benevolence, sympathy,"—love awakened by the moral qualities belonging to its object. Hence it is uniformly employed in relation to the love which is due to God from man. The latter term never appears in this connection. In short, says the scholar referred to, "Jesus asks for the love of reverence, Peter affirms his personal affection."

New light is thus happily and undoubtedly shed on the spirit of humility to which the apostle had been brought by the searching discipline of his recent fall. "Time has been when I would have given thee a willing but witless answer, in any terms in which the question might be put to me. Let me now, smarting under the lesson of my frailty, weigh my words. It is not for me to profess such full acquaintance with all thy claims and all thine excellences as to offer thee, in reply to thy demand, love worthy of thy exalted nature—worthy of the mystery gradually unfolding itself in the dawn and development of truths beyond all I had hitherto associated with thy character and work. If I cannot measure with accuracy thy infinitude, I can mark, at least, what is real and true in my own feelings. If it be not the love to which thou art entitled, it is love real and true notwithstanding—love, for the sincerity of which my entire consciousness is the voucher." The apostle, in his reply as so interpreted, beautifully conjoins an appeal to the knowledge of the Saviour with this appeal to his own consciousness—"*Thou* knowest"—for the pronoun is here supplied, and by consequence emphatic—"*thou* knowest;" whatever difficulty my conduct may give to all others in believing it, "*thou* knowest that I love thee."

How exquisite, on this principle, the point of our Lord's last question to the apostle! Our version, using the same word, unhappily slurs over the keen edge of the inquiry. Our Lord, in this last instance, adopts Peter's own word—"If you will not profess such love as I ask from thee, are you so very sure that you love me to the degree and in the sense in which you do profess to love me?" Small wonder that the inquiry, thus put, not merely because thrice repeated, but also because thus put, should touch the bosom of Peter with vehement sorrow. He thought he could answer—he had answered—for the certainty of the emotion, such as it existed and operated within him. And was this emotion, after all, declared in language so chastened and toned down in the new caution of his once impetuous nature, to be doubted and questioned? In the gush of feeling thus drawn from him, he owns his love, in the very terms of his previous declaration, so as to vindicate to the full its sincerity, and yet in conjunction with an appeal which, recognising the omniscience of his Lord, proves that his love, if not in phrase yet in fact, rose to the full measure of the demand made upon his heart—was a love in high and happy combination with the reverence due to one of the loftiest attributes of his name—"*Thou knowest all things;* thou knowest that I love thee."

Two great lessons are thus evidently indicated: Let us take heed that our Christian profession have about it that prime quality which commended this avowal of Peter—humble sincerity. Nor can this sincerity ever be attained till we feel as Peter felt—that every declaration of our faith is made, not to man, but in the hearing of One who knows all things, and who searches the heart.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. MASON.

[We are indebted for this touching memorial of the wife of Dr. Mason of the Karen Mission, to a deeply interesting work, to which we shall return—Mrs. M'Leod Wylie's *Gospel in Burmah.*]

HELEN MASON'S motto was to "love and be silent;" but like the violet betrayed by its own fragrance, so her works follow her. The service which she had early chosen was steadfastly pursued to the close of her life. Simple in her tastes and habits, she wished to live so that the humblest contributors to missions could enter her house without feeling offended at anything that they might see. "We are," she would say, "the representatives to the heathen of a Saviour who *chose* to be poor."

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The most exquisite neatness pervaded her home and regulated her dress; but the vase of flowers, and the few choice shells gathered from the sea-shore, proved that she had a taste for the beautiful in nature and in art. "Let us give ourselves unreservedly to this glorious work," the work of winning souls to Christ: *this* was the constant utterance of her heart, as it was the absorbing aim of her life.

In the jungle tours with Mr. Mason, she had the happy art of gathering the women around her, and interesting them in the story of the Saviour's love. In town also she had a school of Karen girls, in whom she felt peculiar interest. Knowing that their good conduct, on their return to their mountain homes, might produce a favourable impression on the minds of the Karens who came to the school in future years, she would follow them to their hamlets, and many a happy meeting took place between the teacher and the pupils, who were all eager to do something for herself or her babe. The married women, too, benefited by her precepts and example. In one of the sequestered glens was a woman of the name of Naughapo, signifying "Daughter of Goodness," who was a great favourite of Mrs. Mason, and shared largely in her instructions. She was the Dorcas of the glen—clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, soothing the afflicted, and often making her little dwelling the home of the poor, that they might enjoy the privilege of a neighbouring school. Mrs. Mason was struck with the beauty of her peaceful home,—evidently a spot which the Lord had blessed. It was on the declivity of a hill, overlooking a well-stocked garden, and a mountain stream flowed murmuring past, pouring forth its eternal harmony. On asking Naughapo and her husband, if God should call them from their garden to their grave, would they feel alarmed? they answered, "No; *we do not consider that anything we have is our own. All, all* is God's." The day before Mrs. Mason left, a box-wallah (pedler) had called with his tempting fabrics for sale; but though this good woman was in poor garments, she had but *one rupee* for purchases, while on the following morning she and her family put *thirteen rupees* into Mrs. Mason's hand, to be deposited in the mission treasury. She had not only learned that "godliness is profitable unto all things; having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," but that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Such was some of the fruit of Mrs. Mason's example and instruction. For the twelve pupils of her first Karen school, she ever felt a tender interest. She had asked God for all of them, and while thankful for the conversion of one, she could not rest without that of the whole. And what she asked she obtained, though the last of the number was not baptized until about ten years after the school was closed.

For many years Mrs. Mason also laboured for the Burman children, and had six day-schools in Tavoy, containing about one hundred and forty children. She at first found it very difficult to find a woman who could read, and still more so one who would be willing to read "Jesus Christ's books." At last one was found, and then another, and another, to assist in this work of love.

In the midst of all her earnest labours, she had to retrace her steps to America, and there leave her beloved children, to be trained by others. It was some years after this that in writing to a friend she said: "We have heard of the tortures of the Inquisition, but I do not know that any could exceed this *self-sacrifice*. When I was leaving my children, Lucy, who was old enough to understand something of her loss, clung around me, saying, 'Other little girls have their mothers: I want mine.'"

The following lines were wrung from that full heart during her return voyage in 1838:—

"Sleep, loved one, sleep! thy gentle rest,
O how unlike to mine!
What would I give could once my breast
But beat as light as thine!

"Sweet flow'ret! might the storms of life
But spend their wrath on me;
Glad would I bear their wildest strife,
And smile to think of thee.

"Heaven shield thee, tender little rose,
As thy soft beauties spread;
And temper every wind that blows
To thy defenceless head."

One sunny evening, on Mr. Mason's return from a preaching excursion among the Burmans, the first object which arrested his attention upon entering his home was the fine form of a Sgau chief, who, seated like a child at Mrs. Mason's feet, was earnestly imploring her to visit the Karens in his village and neighbourhood. "We have heard of Christianity, and it seems to us something wonderful. We do not understand it: and yet it seems the thing we want. Come to our jungle homes, and preach to us on our native streams. Many will believe. I have a Burman wife, and I have daughters, and sons-in-law, and brothers, and nephews; all of whom will become Christians, as well as myself, as soon as we really understand." Many months passed away before they reached the chief's dwelling; but he had obtained light and strength slowly, and was not one to turn back. It was five long years before he was clear entirely of the trammels of heathenism, and stood forth Christ's freedman. For five years the missionary travelled through the region where he dwelt, but not a single soul was baptized; but from the time the chieftain was made willing to give up all for Christ, he became one of the most efficient labourers in Mergui and Tavoy. Mainly through his efforts all his own family, as well as all under his influence, were made to feel the power of Christianity, and many were baptized. The last mention of the old man was, on his return from a visit to his brother. His tall form, doubled like a leaf, was on the back of his grandson. His brother's dwelling was a long day's journey distant, and most of it had been performed in this manner. The lad was a fine intelligent Christian, and it would be difficult to know which most to admire—the willingness of the young man to perform such a fatiguing service, to carry the gospel to his uncle, or the zeal of the old chief, who seemed to forget his aching bones in the delight he felt at having once more exhorted his brother, and seen in him some evidences of divine grace. "*I can't die,*" he said to Mr. Mason, while a gleam of youthful fire glowed through his feeble frame—"*I can't die till I see my brother converted!*"

Helen Mason was eminently a working Christian, and she continued so to the close of life. Sometimes she would half playfully remark: "I shall vanish away from you before long;" and no doubt the gradual weakening of her strength was gently warning her that rest was at hand. There was no disease: it was simply exhaustion.

"I thought it likely I should *wear* out in this way," she said, "and therefore had clothes made for you and the children, that you might be well provided for, but prepared none for myself."

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The most remarkable feature during her illness, was the calm and unruffled peace that *constantly* pervaded her mind. In dictating a letter to her aunt, she said: "From the commencement of my illness to the present time, my peace has been like a river; and the words of my Saviour have been verified to me, 'Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you.' At eighteen, my spirits would have been more buoyant. Then I should have felt like mounting on the chariots of Amminadib; now

'This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest.'"

She was never seen to weep but once during her whole sickness, and that was when her infant child was brought to her for the last time. Bursting into tears, she said, "Poor babe, you will never know a mother's love!" On one occasion, in speaking of the trials of the missionary life, she said: "Missionary work is hard work, and none ought ever to engage in it that are not called to it. No, certainly, none ought ever to come unless specially called."

On awaking one morning, she remarked: "Hitherto I have felt passive, but I awoke this morning with *strong* desires to depart. Do not call me back. It is much easier dying than coming back to life again."

When her aching frame was turned in bed, she would often say: "Oh that I had the wings of a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest." Conversing during one of her last days on the great work to be done for the heathen, she said: "Tell the native Christians that I loved them to the *end*, and that had it been the will of God, I would have willingly stopped and taught them longer. Tell them to *strive* to get to heaven; that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force! Tell them," she continued, stretching out her withered arm with an energy such as she manifested on no other occasion, and in tones so loud and sonorous that all were startled—"tell them to *lay hold* on eternal life." "Thus," says Dr. Mason, "she reached the goal of her mission path, and left us, like the disciples on Mount Olivet, looking up steadfastly towards heaven."

Let us pause for a moment to think of the character which has just passed under review. Helen Mason was not an ordinary Christian, and perhaps in the consideration of her life we may gain some lessons which may be useful to ourselves, for "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

She was remarkable for great meekness and gentleness of spirit,—which, in the sight of God, is of great price. Her husband never once, in the whole course of their married life, saw her manifest any indication of anger; she was ever

"Sweet in temper, face, and word,
To please an ever-present Lord."

She was remarkable also for strong affections. We see this in the anguish she endured when called to separate from her children. The "fearful chasm" then made was filled by God himself. "Previous to the decision in my mind to become a foreign missionary," she wrote, "I heard Dr. Griffin preach on the Church being guilty of 'keeping back part of the price;' and often during my lonely voyage back, did I inquire, 'Have I kept back anything?' If my heart clung to anything, it was to my children; yet I willingly gave them back to God, though the act lacerated my heart to the core."

She was one who sought to "*walk with God.*" This was the *habit* of her mind. In writing to her husband she says: "Pray much and often for me, that I may be able to 'abide in Christ,' to 'live in the Spirit,' and 'walk in the Spirit.'

'As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated with the chase
So longs my soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreshing grace.'

"I daily and hourly wish you the best blessings, and pray that you may have much communion with God. It was in the wilderness Moses saw the burning bush; on Pisgah that he saw the promised land; and from Mount Nebo that he went up to take possession of the heavenly Canaan. In each of these places we may suppose he had very intimate communion with God."

Into this spirit of communion she herself drank deeply; she was eminently a woman of prayer. Here was her strength. Her husband writes: "Often, often, times without number, have I awoke in the silent watches of the night, and found that she had stolen from my side, and was holding earnest communion with God. Her silver whispers, her bosom swelling with suppressed 'groanings that could not be uttered,' would awe me into stillness, lest a motion should indicate that her hallowed converse with the Holy One was observed. She struggled with the Angel of the Covenant and prevailed, and he blessed her."

In the little mission cemetery near their house, Boardman had erected a small bamboo oratory, fitted with a chair, a table, and a Bible, to which he had retired "and had prayed into existence the Karen Mission." Here, too, Sarah Boardman had followed his example; and to this favourite retreat the steps of Helen Mason often resorted—there she "spent days in fasting and prayer—communing with God, and feeding on angels' food." There, too, she was "laid to rest, like a weary babe upon its mother's bosom." It was meet that where she had so often agonized in prayer, she should be composed to her quiet sleep, and that her grave should be where she had so often gone up to commune with God.

Shall we say that this is an example beyond our imitation? Far be it from us to say so, for the grace of Christ is all-sufficient. Helen Mason had no great gifts or talents peculiar to herself; but she had a heart which was consecrated to the love and service of God,—that service which is perfect freedom. "Go ye and do likewise."

THE BLESSED DEAD.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Ps. cxvi. 15.

THE infant lay like a tired flower
Upon its mother's breast;
The little heart, that had beat but an hour,
Was pining for its rest.
The soft tears fell like quiet rain,
But they could not wake its life again;
And the Lord looked down from his glory height,
And the sigh of the infant was dear in his sight.

Bent with the weight of fourscore years,
The aged pilgrim stood;
And some were smiles and some were tears—
The evil and the good;

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But he laid them all in the Saviour's hand,
As he passed through the gate of the "better land;"
And the Lord looked down from his glory height,
And the death of his servant was dear in his sight.

The martyr stood by the burning pile,
In a fiery garment drest;
His brow was bright with a golden smile,
Like the sun when he sinks to rest.
His parting hymn rose sweeter, higher,
Above the fierce, devouring fire;
And the Lord looked down from his glory height,
And the blood of the martyr was dear in his sight.

The soldier closed his filming eyes
On the battle-field he had won;
He had looked his last on the summer skies,
That were kissed by the parting sun.
His sword and shield were flung away,
His laurel wreath beside him lay;
And the Lord looked down from his glory height,
And the warrior's slumber was dear in his sight.

And why? a gem of priceless worth
To win that rest was given;
And they who hold the Cross on earth
Will wear the crown in heaven.
The slaves were bought, the ransom paid,
The fetters on the sinless laid,
When God looked down from his glory height,
And the crucified Jesus was dear in his sight.

Edinburgh. P.

"WITHOUT GOD."

I HAVE often thought how ignorant I should have been of the gospel, had I not been anything more than a mere student of it as it is in the Bible and in books, and a mere preacher of it from the pulpit. It is in pressing it personally on the acceptance of others—in meeting their objections as they rise—and in arguing out its fulness, freeness, and fitness, that I have got to see it most clearly and understand it most fully for myself. God's methods in conversion are infinitely varied. I have never met with two cases precisely alike. "In some, religion is like a gradual, general growth—the growth of something that was always within them; for they cannot go back with distinct consciousness to any time when they had it not. In others, it is like a gentle and gradual *transformation*, by which, in advanced life, outward religious habits and mere secular virtues get insensibly changed into earnest faith and divine holiness. The men may not be conscious of the change as a *process*, but they may feel confident that they are changed as a *result*. In others, again, it is like *escape* from a shipwreck—safety from the burning stream of a volcano—recovery from madness—return to life—release from prison—reprieve from punishment—stillness and quiet after hail and hurricane—a gleam of light after a dark, stormy, and troubled day."

There stands out in my memory a remarkable case, from my dealings with which I at the time learned much. I may not be able to give it the interest for the reader which it had and still has for me; but a few notes regarding it may not be altogether without interest and profit.

I was sent for to see a young officer of the Guards, who had been smitten down by consumption. I went early one forenoon, and found him reading the *Times*. At a glance I saw that his days were numbered, and gently hinted that *eternity* ought to have now more interest for him than anything that merely concerned time. He looked confused; he had no idea that anything serious was the matter with him. His friends had banded themselves together to keep death in the background; and he afterwards told me that he had been reading the advertisements for horses, meditating an early purchase! Soon after I had been with him, his doctor called; and, steadily looking him in the face, he asked him how long he thought he might live. The doctor said the matter was in the hand of God, and man could not tell: it might be months, or even years; but a few months *might* be the limit. After this I found him ever ready to give all earnest heed to the one thing needful. My first difficulty lay in convincing him that he was a sinner. This he could by no means see. He was naturally a youth of a lively spirit, and I could get hold of no tangible thing to which his conscience would respond, beyond the merest generalities. At last I put it to him thus: "Suppose all things had been able to go on without God altogether; and suppose you could have lived, moved, and had your being apart from God; and suppose that God had really been altogether removed from all concern with you, and all cognizance of you all your days; would you have lived one jot different from what you have done? What have you been or not been, done or not done, because there is a God?" He remained a long while silent, as his manner was, taking it slowly in, and then he said, "I see it all now; you have put your hand on the sore at last. Pray, leave me for the present; I have got enough to think about till you come back. Pray for me, and let me think of what you have said."

On my next visit, I found that the nail was fast in a sure place. He saw clearly that not this thing nor that, but his whole life, his whole self, was one constant, continued act of sin. He saw it, and seemed to feel it; and I found that the gospel grew more precious. I spoke of pardon; showed how the righteousness of God was revealed in the gospel and glorified thereby. He shifted about from one difficulty to another—ever seeming to me to stand in the attitude of a hungry man with his hand held out over abundant food, yet lacking the power to grasp and eat. I urged every argument; pressed him by the delight of God in showing mercy, by the winning love of the Lord Jesus, by the drawing

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power of the Holy Spirit; but still we both could feel that, after we had done our utmost, while he was up to the sheer edge of the line that divides death from life, he was still on the wrong side of it; and there he hovered day after day.

One day, after a long argument, in which I had, as usual, beaten him out of every refuge and resting-place, I brought him up again to say yea or nay. He looked at me, and said very earnestly, "O how I wish that I were as you are!" "That," said I, "you may soon be. Here is the difference between you and me: We have both fallen into the water. We neither of us can swim to the shore; we are both sinking fast. A rope is thrown from the shore; it is equally near us both. The rope is being constantly drawn to land. I have seized hold, and therefore float in perfect safety, and am being drawn to the shore. You are still struggling—still using your own hands in the vain attempt to swim. Cease to try that, and seize hold of the rope with me; then you will be as I am—for I have taken hold, and am still holding on for my very life. The moment I slacken my hold, the rope goes without me. I have to hold on; you have first to take hold, and then to hold on." His beautiful face kindled—his eye brightened. "Now," said he, "I see it. Pray with me, and leave me to myself."

On my next visit I found that he had not only seized hold, but was holding on. And what a joyous time it was for us both! and how fervent was his "Amen," as I gave thanks to God for the exceeding riches of his grace and mercy towards him! And how pleasant were my subsequent visits, noting as I did that while his outer man waxed feebler, his soul grew and gathered strength day by day!

Soon after this he went to a watering-place for the benefit of the milder climate; and as he was too feeble to write, I only heard of him occasionally through others. But on my return home one evening late, I found a note waiting me, saying that he was passing through town, was to stay all night, and would be glad to see me if I could make it convenient. It was very late, but I went. I found, on my arrival at his friend's house, that he had gone up to his room; but they said he would be so disappointed if I did not look in, late though it was. I went up to his room, and, tapping gently, heard his cheery "Come in." I entered. He sat before a small table; a reading-lamp cast its light down on the open Bible before him. His face was in the light, and all else was in the dark, sombre shadow. How perfectly beautiful that countenance was! I see it before me now, fair as the face of an angel of God. We spoke briefly, and I found that he was still rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I saw him no more. Shortly after, he fell asleep. He insisted on being left alone at night; and one morning when his friends entered, they found him as he had been reading his chapter—the Bible open on his bed,—his features calm, composed, and beautiful in death. He slept in Jesus, and will awake in his likeness.

London. T.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. X.—HOW TO GIVE ALMS—HOW TO PRAY—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MATT. vi. 1–15

[CHRIST here begins the *third* part of his sermon:—it consists of cautions against *outward display* in religious duties, followed by a call to *entire dedication to God.*]

Ver. 1. What are the *three* religious duties of which Christ speaks in succession in this part of the sermon? See vers. 1, 5, 16. [It may be observed that in ver. 1 the word "alms" is in the margin "righteousness." "Righteousness" is a *general* word for religious duties; if it be the right word, the *examples* begin at ver. 2.] Does Christ mean that we are never to let our religion be seen at all? [No; he had said the opposite, chap. v. 16.] What, then, does he warn us against? [Displaying it, to get praise to ourselves from men.] Is it easy to keep down this motive? [Our hearts are so weak that we are always in danger of acting from this motive; hence Christ bids us *take heed.*] What is the penalty attached to this course? Do you remember an awful instance of this sin in the history of the early Church? Acts v. 1.

Ver. 2. FIRST EXAMPLE. *Alms-giving.* What word, formerly signifying "love," is now often used to denote "alms?" See 1 Cor. xiii. 3. Does Christ seem to use the words literally when he speaks of "sounding a trumpet" in the synagogues, &c.? [No trace can be found of such a thing having been literally done; but sometimes persons in the synagogues, or Jewish places of worship, in handing their alms to the ruler of the synagogue, used to tell ostentatiously how much they had given. The poor used to resort to "corners of streets," and other public places, to receive alms. See Acts iii. 2. Much ostentation was practised by some in relieving them. This was virtually "sounding a trumpet" before them.] What is all the reward such persons receive? Where should we seek to have *our* reward? See chap. v. 12, second clause.

Ver. 3. Is this to be taken quite literally? [The ancients used to speak of the hands as *brothers;* the meaning is, that we should not even tell our brothers, or most intimate friends, about our alms, in the hope of drawing their admiration,—our whole desire should be to have GOD'S approval.]

Ver. 4. What is God said here to see? [Things done in secret.] Where have we a striking description of God's seeing in secret? Ps. cxxxix. 1–12. Does God forget or neglect what he sees done in secret? In what manner will he reward alms given, as Christ directs, in secret? When shall this reward be bestowed? Matt. xxv. Does Christ mean that *all* our alms should be given in secret? Compare Luke x. 35. What, then, does he mean? [Never make them known *for the sake of man's praise,*—be content with God's; but sometimes the nature of the case, as well as other reasons, may oblige us to make them known.]

Ver. 5. SECOND EXAMPLE. *Prayer.* What is the meaning of a "hypocrite?" Was there anything remarkable in the feelings Christ commonly expressed regarding such? [The severity with which he denounced *them,* contrasted with his usual gentleness. See Matt. xxiii. 13, &c. There was nothing more hateful to Christ than *false pretensions in religion;* open sinners were much less offensive to him. Learn the value of candour, frankness, honesty.] Do you remember

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an instance, in one of Christ's parables, of a person praying in the manner described here? Luke xviii. 11.

Ver. 6. What sort of place does Christ bid us choose for prayer? Where was Christ accustomed to go himself for this purpose? Luke v. 16; ix. 28. Does he mean that we are never to pray in public, or along with others? See Matt. xviii. 19. What, then? [*To get rid of the spirit of ostentation*, secret prayer should be resorted to.] To whom does Christ bid us pray? If we feel that we are in God's presence, and speaking to him, what opinion of ourselves shall we have? See Job xlii. 5, 6. [The consciousness of God's holy eye resting on us annihilates our pride and vain-glory.]

Ver. 7. What error as to the *substance* of prayer does Christ now guard us against? What was the practice of "the heathen?" See 1 Kings xviii. 26; Acts xix. 34. [Virgil describes a priestess calling aloud the names of three hundred gods; certain Indian monks for whole days cry aloud the sacred syllable "*Um;*" and certain Mohammedans turn about in a circle, pronouncing "*He!*" that is, "*God!*" till they are giddy and drop down.] Does Christ forbid *all* repetitions in prayer? See Mark xiv. 39. What, then? [Only *vain* repetitions—that is, repetitions considered in themselves meritorious, or good on their own account.] Does he forbid absolutely "much speaking," or many words in prayer? [Not when they express the earnest feelings of the soul (Luke vi. 12); but only when regarded as meritorious because of their multitude.]

Ver. 8. Is prayer needed to make God acquainted with our wants? Is its object to overcome any unwillingness on his part to satisfy them? Why, then, are we commanded to pray? [Because it is a *becoming* thing for us to express our wants, and acknowledge God as the only Being who can supply them: it is when we do this that God promises to supply them. To feel our wants, and to feel that God only can satisfy them, is the foundation of true prayer.]

Ver. 9. THE LORD'S PRAYER. By what name are we directed to address God? What feeling does this imply that God has to us? See chap. vii. 9–11. How may we come in the full sense to have God for Our Father? Gal. iii. 26. What feelings should we have in drawing near to God as to a Father? What are we taught by the use of the word "Our?" [To remember others in prayer,—not to pray each for himself only.] Is God more in heaven than elsewhere? Why, then, are we directed to call him, "Our Father *which art in heaven?*" [*To lift up our hearts* to the holy place where God manifests his glory.] How many petitions are in this prayer? To whom do the first three refer? And the other three (or four)? What do we learn from this? [That *God's glory* is to be sought before *our own welfare.*] What is the first petition? What is meant by God's *name?* What is it to hallow that name? [To think, feel, speak, and act regarding it with holy reverence.] How do some profane his name? What commandment does this break? How do the seraphim feel regarding God's name? See Isa. vi. 3. [Similar reverence should be extended to the Bible, the Sacraments, the Sabbath,—all by which God makes himself known.]

Ver. 10. What is the kingdom of God? See Rom. xiv. 17. What do we then pray for in this second petition? [That righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost, may abound. See also Ps. xlv. 4.] What is the third petition? In what manner is God's will done in heaven? Ps. ciii. 20, 21. Whose will do we naturally like to gratify? What was Christ's own prayer in reference to this? Matt. xxvi. 39.

Ver. 11. What is *bread* put for? [The ordinary means of living.] What is implied in our asking God to *give*, or make a gift of this to us? What is implied in our asking each day's supply, day by day? What else does "bread" sometimes denote? See John vi. 35.

Ver. 12. What do "debts" mean here? Compare Luke xi. 4. Against whom is sin a debt? What is implied when we ask God to *forgive* our debts? [That we are unable to pay them: we must cast ourselves on his free mercy, like the two debtors, Luke vii. 42.] What is again implied by the use of "us," and "our?" What Christian grace is it assumed that we practise when we offer this petition?

Ver. 13. What is meant by being in "temptation?" [Exposed to inducements to sin.] What do we ask in "Lead us not," &c.? [That God would not let us be *so* exposed as that we should fall into sin.] From what do we ask deliverance in the closing petition? [From evil, in every form,—from the Evil One—from sin—from all that hurts body or soul: it is a most comprehensive petition.] What do the concluding words of the prayer imply? [The *Kingdom* is God's—he has *authority* to do all this; the *Power*—he has actual *ability;* the *Glory*—the doing of it will bring praise and honour to him.]

Ver. 14, 15. Do these verses mean that our forgiving others is the ground on which God forgives us? [This cannot be the meaning, since the only ground on which we can be forgiven is the work of Christ in our room. Christ's object is simply to teach us, that *in practice* the two things go together: it would be *insulting* to God to ask him to forgive us while we refused to forgive our brother. An unforgiving spirit will prevent our prayers from being heard. See chap. v. 23.] How often did Christ say to Peter that forgiveness should be extended to an erring brother? Matt. xviii. 22.

DOCTRINE.—Jesus Christ is God. God's NAMES are given to him.

God.—Isa. ix. John i. Rom. ix. 1 John v.

Jehovah, or, The *LORD.*—Isa. vi. Isa. xl. John i. John xii.

The Holy One.—Acts iii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. I.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Our Father which art in heaven."

WHAT is prayer, dear children? [It is speaking to God, telling him all we feel, and asking him, for Jesus' sake, to give us all we need. Children may speak thus as freely to God as they may and do to their father or mother.] What do we mean by "The Lord's Prayer?" When did Jesus teach this prayer? [Twice: when he was preaching to a great crowd of people on the side of a mountain; and again when he was quietly alone with his disciples. Matt. vi. 9–13; Luke xi. 1–4.] How did the disciples ask him to teach them? Luke xi. 1. [So ought we to do.]

Beginning of the Lord's Prayer.—What name does God wish us to call him by? Is it not very wonderful that the great and glorious God should wish poor sinful men, and even little children, to call him *Father?* Could we ever have

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expected this, or ventured to give him this name, if he had not told us? [But since he has, how glad and thankful we may be!]

What does a loving father do for his children? [Loves them—feeds and clothes them—teaches them—corrects them when they do wrong—pities and helps them when they are in danger or distress. Show how God does all this for us.]

What does a loving child feel for a kind father? [Love, honour, trust. So ought we to feel towards our heavenly Father.] How do you best *prove* that you love your father on earth? [By doing what he desires, what you know will please him, and giving up or avoiding whatever he has forbidden. The same towards God. "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" John xiv. 15.] How do we show trust in a father? [By believing what he says, simply because *he* says it; obeying orders that we do not understand the meaning of, or that are difficult or unpleasant; taking bitter medicine, if he says it will do us good, &c. So towards God.] When a kind parent corrects a child for a fault, how should he feel? [Grieved for his sin, patient under the punishment, careful to do better again. So when God corrects us.]

"Our Father."—What does the word *Our* teach us? [God has many children.] Who are they? [All men, for he made them all. Mal. ii. 10. Many of them rebellious children. Isaiah i. 2.] But who are God's *dear children*? [Those who are born again—have got new hearts—love Jesus. Eph. v. 1; Gal. iii. 26. Show how *large* this family is, scattered all over the world, in India, Africa, Greenland, &c., yet the Father in heaven loving and caring for them all. Show how there are many *little children* in this family.] How should they feel towards each other? Rom xii. 10; 1 Pet. iii. 8. What is another lesson we may learn when we say "*Our* Father?" [To pray for others as well as for ourselves.]

Did good men long ago, before Jesus came, know that they might call God a Father? [Yes; David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Malachi, &c., all say so. 1 Chron. xxix. 10. Ps. lxviii. 5; ciii. 13. Prov. iii. 12. Isa. lxiii. 16; lxiv. 8. Jer. xxxi. 9. Mal. i. 6.]

"Our Father which art in heaven."—What place does a child call *home*? [Where his father lives, though that be far away. I have heard a little girl, sent here from India, always speak of home being *there*, and that she would go *home* when she was older.] How, then, ought we to think of heaven? Where does Jesus call it the "Father's house?" [Show how the family are gathering together there, and how those who know and love Jesus may be glad, not afraid, to think of dying, when they shall go home also. Death to a real child of God is only a messenger whom the Father sends to bring him home.]

Illustration.—Once in a great storm at sea, the passengers on board a ship were all terribly alarmed and distressed. One of them observed that a little boy was the only person who seemed quite calm and happy.

"Are you not afraid, my child?"

"No, sir."

"Why not, when we are in such danger?"

"I am not afraid, because *my father is at the helm.*"

He was the pilot's son, and he trusted that his father would bring the vessel safely through the storm. So those who know God as their Father in heaven may always feel safe and happy.

[The following verse of a hymn, the Bible verses, and the short prayer, are intended to be committed to memory]:—

"Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee,
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To please and love thee as I ought."

Invitation.—Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, be thou the guide of my youth? Jer. iii. 4.

Precept.—Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children. Eph. v. 1.

Promise.—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Prayer.—O Lord God, we thank thee that thou hast taught us to say when we pray, "*Our Father which art in heaven.*" Give us new hearts, and teach us how to love thee, and honour thee, and trust thee, and obey thee, as thy dear children. Forgive our sins, and bring us all at last to be with thee in our heavenly home, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—WILLIE, THE LOST CHILD.

Do not the very words, "A lost child," make you think of dark forests, or deep glens, or lonely mountains, where you yourself may some day wander and miss the way? Ah, but the place where this poor little lost one strayed was darker than the darkest forest of earth, deeper than its deepest glen, lonelier than its loneliest mountain; for little Willie was lost in a coal-pit!

Willie was a Welsh boy, and lived in a colliery village not far from the mouth of a pit that had been worked in for many and many a year. His father, being a miner, did not think it wrong to make his little boy lead the same dark life as himself; so when Willie was about ten years old he had to spend ten hours, and sometimes even twelve hours a-day in the pit. A very dark life indeed it was, as those who have seen even the mouth of a coal-pit will believe. He was soon made one of the trappers of the pit. In every mine there are several doors made, to prevent too much or wrong currents of air getting into the long under-ground passages. Little boys are placed behind the "ventilating doors," as they are called; and the business of the boys is to pull them open by means of ropes, when they hear any waggons coming along. These boys are called the trappers of the mine. Poor little fellows, they sit in darkness all day long, for they only get two short candles in their lamps, one of which lasts until they reach their seats behind the doors, and the other lights them on their way back again at night; so they have indeed a dreary, sad time in the pit.

One Friday morning, some years ago, Willie went to work as usual along with his father; but on reaching the mouth of the pit, he found that he had forgotten his lamp; and while he ran home for it, his father and the other colliers went down to their work.

Thus when Willie returned and descended he found himself quite alone; so he hastened as fast as he could to reach his own part of the mine; but somehow or other, he never knew how, his little lamp went out, and left him in total darkness!

At first he did not feel very much afraid, but groped

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along, expecting every moment to see a light or hear voices and footsteps; but, strange to say, the silence seemed to grow deeper and deeper; and at last he knew that he must have turned aside into one of the old works of the mine! The thought was far from being cheering, though he still hoped every turn he made would bring him to the right road again. On and on he wandered, sometimes trying one passage, and sometimes another; but none brought him any nearer his companions. At one place, it is true, he knew they could not be far off, for he heard the noise of their hammers, and even fancied he could distinguish his father's voice; but a thick, impenetrable wall of coal remained between them; and though he shouted loud and long, he knew they could not hear his cries. Night came on at last, and the dull sound of the hammers ceased; so he knew the work was over for that day, and that now, indeed, there was no chance of being found. He was very hungry too, and many a child with less presence of mind would have eaten the dinner which he had brought with him; but Willie knew that though he was hungry then, he would be hungrier still in a while; so he only took a small part of his bread, and kept the rest very carefully. This was on Friday night; and as the pit was always closed both on Saturday and Sunday, Willie thought with terror of the two days of darkness, solitude, and starvation, that were before him. At first he hoped that he might be missed and sought for; but no one ever came to seek him. This seems so strange, that I fear poor Willie must have been in the habit of playing truant, and that his father must have supposed he had gone forth on some pleasant ramble among the hills; but whether it was so or not, no one thought of looking for him in the pit. All these two days he wandered up and down, uttering bitter cries that none could hear. But his wanderings had at last brought him upon the right path, so that on Monday morning, when the men began to descend, he heard their voices and saw their lights, and knew that help had come at last. Poor child! he was taken up in a truly lamentable plight—nearly dead with cold, fatigue, and hunger, and had so lost count of time, that he imagined that he had been shut up for eight days instead of three in his gloomy prison! I wish I could tell you that after this he did not need to go down into the terrible pit again, and got some more child-like work to do; but I never heard what became of poor Willie afterwards, and am afraid that this was not very likely.

And now, my dear child, why have I told you this story? My reasons are three: First, because it is true; second, because it should make you thankful for your brighter lot; and third, because I wish you to pause and think of these two little words, the "lost" and "found," and to ask yourself what meaning they can have to you. In these days of Bible knowledge there are few, even of little children, who have not been taught their lost and ruined state by nature. But, alas! there are many who learn such words as these, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray," and never think of them as really describing themselves. These are children far away from home, although they know it not.

You would think it dreadful to be lost, like poor Willie, for three days in a dark and dreary pit; but think how dreadful to have spent a lifetime wandering about among what seemed the pleasant, sunny mountains of vanity, and at its close to find that they have led you far away from heaven, and brought you to the blackness of darkness for ever! Oh, be wise in time, and remember that you yourself need to be saved! Take David's prayer, and make it your own—"I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant"—and you will not cry in vain, for you will find that the Good Shepherd was seeking you long before, and is ready to lay you on his shoulders, and to bear you home "rejoicing." S.

II.—THE GLAD TIDINGS.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—LUKE ii. 10, 11.

"OH, mamma, what a pretty verse! what sweet words—glad tidings of great joy!"

"Yes, dear Ellen; and see what comes after—for you and for *all people*. Does not that mean that it should be glad tidings *for us* to hear of Jesus, as well as for the shepherds! You know what *good news* means? It was good news to you and Harry when nurse told you that little Johnnie was born, and that you should have a baby brother to play with. And it was good news for us all when we heard the bells ringing because Sebastopol was taken, the strong city which our soldiers had been trying to take so long. But this should always be the best news for us—that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. We should never tire of hearing and speaking about him. I once met with a gentleman who had travelled a great deal, and who told me about his visiting a very far away country, called New Zealand. It was not long before he went that the poor people there had first heard of Jesus, and those who believed loved him very much. When my friend landed, he was met by the good missionary, whom he knew. He soon saw an old man go up to the missionary, and point to *him*, and ask some question. His friend said, 'This old chief is asking me *if you know the glad tidings!*'"

"Oh, mamma, *did* the gentleman know?"

"Yes, he did know and love the Lord; but he was very much struck by the question. And we should often ask ourselves, Do *we* know it? has it been glad news to us? If papa were coming in just now, and telling us that a famous doctor had just come to town, who could cure the scarlet fever, should we care much about it?"

"No, I do not think so."

"Why not?"

"We are all well, mamma; we do not need the doctor!"

"But if you and Harry were lying in bed with the fever, as little cousins were a while ago, *then* how should we feel?"

"Oh, we should be so glad then, and papa would go for him so fast!"

"Well, my dear, this is just what makes any one glad to hear of Jesus; it is when they feel that they *need* him, that they are sinners, and need him to heal their souls."—*The Bible Hour.*

III.—MIRTHFULNESS.

ONCE when travelling in a stage-coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant look-out for something laughable; and not content with laughing herself, she took great pains to make others do the same.

Now, travelling in a stage-coach is rather prosy business,

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People in this situation are very apt to show themselves peevish and selfish; so the young lady's good humour was, for a time, very agreeable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and hens looked demurely on, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense. All this was perhaps harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing. So it seemed to me, for after a while an old lady came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the road-side, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now, taking her seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet; and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face towards her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young, healthy, and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old, decrepit, and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in a world where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes, and odd appearance, forgetting that the old woman has a spirit that has loved, and suffered, and will live for ever."

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand, and you may be assured that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

It is pleasant to see a smiling face. We should encourage our hearts to look upon the sunny side of things, and there is no harm in being merry where no one is injured by it; but in this, as in every other thing, let us be conscientious. The wise man has said, "There is a time to laugh;" but remember, dear children, if we would not displease our heavenly Father, we must take care and not be merry when conscience tells us it is wrong. I have heard children excuse themselves for laughing in the house of God, by saying that they couldn't help it. Now, what is to be done when children can't help doing wrong? When they kneel before God in prayer, do they say, "I have done wrong, but I couldn't help it?" No, they would not dare say that. Let us, then, teach our hearts to be very honest for unto Him who *searcheth* the heart *we must tell the whole truth.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THE PRIDE OF UNBELIEF.

To be a Christian, to be given up to the Spirit of God and carefully offered to his holy guidance,—how many look on it as a weakness, a loss of dignity, a thing which only the tamer and less manly souls can descend to! I know not anything else that exhibits the folly and conceit of man like this pride;—as if it were some loss or abatement, to have the inspiration of the Almighty, to receive a higher nature and life in the eternal life and impulse of God. It is as if the world of matter were to be ashamed of the sun, and shrink with inward mortification from the state of day! What is God but our day, the sun of our eternity, the light of our light; without whom, as the light of our seeing, the universe of nature were a mere phosphorescence of fate, unintelligent and cold, life a driblet of vanity, and eternity itself a protracted and amplified nothingness? Oh, my friends, this pride you have against religion will some time be inverted, and you will be overwhelmed by the discovery of its true merit. You have read these powerful words, "Shame and everlasting contempt." And what do you think is their meaning? It is to look on the saints in the glory of their resurrection, and see them visibly perfected and ennobled by the inhabitation of God, and remember that such was the honour you rejected; to wither and mentally die in the sense of your own little separated speck of vanity, when surrounded with holy myriads, gloriously transfigured by the light of God upon them,—this is shame and everlasting contempt.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

II.—THE VAIL RENT IN TWAIN.

WHAT in all the world is to hinder you from coming in? The law, however holy, need not hinder you—here is a righteousness; justice, however awful, need not hinder you—here is a satisfaction; your sins, however great, need not hinder you—here is a sacrifice. All these vails are rent; what, then, should hinder? Are there any other vails to be rent? Oh, say you, the vail of darkness, ignorance, enmity, and unbelief that is upon my heart. Well, let me tell you, that need not hinder you either to come to Christ, and employ him to rend these vails on your part; that is but little for him to do who could rend such great vails as were on God's part. Did he not rend a greater vail when he satisfied infinite justice, and stopped up the flood-gates of Divine wrath? and if he hath done the greater, O will you not employ him to do the less?

Why, say you, if I knew that he rent that great vail for me, I would not fear but he would rend the lesser. Why, man, the vail was rent for sinners, and why not for you? "Christ came to save sinners." But say you, All shall not be saved and brought within the vail, and perhaps not I. We answer, Some shall be saved, and why not you? wherefore are not all that hear this gospel saved, but because they will not come to Christ to save them? Through unbelief they think he meant no favour towards them when he rent the vail, and so stand aloof from him, saying, It is not for me. But I declare in his name it was for you, man; for you,

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woman; whoever will have the benefit of it. The gospel notifies in general that the vail is rent for you all, so far as that God calls and commands you all to come into the holiest by this way, this new and living way consecrated through the vail; and if you do not, you shall be damned for your neglect of it. But as for your particular personal knowledge of your actual interest in the benefit of this rent vail, it is impossible for you to have it, till you come to Christ and sue for it; therefore, let nothing hinder you to enter, since the vail is rent, and the way patent. You have nothing to do yourself, for you cannot rend any vail; all that you have to do is to consent that Christ should rend all vails betwixt God and you; for he will be a complete Saviour; he will not leave a rag of the vail for you to rend, but with his own hand will rend all in twain from the top to the bottom. O say Amen to it, that he may get all the work, and all the praise.—*Ralph Erskine.*

III.—"TRAVAILING IN BIRTH FOR SOULS."

I CANNOT explain that figure, though I know what it means in my own heart in some feeble degree. Travailing in birth for souls is not prayer: it includes that. It is not mere anxiety: it includes that also. It is an inward labouring of the whole man about poor sinners. Just as Christ beheld the city and wept over it, and was straitened until he had wrought out our redemption, so must the Church behold the world and weep over it; and she must feel straitened until the world is converted to Christ. The Church wants to feel more a deep intensity of purpose about the world; it wants to feel that it has agony, and pain, and travail, and cannot be happy unless sinners are saved. Why, sometimes when I preach in the country, and ask, "Brother, how are you getting on here?" I am told, "Pretty well." "How much have you increased lately?" "Well, there has been no increase; but we are very comfortable." There now! "very comfortable!" Suppose there should be a house on fire, and there are firemen over there, sitting in the public-house drinking, and I say, "Well, how are you getting on with that fire? It is a dreadful affair!" "Well, we are not putting it out; but we are very *comfortable!*" Why, what would not I say to wake them up? What business have you to be comfortable? That is the worst part of it. The Church must never be able to say she is comfortable while there is a sinner unsaved. Our declaration must be, "I am in pain, and agony, and travail, until these men are brought to know the Lord, and are enclosed in the fold of Jesus visibly before our eyes." This is the Church's duty—to travail in birth for the souls of men. She shall never see great works done until she begin thus to cry and groan for sinners.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

IV.—ODD TEXTS.

I DO not like one thing which has crept out a little in our special services; the brethren know best what they are about, but I do not like the look of it—the taking of things for texts that are not in Holy Scripture. I would not limit any man's free action,—let every brother do as he pleases; but my Bible is a book quite big enough for me. I do not want anything else but Bible truth to attract an audience; and I do not believe that all these odds and ends, and slang sentences put at the beginning of the gospel, at all improve it. It looks to me a degradation rather than anything else. I know this, that if in past years some lecturers had attempted the thing, they would have been scouted from amongst us as infidels; and I am sorry that any Christian brother should think so little of his countrymen as to imagine the people of England will not come to hear him preach when he takes a text out of the good old English Bible. There is no subject in the world that will so readily insure him an audience as plain, simple preaching of the gospel as it is in Jesus: and if the people will not come to hear that, it is better for them to stop away than to hear anything else; because, then, we know what the extent of the evil is, and we shall buckle on our armour to deal with it. But if we begin to come down to depraved appetites, and preach anything short of the gospel, we shall delude ourselves into a wrong notion of where the world is, and what the gospel is.—*Ibid.*

V.—NO HINDERANCE.

How blessed to remember that there is no hinderance in coming to our Lord but that which our own fears suggest! His words are, "Look unto me, all the ends of the earth, and be ye saved;"—as if our Lord would speak to every individual between himself and the isles that were very far off, and say to each, "There is mercy for you; only look, and live." And then, to encourage their approach, he says, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." No extent of sin, no abuse of privileges, no real or imagined difficulty, can prevent. "I, who have said the word, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'—I will fulfil my promise; it shall be done; only come, and ye shall have rest in your souls." Oh! how sweet the promise! how sure the fulfilment! There is, indeed, no promise for to-morrow. We know not that when trials come there may be a moment given to come to Jesus; but should that moment graciously be afforded, do not despair, but think that, in love to your soul, and in answer to the many prayers offered for you, your Lord has watched over your course.—*J. H. Stewart.*

VI.—THE INHERITANCE.

IT is a soul-satisfying inheritance; he that hath it shall sit down and say, I have enough—I have all. "*The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage* (Ps. xvi. 5, 6). Will an inheritance of glory satisfy you? This you shall have. John xvii. 22: "*And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them.*" Col. iii. 4: "*When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.*" Will an inheritance of power and dominion satisfy you? This you shall have. 1 Cor. iii. 21: "*All things are yours.*" Matt. xix. 28: "*Ye also shall sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.*" Will Abraham's bosom satisfy you? This you shall have, Luke xvi. 22; nay, you shall have a better, a choicer, a sweeter bosom to solace your souls in than Abraham's—namely, the bosom of Jesus Christ. Will it satisfy you to be where Christ is, and to fare as Christ fares? This you shall have. John xii. 26: "*Where I am, there shall also my servant be.*"—*Brookes.*

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. III.

BY REV. HUGH MARTIN, EDINBURGH.

"CHRIST LIVETH IN ME."

GAL. ii. 20.

HERE is a very marvellous thing; calling for thoughtful examination, and surely worthy of it. "Christ liveth in me," says Paul.

Is this a highly figurative statement, or has it actual reality to rest upon? Is it really true that the believer can have solid grounds for saying, "Christ liveth in me?" Glorious things are spoken of the people of God, but few things could be said of them more glorious than that Christ — God manifest in the flesh — liveth in them. Is this marvellous assertion the high-wrought utterance of religious mysticism, or is it the simple expression of a spiritual fact?

We may observe that the text is far from being a solitary or unparalleled statement in the Word of God. The truth contained in it is even declared to lie at the foundation of all personal and living Christianity:— "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith. Know ye not your own selves, how that JESUS CHRIST IS IN YOU, except ye be reprobates?" To convey this astonishing privilege of having Christ living in us, is the great end for which the gospel ministry is established and exercised: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again till CHRIST BE FORMED IN YOU, I desire to be present with you now, and to change my voice; for I stand in doubt of you." The realizing of this great marvel among the Gentiles is "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest unto God's saints, to whom he would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is CHRIST IN YOU, the hope of glory." It is the great object for the attainment of which Jesus knocks, by his gospel and his Spirit, at the hearts of sinners: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I WILL COME IN TO HIM." It is the realization of the great covenant promise: "For ye are the temple of the living God: as God hath said, I WILL DWELL IN THEM AND WALK IN THEM; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." It is the object for which believers are commanded to abide in Christ: "Abide in me, and I IN YOU." It is the scope of Paul's prayer for the Ephesians: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man; that CHRIST MAY DWELL IN YOUR HEARTS by faith." Nay, it is the grand and ultimate aim of Christ's own intercession; the utmost and terminal desire of his heart, as expressed unto the Father on their behalf; the resting-place of his heart concerning them, where he sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied: for even thus does his intercessory prayer for them terminate, "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I IN THEM."

But in none of these statements, confirmatory and parallel to the text as they evidently are, is the great truth set forth so simply and emphatically as in the text itself,—"Christ liveth in me." We propose to consider the CAUSES and CONSEQUENCES of Christ living in the believer. The rich meaning and import of this truth may thus in a measure open up to us; while its intense and glorious literality will become manifest.

I. And *first*, as to the CAUSES of Christ living in the believer. How is this marvellous fact actually realized? To what causes can it be assigned?

1. The great leading cause is the Holy Spirit. This great effect is to be attributed to him,—to the operation and indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

Regeneration, which is the Spirit's work, is the implantation in a soul, formerly dead in trespasses and sins, of a new life, a vital principle of holiness. The will is renewed; and from being ungodly and enmity to God, it is turned to choose God, satisfying itself with him as its Supreme Good, subjecting itself to him as its Sovereign Lord. This is a new life—spiritual, God-ward, altogether new—a new creature. With this new principle of life, this new creation in the soul, the Spirit of God, who is the author of it, maintains a vital and uninterrupted connection, thereby dwelling in the believer henceforth as in a living temple. It is in virtue of this in-dwelling, this in-living of the Spirit, that Christ liveth in us. For, in all this, the Spirit acts as the Spirit of Christ. For "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And "hereby we know that he abideth in us, by his Spirit which he hath given us."

Christ, as God the Son, is of one substance, power, and eternity with God the Holy Spirit. Christ also, as the Son of man, had the Spirit bestowed on him without measure. His human nature was formed, in body and soul, and sanctified from the first, by the special operation of the Spirit. He was anointed with the immeasurable plenitude of the Spirit. By the light of the Spirit, the Man Christ Jesus thought all his thoughts; by the grace of the Spirit, willed all his purposes; by the strength of the Spirit wrought all his works; till finally he, "through the eternal Spirit, offered himself

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without spot to God," thereafter rising from the dead by the Spirit of holiness, and ascending to pour out that Spirit of truth and consolations which he had promised so graciously to his disciples. In his Godhead, our Lord is one with the Spirit; and as man,—by the Spirit he was what he was. When Christ, therefore, sends his Spirit, not to speak of himself, but to take of what is Christ's and show it unto us; to create us again in Christ and like Christ; to dwell in us as in a living temple, as ourselves living spirits to which he has given a new and Christ-like life;—can we fail to see that there is something here which in no respect falls short even of the great marvel of our text, "Christ living in us?" Christ, the eternal Son, liveth in us, when the Spirit liveth in us; for the Spirit and the Son with the Father are inseparable in their joint possession of the all-fulness of the Godhead. And Christ, as God-man, the Son of man, the very Christ that tabernacled with men upon the earth, liveth in us, when the Spirit living in us confines himself to revealing Christ as the God-man, whose glory his disciples saw in human flesh, as the glory of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. It is as the agent and ambassador of the God-man that the Spirit is given in the Church; it is the God-man whom the Spirit reveals and glorifies in the Church; it is within the limits of what he himself revealed and wrought in the God-man that he restricts himself in working in the Church or body of the faithful. He lives in them as he lived in him. He works to reveal in them progressively the truth which he implanted and developed in unclouded spiritual splendour in the mind of the Man Christ Jesus; to establish in them progressively the grace with which he replenished the heart of the Man Christ Jesus;—to conform them, in a word, to the "First-born of many brethren." And how then can his in-dwelling, in-working, in-living in them be other than most adequately expressed by the doctrine that "Christ liveth in them?" Christ, by his Spirit, liveth in them. By his Spirit he quickens them to new and spiritual life; and by his Spirit he takes possession of them as his living temple. As a *living* temple, he always regards them and acts in them. Their faculties as living men—alive from the dead—he animates and controls. Whatever in their thoughts, affections, purposes, actions, is opposed to his own, he sets himself to suppress; and the faculties themselves he undertakes to sanctify,—to form, and mould, and guide into harmony with his own. Nay; their whole character, their very natures, as living men,—spiritually living,—he works by his Spirit to assimilate unto his own. So far as this work advances, the very thoughts that he thinks they think; the affections he entertains they entertain; the purposes of his mind are theirs also; his work is their work; his nature theirs. And up to the limit to which this blessed result has in its onward progress been achieved, how can a better, a briefer, a more perfect expression be found for it, than to say that, to this extent, "Christ liveth in them?"

It is, then, literally, profoundly true that Christ liveth in his people. He liveth in them by his Spirit which he hath given them.

2. Another cause, holding, indeed, a different place, but indispensable, is the Gospel. The Spirit is the efficient cause, the gospel is the formal cause of Christ living in his people.

We know nothing of Christ save as revealed and set forth in the Word—"the word of the truth of the gospel." God is manifest in the Man Christ Jesus,—the invisible, inaccessible Godhead is brought near and manifested in Christ; but it is in the gospel that the manifestation is given. Take away the gospel, and you take away Christ. He hath bound himself inseparably to his gospel in all his dispensations to the sons of men. He hath seated himself in the chariot of his gospel, and all his goings forth have been, and to the end of time will be, as seated there. He hath clothed himself with his own gospel, and in these robes alone does he appear in his Church below. He that is blind to the gospel is blind to Christ. He that believeth not the gospel believeth not on Christ; he that rejects the gospel, it is Christ whom he is rejecting. When we receive Christ, it is by the heart, it is into the heart, that we receive him; but we can in this life receive him only as he is offered to us in the gospel. When another gospel, therefore, was preached in the Church at Galatia, Paul felt that *the Christ in them* was endangered: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you." When to the Church at Colosse he spoke of "Christ in them the hope of glory"—knowing that by means of the gospel only could Christ be in them—he added, "*Whom we preach*, teaching every man, and warning every man." If his word dwell in you, Christ dwells in you. "Let that, therefore, abide in you which ye have heard from the beginning. If that which ye have heard from the beginning shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the Son and in the Father." And if ye continue in the Son, he continues in you, according to the sacred oracle: "Abide in me, and I in you."

3. Another cause, holding still a different place, but equally indispensable, is Faith. The Spirit is the efficient cause on Christ's part; the gospel is the instrumental cause on Christ's part; faith is the instrumental cause on our part.

The place and operation of faith in this matter are attested emphatically by the apostle in his prayer for the Ephesians—"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." The new life which the Spirit in regeneration gives, acts all its operations by faith. It acts primarily in all things by faith. All its forthgoings and energies are in the acting of faith. And it is this that reconciles Paul's apparent contradiction—that he himself lives, and yet that it is Christ that liveth in him; bringing it about that while he himself liveth, and Christ liveth in him, these are not two lives, but one. It is by faith that they are really one.

"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Does

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Paul, then, retract the assertion "I live," by saying "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me?" Does he deny that he lives, by declaring that Christ liveth in him? Nay, he asserts it; he re-asserts it; for he goes on to say, "And the life that I live in the flesh." And how does he make these two lives to be really one? Why, "The life that I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, even him who loved me and gave himself for me." By the faith of him I live on him; I live his life; he lives in me by faith. By faith I receive, I retain the living Christ—living in me; Christ my life. By faith I live the life which Christ lives in me.

Mark also very specially that it is by faith in a dying Christ that Christ lives in his people. It might have been supposed that it must be by faith in a living Christ that Christ should live in us; but it is not so. It is by faith in a dying Christ. "I live by the faith of the Son of God," says Paul. Be it so. But under what view of Christ—in what aspect of Christ's relation to you and his work for you—do you exercise your faith in him? "Who loved me, and gave himself for me," is Paul's answer. It is as loving him and dying for him that Paul exercises faith in Christ, in order that Christ may live in him. Nay, this singular verse, with its rich and unfathomable wonders, both begins and closes with this truth—that it is by faith's communion with a substituted, crucified, dying Saviour, that that Saviour liveth in his people: "I am *crucified* with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life that I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and *gave himself for me.*"

It is this great truth that the Lord himself sets forth in his startling discourse concerning eating his flesh and drinking his blood. For it is faith's participation of his sacrifice of himself in death, in the wounding of his flesh and the shedding of his blood, that he is there describing: "The bread that I shall give is my flesh, which I shall give for the life of the world. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." And then he comes nearer to the doctrine before us: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." And at last he exactly states it: "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

The apostle Paul, also, in writing to the Corinthians, puts this truth in a very beautiful light—the truth, I mean, that it is by faith in a dying Saviour that that Saviour lives in us—when he says, "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in your mortal body." If I would have Christ living in me, I must be crucified with Christ; if I would have Christ living in me, it must be by the exercise of faith in Christ dying for me.

Nor is this mysterious. For if I would have life reigning in me, I have a prior death that reigns in me to dispose of. I have a judicial death, a death in the anger of God—a wrathful but righteous sentence of death—barring me from all life and blessing; strengthening, also, and rivetting in me, the dominion of spiritual death—my death in trespasses and sins. I must, therefore, find a life that shall suppress my death, and that shall not itself die in doing so—that shall not expire in the effort, but shall conquer and live on—the true and only life everlasting. Such a life is Christ's death. Marvel not at this. Christ's death is vital—Christ's death is life—Christ's death is life eternal, swallowing up death in victory—suppressing my death, and living for me and in me—eternal life still. The life that I need is a life that can live in the midst of death, seeing that I am dead—dead under the law of God, and dead in trespasses and sins. Show me Eternal Life made under the law of God, and giving itself in death for my trespasses and sins. Show me a life in the midst of death, if you would show me a life that can live in me.

A singular demand! but one that is exactly met in Christ—the Living One—the Life, giving himself a sacrifice in death for me, and living still—living in the inviolable depths of his Divine person; never more living than when actively and livingly giving himself in death for me,—laying down his human life, that, in the unabated life and living energy of his Divine person, and in the legal triumph of his mediatorial office, he might—after the power of an endless life which his death never for a moment interrupted—resume that human life once more. Give me that death of Christ in which, even when dying, he lived and conquered—that death of Christ in which through death he destroyed him that had the power of death—that death of Christ which, far from extinguishing the life which he brought from heaven to me, only broke open for me that "fountain of life" (Ps. xxxvi. 9) in his Godhead which had otherwise been for ever sealed and inaccessible, till there poured forth from it "a river of the water of life," sweeping away and swallowing up death in victory. Give me that death of the Prince of Life. It is a vital death: it is a real life: it is the very life for me; for it is the life which can live in death—the only life that can live in me. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live. If I would have Christ living in me, it must be by the faith of Christ dying for me. The life which I live in the flesh I must live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and *gave himself for me.*

Apart from Christ, what am I, and what is my position or place? I am shut up within the gates of death. And apart from me, what is Christ? He is "the Life"—Life eternal and inviolable—no death in his lot at all. What, then, is Christ's death, if in redeeming love he dies for me—if he gives himself a substitute, a sacrifice in death for me—if he comes into my place and stead, and dies for me? What have I here but Eternal Life bursting open the gates of death, and coming in to

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adjoin and identify himself with me? And as he bursts them open, and comes in, do they close again, and imprison both him and me? Is the Fountain of life, is Godhead in the Man Christ Jesus, the prey and prisoner of death? God forbid. He is not death's prisoner: he is death's plagues and death's destruction. He has come to me, not in the suppression, but in the unabated energy and in the glorious triumph of his character and power as the Life Eternal; his triumph being this—that in dying he hath burst the gates of death; Christ crucified, the only life that could ever find its way into me, and that hath done so by dying for me.

Yes; give me life in the midst of death, if you would give me a life that will suffice for me. The cross alone meets my demand. For this is the marvel of the cross, and of the decease accomplished there. It is Life in the midst of death. Not Life extinguished in death—and by death. But Life living in death: Life living death down: Life, by being crucified, crucifying death dead. I am crucified with *this* Life. No wonder, therefore, if—"nevertheless I live."

Therefore, always as I would have Christ live in me more and more, let me have communion more and more with Christ dying for me. For thus only the death that is always rising up over me, to claim me, through the sin that is always dwelling in me,—for sin rises up in me, and death by sin;—thus only is that ever-rising death suppressed and set aside, even by my faith ever bringing in the death of Christ for me. For if by sin being ever in me, death enters by sin, by faith there ever enters also death for sin,—Christ's perfect death, always conquering death, and always giving life to me. Only by bearing about in the body the death of Jesus, can the life also of Jesus be made manifest in my mortal body. Only as Christ crucified does Christ live in his people. Only as always crucified with Christ do I continue to live. I *am* crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live. I not only get my life, I live it, by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. Not only as Christ crucified does he come into my soul, it is as Christ crucified that he dwells and lives there. Faith in Christ dying for me is the means whereby Christ liveth in me.

Such, then, are the means and causes by which Christ liveth in his people,—the Spirit, the Gospel, Faith,—the Spirit working Faith in us by the Gospel. Christ as revealed in the gospel, and therein apprehended by faith, cometh into his people's hearts by his Spirit, and there he dwells and lives.

II. Consider some of the CONSEQUENCES of Christ living in his people:—

1. And *first*, their holiness is hereby secured.

For what is their holiness but their likeness to Christ? And how true must that likeness be, if verily Christ himself liveth in them! So far as Christ liveth in you, so far you will inevitably and exactly be like Christ. For, whether living in his own person or in you, there is but one Christ, unchanged—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He will not contradict himself; he will not misrepresent himself. He will not live in you any otherwise than he lived in the days of his flesh upon the earth. It is just the very Christ whom we read of in the Gospel, and just as he lived when tabernacling with men upon the earth, that liveth in you; and what he was then in his own person, exactly that will he be in you, to the full extent to which by faith you suffer him to live and dwell in you. In you, as in himself, he will still be the same meek and lowly one; the same kind and condescending one; the same dutiful, diligent, obedient son; the same uncomplaining, unflinching sufferer. In you, as in himself, he will still go about doing good; or you will, when he liveth in you. In you, as in himself, he will long after lost souls, and love the souls of the saved; or you will, when Christ liveth in you. In you, as in himself, he will say,—he will say in you, or you will say in him,—the ever same, unchanged, obedient one, "It is my meat and drink to do the will of him that sent me: Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—the same submissive one: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt! The cup which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?"—the same forgiving one: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—the same relying one even in death: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." All this will he be in you, as all this he was in himself: all this will he be in you to the full extent to which he liveth in you. He will reproduce himself in you. He will re-present himself in you. Even as he was, so will you also be, in the world. His thoughts will be yours; for the same mind that was in Christ will assuredly be in you, when Christ himself is in you. His will will be yours; for he will work in you to will and to do of his good pleasure. His work will be yours; "for he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Surely Christ living in you is the truest and profoundest security for your being like him, for your being made holy even as he is holy.

And mark how holiness on this principle—holiness thus secured—cannot fail to be based upon humility and pervaded therewith, as all true holiness must be. You live—you live a holy life; but you have no credit, you have no ground of glorying, thereby. For it is really not you that live; it is Christ that liveth in you. The thoughts of purity and light and wisdom that you think, are not your own; they are the mind of Christ—they are Christ living in you, thinking his own truth in you, wielding by his Spirit your faculty of thought, and bringing its perceptions of heavenly knowledge into harmony with his own. The purposes of meek obedience and uncomplaining patience which you cherish are not your own; they are the will of Christ—they are Christ living in you, willing his own purpose in you,

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wielding your will by his Spirit, and bringing its desire and choice into unison with his. Your good works are not your own; they are Christ living in you, working in you to will and to do of his own good pleasure. You resign all ground of glorying: you renounce all claim to honour. Nay, far more: you renounce, indeed, your very self. It is *not I*, it is Christ. Christ is all in all. "By the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain, for I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet *not I*, but the grace of God which was with me." "I live; yet *not I*, but Christ liveth in me." Oh! who that knows himself in all his sinfulness and emptiness, would not renounce himself, that he might be filled with Christ, that he might have Christ reproduced in him, Christ living in him—Christ, the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, fairer than the sons of men!

2. As a *second* consequence, take the mutual love that subsists among the members of Christ.

"Hereby know we that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren." Hereby know we that we ourselves live, that Christ liveth in us, because we love them in whom Christ liveth. Our love to him inevitably goes forth as love to them. Nay, our love to them is just our love to him,—recognising, receiving, resting on him, as living in them also. For if Christ liveth in them, then his word is literally and profoundly true—"He that receiveth you receiveth me." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of my disciples, ye did it unto *me*." When a Christian brother ministers to me in Christian love, it is not he, but Christ living in him that ministers to me. When I, in turn, minister in love to my brother, it is to Christ living in him that I minister. Thus in his people Christ himself ministers to me here: Christ will own me as having ministered to himself in them hereafter. Not a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, should fail of being met with gratitude to Christ for it now; nor shall fail of obtaining from Christ for it its reward at last.

Hence, also, the secret of that pure and exalted feeling of honour and esteem with which the blessed grace of love to the brethren is characterized. For when I truly love a believer, it is with an emotional ascription of honour to him as one of the excellent of the earth. I recognise him as a child of God—as an heir of God. I recognise him as a king and a priest by the Divine appointment and in the estimation of our Father who is in heaven. But honourable and exalted as this, his recognised rank and renown, must be, my estimate of him rises higher still when I recognise the truth that Christ liveth in him, when I recognise Christ himself living in him. Then I not only honour him in Christ, but I honour Christ in him. Nor does the element of his earthly rank or estate enter into this consideration at all. *That* dwindles into insignificance, and comes not at all into account. Nay, his nation, kindred, people, tongue, becomes a matter of pure indifference. Christ living in him obliterates all distinctions of social or national estate, throws down all barriers of social or national separation. "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, if Christ is in all, if Christ is all in all." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the *least* of my disciples ye did it unto me." Well, therefore, may this mutual love be assigned as the grand evidence of discipleship: "Hereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

3. As a *third* consequence, observe the explanation, the origin, of persecution.

It originates in the world's hatred to Christ, and is directed against him. It must be so, seeing that Christ liveth in his people. "Saul, Saul, wasting the Church, why persecutest thou *me?*" And it is no extenuation of the world's guilt in hating the saints, that they do not believe that Christ liveth in them—that they do not know or recognise Christ in *them*. Their rejection of those that are *his* stands exactly on the same footing with their rejection of *him:* "Henceforth the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." Depravity blinded the world to the glory of Christ when he came in his own person, and blinds them to the measure of his glory in which he comes in the persons of his people. The bitter Ishmaelitish laugh and jest with which you, the worldling, scorn the Isaac of God, the promised seed; the hard words or hard deeds with which you, born after the flesh, persecute him that is born after the Spirit, will bear no excuse from your assertion that you did not know, you did not think, you did not see, that Christ was living in him—that it was really the promised Seed of the woman, Messiah himself, you were persecuting. For it is only your hatred and bitter prejudice that blind you. If you feared God and loved Christ, you would see him in his people: "They that fear thee shall rejoice when they see me trusting in thy word;"—"they shall glorify Christ in me."

Ah! consider, in your dislike of those that are Christ's; in your suspicion of them; your hard thoughts and hard speeches concerning them; your discomfort in their presence when their godliness, their Christliness, comes out; your scornful joy over their infirmities and failures; —consider what a proof you have in all this of your deadly enmity to that Christ who liveth in them. You cannot but know that as yet Christ liveth in them only partially. If Christ is in them, the body is dead because of sin, though the Spirit is life because of righteousness. A body of sin and death is in them, as well as a living Christ. And that body of sin and death is a drawback on the completeness of the life and likeness of Christ in his people. They profess to give no more than a partial, though still a real, representation of Christ. They profess no more, though they long that it were far more, yea, long that it were unbroken and complete. But were it so,—were their infirmities removed, their remaining corruption finally suppressed and extinguished; were there absolutely nothing seen or

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extant in them any more save Christ—"Christ living in them" in the unabated fulness and energy of his holy grace and life;—ah! you know that their society would be unspeakably more painful to you still; their Christliness would rebuke you more powerfully than now; your withdrawal from them, if withdrawal were possible, would be more complete: or if you could not escape their presence and their intercourse—if you found yourself in relations to them which you could not set aside—if you found them a people with whom, in their perfect righteousness, and holiness, and likeness to Christ, you could not but have to do,—ah! would not your dislike to them, your rejection of them, your resentment against them and their piety, break out in manifold strength and bitterness? And what is this but just a proof that the more clearly Christ is revealed to you, the nearer Christ is brought to you, so much the more do you dislike him; and that were Christ, therefore, to come to you, not only in his own personal perfection in his people, but in himself, in his own perfect person, you would fully and finally reject *him*, and say, "Depart from us, for we desire not thee, nor the knowledge of thy ways?" Ah! forget not that it is this, indeed, you *do* say, when now you reject his people. You reject, you persecute, him in them; for "Christ liveth in them.

But let believers know what they are to expect at the world's hands, and why. "Christ living in you" will not fare any better at the world's hands than Christ sojourning in the world in the days of his flesh. The world is the same now as then. Christ in you is the same Christ as then. If they have kept his sayings, they will keep yours also; if they have persecuted him, they will persecute you. The servant is not greater than his Lord; it is enough if the servant be as his Lord. And it must be so, if his Lord liveth in him. Christ in his own person was the object of the world's malice. Christ living in you will be so still.

4. But, *fourthly*, as another consequence of Christ living in you, take the words of Paul to the Colossians: "Christ in you the hope of glory."

Christ living in you by his Spirit is the seal, the hope, the earnest of the glory to be revealed. Not the glory itself as yet; the seal only, not the substance; the hope only, not the realization; the earnest merely, not the fulness or completion. And the reason is, that Christ liveth in you as yet, not as he lives in his glory: when he does so, that will be your glory realized. When Christ as glorified shall live in you, ye also will be glorified thereby. But not yet does Christ live in you as he liveth in his glory. Christ liveth in you as he lived in his humiliation, in his work and travail, in his sorrows and sufferings; his glory veiled in the tabernacle of his flesh and beneath the thick covering of his deep abasement. The Christ who now liveth in you is not the Christ as sitting in the fulness of his blessed reward; but the Christ as labouring in the yoke and toil of his humble service; the Christ as going about Judea and Galilee doing good and suffering evil—overcoming evil with good—enduring the contradiction of sinners against himself; living, indeed, a glorious life in the favour of his Father even then, but with his glory hidden. This is the Christ who now lives in you. Your life, therefore, also, is hid with Christ in God. To suffer with Christ is your portion now, even to fill up what is behind of the sufferings of Christ. Christ, when glory comes, will live in you in glory as he lives in glory himself. Christ, ere glory comes, will live in you in the world even as he himself in the world did live. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" Ought not ye to suffer with him, that ye may be also glorified together?

It is, then, only "the hope of glory." But it is that hope most sure and blessed—most animating for duty, most comforting for patience. For living in you, and working in you, Christ will perfect that which concerneth you. He will gradually suppress, and finally extinguish, all that is not "Christ in you;" and he will then shine forth in you in the unabated splendour of his perfect image. Ye know not what ye shall be; but ye know that when he shall appear, ye shall be like him, for ye shall see him as he is. There will then be nothing in you but Christ. Already ye have said, and do habitually say, "None but Christ for me;" and blessed be God that is already realized in full perfection: Christ for me; Christ, "who loved me, and gave himself *for me;*" Christ, who "appeareth in the presence of God *for me.*" But then there shall also be realized fully that other cry, which as yet is but the object of desire and hope, and towards which there is only as yet a progress, —"None but Christ in me;" and you will be satisfied when you awake in the attainment of it. Meantime, bear patiently the sufferings; for I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to be revealed in us. The seal, and earnest, and hope of that glory is Christ living in us already. Engage an in-living Christ more and more, by faith, by vigilance, by prayer, by diligence and dutifulness—engage the Christ that liveth in you to mortify and crucify the sin that dwelleth in you. So will you realize and manifest his inward presence with you. And you will say, with growing faith and wonder, and with deepening apprehension of the rich grace and marvels of the saying—"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Amen.

NATIVE MARTYRS OF THE INDIAN REBELLION.

The testimony of the first Jewish persecutors to the unconquerable firmness of the Christian disciples has ever been repeating itself in the history of the Church; and as often as it has been renewed, there has been a like quickness on the part of the world to discern its source. The fountain of their strength was at once recognised by the Jewish

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rulers, when seeing the boldness of Peter and John, and perceiving that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they *took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.* With the same unconscious homage to the faith of the gospel, the gentle, philosophic, yet persecuting Pliny, in his famous letter to his master, Trajan, in relation to the treatment to which he had subjected the Christians in Bithynia, says: "When names were sent to me by unknown accusers, I cited the persons before me. Many denied the fact that they were, or ever had been, Christians, and repeated after me the invocation of the gods and of your [Trajan's] image, which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought with the statues of the other deities—performing sacred rites with wine and frankincense, and execrating Christ. *None of which things,"* he adds, *"I am assured, a real Christian can ever be compelled to do."* No. "They," the Christians, as he further testifies, "sing hymns to Christ as God; worship him who was crucified in Palestine; have a great contempt for the things of this world; despise death, and surrender themselves to suffering." We feel, and sometimes speak, as if in the changes of centuries the primitive faith had changed—its strength departed—its power to do and suffer worn out with years. We long for the river of life in its first clear runnings, as it burst from the fountain in Zion hill, and feel that if we again drank as the early disciples from its first gushing waters, we could do exploits. We forget the gospel is an ever new descent from heaven—a word that never grows old, that lives as if born yesterday in every true Christian heart; a word from "the Holy Ghost sent down from on high." It is one of the purposes of a season of persecution to give prominence to this truth. The fires of martyrdom bring into strange unity the past and the present: in their light the faith of the Church is read as one; the gulf of centuries disappears; and we identify the martyr of India of the nineteenth with his suffering brother of the first century under the Empire. At the occurrence of the outbreak, the number of native Christians exposed to its storm in the north-west, along the chief line of mutiny, was between 2000 and 3000. Of these, but a few individuals were induced by fear to renounce their Christian faith, while at Bareilly and Futtehghur, 100 perished with the Europeans. The case of Gopinath Nundy, the native preacher of Allahabad, and companion in suffering of Ensign Cheek, who endured cruel torments with unshaken fidelity, is well known through the narrative of Dr. Duff. We present another, as less familiarly known—one out of many in whose faith may be seen the simplicity and strength of the first martyrs; and with whom was united in suffering, though not in death, a wife worthy of a place amongst the female confessors of the early Church. We refer to the case of Wilayat Ali, who perished at Delhi, and whose dying testimony has been fully recorded by his noble wife. We shall first glance at his earlier history and conversion.

Wilayat Ali was a member of a respectable and once wealthy Mohammedan family in Agra. His first religious impressions were the result of Colonel Wheeler's labours. Through him he was induced to commence reading the Bible. Still his mind was long unsettled, clung to Mohammedanism, and sought for the removal of his doubts through its priests and ceremonies. His last attempt thoroughly opened his eyes to the real nature of Mohammedanism, and drove him with renewed diligence to the Bible. On going to a moulvie of reputed sanctity, with the view of becoming one of his disciples, the priest required of him a fee of twelve shillings, but, after hard bargaining, came down to two, at the same time cautioning him against telling any one of the small price he had paid, and exhorting him to say to all that he had paid the full price. This was too much for Wilayat Ali's credulity. The thought struck him, "I can sin enough without the aid of a priest. Sin is the burden under which I am groaning, and yet this man would have me tell lies in order to fill his pockets." From henceforth he turned to Christianity, and long continued to visit the missionaries of all denominations in Agra, till eventually he was baptized by the Baptist Mission. From the hour of his baptism persecution was his lot,—his own circle of relations prosecuting their enmity even to the attempt of poisoning him, having sent him a dish of food, which, awakening his suspicion, he gave to a dog, which died almost immediately. But having chosen his course, he was not to be deterred from following it, even to the laying down of his life. The sacrifice for which he was prepared was called for whilst pursuing his labours as a catechist at Delhi. His thorough knowledge of the system of Mohammedanism, and his fearless exposure of its practical wickedness, made him a formidable opponent to the followers of the false Prophet in that city; whilst his firm faith in the gospel, combined with his child-like sincerity, rendered him impregnable to bribes and flattery. Those who could not stop his mouth by fair arguments, had too soon an opportunity of stopping it by the sword. So powerfully had his influence been felt, even amongst the higher class Mohammedans, that one of the princes of the palace, unwilling to appear amongst the crowd that thronged at the bazaar or other great thoroughfares as he preached, yet curious to hear his doctrine, paid him an occasional visit during the darkness of the evening. On the outbreak at Delhi, he was amongst the first who perished. On that day, as his wife narrates, he was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher coming into his house, informed him that the Sepoys having mutinied, the Mohammedans of the city were robbing and killing every Christian, and earnestly urged him to immediate flight. "No, brother," was the decided reply of Wilayat Ali; "the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one;" adding, "this is no time to flee, except to God in prayer." The native preacher who had brought the tidings of the mutiny, fleeing, as the sound of the horsemen drew nearer, was seen by them, and instantly cut down. Wilayat Ali called his wife and children to prayer, and after prayer, kissing them all, and exhorting them not to deny Christ, his house was broken in upon by the troopers, led by a devotee, who pointed him out as the infidel preacher who had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. On the instant, it was demanded of him that he should repeat the Kalima or Mohammedan Creed. He refused; when he was fired at by two of the troopers at once, one of the shots passing close by his ear. On this, another of the troopers interposed, saying, "Don't kill him. Wilayat Ali's father was a very pious Mussulman, and went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become a good Mussulman." Another trooper then asked him, "Who, then, are you, and what are you?" He answered, "I was at one time blind, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found refuge in

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Christ. *Yes, I am a Christian*, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian." "Ah!" said the trooper, "you see that he is a Kaffir (barbarian); kill him!" Again he was threatened, with loaded muskets pointed to his breast, and asked to repeat the Kalima, with a promise of his life and protection to his wife and children. "No," said he, "I have repented once" (meaning, changed his faith once), "and I have also believed in Christ; so I have no need of further repentance." On this he was dragged out of his house, the crowds of Mohammedans around beating him on the head and on the face, and tauntingly saying to him, "Now, preach Christ to us; now, where is your Christ in whom you boast?" and others asking him to forsake Christ and repeat the Kalima. To all which he replied, "No, I never will; my Saviour took up his cross and went to God; I take up my life as a cross, and I follow him to heaven." A trooper, coming by at the time, and inquiring what all was about, being answered by the Mussulmans that they had a Christian who would not recant, aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly severed the head of Ali from his body. His last words were, "O Jesus, receive my soul!" "I was close by," adds his wife, "under a tree, where I could see and hear all this. I was much terrified, and shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead." But her own trial was before her. The only friend on whom she could cast herself and her seven children in her widowhood submitted to her the dreadful alternative of becoming a Mohammedan or leaving his house, assuring her that every Christian in India had been killed, and that it was folly in her to hold out. A house was promised to her to dwell in, and thirty rupees a-month to support herself and children, and that no one would molest her. But God helped this noble woman to resist the temptation, and firmly to reply, "No, I cannot forsake Christ." Thrown out of a home, and escaping to the suburbs of Delhi, she wandered from one place to another for ten days, having no place where to rest, and nothing hardly to eat. Fever followed in the train of famine and exposure. Her youngest child died of the attack, and she had not a pice to pay for help to get it buried. We know few things in fiction or real history more touching than the simple words in which this bereaved mother describes her attempt to commit her dead child to the grave—dust to dust. "No one," she says, "would touch it, so I went about the sad task myself. They, indeed, said that if I would become a Mohammedan, they would bury it for me. I took up the little corpse, wrapped it in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two men came up and asked me why I was crying so. I told them, and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and then they left. I took up the little corpse and buried it." Surely the holy angels that minister to them that are heirs of salvation were looking on, and ministering to this widow indeed, as she laid her little one in the earth that had so lately drunk in her husband's blood. "I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." That she was not *alone*, appears from the funeral service in which she poured out her heart, as no priest or bishop with liturgical service for the dead could have uttered it. "As I took up the little corpse," she says, "looking up to heaven, I prayed: 'O Lord, thou hast been pleased to call to thyself this little child, and I have been able to bring his little body to be buried. But, O Lord, if thou shouldst call one of the *big* ones, how can I bring it? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and permit me to meet with some of thy dear people again; and if not, O Father, take to thyself the mother with the children.'" Her prayer was at length answered; and as the troubles of the mutiny began to abate, she found herself again with her children in the bosom of the mission society.

Is there need, after such a narrative, of further proof that India has her true and earnest native Christians; or that gospel faith is as strong now as in the early centuries, when it took joyfully the loss of goods and life, not accepting deliverance? Missions in India have not been in vain. The martyr's seal has stamped their fruits. Henceforth the Church in India can meet the despisers of her faith with the challenge of Paul: "Let no man trouble us; we bear in our body the marks of the Lord Jesus." And, as she mourns the loss of those who—

> Here no longer dwell;
> But in a city glorious,
> A great and distant city, have bought
> A mansion incorruptible;

it may comfort her in her loss, that her martyr-spirits have crowned their infant Church with new glory, and left an appeal behind for Christ and his cause that shall yet thrill in behalf of India through the heart of British Christians, and bring the still slumbering churches to the help of the Lord,—to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

BEARING THE CROSS.

THE heavier cross, the nearer heaven;
No cross without, no God within.
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,
Amidst the world's false glare and din.
O! happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross!

The heavier cross, the better Christian,—
This is the touchstone God applies;
How many a garden would lie wasting,
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit.
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea-foam.

The heavier cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

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The heavier cross, the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,—
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! The cross I carry,—
The longer may it dearer be;
And, lest I faint whilst here I tarry,
Implant thou such an heart in me,
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for my cross the crown I wear!

From the German of Schmolk.
J. D. B.

THE DWARF AND HER STORY.

Two travellers sat under a tree on the banks of the Severn—a weary-looking widow, and a child gay and bright as the butterflies that were sporting in the July sun.

"Mother," said the child, "is it a pretty place we are going to? Mother," she continued, in no ways abashed by her first question being unheeded, "will there be good children there—not like the rude boys and girls in Bristol?"

"Plenty of children, Polly, sure enough," answered her mother.

"But will they be kind?" asked Polly.

"Get along, child," said the woman; "you needn't be looking for kindness. There's little enough of that in the world, and it's best to learn it betimes."

As she spoke she gazed with amazement, not unmixed with pity, upon a little figure that appeared by her side, having probably been resting behind the chestnut-tree. It was a very small old woman; so short as to be scarcely above Polly's height, and with the large head and misshapen limbs that usually belong to a dwarf. Polly moved closer to her mother, as if afraid.

"That is hard teaching for your little one, friend," said this new comer, addressing the woman.

"Not harder than truth," she replied.

"It *is* harder than truth," retorted the dwarf; "and if it were not, I wouldn't be the one to darken a child's heart with suspicion and fear. But she can't do it—she can't do it, God be thanked!" she muttered to herself, as she watched Polly, whose delighted eyes had rested on a spray of roses, and who was already half way down the bank in search of it.

"If you find this a kind world, it is more than I have done," said the widow.

The little woman sat down beside her.

"I've lived here nearly my threescore-years-and-ten," she said, "and this I have found, that what is little worth is easy got, and that they that go through life in a gloom, seeking for unkindnesses, won't miss to find them."

"Well, well," replied the widow, "this is a world of trouble to some; and, for all your fine speaking, you know that as well as I do."

"Ay, friend," said the dwarf, "but trouble is another word from unkindness. Trouble comes from God—a message of love. But it is from poor, spiteful sinners that unkindness comes, and the less we think about that the better."

"Ah!" said the widow, "you are one of the strange folk that call trouble 'mercy.'"

"Sent in mercy—sent in mercy!" answered the dwarf. "My mother taught me that lesson long ago, and it was a better one than you were teaching just now. 'Patty,' she would say, 'the handwriting was all against us once, but now it is all changed for Jesus' sake; and there is not a trouble sent to poor sinners here without this message, 'God is love.' 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' And, Patty,' she would add, 'if we welcome his messages, and try to serve him here, the Lord of love will welcome us home when we rise all glorious on the resurrection morn."

A sort of light had stolen over the poor dwarf's face as she spoke. Polly had returned, and, looking at her in wonder, said softly, "These are pretty words!"

On inquiry, the dwarf found that Mrs. Jones and Polly were going the same road as herself; so as the sun was now beginning to decline, she proposed that they should walk on in company. Mrs. Jones, by a succession of trials which we need not here relate, was reduced to extreme poverty, and was now returning, uninvited, to her native village.

They had proceeded a little way in silence, when a thought seemed to strike Polly, and looking at her new friend, she said,

"Were you ever a little girl?"

"Polly, Polly!" cried Mrs. Jones, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"No need," replied the dwarf, cheerfully; "the child meant no harm; and if she would like to hear about the days when I was a little girl, I will tell her a long story."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Polly, seizing her hand, and waiting eagerly for the story to begin.

"My name is Patty Holmes," said the dwarf, "and I was not born here, but among the wild Welsh mountains. I sometimes think I am not so ugly now as when I was a child, because I do not seem to startle people as I did then. Perhaps it is because we don't look for roses in winter, and that a strange old woman is not such an unnatural sight as a strange little child; anyhow, it must have been a sad, sad day to my mother when she first looked on me, her poor unsightly babe. My dear, kind mother! I remember looks of disgust or fear on other faces, but only loving looks on hers. She had been educated as a teacher, and having little to distract my attention, and having good abilities, I soon became quite a little wonder for learning as well as for ugliness. In the next cottage to ours lived Dora Bright, a merry little thing, who tried to be kind to me; but I did not like to look at her laughing face and sunny hair. One morning Dora came running in like a cherub, as she was, and said:

"'See, Patty, here are some pretty pictures to look at!'"

"'I don't want them,' I said; 'take them away.'

"But she shook her bright ringlets, and ran away, leaving the book behind. I turned over its leaves, but my thoughts were far off.

"'Mother,' I said, 'did God really make both Dora and me?'

"'To be sure, my child,' she answered; 'and he loves you both.'

"I tried to look at the pictures, but it would not do. I ran across the room, and hiding my face in my mother's lap, I cried, 'Oh, mother, mother! why did not God make me like other people?'

"The question had often been in my heart, and, doubt-

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less, it was no new one to her. She raised me up, and folding her arms around me, she sobbed as if her heart would break. At last she said:

"'Patty, my child, we cannot tell all God's reasons now, but we must believe that they are kind and good ones. Perhaps God saw that if he made you fair and beautiful, you would be quite pleased with earth, and never seek a better country, and never be seen a little pilgrim bearing her cross along the narrow way that leads to heaven. Or, perhaps, he saw that if he gave beauty to my little darling, I would think more of her perishing body than of her immortal soul. God does all things best.'

"I do not know that I quite understood all this at the time, but I never forgot the words, and they seemed to make me happier, and to take away the spiteful feeling I used to have against other children. Little Dora was not told to go away now when she came, and we became great friends. I found nobody taught Dora at home, and that she knew nothing about going on pilgrimage, or the sweet Bible lessons that I learned; so after this day my mother said she might come every morning and learn along with me.

"Perhaps you think my father was dead, but now I must tell you about him, although there is no pleasure in the remembrance. He was a cruel, heartless man, with little love for my mother, and a positive hatred for me, so that I soon learned to keep as much out of his sight as possible. He was a good workman when sober, but would often be days at a time off work; so that had it not been for my mother's ever active needle, we might have been badly enough off. One day, when I was about twelve years old, and was alone in the cottage, I heard my father's step at the door, and instinctively crept behind a curtain, hoping to remain unobserved. He was not alone, but brought in a man whom my mother always dreaded to see. They were speaking loudly and angrily, and I could make out that he was urging my father for the payment of a debt. My interest in their dispute was beginning to fail, when I was startled by hearing this man Geoffreys say:

"'Why, Holmes, if you took that little oddity of yours to some of the fairs, and struck up a tent, "admittance one penny," you would make a mint of money, and pay your debts like a gentleman.'

"How I trembled at the horrible words! I almost thought they would hear the beating of my heart through the curtain; but I was a little comforted when my father answered:

"'No, no, Geoffreys, that would never do. It would be next to killing her mother, and I've treated her badly enough without that.'

"The two left the house, and the last sound of their footsteps had long died away before I had courage to leave my hiding-place. I left it with the firm resolution never to tell my mother what I had heard. She had sorrow enough without that, and she would never know what I suffered, or the new fear that had crept like a shadow over my spirit. It was, perhaps, a week after this, just such a bright July day as this has been, that my mother said to me:

"'Patty, you are very dull, my child; put away your work, and take a book for a change.'

"'Let us go out, mother,' I said; for somehow I felt as if I could not breathe freely so near that curtain. So she took me by the hand, and we went down a little glen near our cottage, and sat down beside the merry little brook that ran through it. The little trouts were dancing in its pools, the bees, the birds, everything was full of life and joy, except the trembling heart of the poor dwarf child. As we sat there, we heard voices in the distance — it was my father calling on my mother in an angry tone. She hastened to meet him, and was soon hid from my sight by a turn in the glen. She had been gone about five minutes, when I heard a step behind me, and in a moment the man Geoffreys had thrown a heavy plaid over me, saying:

"'Don't scream for the life of you, child; no harm will come to you, if you'll only be quiet.'

"He did not need to say so, for terror had taken from me all power of utterance. I was carried, with no resistance on my part, to the foot of the glen, and put into a covered waggon, at the bottom of which I lay quite paralyzed with fear. How many days were passed in this waggon I cannot say, for I took no note of time.

"At last our journey seemed ended, for I was carried from my prison into the small room of an inn, and there left alone, the door being locked behind me. I went to the window, and could see that we were far away from the rugged mountains of Merioneth; but I did not then know that the beautiful city we had reached was Shrewsbury. The river we are now walking beside rolls grandly past the city, nearly surrounding it. I could watch its course from the little window, and there was something cheering in the sight—its kindly waters seemed to bring me hope.

"In about an hour Geoffreys returned, and I was carried, carefully muffled up, into the waggon, which brought us into the very heart of Shrewsbury Fair. The common was covered with tents and booths of every kind, and the noise of musicians, buyers, sellers, street-criers, showmen, and cattle-dealers was almost deafening. We had stopped opposite a tent, on which was printed: 'To be seen within, the most Remarkable Dwarf ever before exhibited. Admittance, twopence.'

"I was hastily dressed in a very wide and stiff scarlet frock, with enormous sleeves; after which the public were admitted to the tent. Oh, Polly, how miserable I was! I wondered if none pitied the poor child they came to gaze upon; but then I thought that the kindest people would not come to the tent; and so I think it proved. The fair lasted three days, and during that time the tent was never empty. The third day I remember well. A gaily dressed woman had come in, with a little girl, probably about my own age. I saw a tear of real pity rolling down her cheek, and I thought it was cruel to make a little child see sorrow that she could not lessen, when I heard her whisper earnestly, 'Oh, mamma, has the poor dwarf a soul?'

"'What an odd child!' said the mother loud out. 'I daresay she has.'

"The whisper of the child had done its work, for it brought some sweet home lessons to my mind. 'Yes,' I thought, 'I have a precious, never-dying soul; and I have not thought of that all this time, and have been forgetting all about being a pilgrim. After all, I am very like Christian and Faithful shut up in the cage at Vanity Fair!' And then one sweet thought after another came into my heart, and I scarcely felt angry when I heard the rude mockery of some boys dressed like gentlemen's sons. How they would have wondered if they had known that I pitied them! Yes, the despised dwarf child would not, at that moment, have changed places with those cruel, heartless children of fortune.

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"After leaving Shrewsbury, we sailed down the river, stopping at several smaller towns. At last we resumed our waggon-life, and in it we reached the village that we are now so near, in time for its yearly fair.

"The first day's exhibition being over, Geoffreys had gone out, leaving me, as he always did, with my hands firmly tied to a chair. The village was very quiet, and I knew he would not return for many hours. I thought if I were only freed from the chair, it might be possible to escape, and I struggled hard to break the cord, but only tightened its knots. I was nearly despairing, when Bouncer, a small terrier of Geoffreys', jumped upon the chair. He seemed almost to understand me, though it might be that he was only in play. He began to gnaw fiercely at the cord, and presently it snapped in two! The first use I made of my freed hands was to clasp the little creature in my arms and cover him with kisses. Then getting a knife, I cut an opening in the canvas at the back of the tent, and stood free in the open air. It was a still, moonlight night, and as quickly as terror would let me, I hastened towards that house which you see on the top of the hill. It stands so close to the church that I thought it must be the rectory. And now, Polly, the story of my troubles is getting very near an end. Late as it was, the strange little wanderer was taken in, and no threats of Geoffreys could persuade the good rector to part with me until he discovered whose story was the true one. A letter was written to my mother, to ask if she had lost her child, and enclosing money to bring her to the rectory. Geoffreys, knowing that the truth would be discovered, made a moonlight flitting, and soon I had the great delight of seeing my own dear mother once more. The rector and his wife would not let her leave for some days, and as a letter came from my father, saying that he had joined Geoffreys and sailed for Australia, it came to pass that we never returned home at all.

"The village school-house was then vacant, and was offered to my mother. There never was a mistress so beloved as she was. The children soon became accustomed to my strange appearance; and when I grew older, I was able to assist her in the school. Since her death, I have lived on in the village, and never wanted friends, although I have outlived many of my earlier ones."

"What became of dear little Dora?" asked Polly.

"She was taken to heaven when still young and bright; and, blessed be God, my long, long pilgrimage is leading me to the same glad home, where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'"

The dwarf had finished her story, and as it had brought them to her cottage door, she asked them to come in and pass the night with her, promising to go part of the way with them next morning. To Polly's great delight they did not need to go any farther, as her uncle had lately removed to the dwarf's village, and gave them a far kinder welcome than Mrs. Jones had allowed herself to hope for.

"Oh, mother!" said Polly, "I am so glad we shall stay near dear Mrs. Patty—it is so beautiful too, and the people are so kind. Don't you think we must be happy, mother?"

Mrs. Jones was not perhaps quite so sure, but she answered: "I think Mrs. Patty would say it must be our own fault if we are not."

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XL.—DEDICATION TO GOD, AND DEPENDENCE ON HIM.

MATT. vi. 16–34.

[CHRIST *continues his warnings against outward show in religion, and proceeds to his* THIRD EXAMPLE—*Fasting.*]

Ver. 16. What is meant by fasting? What end is fasting designed to serve? [It is a fitting companion of *sorrow for sin;* it is designed to stir us up to humiliation of spirit, and *mortifying of the flesh*—that is, bringing the body, especially the bodily appetites, into subjection.] Is it commanded in the New Testament? [Not directly; it must depend on health, and other things; but it is assumed that it will often be practised.] What was the object of the hypocrites in fasting? What did they do for this purpose?

Ver. 17, 18. Did Christ encourage the *outward appearance* of fasting? How were men to appear when they fasted? [As usual; with face washed and head anointed.] Why did he forbid outward appearances in fasting? [That they might be led to remember that the value of it lay wholly in *inward humiliation before God.*]

Ver. 19. *Christ exhorts to entire dedication to God and dependence on Him.* What are the two great hinderances to godliness mentioned in Matt. xiii. 22? [Observe, that in the remainder of this chapter Christ speaks of these, but in the opposite order; warning us (1) against *riches*, ver. 19–24; and (2) against *cares*, ver. 25–34.] What is the meaning of a "treasure?" [Anything on which *the heart* is set, as the best, most desirable of things.] What are the treasures on which the heart is usually set? Is it right to let our heart delight in these things? Is it right to *hoard them up as sources of delight?* How could Christ speak of the *moth* corrupting such treasures? [One species of riches consisted of garments, on which the moth feeds. See James v. 2.] What is the love of money said to be? 1 Tim. vi. 10. How did Christ, in one of his parables, show the folly of laying up the treasures of earth as sources of delight? Luke xii. 16.

Ver. 20. What sort of treasures are those of heaven? [Pardon of sin—a new heart—the spirit of love, joy, peace, and all the graces of the Holy Spirit; the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.] What are the two great advantages of these treasures as mentioned by Christ? [1. They are enduring; 2. Safe.] May not the poorest persons, in the earthly sense, be really the richest? See Rev. ii. 9; James ii. 5.

Ver. 21. What do treasures always draw after them? What are the feelings of worldly persons always most excited about—what do they fear and hope, sorrow and rejoice most about? What ought they to be most concerned about? ver. 20. Who should be regarded as the supreme Treasure of the soul? Ps. lxxiii. 25.

Ver. 22. *Christ here illustrates what he has said.* In what sense is the eye the light of the body? [Not as producing light, but *letting it in.*] What is meant by "a single eye?" [A clear eye, that sees objects distinctly, singly; opposed to a *blind* eye, that does not see at all; and a *diseased* eye, that sees imperfectly.] What is meant by the whole body being full of light? [That all the parts of the body, the hands, feet, &c., will be guided as correctly as if they had light in

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themselves. It is enough for *the eye* to see clearly; no mistakes, perplexities, or difficulties, can arise then.]

Ver. 23. What is meant by "an evil eye?" [An eye diseased, perverted, misleading.] What will be the effect of this? [All the other parts of the body will be misled, and work as if in the dark; the hands may touch fire, the feet go over a precipice, the head be dashed against a stone, &c.] What is meant by "the light that is in thee," in the latter clause of the verse? [The *eye of the mind*—that which should give light and direction to the soul; which should show it where to go, what to do, what to live for.] When may this light be said to be darkness? [When false principles are held as to the great object of life, as to what is *the true treasure;* when the *world* is put before *God.*] What is the effect of this? [Utter darkness, ending in utter ruin.]

Ver. 24. But may we not give our hearts to both God and the world? Why not? If we regard the world as our treasure, how shall we be sure to treat God's claims when these seem against our worldly interests? How did Demas act in this matter? 2 Tim. iv. 10. How did Moses? Heb. xi. 26. And Paul? Phil. iii. 8. What does Christ say of those that are not willing to give up the world for him? Matt. x. 37. [How earnestly should we seek grace from God to enable us to give to Christ that place in our hearts which is due to him!]

Ver. 25. *Christ now warns against the cares of the world, and condemns over-anxiety about*—1. *Food,* 2. *Raiment,* 3. *Trials.* What is meant here by "taking no thought?" [The original means no anxious, fretting, cankering thought.] Does not the Bible encourage diligence and activity in lawful worldly callings? What is meant by "the life" being "more than meat?" [Our *life* is of more value than *meat;* therefore God, who has given the greater gift, cannot be unwilling to give the less.] In like manner, explain "the body more than raiment."

Ver. 26. ["Man must be sent to school to the fowls of the air."—*Matthew Henry.*] Christ on other occasions specified two species of birds as objects of God's care—what were they? Matt. x. 29; Luke xii. 24. [Sparrows swarm in Palestine. "The trees and even the shrubs are stuffed full of their nests; and the hawks above are soaring and seeking whom they may devour." "They are snared and caught in large numbers. When we see their countless numbers, and the eagerness with which they are destroyed as a worthless nuisance, we can better appreciate the assurance that our heavenly Father, who takes care of them, will take care of us."—*Thomson, "The Land and the Book."*] What name is God here called by? What does the use of this name imply? How may it inspire confidence? ["He that feeds his birds will not starve his babes."—*Matthew Henry.*]

Ver. 27. By what power does the body of the infant stretch and expand into that of the man? How may this view of God's care give us further confidence? [He who by constant, daily, hourly care, not only preserves, but enlarges bones, heart, lungs, till the mature structure of manhood is reached, cannot abandon *through indifference* what he has so wonderfully built up.]

Ver. 28. What flower does Christ specify? Is it spoken of in any other part of the Bible? Song of Sol. ii. 1, 16; Hos. xiv. 5. "The Hûleh lily [waters of Merom] is very large, and the three inner petals meet above, and form a gorgeous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under even in his utmost glory. And when I met this incomparable flower, in all its loveliness, among the oak-woods around the northern base of Tabor, and on the hills of Nazareth, where our Lord spent his youth, I felt assured that it was to this he referred. . . . It delights most in valleys . . . it grows among thorns . . . gazelles still delight to feed among these lilies."—*Thomson, "The Land and the Book."*] What did Christ bid his hearers do with the lily? [*Consider* it; study it, examine it carefully: we never see the full beauty of God's works till we do so. The lily was probably flourishing in the plain below at the time.]

Ver. 29. Why is Solomon specified here? Mention some illustrations of his glory. What lesson does this teach as to fine clothes or gorgeous robes?

Ver. 30. What practice is referred to when the grass is said to be "cast into the oven?" [Fuel was scarce in Palestine; dried grass and herbage were therefore sometimes used for heating ovens.] Does Christ mean that God will clothe us, whether we take means for that purpose or not? What grace is deficient in us when we are over-anxious about such things? Is it honouring or dishonouring to God to think that he has no interest in our welfare?

Ver. 31, 32. Why may Christians keep their minds easier about such things than "Gentiles?" [Christians have been taught the kind, fatherly character of God. Gentiles or pagans do not know his love; they think of him rather as an enemy.]

Ver. 33. What is meant by "the kingdom of God?" And its "righteousness?" Is it in this order that we are naturally inclined to seek heavenly and earthly things? Give some reasons why the kingdom of God should be prized and sought first. [Let all be deeply in earnest about this. It is one of the most solemn, necessary, and urgent things in all this sermon. It is fearfully neglected and contradicted by most.]

Ver. 34. Explain again the exact meaning of "Take no thought." See ver. 25. What is meant here by "to-morrow?" [The future part of our life.] What common failing is reproved? [People vexing themselves by supposing that possibly this temporal misery or the other may come upon them hereafter.] What general and sufficient promise does God give as to troubles that may be coming on us? Deut. xxxiii. 25, *last clause.* What should we always do with care? 1 Peter v. 7.

DOCTRINE.—Jesus Christ is God. God's Peculiar Attributes are ascribed to Him.

Eternity. Micah v. Rev. i.
Omniscience. John ii.; xxi.
Omnipresence. Matt. xxviii.
Omnipotence. Phil. iii. Rev. i.
Unchangeableness. Psalm cii. compared with Heb. i. and Heb. xiii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. II.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Hallowed be thy name."

What is the first thing we pray for in the Lord's Prayer? What is the meaning of *hallowed?* [Treated as holy, sacred, different from common things.] Tell me some things which we all consider hallowed. [The Bible, more than common books,

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the Sabbath, more than week days; the Lord's Supper, more than an ordinary meal.] Why are these hallowed? [They are God's Book, and his Day, and his Ordinance.]

What do we ask in this prayer may be hallowed? Has God given a commandment about this? [The Third.]

Tell me some of the names of God which we find in the Bible? Which is the sweetest of them all? ["Our Father which art in heaven.] How are we to hallow these names? Whenever we read, speak, write, or think of them, it should be in a holy, serious manner, never carelessly or irreverently. Show the great sin of profane swearing, or using the name of God, of heaven, hell, &c., lightly in common conversation.]

But does not hallowing God's *name* mean more than this? [Show how, in the Bible, the Name of God is often an expression that means himself and all that is connected with him—all holy things.]

How should we hallow the Bible? [Love and value it above every other book; always read it in a serious manner; never repeat its words carelessly; take care that the book itself be not torn or soiled, or ill used in any way.] How should we hallow the Sabbath? [Recollect that it is God's day, and spend it in such a way as will please him.] How should we hallow the name of God when in church? [Be very quiet and serious there, and try to understand and remember as much as possible of what we hear.] How should we hallow the name of God in praying or singing praise? [Do it truly and lovingly, with all our heart.]

Should we think of others as well as of ourselves in this prayer? [Yes, we should pray that the name of our Father in heaven may be hallowed by all men over all the world.] Has he given us promises of this? Ps. lxxii. 17; Mal. i. 11; Phil. ii. 9–11.

How would you feel if you were to hear any one abusing or speaking lightly of your own dear father? How will a true child of God feel when he hears his name taken in vain, or sees wicked people breaking the Sabbath, &c.? What ought you to do in such a case? [If one of your companions, or any person you have a right to speak to, is in fault, tell him gently and kindly how sinful it is; and if he does not amend keep out of such company as much as possible.]

Illustration.—The good missionary to India, Henry Martyn, was often very ill and sad, and almost afraid that he was not a real child of God. But one day, when one of his heathen servants was speaking of Jesus in a very blasphemous way, he got into such distress that even the Hindu was astonished, and asked *why* this vexed him so greatly. And Martyn was glad afterwards that he had overheard the wicked words; because the pain they gave him made him feel how much he really loved his God and Saviour, and showed that he *was* one of his children.

Would you have felt in this way?

"Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and good, and holy,—
Oh, how solemn we should be!"

Precept.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Promise.—Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, teach us to love and hallow thy holy name, thy word, thy day—everything that is thine. We confess that we very often sin in being careless and thoughtless about holy things and holy duties. Oh, forgive us, and let thy Holy Spirit help us to be more in thy fear and service in time to come, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—CHRIST'S ERRAND.

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."
LUKE xix. 10.

You know, dear children, who is here meant by the Son of man. It is the Lord Jesus Christ, who reigned in heaven as God, but who came down to this poor world, and became a man, that he might be able to suffer and die, and so to save poor sinners. And whom did he come to save? Not those who were good, and amiable, and pleasing, but *the lost*. That means those who had wandered far from the way that leads to heaven, and could never find it again of themselves. They were lost, like poor sheep astray among the hills; or as you would be, if you refused to keep beside mamma or nurse, and run away among the crowded streets of London. You would never be able to know the way home, you would soon be in sad distress,—and you would deserve it all.

And how did He find and save these lost ones? He went to *seek* them. He spent all his life on earth in seeking out the lost. He would go a long way to find out one. He took a long weary journey to meet the woman of Samaria at the well, as you read in John iv.; and he crossed the stormy sea, and went to the desert country, to find the poor man who lived among the tombs (Luke viii.) And in the 19th chapter of Luke we hear of His seeking out Zaccheus among the thick branches of the sycamore-tree, and bidding him come down.

But you will say, perhaps, that was only when he lived upon earth. Yes, but he is doing the same now. He sends his believing people to seek out lost sinners, and he goes with them by the Spirit and the word. He bids them go out to all the world, to the highways and hedges of the country, and the streets and lanes of the city. And so they cross the seas, and climb the mountains, and go down to the dark cellars, and up to the high garrets, and carry everywhere the good tidings of great joy,—"Come to Jesus, the friend of sinners, who came himself to seek and save those who were lost. He will make all welcome; he will turn no one away who comes."

He is seeking *you* now, dear children. He has sought some of you long,—ever since you could first understand your parents and teachers, when they began to tell you about the way in which your souls could be saved. He has sought you in many ways,—by his word, when you read or hear it; by all that is said to you about eternal things at home, or in the Sabbath school, or in the house of God. Oh! have you heard his call? Are you trying *not* to hear it,—trying to put away the thoughts of heaven and eternity; or are you like Zaccheus, who made haste, and came down, and received

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Christ joyfully? Think seriously of these things. Ask the Holy Spirit to make your heart really feel them. Come to this kind, gracious Saviour, and he will give you peace, and rest, and joy. But if you refuse to listen, if you still go on in the ways of folly and sin, O how sad the end will be! Who can tell how terrible is the meaning of that little word "LOST," when the soul is lost for ever!

J. L.

II.—MIGHT AND RIGHT.

PERHAPS you have never heard it said that might makes right. But none of us are so fortunate as to live in this world long without *seeing* this principle expressed, in one way or another. There can be no doubt that actions, better than words, express the sentiments and dispositions of the heart; and if so, how very hard must be the hearts of some, whose tongues speak very soft words. Have you ever seen children who call themselves pretty good, even children who learn lessons from the Bible, and that are in the habit of dealing unjustly with those who are weaker than themselves? I have seen this, and because I consider it one of the worst developments of a wicked heart, would like to say a word to the children about it.

Little Albert's father bought him a whip, for the little fellow said that his wooden horse would not stir an inch without a sound whipping. Greatly delighted was little Albert with his present; and when Charles came home from school, he ran eagerly to show the long lash and the pretty handle to his brother. Charles wanted to take it a minute.

"You will give it to me again?" said Ally, who hardly knew how to spare his whip only for a minute.

"Of course," answered Charles.

But once getting the whip into his hands, away he ran to play horse with the boys. The little brother was in great distress. The whip was of immense value to him, and he followed Charles, begging earnestly for what was his *right*, and should have been yielded when required. Charles kept saying, "Pretty soon," "By-and-by;" and at last the little boy, bursting into tears, said that "it had been a hundred 'pretty soons' and 'by-and-bys,' and he wanted his whip."

"Well, sir," replied Charley, looking very proudly at his little brother, "you won't have it until I choose, and the less fuss you make, the better for you."

"But it is *mine*," persisted Ally.

"Don't care for that," said Charles; "I am the *biggest*, and you shall wait for the whip until I am done with it."

Was that *right*? No. I am sure that the children will say, "No." But did you ever see anything like it? I doubt not that you have seen the same principle acted in various ways, among boys, girls, and *grown people too*—for men and women are only grown up boys and girls; and the wicked dispositions of the heart, if not checked in their early growth, become like rank weeds—larger, stronger, and more deeply rooted as we advance in life.

Never believe, dear children, that "*might* makes right." Never act upon this principle, for it is the wicked principle of *oppression*—a principle which more than most others makes our world a wicked, unhappy world. The *weak* have a claim upon the love and protection of the *strong;* and in the beautiful "kingdom to come," the oppressor will be unknown.

III.—RUDENESS.

CHILDREN who search the Scriptures are not ignorant that in them is found a command to "be courteous." Yet, though this command comes from the holy book, some disregard it. Even those who would shudder at the thought of breaking the commands, "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal," still are not afraid to disobey God by indulging in *rudeness*. What is the reason of this? Alas! is it possible that we fear God less than man? Do we keep the Divine law because we are afraid of a human penalty? Those who kill are in danger of death; those who steal are in danger of the prison; but people can be uncivil without danger of either. So they break one of God's commands, forgetting the judgment to come.

"Would you say that it is wicked to be *uncourteous!*" Yes; if it is wicked to break any command of the holy Bible, it is wicked to break the command, "Be courteous." There are persons who seem to fear God, little children who think that they are decently good, and yet they do not mind injuring the feelings of others. They never smooth the rough corners in their words and manners. They say, "I am very frank. People must take me as I am. I always speak out just what I think."

But to such persons I would say, Frankness—true, open-hearted, *Christian* frankness—is not at all opposed to courtesy. You may tell people very serious, yes, even *disagreeable* truths, without wounding them in the least; and as for compelling people "to take us as we are," it is not fair. There was once a very good man who said that he became all things to all men,—that he adapted himself to their tastes and peculiarities—not sinfully, of course, but *courteously;* that, by his Christian affability and self-forgetfulness, he might win them to embrace the truth. People are not always obliged to speak out just what they think. Thoughts often need a strict examination, that we may know whether they are worthy to be spoken out; and all who feel in their hearts a desire to speak the blunt words of a hasty, uncharitable thought, should beware, for it is *self*—unkind, consequential self—that wants to speak. Stop its mouth, and hear what *charity* has to say.

IV.—A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO CRYING.

[In a little sermon to children, entitled "No more Crying," Mr. Ryle says]:—

WHAT is this place? It is heaven. It is the place to which all good people go when they are dead. There all is joy and happiness. There no tears are shed. There sorrow and pain, sickness and death, can never enter in. There can be no crying in heaven, because there is nothing that can cause grief.

Dear children, there will be no more lessons in heaven. All will have been learned. The school will be closed. The rod of correction will be laid aside for ever. There will be an eternal holiday.

There will be no more work in heaven. Man will no longer need to labour for his bread. The head will no longer have to ache with thinking. The hands will no longer be stiff and brown with toiling. There will be an eternal rest for the people of God.

There will be no sickness in heaven. Pain, and disease, and weakness, and death will not be known. The people

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who dwell there shall no more say, "I am sick." They will be always well. There will be nothing but health and strength for evermore.

There will be no sin in heaven. There will be no bad tempers, no unkind words, no spiteful actions. The great tempter, the devil, will not be allowed to come in and spoil the happiness. There shall be nothing but kindness and love for evermore. The Lord Jesus Christ himself will be in the midst of heaven. His people shall at last see him face to face, and go out from his presence no more. He shall gather his lambs into his bosom, and wipe away all tears from all eyes. Where he is will be fulness of joy, and at his right hand shall be pleasures for evermore.

Dear children, would you not like to go to heaven? We cannot live always in this world. A day will come when we must die, like the old people who have died already. Children, would you not like to go to heaven when you die? Listen to me, and I will tell you something about the way by which you must go.

If you would go to heaven, you must have your sins forgiven, and your hearts made new and good. There is only One who can do this for you. That One is the Lord Jesus Christ. God has appointed him to be the Friend of sinners. He can wash away your sins in his own precious blood. He can make your hearts new, by putting the Holy Spirit in them. He is the Way and the Door into heaven. He has the keys in his hand. Children! if you want to go to heaven, you must ask Jesus Christ to let you in.

Ask Jesus in prayer to get ready a place for you in that world where there is no crying. Ask him to put your name in his book of life, and to make you one of his people. Ask him to cleanse you from all your sins, and to put the Holy Ghost in your heart. Ask him to give you power to fight his battle against sin, the world, and the devil. Ask him to give you grace to make you good while you are young, and good when you grow up, that so you may be safe while you live, and happy for ever when you die.

Children! Jesus Christ is ready to do all this, if you will only ask him. He has done it for many people already. He is waiting to do it for you at this very time. Do not be afraid to ask him. Tell him you have heard that he was very kind to people when he was on earth, and ask him to be kind to you. Remind him how kind he was to the poor dying thief on the cross. Say to him, "Lord Jesus, remember me; I want to go to heaven. Lord, think upon me. Lord, give me the Holy Spirit. Lord, pardon my sins, and give me a new heart. Lord Jesus, save me."—*J. C. Ryle.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—HE LEADETH THEM OUT.

What can fill us with a loftier inspiration, or lift us into a more sublime and blessed confidence, than this,—the fact that Christ, the Eternal Shepherd, has a personal recognition of us, leading us on by name, and calling us to follow? No matter whether he call us into ways of gain or of suffering, of honour or of scorn; it is all one, with such a leader before us. Nay, if we go down to sound the depths of sorrow, and ennoble the pains of sacrifice, and perfume the grave of ignominy,—what are these but a more inspiring and more God-like call, since he is now our leader even here? Oh, my brethren, here is our misery, that we think to go above Christ, and find some cheaper way; when, if we could truly descend to his level of sacrifice, and take his cross and follow, we should be raised in feeling and power, ennobled in impulse, glorified with him in his joy! After all, the secret of all our dryness, the root of all our weakness, our want of fruit and progress, our dearth and desolation, is, that we cannot follow Christ. First, we cannot believe that he has any particular care of us, or personal interest in our life; and then, falling away at that point from his lead, we drop into ourselves, to do a few casual works of duty, in which neither we nor others are greatly blessed. God forbid that we sacrifice our peace so cheaply. Let us hear, O let us hear to-day, the Shepherd's voice; and as he knows us in our sin, so let us go after him in his sacrifice! Let us claim that ennobled confidence that comes of being truly with him. Folded thus in his personal care, and led by the calling of his voice, for which we always listen, let us take his promise and follow, going in and out and finding pasture.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

II.—HOW TO DO MORE.

More "doing" for Christ is the universal demand of all the churches. It is the one point on which all are agreed. All desire to see among Christians more good works, more self-denial, more practical obedience to Christ's commands. But what will produce these things? Nothing, nothing but love. There never will be more done for Christ till there is more hearty love to Christ himself. The fear of punishment, the desire of reward, the sense of duty, are all useful arguments in their way, to persuade men to holiness; but they are all weak and powerless until a man loves Christ. Once let that mighty principle get hold of a man, and you will see his whole life changed.

Let us never forget this. However much the world may sneer at "feelings" in religion, and however false or unhealthy religious feelings may sometimes be, the great truth still remains behind, that *feeling* is the secret of doing. The heart must be engaged for Christ, or the hands will soon hang down. The affections must be enlisted into his service, or our obedience will soon stand still. It will always be the loving workman who will do most in the Lord's vineyard.—*Ryle.*

III.—WHY JUDAS WAS CHOSEN AN APOSTLE.

Let it be noted, among other reasons for our Lord's choice of a traitor to be an apostle, that the choice finally supplied a powerful indirect evidence of the purity, blamelessness, and faultlessness of our Lord's conduct and ministry. When our Lord was accused before the high priest and Pontius Pilate, if anything could have been proved against him, the traitor Judas Iscariot was exactly the witness who would have proved it. The mere fact that Judas never came forward to give evidence against our Lord, is a convincing evidence that nothing could be proved against him. No man is so well qualified to expose another's faults and inconsistencies, if they really exist, as one who has been on intimate terms with him. Judas never appeared against our Lord, because he could not allege anything to his disadvantage. Ford quotes a passage from Anselm on this point: "Judas is chosen that the Lord might have an enemy among his do-

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mestic attendants; for that man is perfect who has no cause to shrink from the observation of a wicked man conversant with all his ways."—*Ibid.*

IV.—THREE FOOLS.

I WILL show you three fools. One is yonder soldier, who has been wounded on the field of battle—grievously wounded, well-nigh unto death. The surgeon is by his side, and the soldier asks him a question. Listen, and judge of his folly! What question does he ask? Does he raise his eyes with eager anxiety and inquire if the wound be mortal, if the practitioner's skill can suggest the means of healing, or if the remedies are within reach and the medicine at hand? No, nothing of the sort. Strange to tell, he asks, "Can you inform me with what sword I was wounded, and by what Russian I have been thus grievously mauled? I want," he adds, "to learn every minute particular respecting the origin of my wound." The man is delirious,—his head is affected! Surely such questions at such a time are proof enough that he is bereft of his senses.

There is another fool. The storm is raging, the ship is flying impetuously before the gale, the dark scud moves swiftly over head, the masts are creaking, the sails are rent to rags, and still the gathering tempest grows more fierce. Where is the captain? Is he busily engaged on the deck, is he manfully facing the danger, and skilfully suggesting means to avert it? No, sir, he has retired to his cabin; and there, with studious thoughts and crazy fancies, he is speculating on the place where this storm took its rise. "It is mysterious this wind; no one ever yet," he says, "has been able to discover it." And so, reckless of the vessel, the lives of the passengers, and his own life, he is careful only to solve his curious question. The man is mad, sir; take the rudder from his hand; he is clean gone mad!

The third fool I shall doubtless find among yourselves. You are sick and wounded with sin, you are in the storm and hurricane of Almighty vengeance, and yet the question which you would ask of me this morning would be, "Sir, what is the origin of evil?" You are mad, sir, spiritually mad! that is not the question you would ask if you were in a sane and healthy state of mind. Your question would be, "How can I get rid of the evil?" Not, "How did it come into the world?" but, "How am I to escape from it?" Not, "How is it that fire descended from heaven upon Sodom?" but, "How may I, like Lot, escape out of the city to a Zoar." Not, "How is it that I am sick?" but, "Are there medicines that will heal me? Is there a physician to be found that can restore my soul to health?" Ah! you trifle with subtleties while you neglect certainties.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

V.—THE OPEN DOOR.

THE daughter of a poor widow had left her mother's cottage; led astray by others, she had forsaken the guide of her youth, and forgotten the covenant of her God. She had entered upon that path of sin which leads down quickly to the chambers of death.

Fervent, believing prayer, was the mother's only resource; nor was it in vain. He who heareth the cry of the afflicted, heard the cry of that poor widow.

Touched by a sense of her sin, and anxious to regain that peace to which she was now a stranger, late one night the daughter returned home.

It was near midnight, and she was surprised to find the door unlatched. "*Never, my child,*" said the mother, "*by night or by day, has the door been fastened since you left. I knew you would come back some day, and I was unwilling to keep you waiting for a single moment!*"

How does this simple story set before us the tender compassion and love of our Father in heaven, and his readiness to receive back his wandering ones! "Thou, Lord, art good, and *ready to forgive;* and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee" (Ps. lxxxvi. 5).

Reader! are you *far* from God? Does your own heart tell you that you have sinned against him? Are you afraid to think of his presence? Do you fear to meet him as your judge? Do you fear that your iniquities will shut you up under the everlasting condemnation?

Oh! remember now, at this moment, God sets before you *an open door!* It is wide open both by night and by day. He will not keep you waiting a single moment, and his voice is heard calling to you, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). Oh! despise not the goodness and forbearance and long-suffering of God! Come back to him, trusting only in the name and in the blood of Jesus! Delay not till the day of grace is past, and the door of mercy is closed for ever! It will be too late then,—"When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and *he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.*"—*Anon.*

VI.—"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO."

WHEN the wrestling Angel said to Jacob, "Let me go, for the day breaketh;" he answered, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Happy perseverance! "When I found Him whom my soul loveth, I held him, and would not let him go." O sweet Jesus! who would let thee go? thou that holdest him that holdeth thee, that strengthenest him that trusteth thee, confirmest whom thou hast strengthened, perfectest whom thou hast confirmed, and crownest whom thou hast perfected!

VII.—FOUR NAMES TO CHRISTIANS.

THE Scripture gives four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces:—

Saints, for their holiness;
Believers, for their faith;
Brethren, for their love; the
Disciples, for their knowledge.—*Fuller.*

VIII.—LUKEWARM PROFESSORS.

I AM convinced that much intercourse with lukewarm professors does great injury to the believer. . . . Oh, avoid such! Light and trifling conversation acts as a poison to the life of God in the soul. It grieves the Spirit, and he withdraws his sensible influence.

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BIBLE CITIES.

No. III.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE KINGS.

AMONG the master-cities of the world, seats of empire and centres of moulding influence, none can be compared with Jerusalem for the suddenness with which it rose to its height of power and splendour. It reached the zenith of its regal magnificence at a bound. A few years have seen the grey battlements of the Pagan citadel on Zion replaced by the towers of David's royal dwelling; and, in a few years, more there are rising on the brink of the opposite steep the walls of that glorious and peerless Temple which, uplifted in its sacred beauty between earth and heaven, spread the fame of the Holy City over all the lands. This was the crowning achievement, reserved for the peaceful and prosperous reign of Solomon—the work of hands pure from the stain of blood. For this the Sidonian woodmen plied their axes in the cedar-groves of Lebanon, and the Tyrian galleys bore their freight of gold, and gems, and precious ores from western Tarshish and southern Ophir. For this the Arabian caravans thronged the wilderness with pearls and spices, sandal-wood and ivory from Yemen and the Indian Isles. The looms of Damascus wove their costly tissues; the swart Egyptian toiled in the flax-grounds of the Nile to add to the glory of Solomon; and far away in the desert, Palmyra rose amid its verdant groves as a suburb of his wide dominion. All the wealth and honour of the nations were gathered into his royal city, so that "silver was as stones, and cedars as the sycamores of the vale for abundance." Not only were the choicest products of Gentile lands—"barbaric pearl and gold"—cast into the treasury, but the art and skill of heathen craftsmen were consecrated on the altar. And as of old the Hebrew bondmen under the scourge of Egyptian taskmasters were forced to build the treasure-cities of a Pagan lord, the Tyrian artist and the Ishmaelite trader were now pressed into the service of the God of Israel.

Already had the Temple-site been designated by old tradition, and more recent auguries. On the most eastern of the city hills, by the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, David had seen the Angel of the pestilence stretch his sword over Jerusalem. There an altar had been built, and solemn expiation made—the spot, as it would seem, where Abraham's sacrifice had been offered long before. The rugged summit of the mount was now levelled, and its sides built up from the deep ravines below with walls of solid masonry—those massive foundations, sole relics of the Temple's ancient glories, which are still visited and kissed with tears by the Jews at their "Place of Wailing." On the highest terrace of this colossal platform, enclosed by stately porticos or colonnades, and with flights of stairs leading up through open courts, rose the Temple, growing up from day to day in exquisite proportion and silent grace before the eyes of the people, as the stones already hewn and fashioned in the quarries were noiselessly fitted into their place:—

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung—
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung."

When at last it stood complete, a pile of dazzling refulgence and sumptuous decoration, its burnished pillars guarding the lofty porch,—within, the great altar and rich-wrought tank of bronze, with the gleaming lavers and vessels of its gorgeous ceremonial ranged around, and chief of all, the shrine, embossed with wreathen flower-work and imagery, and sheeted with gold,—it must have flashed brightness into the air above it. All this was but the chasing of the casket, the figured screen of its awful sacredness; for in its inner gloom was no god-like form of marble or ivory, but a spiritual Presence, the hovering misty radiance, the sign of the Invisible keeping watch over his mystic symbols:—

> "Our living Dread, who dwells
> In Silo, his bright sanctuary."

Never had earthly building such a consecration, when, in answer to its founder's sublime prayer, the living fire streamed down from heaven and consumed the sacrifice, and the glory of the Lord filled the house, so that the priests could not enter it.

Besides the Temple, the king embellished his capital with works on a similar scale of magnificence. His own palace reared its graceful colonnades amid the luxurious gardens that overhung the slope of Zion; and the ravine between it and the Temple was spanned by an aerial bridge or viaduct,—a royal approach to the house of God. Here, too, was the Hall of audience, with its superb cedar roof resting on four ranges of columns of the same costly wood,—the "House of the Forest of Lebanon;" where, on his ivory throne with its guardian-lions of gold flanking the steps, Solomon received the princes and embassies who were attracted from distant lands by the fame of his opulence and wisdom. No monarch of the gorgeous East has left so deep and lasting an impress on the mind of its races. To this day it rings with the renown of Solymaun-ibn-Daood. The Arab by his watch-fire in the desert, and the dervish in the kiosks of Damascus and Shiraz, tell stories of the magic signet or talisman by which he could compel the genii to do his bidding. In these wild and vague rumours of sorcery or divination that cling about his name, there may be some floating memories of the sad change that clouded his brilliant reign. What a contrast between the youthful prince kneeling with out-

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stretched hands before the high altar of God in presence of his people on the day of dedication, and the old effeminate monarch amid his Sidonian paramours, sprinkling incense on the altar of Astarte on the hill fronting the Temple, while the lascivious strains of Syrian flute and Egyptian timbrel drowned the grave sweet melody of the Levites' evening psalm! The glory of Jerusalem was already on the wane, and the sceptre of its meteor-dominion falling from a nerveless hand.

To his heir Solomon bequeathed a dismal legacy—a tarnished diadem, a divided kingdom, an oppressed and defiant people. The crown was too heavy for the feeble brows of a petulant youth born in the purple; and in a few months the ten tribes revolted from the house of David, and formed a rival kingdom under the sway of the able but reckless Jeroboam. The hard-won conquest of David was lost by a sneer; and the wider empire of his son, as if hollow at the core, collapsed and shrunk within the narrow limits of the two southern tribes. Henceforward we are to unravel the thread of Jerusalem's story from the tangled skein of a double set of annals, distinct yet strangely intertwined, and to mark how its fortunes brightened or paled as its throne was filled by a pious or a wicked ruler. Invisible defenders—the "shining ones" of Mahanaim—keep watch and ward upon the walls as long as the crown stoops before the altar; but once it bows before an idol-shrine, the "watchers and the holy ones" forsake their station, hosts of enemies swarm through the gates, Pagan weapons gleam and clash within the Temple courts, and blood-stained hands are laid on the sacred vessels of Israel.

The first of a long series of disasters occurred when Shishak king of Egypt plundered the Temple and palace of their treasures; and Rehoboam, to keep up the show of his tinsel-royalty, replaced the golden shields of Solomon by counterfeits of brass. The "fine gold" of the Temple was changed in more senses than one, could he have read the moral of his own act. In the days of Asa and Jehoshaphat, God-fearing princes, who strove to purge the kingdom from idolatry—the former even degrading his mother from her rank on account of her connivance—Jerusalem regained much of its ancient influence. While the neighbour state of Israel was attacked by foreign foes and rent by factions, Judah enjoyed quietness and prosperity; and again the tribute of vassal nations flowed to Jerusalem. In an evil hour Jehoshaphat "joined affinity" with Ahab, the devotee of Baal, the worst of a line of worthless kings; and this led to a closer union of the two royal houses, in the marriage of the heir of Judah to Ahab's daughter, Athaliah—an alliance fraught with calamities to the kingdom. The evil influence of this daughter of Jezebel on the weak mind of her husband Jehoram, is traceable as clearly as the track of a serpent over sand. From her native Samaria she had come to Jerusalem like the fair young daughter of the Medicis from sunny Italy to her northern throne, with St. Bartholomew's Day lurking in her false and wicked smile. His first step on coming to the throne was to massacre all his brethren and some of the leading men of Judah—a stroke of policy which his Sidonian mother-in-law would have applauded, and doubtless one of the secrets of "king-craft" she had imparted to her daughter. Revolt, invasion, defeat, and a series of cruel humiliations, imbittered Jehoram's reign. His city was sacked, his palace rifled, and all his sons slaughtered except the youngest. And "after all this," the hapless prince, struck with a loathsome disease, languished for two years in misery, and died unlamented and unhonoured. "His people made no burning for him like the burning of his fathers."

Yet the root from which these poisonous fruits had sprung still remained in the ground, and the royal dwelling on Zion became the scene of a tragedy as infamous as any of those which have so often in Eastern palaces soiled with bloody finger-marks the first page of a new reign. On the death of her son Ahaziah, who reigned but a few months, Athaliah grasped the reins of power, and secured her authority by a massacre of all the seed-royal of Judah. Dismal must have been the rumours that stole abroad in those days over Jerusalem of the crime which had extinguished an ancient race of kings, and deep the curses muttered against the murderess who flaunted her guilty splendour before the eye. But one feeble life had escaped the blow—the infant child of Ahaziah had been hidden from the assassins by his aunt, the high priest's wife, in the Temple; and in this frail life, guarded like that of old which floated in the wicker-ark of the Nile, the fortunes of Judah rode out the storms of the reign of terror. After six years, the boy-prince, within a ring of trusty spears, was solemnly crowned by the priest Jehoiada in the Temple; and on the same day the sword of the avenger smote Athaliah, as she fled through a lane of the city. Joash, the nursling of the sanctuary, did not fulfil the promise of his earlier reign; and Jerusalem, polluted by idolatry, stained with the blood of Jehoiada's martyr-son, who was stoned between the porch and the altar, was taken and spoiled by a small Syrian force. The king was slain by his servants in his own chamber.

The defences of Jerusalem must have been seriously weakened by the frequent sieges it had sustained, and the reign of his grandson Uzziah was signalized by a thorough repair of the old walls, and important additions to their strength. Not only were towers and bastions erected, but stone-casting engines "invented by cunning men,"—some rude kind of catapult or balista (the "grooved cannon" of antiquity) were ranged along the battlements. The time was when Jerusalem needed no earthly bulwarks,—when the Lord was "a wall of fire" round about her; but in the dark days that were coming she was to learn, that except He keep the city her ramparts might rise, and her watchmen blow the trumpet of alarm in vain. When his grandson Ahaz came to the throne, the city, perched on her castled heights, moated and fortified like a camp of stone, might have

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seemed impregnable. But under the Temple-rock, amid the pleasant gardens in the Vale of Hinnom, incense was steaming from illicit altars, and children shrieking in Moloch's fiery baptism, and his reign was marked by disaster and disgrace. Already was the tidal wave of Assyrian conquest rolling across the eastern desert, and Ahaz sought to purchase a mean and precarious safety by cringing to a heathen power. In noble contrast stands the behaviour of his son, the good Hezekiah, who, threatened by the same Assyrian enemy, appealed to the Tower of Strength, and saw their gleaming cohorts shrivelled to ashes by the fiery blast of the Almighty:—

"Like leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown."

The name of this sovereign is illustrious in Hebrew annals for a work of thorough religious reformation, the suppression of every vestige of idolatry, and the inauguration of the Temple service in its ancient splendour and purity. But the heart of the nation was unsound,—the evil taint was in it like an incurable vice of blood; and so it was, that after every crisis of apparent revival, there was a quick re-action and a deeper plunge into idolatry. Never was religion at a lower ebb in Judah than during the reign of his son Manasseh, the tyrant, the murderer, the apostate, the first of the kings of David's line who was dragged from his capital to grace a Pagan triumph. His closing years of penitence could not efface the memories or neutralize the influence of a life of crime. By this time the kingdom of Israel had fallen before the Assyrian power. Samaria, its capital, was in ruins, and the ten tribes carried away into the captivity from which they were never to return. The prophets of Israel had foretold the calamity; and now Isaiah, on the streets of Jerusalem, pointed its moral in vain. According to Jewish tradition, this prophet suffered death, by order of Manasseh, in one of its most appalling forms—by being sawn asunder. An aged mulberry-tree, near the Well of Siloam, marks the alleged spot of his martyrdom.

In the person of the saintly Josiah the fire of old Hebrew piety burned up again as clear as ever; but it was the brilliant glimmer of a flame on the verge of extinction, the sun-set glory of Judah. His measures to effect the extirpation of idolatry give a fearful picture of the decadence of Jerusalem. We read of the chariot and horses of the Sun in the vestibule of the Temple, idol shrines in its courts, altars on the terraced roof of the palace on Zion. By him the altar of the golden calf at Bethel, the original monument of Israel's apostasy, was defiled and overthrown. A singular event in his reign was the discovery of the sacred roll of the Law, to whose solemn threatenings the godly king (strange as it may seem) then listened for the first time, with profound emotion. The work of reformation was sealed by a national celebration of the passover,—one of the greatest which had ever been kept in Israel. For a time it seemed as if the whole land, from Dan to Beersheba, would be united under the sceptre of the pious prince; but the hopes of Israel fell with Josiah on the fatal field of Megiddo. Well might lamentation be made over him such as has seldom burst from a nation's heart, for the life, the honour, the prosperity of the kingdom were buried in his grave.

Between the two rival empires of Assyria and Egypt, the feeble state was now like a ship jammed and rasped between two drifting icebergs. The fabric of Hebrew polity was fast dissolving; the work of disintegration had begun. The records of the kingdom are written in ever-deepening disaster and gathering presages of woe. In the reign of Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, the Temple was plundered by Nebuchadnezzar, and the seventy years' captivity began. Jerusalem had a brief respite of eleven years, when, in the reign of Zedekiah, Josiah's youngest son, the twentieth and last king of Judah, the Assyrian hosts returned; the city was stormed, palaces and Temple burned to the ground, and the king, blinded and childless, led in fetters to Babylon. The weird was accomplished, the cup of bitterness drained to the dregs, and all whom the sword had spared swept into exile and slavery. The desolation had been long threatened, long delayed, to be more complete and crushing when it came.

"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small."

By the lurid flames of this last conflagration we see the patriot-seer standing lone amid the charred and mouldering heaps of the Temple, the ruined glories of four hundred years, to chant the dirge of Jerusalem:—

"How doth she sit solitary, the city that was full of people!
She is become a widow, the great among the nations!
The queen among the provinces, how is she tributary!

"Weeping,—weeps she all the night; the tears are on her cheeks:
From among all her lovers, she hath none to comfort her;
Her friends have all dealt treacherously; they are become her foes.

"The ways of Zion mourn, because none come to the solemn feast;
All her gates are desolate; her priests do sigh;
Her virgins are afflicted; herself, she is in bitterness!"

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

GENIUS AND MORALITY.

To do homage to genius, simply for its own sake, and apart from any uses to which it may be put, is *immoral*. The first principle of morality is, that a man is neither to be praised nor blamed for what is merely physical and constitutional in him. The mere possession of a gift infers no excellence, implies no worthiness. There is nothing praiseworthy but what is the result of choice, design, purpose. A man no more deserves to be praised or rewarded for the mere possession of talents than he deserves to be rewarded or praised for having ears or eyes. These are but organs or faculties; it is as the possessor *uses* them that he becomes a fit subject for appro-

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bation or the opposite. These statements belong to the mere alphabet of ethics; and it is a shame for any man to be ignorant of what they assert. But by the worshippers of genius all this is virtually set aside. With them it is the mere faculty that is the object of admiration and reverence. With them genius, if not positively virtue, comes in for virtue's rewards. They are not content to admire it and to enjoy it; they must needs do homage to it. What can we say of this but that it is unworthy of those who are endowed with a capacity of moral discernment?

The immorality of this mode of judging is greatly heightened when a man of genius is lauded, and flattered, and celebrated, in spite of the impurity, blasphemy, or falsehood by which his writings may be stained, or the crimes by which his life may have been defiled. In this case there is a virtual declaration, that a superabundance of intellect is an apology for a lack of morality,—that the moral qualities of a book are not to enter into our estimate of the worth of its author,—and that a man who has broken the laws of morality, and, it may be, violated every principle of common decency, has made ample atonement if he has written a few clever songs, or dashed off a page or two of unquestionable poetry. What gross perversion of moral judgment is here! If this be a sound principle of judging, the more a man resembles Satan the more will he be entitled to claim our homage; for the greater will be at once his depravity and his intelligence. Suppose a case resembling this; suppose a man combining unparalleled genius with unparalleled depravity: would it be proper or seemly to celebrate him, and hold festivals in his honour? And if not, why not? Do you reply—"Because of his wickedness?" Then you admit that the moral character of an agent has something to do with the estimate in which he is to be held; you admit that there is something higher than power and genius and intellect; you admit that there is something, the absence of which renders it unseemly and wrong to do homage to the possessor of the greatest of powers? You are right; but in asserting this, you condemn the genius-worshipper, who insists upon adoring his idol in spite of manifold immoralities, and pronounce a deep censure on the principle of all commemorative festivals in which those persons are treated as gods who, when they were alive, fell short of the first and commonest duties of a man.

* * * * *

There once dwelt on this earth a Man in whom all excellence was combined. To the highest power of intellect, and the freshest and richest genius, he added a life of stainless purity, spent in incessant deeds of benevolence and goodness. In the conflict of reason, he never met his equal: even his very enemies were constrained to turn from him, saying, "Never man spake like this man." To those that waited on his instructions he could say, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life;" and deep-thinking and earnest men found them to be so, and turned to him their spirits, as the flower turns its petals to the sun, that they might drink in his illumination. Nor was it to the wise and learned alone that he could speak with effect; he could stoop to the weakest and the most ignorant, and teach them as they were "able to bear it." Little children recognised in him an instructor on whose lessons they could feed; publicans and sinners drank in his words as words of consolation and of purity; "the common people heard him gladly." And yet no honours followed in his train; no laurels were placed upon his brow. Contempt and poverty and grief haunted his footsteps; hatred and cruelty spread for him their nets; the only crown he wore was a crown of thorns; and when he gave his life for man's redemption, it was by the wicked hands of men that he was crucified and slain.

It is still, alas! to a great extent the same. Though no longer amongst us in bodily presence, this gracious Being still seeks to win the confidence, that he may save the souls of men. He seems, as it were, to stand by the highway of earth, along which its myriad tribes are passing; and as he gazes on the hurrying crowds, his voice is ever and anon heard saying: "To you, O men, I call, and my voice is unto the sons of men. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Do men heed him as he calls? Ah! no; for the most part, they push him rudely aside, that they may hasten forward in the race for gain or for pleasure: some pause a moment, only to mock and blaspheme; some cry contemptuously still as they did of old, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and only a few, comparatively, receive his doctrine, and embrace his salvation. And still he waits with that Divine patience of his, and still pleads with men to turn unto him and be blessed. Oh, Divine Redeemer! despised and rejected of men still, even as thou wert in the days of thy flesh, when wilt thou assert thy high prerogative, and reign over a subject world? When shall thine arrows stick fast in the hearts of the King's enemies, so that the people shall fall under thee? When wilt thou, by the attractions of thy Cross, draw all men unto thee? "Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth! put on the visible robes of thy imperial majesty; take up that unlimited sceptre, which thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed thee; for now the voice of thy bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed."

Be it ours, Christian brethren, to reserve the homage of our hearts for Him who alone is worthy to receive it, and whom the whole Church on earth and in heaven unites to adore.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to HIM be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—"*The Idolatry of Genius:*" *A Sermon by Dr. W. L. Alexander.**

* Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

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REVIVALS IN THE SWEDISH CHURCH.*

Dr. Steane and Mr. Howard Hinton are secretaries to the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. In their official capacity as such, they received, in the end of May 1858, a pressing invitation to attend a conference of persons of their own persuasion, which was to be held at Stockholm on the 11th of June. There was not much time allowed them to consider the proposal and to make arrangements, but the position of dissenters from the Swedish National Church was so critical, and the state of religion withal in that interesting country was so peculiar, that with scarcely an instant's hesitation, they made up their mind to go. It so happened that Dr. Steane was also intimately connected with the Evangelical Alliance; and when tidings of the proposed journey reached the council of that body, advantage was taken of the opportunity to communicate directly with its Swedish branch. On the 2d of June, then, they started on their journey, bearing with them two commissions—one from the association just referred to, and the other from the Baptist Union, with which they were more specially identified. Travelling as much as possible by land, they crossed the Channel to Calais, from which they found their way to Hamburg. Copenhagen was their next stage, then Gottenburg; and last of all they arrived at Stockholm, nine days after they had left London. Strangely enough, they found that, in the hotel to which they drove, there was in actual session a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance; and the very same evening on which they reached the Swedish capital, they had brought under their notice some of their characteristic forms of religious life.

It is well known, doubtless, to most of our readers, that in this country of the north, with which we are connected by many ties, but with which, notwithstanding, we are very little acquainted, there has of late years been a remarkable stirring among the dry bones; and without following strictly in the footsteps of the commissioners, the history of whose "Tour" is given in the volume referred to below, we shall take advantage of the materials which they have collected, in order to give here a brief account of the Swedish Church, and of the revival which has taken place within its borders.

The national religion of Sweden is Lutheranism; and the Church, in its organism, is Episcopal. Any such figment, however, as apostolical succession, is unknown in the country; and although in the authorised doctrine of the eucharist there is, of course, the evil leaven of consubstantiation, yet, with the formal profession of that great truth, which the German Reformer held to be "the article of a standing or falling Church"—*justification by faith alone*—the Swedes have been always and rightly regarded as belonging to an essentially orthodox communion. At the same time, there were many things in the constitution and management of the Church which unfitted it for the maintenance of personal piety, and the propagation of the living gospel. The Reformation from Popery was unsatisfactorily accomplished, to begin with. It was rather a political and governmental than a religious and popular movement. Gustavus I., like our Henry VIII., found it not only right, but (for his exchequer) convenient, to suppress the wealthy religious houses; and so little sure was he of carrying the sympathy of the people with him in his reforms, that many of the adjuncts of Romanism were suffered to remain. To this day, it would seem, the embroidered vestments of the clergy, the decoration of the churches, and the use of the "oblat" or wafer at the Lord's Supper, are retained, as well as the name "high mass," as describing the principal service of the Sabbath or other holy day. But not only was the Reformation "managed" for the people by the civil authorities—these same authorities have "managed" the Church in a most thoroughgoing way ever since. The ecclesiastical mechanism is as complete as that of the post-office or police. The clergy are simply state officials, who have a certain course of duty prescribed to them, and who are compelled to go through that course under a threat of civil pains and penalties. As for the members of the Church, religion and its peculiar obligations are not mere personal matters, which they must attend to under the constraint of conscience. The government concerns itself directly with their condition; also sees that all the citizens are well acquainted with Dr. Luther's Catechism, and requires imperatively that no man shall absent himself from the table of the Lord.

Theoretically, the constitution of the Swedish Church is wonderfully perfect. "Perhaps no Church in the world presents a more complete apparatus for bringing the creed of the Church before the whole population, than that which is possessed by the Lutheran Church in Sweden." "All Swedes are members of the National Church. The children born are, of necessity, baptized by the parish clergyman or one of his associates: the youth arriving at a certain age are all placed under a course of training for confirmation and a first approach to the Lord's table, after which an annual appearance there is deemed indispensable, not merely to maintain a religious profession, but to avoid the incurring of certain civil disabilities." "Each parish clergyman must keep a correct register of every individual, young or old, in the parish; record all the changes by removals, deaths, &c.; and furnish an annual return to the government. He is also expected to see all his parishioners not less frequently than once a year; and a system of domiciliary examination is maintained, which, wrought by pious and zealous men, might be productive of important results." All this might do admirably if human nature were different from what it is—if, for example, hypocrisy, open sin, and private judgment were impossible. But as things are, this attempted identification of the Church with the State has led to evil consequences, which of late especially have been revealing themselves in all their magnitude. Of course, under such a system, toleration is impossible. All the people, without exception, are placed under clerical supervision; and any one who refuses to accept the ordinances of the Church, is exposed to being prosecuted as an enemy to the State. This might have been inferred from the very constitution itself; but to put the matter beyond the possibility of mistake, what is called a "Conventicle Act" was expressly framed, which inflicts a severe penalty on any one who assembles his neighbours for the purpose of engaging with them in prayer, praise, and the reading of the word of God. The theory of the Swedish Reformers evidently was—*first*, to allow no sect to exist in the country except one; and, *second*, to take such measures as that, whether by instruction, or visitation, or force, no one whatever should be suffered to remain beyond the pale of the favoured ecclesiastical enclosure. An ex-

* Notes of a Tour in Sweden during the Summer of 1858. By the Rev. Edward Steane, D.D., and the Rev. J. Howard Hinton, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

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cellent theory, we repeat, if men were not what they really are. But as it is, such unhappy results as the following have ensued:—1. The ordinances of Christ have been awfully profaned. "A lady in Stockholm told us, that she had been at the communion with about two hundred maid-servants, simply qualifying themselves by that act to effect a change of situation." "A policeman," says Mr. Lumsden in his interesting little work on Sweden, "was produced as a witness before a court of law. He was questioned when he had last communicated; and on its being ascertained that he had not done so within the previous twelvemonth, he was rejected. The captain hereupon ordered that all his subordinates, in order to qualify themselves for giving evidence during the succeeding twelve months, should, on a particular day, go to the church and receive the communion." The compulsory system must, of course, be equally injurious in its effects in relation to the other sacrament. Again, 2. The inevitable tendency of things in the Swedish Church is to produce the impression that religion is an ecclesiastical matter, and not a personal and spiritual concern. That this has been the result, is apparent from the behaviour of the people. "Family worship belongs to the rare exceptions at Stockholm, whether in the houses of clergy or laity, and when it exists, is a thing exciting wonder." "The practice of taking God's name in vain is universally prevalent." "The Sabbath is universally desecrated. No difficulty is found in getting any kind of work done on that day. The evening is devoted to worldly amusements. Too many of the ministers even feel no hesitation in exchanging the pulpit of the forenoon for the opera-box of the evening; nor does any man lose caste as a Christian by a stated attendance at such places on the Lord's day." The morals of the masses are in keeping with this deplorable state of things. Sweden is, it would appear, the most intemperate country in Europe; and licentiousness prevails to such an extent, that the proportion of illegitimate births in Stockholm is more than 1 in 3. Once more: 3. The attempt to compel universal adhesion to the one National Church has, as might have been expected, not only not effected that end, but has been productive of much suffering and many irregularities. Dissent and persecution have never been altogether unknown in Sweden, even from the time of the Reformation; and within the last few years no less than forty *Baptist* congregations (not to speak of others) have been formed in the country. The rise of churches of that particular persuasion is not difficult to account for. We have represented in them a very natural reaction from the governmental style of administering the ordinances. Baptism had degenerated into a State form. The awakening of a more earnest spiritual life led many to reconsider the subject of the sacraments; and the consequence was, that in some instances, perhaps, they have adopted views which may be pronounced extreme. However, they especially have been called to suffer for their opinion. They have been prosecuted, because they would not carry their children to receive baptism at the hands of the parish priest; they have been refused the rite of marriage; the Conventicle Act has also been put in force against them; and it was due to a body which had testified so faithfully for their principles, that the secretaries of the English Baptist Union should have come to their help. And Dr. Steane and Mr. Hinton were of real service during their visit, not merely to the small sect to which they themselves were naturally attached, but likewise to the great and important cause in which the whole Protestant world is concerned—that of civil and religious liberty.

From this slight sketch, it will be seen what a singular position the Swedish Church has of late been occupying. It is a Protestant but persecuting Church. It is evangelical, but dead. Its ecclesiastical apparatus is perfect, and yet even morality is at a discount. Preaching—the dispensation of the sacraments—pastoral visitation—catechetical examinations—nothing is neglected: but the final spiritual result is almost nothing. Well has Krummacher called it "an ice palace;" for while to the eye it is complete and finished, and even beautiful, it is a chill and desolate abode to those who seek shelter in its bosom.

The revival of religion which has been taking place is not a consequence of any Church action. It cannot even be said to have originated with, or been carried on by the clergy. On the contrary, though some of the ministers have taken part in it, the great majority have violently and relentlessly opposed the movement. The peasantry and the press have been the great instruments in awakening and keeping alive the present interest in the gospel. The following striking account is given by Mr. Lumsden of the origin of the work in Dalecarlia:—"A publisher had on hand a large supply of a volume of Luther's sermons. He suggested to some Dalecarlian ministers, with whom he was acquainted, to purchase the books, and sell them to their parishioners. The ministers knew probably not much of the contents of the book themselves, but thought that Luther's works could do their people no harm, although it is a singular fact that the Swedish *Lutheran* clergy do not, in general, like to see Luther's sermons or expositions circulated among their people. They willingly made the purchase, and then pushed the sale in their respective parishes, very urgently recommending the people to read the book. The people did so, and thus received a new impulse to their thoughts and feelings, which has developed itself in the present religious revival. The ministers soon found themselves surrounded with people thirsting for a spiritual food which they could not give."

It is very difficult for us yet to form a distinct idea of the nature and extent of the work in Sweden—and that for two reasons: *First*, because we are so unfamiliar with the geography of the country, that the names of provinces and towns do not even adhere with any tenacity to the memory; and, *second*, because we have not sufficiently realised the social and ecclesiastical relations of the people. We may reasonably expect, however, that such books as those to which we have been referring, may lead to our taking a deeper interest in what we may well call this sister kingdom; and that increased intercourse with the Swedes will not only qualify us for better understanding this particular spiritual movement among them, but will lead to the permanent establishment of Protestantism there on a more defensible and satisfactory basis. In the meantime, one or two extracts supplied by the "Tour" will help us to satisfy ourselves that the revival is real, and put us in possession, too, of the method by which it has been brought about. From the provinces of Gestrikland and Helsingland there comes this statement: "The work of the Lord is not so much visible in great awakenings, but there is a general feeling manifested among the people, so that even the most vain and worldly-minded, in spite of his carnality, is often made to experience anxiety about his deplorable state. We have meetings every Sunday. Our meetings are conducted

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usually by plain, unlearned men—as, for instance, a peasant, a mechanic, or a labourer." A gentleman from Smoland says:—"Only a few years ago, there were but a few believing souls in this part of the province, so far as the knowledge of the speaker extended; but now, on the contrary, many persons have been converted to Christ: around this town there are nearly twenty-two or twenty-three parishes where many living Christians are to be found. It is not uncommon to see multitudes of several hundreds, indeed sometimes thousands, of persons assemble, when so-called laymen declare the word of God: and the hunger after the bread of life in these souls is so great, that they walk many miles to hear such men as these preach." Concerning the provinces of Skania and Blekinge we are told—"awakenings have everywhere arisen, through the activity of the colporteurs, but especially in the north-east of Skania." From the island of Gottland is the following intelligence:—"On this island a deep spiritual darkness has prevailed until within the last six years; since which time an awakening has arisen, through meetings held by a colporteur. From that time the spiritual influence has extended more and more, through the activity of several laymen, and, finally, of a young clergyman; and so powerfully have these movements spread, that at the present time there are few parishes on the island where there are not to be found living Christians, especially so on the south part." From these and other similar accounts which Dr. Steane supplies to us, it appears that it has been chiefly by means of a lay agency—peasants and colporteurs—that the awakening has been produced; and that the life, when it is excited, is usually maintained through the instrumentality of meetings for Scripture reading and prayer. But though the movement began thus unobtrusively, it is now affecting all classes of society. A few of the nobility have felt its power. The clergy have not unanimously stood aloof. Meetings for social prayer are being held among the students of the university of Upsala; and accessions to the side of earnest religion have been received from among the merchants, burgesses, and farmers alike. In a word, the movement has assumed such formidable dimensions, that the government has not of late to any extent put in force its own persecuting edicts; and there is good reason to hope that all classes will soon be permitted to enjoy the most ample toleration.

By a happy but unaccountable inconsistency, the Swedish government, while denying to its subjects freedom of worship, has actually accorded to them the invaluable boon of a free press. Hence the power of that other revival agency which we have already named. "A Tract Society," says Mr. Lumsden, "has been formed or revived in Stockholm, and similar societies have been formed in at least three provincial towns. They have been the means of circulating within these two years many thousand copies of evangelical Swedish tracts, and translations of some of our best English tracts. For instance, within the last eighteen months no fewer than 50,000 copies of the tract "Come to Jesus" have been sold or distributed." "Some of the new and more popular English and German religious books have been translated and published as a matter of private enterprise, and have met with a ready sale. The *Pietist*, a periodical which has for many years struggled against great difficulties, has at last, this year, risen into a large circulation; and other religious serials or newspapers, have met with a corresponding measure of success.

All this is very cheering and very significant. The long night of the Swedish Church appears to be coming to an end. Her day has begun to dawn. The outpouring of the Spirit, which has issued in such abundant fruit in America, and the gracious influences of which we also are experiencing in some measure, has manifestly been enjoyed to no small extent in Sweden. Let us not, then, pass by this work of the Lord. It deserves and will reward any attention we may give to it. In this view we have to tender our thanks to the writers of such books as those from which we have quoted. In an interesting and instructive form they have supplied us with a great deal of valuable and most welcome information.

N. L. W.

A TRUE STORY OF LUCKNOW.

[The following account of the rich blessing which followed a *written leaf* from the pen of a lady, has been sent to the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, by H. Carr Tucker, Esq., who confirms its accuracy.—*Tract Society Reporter.*]

In the station of ——, in the Upper Provinces of India, I was one morning visiting the hospital as usual. As I entered the General Hospital, I was told by one of the men that a young man of the — Regiment was anxious to speak to me. In the inner ward I found, lying on his chaepoy, in a corner, a new face, and walking up to him, said, "I am told you wish to see me; I do not recollect the pleasure of having seen you before." "No," he said, "I have never seen you; yet you seem no stranger, for I have often heard speak of you." I asked him if he was ill or wounded. "I am ill," he replied. He went on to say that he had just come down from Cawnpore. "Perhaps you would like me to tell you my history. It may be you remember, a long time since, some of our men going into the hospital opposite, as you sat reading to one of the Highlanders. There were some half-dozen or more of them; they went to see a sick comrade. You went up presently to them, and told them how grateful you and all your country-people were to the noble soldiers for so readily coming to protect you all, and how deeply you sympathized with them in the noble cause in which they were now going to take a share. Then you talked to them of the danger which would attend them. You reminded them that life is a battle-field to all, and asked them if they were soldiers of Christ, and if they had thought of the probability of their falling in battle. I have heard all about that long talk you had with the men. Then you gave your Bible to one, and asked him to read a passage. He chose the 23d Psalm, and you prayed. They asked you for a book or tract to remind them of what had been said, and you gave all you had in your bag. But for one man there was none. They were to start that afternoon, so that you had not time to get one. But you went to the apothecary, and got pen and paper from him. When you came back, you gave this paper to him, telling him you should look for him in heaven." As he said this, the poor fellow pulled out from the breast of his shirt half a sheet of note paper, on which I recognised my writing, though nearly illegible from wear. On it were written the 1st, 7th, 10th, 14th, 15th, and 17th verses of the 5th chapter of the 2d Corinthians, and that hymn—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

"That man," he continued, "and I were in the same company, but he was a day ahead of me. We met in Cawnpore,

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then marched on with the rest to Lucknow. Whenever we halted, the first thing —— did was to take out his paper, and read it aloud to those who cared to hear; then he prayed with us. As we marched, he spoke much of his old father and mother, and only brother, and wished he could see them once more. But he was very, very happy, and ready to 'go home,' if God saw fit. As we neared Lucknow, he dwelt much on eternity, and said to me, 'It is very solemn to be walking into death. I shall never leave this ill-fated city.' We had many fights, standing always side by side. I am an orphan; I lost my parents when a child, and was brought up at school. I never had one to love me, and life was indeed a weary burden; yet beyond, all was darker still, for I knew nothing of a Saviour. ——'s reading and words came to my heart—he was so kind to me, and always called me brother. I never loved till I had him. He had found Jesus, and led me to love him too. I cannot find words to say how I joyed, when at last I felt I had a Friend above. Oh! I never shall forget my joy when I first understood and believed. We had no book, only the paper. We knew it off by heart, and I don't know which of us loved it best. At last, in a dreadful fight in one of the gardens, a ball struck —— in the chest. Words cannot say my grief when he fell—the only one I had to love me. I knelt by him till the garden was left in our hands, and then bore him to the doctors. But it was too late—life was almost gone. 'Dear ——,' he said to me, 'I am only going home *first*. We have loved to talk of home together: don't be sorry for me, for I'm so happy.

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!'

Read me the words *she* wrote.' I pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with his blood, as you see, and repeated them. 'Yes,' he said, 'the love of Christ has constrained us. I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her; good-bye, dear ——.' And he was gone; but I was left. Oh! it was *so very* bitter! I knelt by him and prayed I might soon follow him. Then I took his paper, and put it in my bosom, where it has been since. I and some of our men buried him in the garden. I have gone through much fighting since, and came down here on duty with a detachment yesterday. They think me only worn with exposure, and tell me I shall be soon well; but I shall never see the sky again. I would like to lie by his side, but it cannot be." Poor fellow! he cried long and bitterly. I could not speak, but pressed his hand. At length he said, "So you'll forgive me making so bold in speaking to you. He often spoke of you, and blessed you for leading him to Jesus. And he it was who led me to Jesus. We shall soon be together again, and won't we welcome you when you come home!" We read and prayed together. He was quite calm when I rose from my knees. He was too weak to raise his head even from the pillow, but was quite peaceful and happy. "I feel," he said, "that I shall not be able to think much longer; I have seen such frightful things. Thank God! I have sure and blessed hope in my death. I have seen so many die in fearful terror." I turned to go. He said, "Dear ——, when I am gone, promise me this paper shall be put in my coffin. It gave me a friend on earth, who led me to a Saviour in heaven." I promised. Next morning I went to see him, but oh, how sadly altered did I find him! Those soft brown eyes were glassy and lustreless. He was never to know me again. Dysentery, in its fearful, rapid form, had seized him during the night. I took his hand in mine; it was clammy and powerless. Three of the men in the ward came up to me, and said, "Till sense left him, he was talking of 'home with Jesus.'" They knelt with me in prayer beside the poor sufferer. I went again the next day. His body was still there, but his spirit had fled a few minutes previous. He was covered with his blanket, and the coolies were waiting to bear him away. I took his paper from his pillow, where it had been laid, and went to the apothecary. We walked back to the corpse, and he placed it in the hands of the departed. He was buried that evening. I have often thought since, how beautiful was that heavenly love which bound those two dear young soldiers together. How it sweetened their last days on earth! They were indeed friends in Jesus; and though their remains lie parted, yet they are both sleeping in Jesus. Oh, what a glorious resurrection theirs will be in the day of his appearing!

Many a soldier will probably read this touching story. To each one of you, dear friends, let me give this precious verse—"The love of Christ constraineth us," with the fervent prayer, that in you it may produce the same love, and heavenly-mindedness, and preparedness for death, as it did in the hearts of these two redeemed ones. We have each of us One above, who loves us with a deeper love than earth can give. Nothing can part us from him but sin. No hope can so cheer us in this world of sorrow, as the looking and longing for the day when we shall see his face.—His advent is at hand! M. T.

A PARTING SCENE.

THE evening shadows darkened o'er a long bright summer day,
When we gathered in the chamber where a dying brother lay;
A brave yet gentle spirit, whose earthly course was run,
Whose life of love and labour closed with that setting sun.

Not many words were spoken, not many sighs were heard,
As through the quiet twilight hour we watched and minister'd,
And felt as only they can feel who count such moments o'er,
While gazing on the form beloved they soon must see no more!

And one, of all the dearest, was nearest to his side,
In silent anguish bending under grief's o'erflowing tide;
So long, in sorrow and in joy, had these two hearts been one,
It seemed as though she could not stay, if he indeed were gone.

But earthly joys and sorrows for him were ended now,
The calmness of a better land was resting on his brow;
And when to that sad mourner he softly turned and spoke,
It was as though a spirit-voice the solemn stillness broke.

"Now my last prayer is answered, my last desire is given,
Each hope of earth is yielded up, each wish transferred to heaven;
From nature's latest weakness my Saviour sets me free,—
He gives me strength to separate, Elizabeth, *from thee!*"

And strangely mournful earnestness was in his look and tone,
As slowly from her trembling hand he disengaged his own;—

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While on our sinking hearts a cloud of deeper darkness fell,
A shadow from the sepulchre came with that last farewell.

But the pale weeper started, and faith and courage high
Gave sudden colour to her cheek, and brightness to her eye;
And she spoke in words which sounded like a whisper from above,
An angel-message sent us by the God of light and love.

"Not so, my friend and brother! I take this hand again,
In token of a lasting bond, unbroken to remain!
Still as mine own I claim it, I clasp it to my heart,
For those in Christ united, not death itself can part!"

Then a gleam of heavenly radiance illum'd those dying eyes,
Like sunbeams breaking suddenly through clouded evening skies;—
And thus a noble spirit passed from mortal toils away,
And earthly twilight was exchanged for everlasting day!

H. L. L.

FAITH A LIFE.

How unspeakably important it is for all to learn this simple lesson, that a man cannot *retain* the Christian character with the one first act of trust by which he is justified! He must perpetuate that act. His heart must continually repeat the language of its first faith—

"Lord, I am lost,
But Christ hath died."

If a man fall overboard at sea, and a life-buoy is thrown to him, he is not saved if he grasp that life-buoy for a moment or two and then let it float away. No! he must grasp it firmly. He must rest upon it; hold on to it amid the roaring waters until his shipmates come to his relief. It is so with Christ. Sinking into hell, I cry to God for help. He gives me Jesus, his crucified Son. "Trust in him," he says. My sinking spirit reaches after that Saviour. It grasps him, and feels safe. So far well. But if I let him go, and say, "I am deceived; Christ is not *my* Saviour," I begin to sink again. The waters gather round my soul. I must, then, hold on. Every moment I must believe; and then I shall retain my peace, and live what is appropriately called a "*life of faith.*"

There is no truth in the Scriptures more earnestly taught than the necessity of a constant and ever living faith. Paul calls a Christian life, "*the fight of faith.*" Wherefore? Because this ever-repeated trust in Christ is the only defence a child of God has against the weapons of his destroyer. It is for the same reason called "*the shield of faith.*" Backsliding is called "*casting away of faith or confidence,*" while to "*keep the faith*" is accounted the highest success of a believer. In short, every act of obedience, every acceptable duty, every sin subdued, every conquest won, every onward step taken, and every blessing gained in answer to prayer, the Scriptures ascribe to *faith*. I must believe always, instantly.

The real question, therefore, for the young Christian to ask, is, "Do I now exercise a real faith in Christ?" If to this he can answer, "Yea," he can well afford to let the question of the reality of his past experience alone. It may be *interesting* to know when one first realized the blessings of the gospel. It is not, however, important. *The* question is, "Do I now believe?"

I have been at sea. A sail has hove in sight. The cry of "Sail, ho!" from some vigilant watcher, has brought all on board to the taffrail. A short gaze at the horizon has revealed the dim form of a ship to every eye. All have seen something—they call it a ship—many miles distant. Very soon, some have declared her class, whether ship or brig, merchant vessel or man-of-war. But to others she remained longer undefined, and it would be long before every eye could discern what had been visible to others at almost their first glance. Differing in opinion as to her class, they yet all agreed in the fact—*they saw a ship.*

It is thus with believers in Christ. They see him with different degrees of faith. To one, his form is full and distinct. Like Stephen, he cries—"I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." To another, he is visible, but involved in a dim cloud as yet. Firm of heart, that believer cries, "I know in whom I have believed." By a third he is seen, but scarcely recognised. "My heart burns within me," he exclaims, as did the disciples at Emmaus; and yet he dares not believe that he sees his Lord.

When a disciple of the latter class hears the testimony of one of the former class, he is disposed to doubt his own faith, and to deny that he sees his Lord at all. This is wrong: fatally wrong. It is even foolish. What if among the gazers at the ship we just now described, one of them, who could not decide her quality when all the rest could see her to be a brig, should therefore say he saw no ship at all! Because he could not see as clearly as they, should he therefore say he could not see at all? You smile at his supposed folly; yet the case is that of the man who, because he cannot as yet see so much of his Lord's glory and beauty as his fellow-disciple, denies the reality of what he does see.

This should not be. Faith has degrees. One believer grasps the promise with a giant's strength, another clasps it with the weakness of a babe. Yet the faith of one is as real as the faith of the other; and as the babe's strength will increase with its growth, so will faith strengthen by exercise. And he who to-day considers himself the weakest of Christ's disciples, may scripturally expect to have a faith as strong as Stephen's, as victorious as Paul's.

Hold on, then, lamb of the flock, to thy faith! Be afraid to doubt, for doubt is presumption. To doubt, is to deny God—to contradict the word of his grace. He has said it—he cannot lie—if you believe you shall be saved. Then it must be so. To cast yourself on Christ, and to say in your heart, "God will not accept me," is an act of terrible wickedness. Do not for your soul's sake commit it. But stand on his promise. Say, God has promised; I believe I will be accepted. Let no thought

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of a stony heart, a want of feeling, or anything else, hinder thee. Thou art not to be saved for having feelings, or tenderness of spirit, but because Christ died. Nay, thy very hardness gives thee claim; for it was to change the stony heart to flesh, to save the guilty, that Jesus offered himself up to God. Believe, then, my dear reader. Believe now—believe always, and thou *shalt* be saved.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

THE LOCUSTS.

On the side of this mountain, above Fûllyeh, I had my first introduction, some twenty years ago, to the far-famed locusts of the East. Noticing something peculiar on the hill-side, I rode up to examine it, when, to my amazement, *the whole surface became agitated, and began to roll down the declivity.* My horse was so terrified that I was obliged to dismount. The locusts were very young, not yet able *even to jump;* they had the shape, however, of minute grasshoppers. Their numbers seemed infinite, and in their haste to get out of my way they literally rolled over and over, like semifluid mortar an inch or two in thickness. Many years after this I became better acquainted with these extraordinary creatures in Abeih on Lebanon.

Early in the spring of 1845, these insects appeared in considerable numbers along the sea-coast, and on the lower spurs of the mountains. They did no great injury at the time, and having laid their eggs, immediately disappeared. The people, familiar with their habits, looked with anxiety to the time when these eggs would be hatched; nor were their fears groundless or exaggerated. For several days previous to the 1st of June, we had heard that millions of young locusts were on their march up the valley toward our village, and at length I was told that they had reached the lower part of it. Summoning all the people I could collect, we went to meet and attack them, hoping to stop their progress altogether, or at least to turn aside the line of their march. Never shall I lose the impression produced by the first view of them. I had often passed through clouds of *flying* locusts, and they always struck my imagination with a sort of vague terror; but these we now confronted were without wings, and about the size of full-grown grasshoppers, which they closely resembled in appearance and behaviour. But their number was astounding; the whole face of the mountain was black with them! On they came like a living deluge. We dug trenches, and kindled fires, and beat and burned to death "heaps upon heaps;" but the effort was utterly useless. Wave after wave *rolled up* the mountain-side, and poured over rocks, walls, ditches, and hedges, those behind covering up and bridging over the masses already killed. After a long and fatiguing contest, I descended the mountain to examine the *depth* of the column, but I could not see to the end of it. Wearied with my hard walk over this living deluge, I returned, and gave over the vain effort to stop its progress.

By the next morning, the head of the column had reached my garden, and, hiring eight or ten people, I resolved to rescue at least my vegetables and flowers. During this day we succeeded, by fire, and by beating them off the walls with brushes and branches, in keeping our little garden tolerably clear of them; but it was perfectly appalling to watch this animated river as it flowed *up* the road and ascended the hill above my house. At length, worn out with incessant skirmishing, I gave up the battle. Carrying the pots into the parlour, and covering up what else I could, I surrendered the remainder to the conquerors. For four days they continued to pass on toward the east, and finally only a few stragglers of the mighty host were left behind.

In every stage of their existence these locusts give a most impressive view of the power of God to punish a wicked world. Look at the pioneers of the host, those flying squadrons that appear in early spring. Watch the furious impulse for the propagation of their devouring progeny. No power of man can interrupt it; millions upon millions, with most fatal industry, deposit their innumerable eggs in the field, the plain, and the desert. This done, they vanish like morning mist. But in six or eight weeks the very dust seems to waken into life, and, moulded into maggots, begins to creep. Soon this animated earth becomes minute grasshoppers, and, creeping and jumping *all in the same general direction*, they begin their destructive march. After a few days their voracious appetite palls; they become sluggish, and *fast*, like the silk-worms, for a short time. Like the silk-worms, too, they repeat this fasting *four* times before they have completed their transmutations and are accommodated with wings. I do not remember to have seen this fact in their history noticed by any naturalist. In their march they devour every green thing, and with wonderful expedition. A large vineyard and garden adjoining mine was green as a meadow in the morning, but long before night it was naked and bare as a newly-ploughed field or dusty road. The noise made in marching and foraging was like that of a heavy shower on a distant forest.

The references to the habits and behaviour of locusts in the Bible are very striking and accurate. Joel says, "*He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree: he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white*" (Joel i. 7). These locusts at once strip the vines of every leaf and cluster of grapes, and of every green twig. I also saw many large fig orchards "clean bare," not a leaf remaining; and as the bark of the fig-tree is of a silvery whiteness, the whole orchards, thus rifled of their green veils, spread abroad their branches "made white" in melancholy nakedness to the burning sun.

In view of the utter destruction which they effect, the prophet exclaims, "*Alas for the day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come. Is not the meat cut off before our eyes?*" (Joel i. 15, 16). This is most emphatically true. I saw under my own eye not only a large vineyard loaded with young grapes, but whole fields of corn disappear as if by magic, and the hope of the husbandman vanish like smoke.

Again, "*How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate*" (Joel i. 18). This is poetic, but true. A field over which this flood of desolation has rolled shows not a blade for even a goat to nip. "*The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them. Before their face the people shall be much pained:*" [how emphatically true!] "*all faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; and*

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they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks" (Joel ii. 3, 6, 7). When the head of the mighty column came in contact with the palace of the Emeer Asaad in Abelh, they did not take the trouble to wheel round the corners, but climbed the wall like men of war, and marched over the top of it; so, when they reached the house of Dr. Van Dyck, in spite of all his efforts to prevent it, a living stream rolled right over the roof. *"They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief"* (Joel ii. 9). Every touch in the picture is true to the life. If not carefully watched, they would have devoured the flowers which were carried into the inner rooms in pots.

The prophet Nahum says that the locusts *"camp in the hedges in the cold day; but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are."* (Nahum iii. 17). Paxton and others have remarked that there is much difficulty in this passage; but to any one who has attentively watched the habits of the locust, it is not only plain, but very striking. In the evenings, as soon as the air became cool, at Abelh they literally camped in the hedges and loose stone walls, covering them over like a swarm of bees settled on a bush. There they remained until the next day's sun waxed warm, when they again commenced their march. One of the days on which they were passing was quite cool, and the locusts scarcely moved at all from their *camps*, and multitudes remained actually stationary until the next morning. Those that did march, crept along very heavily, as if cramped and stiff; but in a hot day they hurried forward in a very earnest, lively manner. It is an aggravation of the calamity if the weather continues cool, for then they prolong their stay and do far more damage. When the hot sun beats powerfully upon them, they literally *flee* away, and the place is not known where they are. This is true even in regard to those which have not wings. One wonders where they have all gone to. Yesterday, the whole earth seemed to be creeping and jumping; to-day, you see not a locust. And the disappearance of the clouds of flying locusts is still more sudden and complete.

David complains that he was *"tossed up and down as the locust"* (Ps. cix. 23). This reference is to the flying locust. I have had frequent opportunities to notice how these squadrons are tossed up and down, and whirled round and round by the ever-varying currents of the mountain winds.

Solomon says, *"The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands"* (Prov. xxx. 27). Nothing in their habits is more striking than the pertinacity with which they all pursue the same line of march, like a disciplined army. As they have no king, they must be influenced by some common instinct.

I am not surprised that Pharaoh's servants remonstrated against his folly and madness when they heard the plague of locusts announced. *"Let the men go,"* said they to their proud master, *"that they may serve the Lord their God: knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed? And when they came they were very grievous, for they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened, and they ate every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees, and there remained not any green thing in the trees, nor in the herbs of the field."* Moses declared that they should cover the face of the earth so that one cannot be able to see the ground (Ex. x. 4–14). I have this dreadful picture indelibly fixed on my mind. For several nights after they came to Abelh, as soon as I closed my eyes the whole earth seemed to be creeping and jumping, nor could I banish the ugly image from my brain.—*Thomson's "Land and the Book."*

"AT THE LAST."

"Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour, until the evening." Ps. civ. 23.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night brings rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

Edinburgh. M.

LEAFLETS FROM LETTERS.

. . . . AND now your children are growing up, they will make you very miserable, or else they will compel you to be daily learning Heb. iv. 16. Read it. Meditate well upon it. Pray over it. It is a lesson of constant practice. If your children live, if they prosper, if they go on in spiritual success as well as temporal, if they be sick, if they should die, —all will try your faith, and make you feel that your whole dependence for yourself and family is on the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Your happy walk depends entirely on the belief of God's being perfectly reconciled to you in his Son. And, therefore, you should not be aiming at getting any new *title* to your heavenly Father's love, but at new *enjoyment*. All is yours in title; but you are to seek for more, still more possession: every day you should be seeking to believe more, to enjoy more of the riches of your Father's love in Jesus. And nothing will stop your growing enjoyment if the peace of God rule in your heart always, by all means.

. . . . When the Lord strikes at your comforts (and mind, your cross grows out of your comforts), O that your heart may then feel submission, whatever nature feels! May all within you, guided and strengthened by grace, be able to say,

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"Lord, take away what thou wilt, only take not away the light of thy loving countenance. When thou removest any of my comforts, let me not forget they were thine; thy free gift, lent me by thy love, and kept long for me by thy bounty. And now thou art pleased to require them, Lord, make thy will mine, and fill up the place which they had in my heart with thy precious love."

One of Satan's grand engines against believers is error. If he can get the judgment wrong, he hopes thereby to prejudice the will, and so gain upon the heart. Thus he has always been undermining the Church. Oh! beware of this temptation. He commonly introduces it thus: "You are in Christ, and you are a believer; but you want light in such a doctrine." He allows the doctrine, but draws a false inference from it, under a pretence of illustrating the doctrine. Would you not be ignorant of his devices? Pray to be humble. Much humility is better than much knowledge. Many knowing persons have been lost; but none truly humble.

Then, as you are made up of flesh and spirit, *sensible* enjoyments must be withdrawn, in order to make room for *spiritual:* the absence of sensible is necessary for the growth of spiritual. Your portion is not here below. God himself is your portion, and all his dealings with you are to bring you to enjoy him as such. He ploughs and harrows, and takes every method to get a good crop. He rains and shines, sends winds and storms, frost and snow,—but all fulfilling his word. His frowns and his smiles have one lesson: sickness in yourself, in your family, are covenant visitations, and speak aloud. "You are the Lord's, and he won't let you alone; he won't suffer you to settle upon your lees—you must be kept stirring: all peace and quiet would be your ruin; therefore God, even your God, has, in his richest love, weighed out every grain of suffering needful to keep you near to God."

I pray you not to rest or stop in any attainments. Keep going on. Be pressing forward. Faith should grow. We read of going from faith to faith, from one degree to another. There should be progress both in the knowledge of your interest in Jesus, and in the enjoyment of the good things in which you are interested. If faith must grow, then hope must also; for hope is the daughter of faith. By faith we trust the word of God; by hope we wait till we receive the promises in his word. Hope is never disappointed, nor does it ever make ashamed. It gets many a pledge, and brings in sweet foretastes of the things hoped for. A true believer, therefore, never says, "I have enough."

I am afraid you should stop by the way. Many do. They set out well, but fall asleep, and dream of being in heaven, while their warfare is carrying on upon earth. They fancy to themselves a triumphant state, while they are militant. A sad delusion! because it tempts them to rest when they should be fighting, and to sit still when they should be pressing forward. . . . Faith should be growing, hope should be increasing, and love abounding unto death; or, as the apostle has it (1 Thess. i. 3), faith should be at its work, love at its labour, hope at its patience, waiting on patiently till we have finished our course with joy. I pray God you may be thus employed when death calls you to judgment.—*Romaine.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XII.—THE GOLDEN RULE—THE TWO GATES—THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH BUILDERS.

MATT. vii.

[CHRIST here begins the *fourth* part of the sermon, containing rules for our conduct toward others, ver. 1–12.]

Ver. 1. What kind of judging does Christ condemn here? [Ill-natured, fault-finding judgments on the actions of others.] In what manner does Christian charity judge of others? 1 Cor. xiii. 5, *last clause.*

Ver. 2. Does this refer to the judgment that God will pass on us? [It must refer to the judgment that *man* will pass on us; for God would never judge us unjustly because we are unjust to others. But if we judge or act harshly by others, they will be ready to act harshly by us. Give some instances of this. Judges i. 7; Esther vii. 10.]

Ver. 3. Who is meant here by our "brother?" And what by a "mote?" [a little fault]. And by a "beam?" Can any satisfactory answer be given to the questions which Christ here puts? What is the real reason why we act so? [Our self-love and self-idolatry: we do not like others to be before or above *us;* therefore we make little of our own faults, and much of theirs; we try to find out bad motives for their good deeds, and are apt to hold them down. See Matt. xxvi. 8, 9.]

Ver. 4. Besides *perceiving* our brother's faults, what else are we disposed to do? [We try to *correct* them.] Can any satisfactory answer be given to the question of this verse? Why did Christ handle such subjects by means of *questions?* [To make us feel that we have no answer—no excuse.]

Ver. 5. What name does the practice of covering our own faults entitle us to? And why? When a man is deeply sensible of his own failings, will he be more or less severe upon others? Give an instance from the Gospel of John, ch. viii. 1–9.

Ver. 6. If we are to be kind and charitable to all, are we to make no difference between good and bad? What does Christ now say we should not do towards the openly bad? What did the Jews understand by "that which is holy?" [The flesh of *sacrifices,* &c.] What sort of persons are meant by "dogs?" [Sneering, snarling persons, scoffers.] And by "swine?" [Gross, sensual, profligate persons.] What is meant by the exhortation in this verse? [That sacred things are not to be heedlessly exposed to the ill-treatment and abuse of such men. See Luke xxiii. 9.]

Ver. 7. Are not the lessons of this sermon far beyond our strength to practise? What, then, ought we to do? Have we reason to expect an answer to prayer? How many words are used here to denote praying? What are we taught by the use of so many? [That prayer should be frequent, manifold, earnest, persevering.] What parable did Christ speak to show that we should always pray? Luke xviii. 1.

Ver. 8. Are disappointments ever given by God to those who humbly and earnestly seek him? Give some instances of remarkable success in prayer. Gen. xxxii. 29; Exod. xxxiii. 17; Ps. xxii. 24; Acts xii. 5. What are the only occasions on which God will not hear prayer? Prov. i. 28; Isa. lix. 2; James iv. 3.

Ver. 9-11. What *encouragement* to prayer does Christ now bring forward? From whom have parents received the spirit of affection for their young? Is not this spirit shown often even by the inferior animals? [Many beautiful instances of

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it in dogs, bears, birds, &c., are given in books of natural history.] If God has implanted this feeling in the bosoms of parents, what must be his own feeling toward his own children? What kind of things is it said that God will give? Do we always know what are really "good things" for us? [Sometimes the things we dread most are really the best. Monica, the pious mother of St. Augustine, used to pray most earnestly that her son, who was then licentious and an unbeliever, might not be led to Rome, where she believed he would be ruined. He went, and it seemed as if all her prayers were disregarded; but in reality they were answered, for he was converted to Christ, and became one of the most devoted and useful men that ever lived.]

Ver. 12. What name has been given to this rule, to denote its incomparable worth and value? [The Golden Rule.] How are we naturally disposed to act towards others? [As they act towards us.] How should Christians act? Is this a rule that we shall often have occasion to practise? What should we therefore do to remember it? Ps. cxix. 11.

[Christ here begins the *fifth* part of the sermon, consisting of Practical Exhortations.]

Ver. 13, 14. How many *gates* does Christ speak of? How many *roads*? How many *endings* of these paths? How many classes of men? [Mark the clear, calm, irresistible manner in which Christ sets forth these mighty truths.] How comes it that so few walk on the way to life? Who is "the door" or gate by which we are to enter? John x. 9. Is there ever in the Bible any reference to a third or middle way, or to a third or middle place, like purgatory? [None; purgatory is the device of the natural heart, not thinking it comfortable that there should be only two roads. Reject every such notion; remember you must be on the broad road, if you have not entered in by "the door;" strive, therefore, most earnestly "to enter in at the strait gate." Enter *at once;* there is no safety, or peace, or life, or true joy, until you do so.]

Ver. 15. When the difference between the two roads is so great, what sort of *guides* should we seek to have? Are all the guides safe that offer to conduct us? How does Christ here describe some? What is their appearance? What their real character? Is their object, in offering to guide us, to do good to us? What then? What does the true guide seek? 2 Cor. xii. 14.

Ver. 16. How are such false guides to be known? What is meant by "their fruits?" Whether will "the works of the flesh" or "the fruit of the Spirit" be found in them? Gal. v. 19, 22.

Ver. 17–20. Is it hypocritical *teachers* only that are known by their fruits? [*Every* tree. Observe what was the test by which Christ tried men: not their profession, nor their experience, nor their creed, nor their church, but their *fruits*, their *life*.] Are any of us capable naturally of bringing forth good fruit? How may the corrupt tree become a fruitful one? John xv. 5. What is the fate of the unfruitful? How had John the Baptist expressed the same truth before? Matt. iii. 12.

Ver. 21. Does it prove us to be born again and heirs of heaven, that we acknowledge Christ as our Lord? What did Christ, in Luke vi. 46, reprove such professors for not doing? What is the true test of a regenerate state? What petition of the Lord's Prayer does this call to mind? [Of what infinite importance is it to ask, Have *we* learned to do the will of God? Have we dethroned self-will; and do we humbly, prayerfully, constantly try to live as God would have us?]

Ver. 22. What day is referred to here? Had it been mentioned before? [Not in words, but the solemn tone of the whole passage calls up the day of judgment.] How do these words imply Christ's divine nature? On what considerations will the persons referred to rest their plea? What does Christ say as to the *number* of such persons? What warning should this give us?

Ver. 23. What is meant by "I never *knew* you?" See John x. 27. What punishment is inflicted on these persons? And on what ground? Into what will those go that depart from Christ on that day? Matt. xxv. 41.

Ver. 24. Into how many classes does Christ again divide his hearers? Who are they that build upon the Rock? [Those who rest their souls on the work of Christ for sinners—"the foundation laid in Zion."

Ver. 25. Did sudden storms ever take place in Palestine? [They were very common at certain seasons; the torrent-beds were suddenly flooded, and swept everything before them on which they beat. See Judges v. 21.] What are the rain, floods, and winds, figures of? [Various sorts of temptation and trial, including at last death.] What effect have these on the faithful hearer? Give an instance of this. Acts xx. 24.

Ver. 26, 27. Who build upon the sand? [All who rest their hopes for eternity on their own good works (so called), or on anything but the work of Christ.] In the case supposed, what was the result? [Again let us ask, Are *we* building on the Rock, or on the sand?]

Ver. 28, 29. What did this air of "authority" of Christ's proceed from? [His nearness to the Father; the firm hold he had of the truth; his deep sense of its overwhelming importance.] How will this affect those who pay no practical regard to what he taught? See Heb. ii. 1–3.

DOCTRINE.—Christ is God. The Special Works of God are ascribed to Him.

Creation.—John i. Heb. i.
Providence.—Col. i. Heb. i.
Forgiving Sin.—Matt. ix. Mark ii.
Raising the Dead.—John v.
Judging the World.—Rom. xiv. 2 Cor. v.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. III.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Thy kingdom come."

WHAT is the second thing we pray for in the Lord's Prayer? What is the meaning of the word "kingdom?" [The rule of a king, or the country or countries over which he reigns.] Whose kingdom is meant here? [The kingdom of God, of Jesus.] We are taught in the beginning of this prayer to think of God as a Father. What are we now taught to think of him as? What does a good king (or a good queen, like our own) do for his people? [Rules them by wise laws, rewarding the good and punishing the wicked; defends them from enemies, assists them in difficulties or distress.] Does God do all this for his people? [Yes, better than any king on earth can do.] Why better? [Because he has perfect wisdom to *know* what is good for them, and almighty power to *do* it.] Then, must not it be a happy thing to be his subjects? What do good subjects give to a good king? [Love,

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honour, obedience. Show that, unless we feel and act thus towards Jesus, we cannot be his faithful subjects.]

What does Jesus ever teach us to pray for about his kingdom? Why do we need to pray for this? [Because it has not yet fully come in our world.] How far has it come? [Wherever Jesus is believed in and obeyed.] [Show what parts of the earth are now (in name) Christian, and how there are some Christians in almost every land.]

But where has Christ's kingdom *not* come? [Wherever men do not know and obey him;—in heathen countries abroad, and in multitudes of heathen hearts at home. How many are there around us who refuse Christ as their king, and say, "We will not have this man to rule over us!"]

Who is the king over men's souls, when Jesus is *not*? What kind of king is Satan? [A very wicked and cruel one.] Where is he called in the Bible "the god" or "prince of this world?" [John xii. 31; xiv. 30. 2 Cor. iv. 4. Show how he is the great enemy, who is always trying to oppose the kingdom of Christ.]

Is not it very sad to think how much of our world is still the kingdom of Satan? When we say, "Thy kingdom come," what do we pray for? [That Christ may get the victory over Satan, and take possession of his kingdom for himself.] Would not that be a happy change for the poor people there? [Yes, indeed. Show how delightful the change is, even in outward things, when heathens or unbelievers become real Christians; how much sin, suffering, cruelty is taken away, how much of new happiness and new hopes is brought in.]

When a good king is obliged to go to war with his enemies, what will his people do? [They will help him.] How? [Those who are able will become soldiers, those who cannot go to the war themselves will help others to go, and give money, prayers, &c.] Then must not we do more than *pray* that the kingdom of our Lord may come? [Yes, we must help it forward.] What must we do in the first place? [Give our own hearts to Jesus; ask him to rule there.] And then? [Do all we can to bring others to obey him.] Should not every one try to do something for Christ's kingdom Is there not much to be done at home as well as in foreign lands? [Show how many in our own land do not know and obey Christ.] What can children do? [Show how even young children may not only pray, but give or work in one way or other for Christ.]

How far do we pray that the kingdom may come? [Over all the earth.] Have we promises of this? Ps. xxii. 27, 28; lxxii. 8–11. Dan. ii. 44. Zech. xiv. 9. Rev. xi. 15, &c.

Will Jesus come again as King? [Yes; at the end of the world.] Matt. xxv. 31, 32. Acts i. 11. Rev. i. 7; xx. 11–13. What will he do to his true subjects then? Matt. xxv. 34. Rev. xxii. 3–5. What shall become of his enemies? 1 Cor. xv. 25. Matt. xxv. 41. Rev. xxi. 8.

Should not we pray often that Jesus may come soon again? Rev. xxii. 20. What kingdom will begin afterwards? [The kingdom of glory in heaven.]

Illustration.—I have read of a poor old man in England, who after going to a missionary meeting, was much grieved to think that he had nothing to *give* for the good of the heathen. He wished to do more than pray for them, and he was very poor. He lived partly by selling fruit and vegetables out of his small garden; so he thought at last of setting aside one gooseberry-bush, and giving the money he got for its gooseberries to the missionary box. He netted it carefully over, to keep off the birds, and called it the Missionary Tree. I am sure the blessing of God would be given with his money.

Have not you *something*, like Old Joseph, which you can give for the poor heathen?

O may our hearts receive our King,
No more refuse his call;
And so in heaven we still shall sing,
And crown him Lord of all.

Precept.—Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark xvi. 15.

Promise.—He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. Ps. lxxii. 8.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, thy kingdom come. May the happy time soon arrive, when all men shall know, and love, and obey thee; when Jesus shall come again as King, and the kingdom of Satan shall be destroyed for ever. O bless thy servants who have gone far away to teach the poor heathen about Jesus, or who are preaching and teaching at home. Make every one of us thy true and faithful subjects; do thou rule over our hearts, and teach us how to serve thee in this world, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—GRATITUDE.

Did you ever see a truly grateful child,—a child that never repined at his lot, never found fault with what he had, or was fretful because he had no more? I would go a long way to see such a child. So if any little boy or girl knows of such a one, please send me word; then I should like to propose the following questions:—

"My dear, do you never say, 'I wish—I wish?' Do you never say, '*Other* children can do what they please, go where they like, and have what they desire?' Do you never find fault with your food, your clothes, or your friends?" I have heard people find fault with the *great God* himself! Don't ask me to tell their names. I shouldn't like to do it: but it is really so. I once heard a man say--

"Did you ever see such *weather*? I am heart-sick of rain and east winds." He seemed to think that if *he* had the ordering of things, they would be better managed: but I must return to my catechising. Can any of you answer these questions in the affirmative? If so, you have great cause for gratitude. A heart thus at rest is not a *natural* heart. It is the *new* heart, which is the gift of God. I once saw an old man who seemed truly grateful. He was very poor, and lived in a little black house almost under a bridge. He had a little grandson, whose name was Benny. He had a cow, but she died, and the good old man thanked the Lord that he took the cow instead of Benny. It was very seldom that they had any white bread, but the old man said it was a great mercy that they had brown. Gratitude made the old house under the bridge very comfortable, though they had only wooden latches to their doors, and only here and there a pane of glass. Their bread came day by day, just as the manna came when Israel was in the desert. It sufficed to keep the good old man alive; he was very grateful; and that was enough—enough for the present. God was preparing

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something better for him in the future, and after a time he was called to the enjoyment of that better something. Down to the close of life this good man was thankful; and when the beautiful light of his heavenly home broke upon him, he was more thankful than ever. His last words were those of thanksgiving and praise.

"Well," some little boy or girl may say, "that is the kind of death *I* want to die." Do you, my dear? Then you must *live that kind of life*. We cannot expect to go muttering through the world, repining at what God sees fit to withhold, finding fault with what he is pleased to give, and then come down to death peaceful, thankful, and happy. We must be thankful now; if we are not, let us ask God to show us how much we have, and how little we deserve. "All this and Christ too." Seeing that, we should be ashamed to murmur. I think so. What do you think, my reader?

II.—FRETFULNESS.

Going into a house a short time since, I saw a boy whose name was Samuel. Now there is something in that name almost sacred to me. When a little girl, I used to read the Bible story about the aged Eli and the young Samuel, to whom the Lord spoke in the night season. You remember how that voice came to him calling, "Samuel! Samuel!" and the little boy thought it was Eli. Well, this was the story which I used to read, and then wonder in my heart whether, if all the Samuels were good, they would not hear the same voice speaking to them; not in the same way, perhaps, for I suppose that this was a voice which "could be heard with the outward ear." God speaks by his Spirit to our hearts, you know, and that is called a "still, small voice," because nobody hears but ourselves; and sometimes we do not hear it, because there are other spirits talking, and they keep up such a buzz that we cannot hear the "still, small voice." You remember that Jesus once said to a wicked spirit, "What is thy name?" and he answered, "Legion, for we are many." Sometimes it would seem as if there were as many about us, jabbering all together, and making as much noise as they can, on purpose to prevent our hearing the good, quiet voice. Among all these clamorous, talkative spirits, I am not acquainted with one more troublesome than *Fretfulness*. I am always grieved to see that spirit bothering little boys and girls, because it makes them so unhappy; and also because it displeases God, and makes their friends uncomfortable.

But I was going to tell you about the little boy I saw in a certain house, whose name was Samuel. Having it so long in my head that all little Samuels ought to be good, you may judge of my surprise and regret when I saw that this Samuel had a very sour-looking face.

"How do you do, my little boy?" said I.

Samuel replied, "I ain't a bit well; but I shan't be a taking that bitter medicine." And then he made a face at his cup of medicine. Oh, *such* a face! I told Samuel that in this world bitter was often followed by sweet; that when we were sick in body or soul, bitter medicine was often necessary to make us well. Samuel, however, was not content to take the bitter in order to secure the sweet. He said that no other boy in the world was so plagued as himself; and only think of it,—Samuel thought that it was his *mother* who plagued him—the dear, kind mother, who had been up nearly all night watching and nursing the little boy, and who was trying so hard to make him well! Was not that ungrateful? If Samuel would have listened to the "still, small voice," I know what he would have heard. "Be thankful," says that voice; "look at the kind friends, the comfortable home, the many, *many* good things which God has given you, and be you thankful."

Alas for poor Samuel!—he heard nothing but the snarling spirit that kept fretting, fretting, about being "not a bit well," and about the cruel mother who wanted her little boy to take a cup of bitter medicine.

And what could Samuel do? It is no use to tell the little Samuels these complaints, without offering them a remedy. First, then, we must say to the noisy, bad spirits in our hearts, "Hush! I will hear what the *Lord* shall speak." If they will not be still at *our* bidding, we must ask the Lord Jesus Christ to help us. He once said to the rolling billows, "Peace, be still;" and he is the same Almighty Saviour now in little things as well as in great—*Your* Saviour, my little friends, and mine.

III.—TRUTHFULNESS.

I AM acquainted with persons who would think it a great insult to be called liars, yet they allow themselves to tell very *large* stories. And after all, there is no middle ground between truth and falsehood. Either a thing is true, or it is not true. A story may be partly true and partly false, yet the truth and the lie contained therein must one day be judged according to their respective characters. A hundred truths cannot sanctify one lie, so as to make it other than an abomination unto the Lord. Beware, then, of extravagant words.

Susan was teaching her little brother to read, and she had gone patiently over the alphabet several times. "What is that?" she said, pointing to a letter which the little brother found it hard to learn.

"It is a crooked letter," he replied.

"But what is its *name*?" inquired Susan. "Come, now, tell sister right off."

"He name be *hook*," said Bub.

"O what a stupid boy!" exclaimed Susan. "I have told you that letter a *thousand* times this morning." Grandfather shook his head. "Well, I have told him at the least a hundred times," persisted the little girl. Still the conscientious old man shook his head. "Well," said Susan, "I have told him *six* times, for here it is marked upon my slate."

Alas for Susan! She should have come nearer to the truth than *six* is to a *thousand*.

Perhaps the children may think this a small matter; but it is not. The slightest deviation from truth blunts conscience, and prepares us to approach falsehood with less of fear and trembling. If people are not deceived by extravagant words, it is only because they have learned to make allowance for falsehood. Do the children want any such allowance for them? No, indeed; they do not want a lie to crowd itself into any word proceeding from their lips.

You have seen shopkeepers try suspicious coin, ringing it to hear if it would give the right sound. Our words, too, will be tried, for their echo will ring when the lips which uttered them are cold in death! Let us see to it that they give a true sound.

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THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"DYING LIKE A LAMB."

HASTENING up a narrow court which led from the main street, I stopped at the door of a small house, and knocked. A woman, with her apron up to her eyes as if she were weeping, opened the door, and admitted me with a low courtesy. "How is Mrs. L——?" I said; "I hope she is not worse. I was at the farther end of the parish when your messenger called, and was not able to come before. How is she?"

"She is gone, sir," replied the woman through her tears. "She died about an hour ago."

"I am truly grieved to hear it," I answered; "I hoped to be in time to see her once more; but it has been ordered otherwise. And how was she at the last? did she suffer much? did she say anything about her trust in the Saviour?"

"Oh, sir! she hardly spoke a word since you were here last night. She slept most part of the time, and only waked once or twice for something to drink, for her mouth was dry, poor thing, and then she dozed off again, and died at the last like a lamb."

"Died like a lamb!" I repeated. "You mean she suffered little at the last?"

"Yes, sir; and she died, too, so easy in her mind, that a neighbour, who has seen many deaths, said that 'she went off quite like a lamb.'"

"O that she may have had a good hope in her death!" I exclaimed.

"She was always a good mother, sir, and never did anybody any harm, and brought up every one of us to our church," said her daughter, as if to silence a doubt which may have appeared through the wish I had just expressed.

I made as fitting a reply as I could to the poor girl, and sitting down in that chamber of death, I spent a few minutes in explaining the way of the sinner's salvation. I spoke of our need of a Saviour, and of the freeness, the fulness, the entire grace of redemption. Then, after a short prayer, I took my departure.

"Died like a lamb!" I repeated to myself, as I walked homeward—"died like a lamb!" The poor woman, who after a short but severe illness had at length gone to her account, was, as her daughter had said, a quiet and respectable woman, who had a good word from all her neighbours. She came to public worship once on the Sunday, and that generally in the evening; indeed I never remember to have seen her in the morning. Her excuse for not coming out in the morning was, that Sunday was the only day when she could sit down comfortably to her dinner, and she always had "something hot" on that day. Why she could not have had the "something hot" on the Saturday, she was never quite able to explain; and her absence from Divine worship evidently arose more from "the want of a will than from the want of a way."

Poor Mrs. L——! I do not pronounce upon her state; but if she had no better hope of heaven than one rounded on her own quietness, and kindness, and respectability, she was "feeding on ashes:" a "deceived heart had turned her aside." Yet, alas! thousands live and thousands die in a hope as vague and as delusive. They live in false security; they die in false peace. They go down to the grave with "a lie in their right hand." Their carnal ease is unbroken, until they have passed into the presence of God, and have found themselves beneath the all-seeing eye of Him who "will not at all acquit the wicked." Then what an awakening to the truth! What an awful termination to their security! They sleep away into eternity, and then—and then—they sleep no more for ever! "Peace, peace," they cry this moment; and the next they are made to realize the fearful reality, that "there is no peace to the wicked." They die to all appearance "like a lamb," and you gaze on the calm and passive form and features of the dead; and while you gaze, the spirit that once inhabited that tenement of clay is roused from its apathy, and is in all the horror and agony of conscious existence, and unavailing remorse, and bitter despair.

Oh, reader! thoughtless indifference, whether in life or in death, is no proof that all is well with you. No; far better to be disturbed in your sins, to have your conscience alarmed, to be aroused from your false slumber, than to sleep into eternity only to discover that the possibility of peace is gone for evermore.—*Monthly Messenger.*

II.—THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

IT is getting to be a great hope of our time, that society is going to slide into something better by a course of natural progress,—by the advance of education, by great public reforms, by courses of self-culture and philanthropic practice. We have a kind of new gospel that corresponds; a gospel which preaches not so much a faith in God's salvation as a faith in human nature; an attenuated, moralizing gospel, that proposes development, not regeneration; showing men how to grow better, how to cultivate their amiable instincts, how to be rational in their own light and govern themselves by their own power. Sometimes it is given as the true problem, how to reform the shape and reconstruct the style of their heads; and even this it is expected they will certainly be able to do! Alas that we are taken, or can be, with so great folly! How plain it is that no such gospel meets our wants! What can it do for us but turn us away, more and more fatally, from that gospel of the Son of God, which is our only hope! Man as a ruin, going after development, and progress, and philanthropy, and social culture, and, by this fire-fly glimmer, to make a day of glory! And this is the doctrine that proposes shortly to restore society, to settle the passion, regenerate the affection, re-glorify the thought, fill the aspiration of a desiring and disjointed world! As if any being but God had power to grapple with these human disorders; as if man, or society, crazed and maddened by the demoniacal frenzy of sin, were going to rebuild the state of order, and reconstruct the shattered harmony of nature, by such kind of desultory counsel and unsteady application as it can manage to enforce in its own cause going to do this miracle by its science, its compacts, and self-executed reforms! As soon will the desolations of Karnac gather up their fragments and reconstruct the proportions out of which they have fallen. No, it is not progress, not reforms that are wanted, as any principal thing. Nothing meets our case but to come unto God and be healed by him; to be born of God, and so, by his regenerative power, to be set in heaven's own order. He alone can rebuild the ruin, he alone set up the glorious temple of the mind; and those divine affinities in us that raven with immortal hunger—he alone can satisfy them in the bestowment of himself.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

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THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.*

THE name of this distant region, the seat of one of those hoary empires and dwarfed civilizations that for ages have been stereotyped in the East, and closed in by rigid walls from the outer world, has been dragged into celebrity of late years in connection with the restless onward march of British domination. Over its richest provinces and the whole length of its sea-board now waves the flag of England. The spell that so long sealed up these lands of the uttermost Orient in a petrified life has been broken, and, like the enchanted castles of romance, they have opened their iron-studded portals when the predestined knight has grasped the sword of steel and blown the horn of ivory at the porch. But to most the mystery which has so long shrouded the vast interior of Burmah remains unbroken; the name only calls up vague impressions of sweltering mangrove-skirted rivers and fever-reeking jungles—of steaming rice-swamps, and impervious forests where wild elephants crash through the thickets—of quaint cane-walled towns, over which tapers the many-storied temple with its fringes of bells, and hills where the frequent pagoda lifts its glittering cone out of masses of plumy foliage. The din of war that so lately resounded along these shores has added another kingdom to our Eastern Empire—another chapter to the folio volume of Anglo-Indian annexation. But few are aware that for years before, a better conquest had been making its way along these river-highways far up into the heart of Burmah, spreading not with "confused noise," but literally, as it swept on, like a "burning and fuel of fire." The results of this remarkable work, which is still in progress, are now before the world, and it may safely be affirmed that they are without a parallel in the history of modern missions. Rude and savage races have been evangelized—mountain glens and jungly wildernesses studded with Christian villages. In less than a quarter of a century from the commencement of missionary operations among the "Karens" (the hill-tribes of the interior), "24,000 communicants have been added to the Church, while the nominal worshippers and readers of the Bible may be numbered by tens of thousands." As if to make the hand of God more evident, these results have been mainly attained by native agency; and this infant Church, starting full-armed to life, overflowing with holy love and zeal, is sending forth its preachers on all sides to "the regions beyond," and pushing its posts far within the Pagan frontier.

It is this grand crusade of which Mrs. Wylie is the chronicler in the interesting volume before us. A fine glow of Christian sympathy and heartiness pervades her pages; her thrilling story is narrated with lucid and graceful simplicity; and we hail the volume as a valuable contribution to the classic literature of Christian missions.

The name of Judson is as dear to the British Churches as to those of his native America. By common consent he is inscribed on the select roll of the missionary apostolate, the golden book of Christian nobility, as one of the men who, by translating the Scriptures into a new language, break in one of the gates of the citadel of darkness, discover a new world of mind, and possess it in the name of Christ. Such men speak as with a fiery tongue of Pentecost, not only to the heathen of their own time, but to generations yet unborn. The name of the Apostle of Burmah is encircled by a double halo, as borne by two gifted and saintly women who cheered his heart and held up his hands during his illustrious career, and, like "the beloved Persis," laboured much in the Lord. It was in 1813 that Judson and his wife sailed up the Irrawaddy and landed at Rangoon under the shadow of the great Golden Pagoda, the most splendid temple of Buddhism—a shrine more widely renowned over Asia than that of the Ephesian Diana, inasmuch as the belief it typifies is professed by nearly one-fourth of the human race. For more than five years we see him in solitary study and prayer, poring over the riddle of a cabalistic tongue and mastering its secret, slowly gaining a key to the heart of the people by interpreting the gospel story into their household speech. Then he ventures to take his station under a bamboo shed on the highway leading to the Pagoda, and proclaim the strange name of Jesus to the multitudes flocking to worship there; and at last his soul is gladdened by seeing one whose heart the Lord had opened to his message, and the long spell of Buddhism is broken by the baptism of Moung Nau, the first-fruits of Burmah unto Christ. From this time the work went on hopefully, and in 1820 Judson made a journey to the capital, and was permitted to approach the "Golden Feet," as the sovereign is called by his subject-slaves. A tract containing the articles of the Christian faith was presented to the king; but after reading two sentences, he angrily dashed it to the ground.

Whatever hopes might have been cherished from this audience were thus extinguished. For a time the missionaries were almost tempted to abandon Burmah, and betake themselves to a more promising field. Had they foreseen the days of fiery trial that were yet before them, they might at once have shaken the dust off their feet and gone their way. These were wisely hidden; and in faith and patience they resolved to labour on, leaving the event to God. By this time other brethren from America had joined the mission, and a few more converts had been gathered round them, when, in 1824, the first

* The Gospel in Burmah. By Mrs. Macleod Wylie. Calcutta and London. 1859.

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Burmese war commenced with England. The first step of the native authorities was to arrest the foreign residents, including the mission families at Rangoon. They were chained together, driven to the place of execution, and the sword was actually suspended over their heads, when a respite was granted, and the next day the arrival of the British forces set them free. Dr. and Mrs. Judson at this time were at Ava, the capital, trying to establish a mission there. He and his colleague Dr. Price were thrown into a dungeon, called the Death Prison; and there they languished for nine weary months, his heroic wife living, by her own choice, in a little bamboo hut within the prison-yard, and ministering as she could to their wants. Their fate seemed to be sealed, the sentence of death had gone forth, when Providence again interposed, and Judson was called from the dungeon to bear overtures of peace from the court of Burmah to the British camp. The treaty that followed, in which ample concessions were made (for the "Golden Feet" were found to be largely mixed with clay), of course secured his liberty. But months of suffering and cruel anxiety had done their work too well on the frame of his devoted wife, and soon afterwards the weary spirit passed to its rest. How would it have cheered his heart and hers to know, that at the very time he was lying in bonds, the walls of that Rangoon Pagoda under which his first convert was baptized, were ringing with the melody of Christian psalms, and the lamps of the idol-shrine shining on the open page of the Bible, which Havelock was reading to his men! Would they not have greeted this as the omen of brighter days in store for Burmah? Buddh boweth down: Dagon lies on the threshold of his house before the Ark. It is well to note and ponder the early trials and discouragements of this glorious mission,—most assuring to trace them by the light of later triumphs. If in its actual results it has been one of the most successful of all, it was surely in its infancy one of the most strangely cramped and thwarted,—as if Satan had stirred up all his powers against it, knowing that his time was short.

In 1828, we find Judson settled under the British flag at Moulmein, surrounded by a little band of converts, and steadily pursuing his labours in company with Messrs. Wade and Boardman. "At that time," says Mrs. Wylie, "the Karens were known only as tribes, more or less savage, inhabiting the mountains and valleys of the interior of Burmah." A wild and barbarous people indeed they were, oppressed and despised by the haughty Burmese as a race of Pariahs,—a people who had no temples, no idols, no priests, no written language, —outcasts and aliens, to whom it was honour enough to be the serfs of the free-born votaries of Buddh. In its sensuous worship and gaudy ceremonial—its brilliant shrines and joyous festivals—its monasteries of shaven priests, vowed to a life of celibacy—its music, and flowers, and tinsel—Buddhism is a kind of Oriental Popery, its pope being the Grand Lama, who leads a drowsy pontifical life in Thibet. All these things the poor Karens among their forests and mountains hold in utter abomination. No religious forms had they; but they held fast to a creed which had come down in oral tradition from their fathers; and this, beyond all doubt, the most remarkable for its amount of genuine truth ever found within the pale of heathendom.

"They have," says Dr. Mason, "traditions of the Creation, the Temptation, the Fall, and the Dispersion of nations, in prose and verse, nearly as accurate as they are found in the Bible." The following is a specimen:—

> "In ancient times God created the world;
> All things were minutely ordered by Him;—
> He appointed the fruit of trial;—
> He gave minute orders.
> Satan deceived two persons;
> He caused them to eat of the fruit of the tree of trial.
> When they ate the fruit of trial,
> They became subject to sickness, old age, and death
> Had they obeyed, and believed God,
> We should not have been subjected to sickness:
> We should have prospered in our doings;
> Had they obeyed and believed Him,
> We should not have been poor."

In their traditions also there lived a remembrance of a bygone age of knowledge and happiness which had once been theirs as a people, with the belief that it would be theirs again, when strangers should come to them with glad tidings from over the sea. Here is a wail of sorrow over the departed golden age, mingled with the hope of its return:—

"O children and grandchildren! formerly God loved the Karen nation above all others; but they transgressed his commands, and therefore we suffer as at present. Because God cursed us, we are in our present afflicted state, and have no books. But God will again have mercy on us, and again he will love us above others. God will yet save us again."

> "At the appointed season God will come;
> The dead trees will blossom and flower:
> When the appointed season comes, God will arrive;
> The mouldering trees will blossom and bloom again."

There are two distinct tribes of this wandering and mysterious race, but it is only one, the Sgaus or Burman Karens, who possess these traditions. They are met with in every part of the country, and it is believed extend into the territories beyond.

The first Karen whom Judson saw was a debtor-slave to a Burman at Moulmein, from whom the missionary ransomed him. Ko-thah-byu was not a promising specimen of his people; but by slow degrees his mind opened to the truth, and he was the first Karen proselyte, the sheaf-offering of a plenteous harvest. No sooner had his heart been touched by the love of Christ, than a burning zeal possessed him to make the Saviour known to his countrymen. To this work he devoted himself heart and soul; and no longer a slave, but Christ's freeman, well earned the name of the Karen Apostle. Literally to him to live was Christ; to him to speak was to evangelize; and in 1840, when he died, after

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twelve years of willing self-sacrifice, he could reckon, mainly through his own labours, nearly thirteen hundred persons of his down-trodden race members of Christian congregations in Pegu. Of him it has been said:—"Perhaps not one in a thousand, from the days of the apostles to the present time, of those who may have devoted their whole lives exclusively to the work, has been the instrument of converting as many souls as this simple-hearted Karen."

From the period that access was found to the Karens, the Burmese Mission had a clear and open course before it, and rejoiced as a strong man to run its race! After the long sowing in tears, there came a reaping-time of joy. Through the agency of Mr. Wade some simple tracts were printed in Karen; and the tidings that the long-expected "white foreigners," of whom their fathers told them, had come at last with the Book of God, spread like wild-fire through the jungles, and brought their wild-eyed inmates in eager throngs to listen to the gospel. There was a thrill and awaking in the land, as of a sudden spring—the dead trees began to blossom and flower. Christianity found them a race of slaves; by giving them a written language, a sacred literature,—for it was baptized from its birth,—it elevated them into a nation—made them "free indeed."

All over the mountain-range which thrusts down its long granite spine from the Himalayas to the southern point of the Burmese Peninsula, the Karen tribes are scattered; and the leading passes to the hills became mission posts, occupied, amid dangers and hardships, by a noble band of Christian men and women, one after another to be struck down by the deadly jungle fever. The share which the wives of missionaries have had in this work all along has been one of its distinctive and most pleasing features. Everywhere the gospel made its way to the hearts of the people. A touching interest attaches to the name of Boardman, who laboured in the province of Tavoy, one of the strongholds of Buddhism, where a thousand flashing pagoda spires shoot up from sacred groves, and the chimes of their wind-shaken bells are wafted from hill to hill. Enfeebled by disease, his last wish was to visit his beloved Karens in their jungle homes before he died. He made his way into the mountains, and they carried him in his weakness to the banks of a beautiful stream, flowing like the Jordan through a wilderness, where, praising God, he saw thirty-four believers receive the rite of baptism, and with Simeon's "Nunc dimittis" on his lips, closed his eyes in death. He had said, "To preach the gospel through Burmah is worth a thousand lives." But he was only one of a goodly fellowship—men like Abbott and Kincaid on the swampy shores of Arracan, Ingalls and Brayton in the forest-wilds of Tenasserim. Mr. Mason, whose labours of late years we are hereafter to notice, had been sent from America to assist Boardman in his labours, and arrived just in time to witness his triumphant death.

In marked contrast with the more than Berean readiness of mind with which the "noble" Karens received the gospel, has been the Pharisaic pride and apathy of the Burmese. In not a few instances, however, the ice-crust was yielding, and the mind of the people beginning to be stirred by tidings of this "new doctrine," when in 1835 a violent persecution broke out. The meek and patient fortitude of many shone brightly in the hour of trial, and the seeds of life were scattered by the windy storm and tempest over a wider region. A young Burmese noble, whose sister was maid of honour to the queen, had been won at Ava to the faith of Jesus. With a view to remove him from Christian influence, his sister procured his appointment as governor of the remote province of Bassein. With a heavy heart he set forth on his journey, leaving his home and brethren in Christ for a land of strangers and aliens in faith.

"He was scarcely installed when the Burmese officials brought before him some men from the jungles, whom they charged with worshipping a strange God. 'What God?' was his first question. 'They call him the Eternal God,' was the reply; and great was their astonishment when the new governor, instead of ordering the men away to punishment, commanded that they should be set free; and the Karen Christians returned to their homes unmolested and in peace. When the rumour spread abroad that the new governor not only tolerated the religion of Jesus, but kept his day and observed his laws, there could be no longer any doubt that he was a Christian. Persecutions on account of religion were at an end, and during the two years of his rule at Bassein, the word of God spread and prevailed, and at the end of that time two thousand were reported by the native preachers as converted souls."

For many years that followed, Burmah Proper was all but sealed to the gospel; but at Moulmein, Judson, with his colleagues, was toiling on, watching over the church he had planted, revising his Bible, and preparing a Burmese Dictionary, with a view to bridge over the chasm between foreign and native minds. In every good work he was encouraged by the sympathy and help of one in whom rare gifts of nature were beautified with Christian lowliness and inspirited by fervid piety. She had laid both gold and frankincense at the feet of Jesus; to her the Burmese Church owes the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the sweet simple hymns of its Sabbath and household worship. But the work of both was drawing to a close. Sarah Judson died in 1845, on her voyage home, and was buried at St. Helena. After a visit to his native land, Judson returned to the field over which the evening shadows were now lengthening. He had fulfilled his day in no hireling spirit, and was buoyant, cheerful, full of life to the last. "I am not tired of my work," he said, "neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school." He had not long to wait; the hand of the faithful labourer was relaxing from the sickle that had reaped so well. Seriously prostrated by an attack of fever, a sea voyage

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was ordered, as the only hope of recovery. At the moment many hearts were praying for his restoration, he was entering into rest. He died at sea on the 12th April 1849; and if no man knoweth where the Evangelist of Burmah lies buried, not less precious is his dust in the sight of God—

> The eye that watches o'er wild Ocean's dead,
> Each in his coral cave,
> Fondly as if the green turf wrapt his head
> Fast by his father's grave.

Many of his brethren and companions had preceded him; many have followed in these later years. This glorious conquest has been won and held for Christ by a band of feeble dying men. No mission has needed more frequent renewal,—to none have reinforcements poured in more readily. Where one soldier of the Cross has fallen, another has sprung forward to be "baptized for the dead." *In less than forty years since the mission was commenced, the number of deaths has been forty-two.* Well may its watch-word be, "As dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed!"

HERA AND HER NEW TESTAMENT.

About the time of the outbreak of the Indian mutineers, the station of Amritzar was the scene of a noble avowal of the gospel by a soldier of the 35th Native Infantry and his wife Hera. Both had received their knowledge of Christianity through a New Testament, which many years before had come into the possession of Hera, but had long lain beside her like a treasure hid in a field. When but a child of twelve years, having lost her parents, she was sold for a trifle, by the woman to whose care she had been committed, to a European officer in the Queen's or East India Company's Service. While residing with him, she had been taught to read Hindu and Persian. But though her residence extended over a period of twenty-five years, the word of God had never been put into her hand. Before her master left India, and during one of his absences in the hills, Hera, who remained in charge of his house at Agra, saw one day a man enter the compound, and ask a drink of water from one of the female servants. He was invited to come into the house, when he entered into conversation with Hera and the servant. On departing, it was observed he had left *a book* behind him. He was a native Christian colporteur or book distributer. On seeing the book, Hera put it aside, that she might call him on passing by another day, supposing he had dropped it accidentally. An opportunity soon occurred of fulfilling her intention. In presenting him, however, with the book, he refused to take it,—"Never mind," he said, "let it remain." Still she expected he would call for it at some future day; but finding he did not, she put it away in her box with her clothes. She as yet knew not the treasure she had received. It was for a time like a box of precious ointment sealed. It diffused no sweet odour either for herself or for others.

When her master returned from the hills, Hera showed him the book, told him she understood it was a Christian book, and that she would like to read it; but, as every native does, she first wanted her master's permission to do so. He did not forbid her, but told her she was not to ask him any more about it. He was not an unkind master; quite the contrary, for on leaving India he settled a provision on Hera of twenty rupees a month. But his care did not extend to her soul. Possibly he was one of those who had scruples at interfering with native religion. As she saw he did not wish her to read the book, she returned it to the box where she had first placed it. It seemed as if it had been for a perpetual burial; for there it remained for twelve years without her once opening it. But that book could not always lie hid. The colporteur, who left it behind him, had done his appointed work, and that work was to be accomplished through *the book*. It had come into the possession of Hera to teach of Him who came to seek and save the lost; and though her master frowned upon the book, and its place in her box was undisturbed for twelve years, its seal must be broken and its testimony delivered. It happened, after that long interval, that going one day into the box, she could not tell for what, the book attracted her attention; she thought she would take it out and prove for herself what kind of book it was. Some grief at the time was troubling her heart; she thought it might divert her from her sorrow. She took it out, read a little, and liked what she read. She continued to read till she had read it entirely through. The book was the New Testament. Her heart was so strongly drawn to it, that after having read it through once, she began it again, reading it the second time with more deliberation and reflection, and only in small portions at a time. During this second reading, some light broke in upon her mind, enough to make her see her own darkness and her need of light from Heaven. She then began to pray that God would make her understand what she read. And He who opens when we knock, heard her cry. For three years and a half she went on reading and praying, when, to use her own expressive words, "her faith became strong and firm." But the work of that New Testament was not yet accomplished. It had to gather another heathen to Him who is the light of the world. It was shortly after this time that, Hera's master leaving India, she was married to a soldier of the name of Ihumah, of the 35th Native Infantry. This launched her upon a sea of trouble. Her husband and his friends disliked her Christian leanings, (for as yet she had not been baptized,) and annoyed and persecuted her to give up her New-Testament reading. But the book had become a tree of life to this Hindu woman, and rather than give it up, or the reading of it, she told her husband she would give up everything in the world. Not satisfied with vindicating her own liberty, she longed to impart to her husband the truth that was shedding peace through her own heart. Would he but read the New Testament with her! She knew his opposition to it, and feared to read it openly. What could she do to bring its saving truth to his ear? She at length gained courage, and fell upon the device of reading her book in a voice so loud from behind the *punda*—the curtain separating a tent—that she could be heard by those who were on the other side. She was resolved that the box of ointment, the seal of which was now broken, should fill the whole house with its odour. The odour did spread. Her husband, and the Sepoys who came to his tent, heard the word of God read. Struck with some things he had heard, to the joy of Hera, her husband told her he should like to hear more of that book. It was no longer necessary to read behind the curtain. The book was about to perform its appointed work for the husband, and deliver his soul also from

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death. Evening by evening as they ate their food together, Hera read to her husband out of the word of life, and as opportunity occurred, talked with him of what she had read, ever gently asking and pressing the question whether he did not believe all that was written in the book was true. To her assiduity in reading she added, morning and evening, the prayer that God would bless his word, and turn the heart of her husband to Himself. At first he would not say that he believed all to be true, but gradually the truth of the gospel opened upon him. Her prayers were heard in her husband one day assuring her that he now believed, and that his faith was daily growing stronger.

United thus in faith, they resolved they should be openly united to the Church by baptism. With this view Ihumah went to the colonel of the regiment, and told him that he wished to become a Christian. The colonel questioning him as to his motives, asked if he thought to benefit himself in worldly matters by the step. "No," he replied; "I wish it because I have learned that I am a sinner, and my only hope of salvation is in Jesus Christ." The colonel put no more questions, gave him a note, and sent him to the missionary of the station, that he and his wife might have the benefit of regular instruction. Hera, true to her New Testament, took it with her, along with the Old Testament, which had lately come into her possession on the occasion of her first visit to the wife of the missionary. She gloried in her book religion. "These," she said, "were her treasury, her wealth, more and dearer to her than all her worldly goods." But rejoicing in the word, she did not disregard its messengers. After a brief course of instruction at the mission-house, a day was fixed for their baptism. Their instruction would have been prolonged, but the storm was gathering that was soon to break over India, and try the faith both of missionaries and their converts. The movements of the regiment to which her husband was attached became in consequence so uncertain, that they both felt anxious that their admission into the Church should not be delayed. As in warning of the troubles that were approaching, they were reminded, on their baptism, of the persecutions, the ridicule, the sufferings to which they might be exposed as Christians; and the question was put, "Do you think you shall be able to bear these, or will you be afraid of them, and ashamed of being taunted with being a Christian?" Very memorable was the answer that broke from the lips of Hera. Would it were the reply of every baptized one! It was the answer of her New Testament, engraven on her heart by the Spirit of all grace; and as we read it, we scarcely dread the baptism of fire into which her Christian baptism must inevitably introduce her. "Why should I be afraid," she answered, "of them? or why should I be ashamed? Should I be afraid of man, who can only kill the body? No, I would rather fear God, who can not only kill my body, but can afterwards cast my soul into hell! And of what should I be ashamed? Not of Jesus Christ; for is he not my only Saviour from sin and its punishment? No; I will never be ashamed of Christ!" And she was true to her promise; the last notice we have of this child of the word still presenting her to us as strong in the faith, and giving glory to God. The final notice is from the wife of the missionary who had instructed her at Amritsar. Before the time of this last interview, the mutiny had burst in its full fury on the North-western Province. Hera had been a witness of its scenes of violence. She had a message to give to her old instructress respecting it—a message which British rulers might well ponder. "I wish to tell you something," she said to that lady, "that has been on my mind,—that during the insurrection, and while an army was before Delhi, I constantly prayed that God would preserve the dominion of the English in this country; and I then made a vow of an offering to God, should my prayer be heard, which I have not yet been able to fulfil, and I wished to know in what way I should devote my offering to God's service." Hera had read in *the book*, "Vow and pay to the Lord your God;" and she delayed not, but hastened to keep the commandment.

If any eyes shall glance over this narrative that have looked with suspicion on the Bible circulation and Bible converts of India, they may learn from the simple story we have here told, that there are worse enemies to British rule in that land than Hera and her New Testament,—they may advance to the higher and affirmative conviction, that it is in the continued increase of the numbers so taught in the word of life that we have the best security for an answer to the prayer of Hera—"*The preservation of the dominion of the English in India.*"

PAPERS FOR THE CHURCHES.

THE MORNING COMETH.

WHAT Christian heart does not beat high at the thought of that mild but piercing radiance of divine light now glimmering visibly along all the borders of heathenism? The thick clouds are edged with white, and seem, after the long night, to be stirring on the mountain-side, as if to collect themselves for rolling up, and opening the valleys to the day. It has been said that "beside every group of wild men in the Ethnological Department of the Crystal Palace, the missionary could place a contrasting group of their Christianized countrymen." Again, "The Old Book, the Book of our Redeemer's gift and our fathers' faith, ... has been gradually ascending; taking to itself new tongues, spreading open its page in every land,—printed in Chinese camps, pondered in the Red Man's wigwam, sought after in Benares, a schoolbook in Feejee, eagerly bought in Constantinople, loved in the kloofs of Kafir-land; while the voices of the dead from Assyria to Egypt have been lifted up to bear it witness." Among the millions of India there is a listening and a surmise; amid the strange fascinating roar of civilization, advancing from the West, is heard the deep still music of the gospel; a quivering here and there, a faint ruddy flush, as of life, seem to announce that the swoon of superstition, unbroken for a thousand years, may ere long pass away. The all-important preliminary victory that had to be won over anti-Christian prejudice on the part of the new lords of India is no longer doubtful. The change which has taken place in the way in which Indian statesmen regard, on the one side, the Christian missionary, and, on the other, the old superstitions, cannot be better indicated than by citing the words in which it has been expressed by one who is in every way qualified to speak, being himself an-

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Indian statesman; I mean Baron Macaulay. In his speech upon the Gates of Somnauth, Baron Macaulay spoke as follows:—"Some Englishmen who have held high office in India seem to have thought that the only religion which was not entitled to toleration and respect was Christianity. They regarded every Christian missionary with extreme jealousy and disdain; and they suffered the most atrocious crimes, if enjoined by the Hindoo superstition, to be perpetrated in open day. It is lamentable to think how long after our power was firmly established in Bengal, we, grossly neglecting the first and plainest duties of the civil magistrate, suffered the practices of infanticide and suttee to continue unchecked. We decorated the temples of the false gods. We provided the dancing-girls. We gilded and painted the images to which our ignorant subjects bowed down. We repaired and embellished the car under the wheels of which crazy devotees flung themselves at every festival, to be crushed to death. We sent guards of honour to escort pilgrims to the places of worship. We actually made oblations at the shrines of idols. All this was considered, and is still considered by some prejudiced Anglo-Indians of the old school, as profound policy. I believe that there never was so shallow, so senseless a policy. We gained nothing by it. We lowered ourselves in the eyes of those whom we meant to flatter. We led them to believe that we attached no importance to the difference between Christianity and heathenism. Yet how vast that difference is! I altogether abstain from alluding to topics which belong to divinea. I speak merely as a politician anxious for the morality and for the temporal wellbeing of society. And, so speaking, I say that to countenance the Brahminical idolatry, and to discountenance that religion which has done so much to promote justice, and mercy, and freedom, and arts, and sciences, and good government, and domestic happiness,—which has struck off the chains of the slave, which has mitigated the horrors of war, which has raised women from servants and playthings into companions and friends,—is to commit high treason against humanity and civilization." Still farther East than India, China has heard tidings of a *true* Celestial Empire, from the lips of apostolic men, who have cast behind them all the refinement and social pleasure of Europe, as Paul cast behind him the philosophy of Greece and the lordliness of Rome. Beautiful is this return of the Christian morning from the West to the East. Christianity does not now go forth against heathenism, as in the old Crusading-days, clad in visible armour, and bearing an earthly sword. It steps gently like the dawn, its weapons the shafts of light, wearing the breast-plate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation. Clothed thus in the armour of God, if faith does not waver, and love continues to burn, it *will* conquer.*

* From an eloquent and valuable Paper on "The Characteristics of Christian Civilization," in Mr. Peter Bayne's volume (just published) of Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Miscellaneous.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

I.—REST IN JESUS.

"No man cometh unto the Father but by Him." The way, else untrodden and impassable, between earth and heaven, between the region of selfishness and sin and the pure region of eternal calm and rest, Jesus hath consecrated by the shedding of his precious blood, so that all who will may have boldness to enter in. It is no mere local distance, no outward or material obstacle, that separates the sinful soul from its true home and rest in God. If it were, if the "rest that remaineth for the people of God" were only some far-off scene of outward bliss and beauty, Jesus would not be the Saviour we need. A mere mechanical exercise of power, a mere material omnipotence, might translate us from life's toil and sorrow to such a rest. But not such is the transition we need. No local change could bring us nearer to Him in whom every spirit lives and moves, and has its being. The heaven which God's presence brings is already in local contiguity to saint and sinner alike. What keeps the sinner out of it is not material but moral barriers: break down these, and heaven's sweet rest would stream into the spirit. Guilt and sin separate the soul from God as the widest wastes of untravelled space could never separate. Remove these, and the distance is at once annihilated. A purified soul flies instantly, as by an inevitable and resistless affinity, to its rest in the bosom of God. And guilt and sin Jesus alone can remove. From that sense of demerit, that painful consciousness of evil, which makes it terrible for a human soul to face the Infinite Purity, there is no escape but in Him whose blood cleanses from all sin. From that dread selfishness that kills in man's heart all nobler, diviner affections and aspirations, and makes the sinful soul shrink from God as the diseased eye from light, there is no deliverance but in that mighty Restorer, himself incarnate love, who revives within the heart its lost susceptibilities of goodness. Clothing it with an innocence that is but the reflection of his own, kindling in it a love that is pure as the heaven from whence its fire is caught, Jesus brings the finite soul again into holiest, sweetest union with the Infinite, opens to it heaven's door, and bids it go in and find in God its true joy and rest. Who would not yield the soul into this divine Saviour's hands? Who would not listen and respond to the invitation, while still, as of old—infinite pathos in his pleading voice—he offers pardon to the guilty, purity to the defiled, peace, joy, hope, heaven, to the wretched, or that which includes them all—that strange, unearthly blessing—*rest* to the weary and heavy-laden soul?—*Rev. John Caird.*

II.—"HE LED THEM."

PSALM cvii. 7.

THE Leader of this ransomed company is the Lord himself. "*He* led them forth." "*I* am he that leadeth thee in the way that thou shouldst go." "Fear not; lo,

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I am with thee; I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." It would be impossible to intensify the language of Scripture on this subject. He "besets us behind and before." He "lays his hand upon us." He is "Emmanuel, God with us." It has often been observed that the whole gospel may be found in some single verses of the Scriptures. Here we have it in a single word—"Emmanuel." What marvels, what treasures, what glories are contained in but that single word! To the thought of any reflective man, and still more to the thought and for the heart of a man who is "redeemed," it contains what transcends the highest mythologic fancies; what penetrates beneath the profoundest philosophic thinkings; what exceeds all the most strenuous endeavours of unaided human faculty "to find out God." Reason leads us up the steps of her high argument towards what is, after all, but a cold abstraction—what she supposes to be the true conception of Deity. Philosophy lifts our thought away towards the distant and unapproachable sublimities that surround the eternal throne, and says, "Yonder, in that far and high region, is God,—infinitely away from earthly care and vicissitude, from all the hopes and fears of this mortal life." Instinct—the instinct of our spiritual nature—sometimes, as if touched with momentary inspiration, flutters and rises within us, and, disdaining the help of the colder and more exterior faculties of the soul, seems as if with her own light she would penetrate the mystery of God, and through her inborn strength would realize the Infinite Presence. Alas! this, too, is a bootless struggle. Her revealings, when they meet no descending beams, are but like gleams of lightning in the dark night. Soon wearied and afraid, she sinks back to her home, and God is still far away. Poetry, in her best moods, *tells* us that he is near—that he broods in the mysteriousness of the mountain, that he shines upon us from the light of the sky, that he sweeps around us in the changing winds, shadows us with the passing clouds, delights us with the blooming flowers, and feeds us from the opening hands of the revolving seasons. But all this, although true, gives us no living and available nearness of God to us as sinful and suffering men. For a nearness which *will be felt*, and which will be helpful for work and trial every day, we must come to the living Word; we must enter into and abide in the state of redemption and grace. "The redeemed of the Lord," and they alone, "shall dwell in safety by him." "He shall cover them all day long." "The eternal God is their refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." 'Tis of no use to come to my overburdened heart with a well-constructed argument about Deity; it is as cold as mechanism, as helpless as a statue. 'Tis of no use to point me to a far-distant palace, to which my thought can hardly climb, and say, "Yonder lives thy God;" for I need him here at hand. 'Tis of no use, when changes and sorrows are upon me, and difficulties and duties are before me, to draw poetic pictures of God living and moving around me; for I feel I need him most of all within: I need his assurance of mercy to console my conscience, his strength to lean upon, his wisdom to guide, his changeless love to be nearer my heart than all other love, and his unfailing promise of help to lighten along my everlasting way: and these are the very necessities which he fully meets in the gospel of his grace. What nearness is so intimate and close as that of our covenant God! "He dwells in us, and walks in us." He is "our God," and we are "his people." When the humblest Christian says—looking unto Jesus—"His Father and our Father, his God and our God;" or when he says, amid life's trials, and in view of inevitable death, "I will fear no evil, for *Thou art with me*, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;" he says infinitely more than all the wisdom of the world could have told him; in this fellowship he *has* more than all the power of the world could give him; and by it he will *become* more than all that the virtue of the world could raise him to. Hold fast this "precious faith," then, and consider that God has redeemed you with the blood of his Son, and given you the anointing of his Holy Spirit, not that he may set you in some distant place, or that he may keep you as within some walled enclosure, where you will be safe, and where he can send messages or messengers to you at his will; but consider that he has redeemed you *unto Himself*, that ye may be in his service, in his house, in his presence, his living, loving presence, for evermore. Hold fast this faith, for it is one of the mainsprings of all holy living. It will often be assailed, it will always be tried.

Sometimes it will be confronted by the rigorous constancy of Law; all things will seem bound as with links of fate into a chain of eternal necessity, and there will be no room in your thought for God. Listen, *then*, to the voices of the Word; listen, then, to the still small voice of his Spirit in the heart. Do not try to answer nature first, but answer God when he speaks to thee; and so all nature's frosts will melt beneath his kindly voice and dissolving presence, and the night and winter of the universe will be changed to day and spring.

Sometimes this faith will be stunned and bewildered with the tumultuousness and rapidity of Change; all things will seem in flux, as if the guiding hand had been withdrawn and the controlling presence were far away. Then "be still, and know that he is God"—God to supply all your need, to guide all your way, to give far more than he takes, to do for you "exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think." As you cannot answer nature by wisdom, so you cannot vanquish circumstances by strength. By faith rise above them into the tranquillities of Divine presence; and as from that elevation you see the world and all that is in it passing away, be sure that no precious thing can perish, and especially, that "he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Sometimes the consciousness of Divine presence will die away amid the wearisome commonness of life, or in a coldness of the mind which you will not be able to

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check; and in these moments of spiritual exhaustion it will seem to you that God will never speak again. Then believe, although you do not feel, that he is still near you; and since such a state of spiritual callousness and desertion is in all probability, in part at least, the result of sin, wait on him in penitence and prayer until his gracious presence is shed around you again.

Sometimes, if there be not "earnest heed," this precious faith will be lost for a season amid the very things that should confirm it—by the formal statements and argumentative defences of the Christian doctrines, or amid the mechanical assiduities of the Christian work. *Then*, for relief, let it be your endeavour always to reach the *heart* of the doctrine, always to inhale the *spirit* of the duty, and so to keep around you the charm of His nearness, who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

Saddest of all, sometimes this faith will be almost shattered by sin; for I know surely that ye will sin,—now rushing away like wayward children from a Father's care into peril, and on to the very brink of death,—and now turning a troubled and moody countenance up to your Father's face. And so there will come into your heart the consciousness of having committed a great wrong, the sense of a great loss, and the fear that the wrong may not be forgiven, and that the loss may not be repaired. *Then* in your sorrow remember how all his servants have been obliged to take up this song—"He restoreth my soul, and maketh me to walk in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake." And never, never despair of his mercy, nor purpose in your thought that one day of your life shall be without his presence; nor linger by the way for any cause, for "he is with thee,"—but with thee *to lead*, as well as to watch and bless. Nor cast the shadows of your doubts along the way by which you are led, for it is *the right way*, that leads to the city of habitation.—"*The Right Way*," *a Sermon by the Rev. Alex. Raleigh.**

"BE CLOTHED WITH HUMILITY."

1 Peter v. 5.

Still downward goes Christ's way;
Wilt thou with fond endeavour
To scale heaven's lofty towers
Be vainly toiling ever?
Why haughtily aspire?
Thy Saviour stoopeth low;
He who with Him would rise,
With Him must downward go.

Down, therefore, O my mind!
Unlearn thy lofty thinking;
The light chaff mounts aloft
While solid grain is sinking.
Into the small deep spring
The waters freely flow
Till it breaks forth a stream,—
So thou, my mind, lie low.

Down, therefore, O mine eye!
God from His throne is looking
With favour on the low,
And lofty ones rebuking.
The higher here the look
The nearer is the fall;
Therefore, mine eye, look down
And mark the end of all.

Down, therefore, O my hand!
Thy poor believing neighbour
Is dear to Christ: reach down
And help him by thy labour.
Grasp not into the air
For glory and for fame;
Christ's hand the poorest helped,—
Down, mine, and do the same.

Down, therefore, O my heart!
Meek heart is dwelling holy
To Him who golden crowns
Hath promised to the lowly.
In the vale of lowliness
The Spirit's blessing lies;
Thither go down, my heart,
And seek it lowly-wise.

Thou, too, my body, down!
Dust in the dust be lying,
Till from thy low estate
Thou rise to life undying.
For glory—for the grave—
Thus, Lord, prepare me now:
I long to rise as high,
I long to lie as low!

(*From the German of Ingelstetter.*)

J. D. B.

* Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

MEMORIES OF A COMRADE.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

During the last month, I had occasion to attend the funeral of a gentleman a few miles from Edinburgh. It was in the same churchyard where, seventeen years ago, I had the mournful privilege of laying the head of a much beloved friend in the silent grave. Owing to my absence from my native land, it was the first time I had been in that place of interment from the day I consigned to the grave the earthly remains of the friend of my youth, and I stood for some time by the sacred spot.

On the tombstone of my friend there are two passages of Scripture engraven:—"He was a burning and a shining light." "They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

I believe that in no instance could such testimony to the personal piety, and the honour conferred upon a man of God, have been with greater propriety borne. The deceased was an officer in the army, and for thirty years adorned the

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doctrine of God his Saviour. He walked with God, and by a holy and singularly consistent life, commended the gospel to all around him. He was well known to be one of the best officers in his distinguished corps, and as such he commanded the respect of many who could not appreciate the principles by which he was actuated.

It was my peculiar privilege to be in the same company with the —— —— from the year 1808 to 1816, and we were mutually attached, and were seldom very long apart. We were both very young and thoughtless. It pleased God to place over us a devoted and excellent man,—the late General ——. When he assumed the command of that part of the corps to which we belonged, we were told that he was a Methodist; but what a Methodist was, we could neither of us comprehend. You are aware that the term Methodist was formerly used as a term of reproach to the disciples of Jesus more than at present. We watched our commanding officer very closely, to find out wherein Methodism consisted; and were soon convinced, by the even tenor of his life and consistency of his conduct, that he was very different from either of us. Shortly afterwards we were sent on service to Walcheren, where my beloved friend, although very young, was placed on the staff of the corps. After the surrender of Flushing, the fatal fever, by which so many of our noble soldiers were cut down and hurried into eternity, broke out, and my friend was taken dangerously ill. God, however, who had chosen him from all eternity, and destined him for a life of usefulness, was pleased to rebuke his illness; and as soon as it was possible for him to be removed, he was sent to England. But he returned home a new creature—"old things had passed away, and all things had become new." For it was in Walcheren the Lord met with him. He was convicted of sin, was given to see the spirituality of the law of God, and was led as a sinner to Jesus; in whom he found a Saviour, just such as a guilty and helpless creature needs. From that time he set his face as a flint towards the kingdom of God, and consecrated his life to the service of that Saviour who had revealed himself to him.

By the good providence of God I was preserved from the effects of the Walcheren fever; and I remained with the army until the evacuation of the island, when I rejoined my beloved friend in ——. He did not estrange himself from me, but watched over me with a brother's love, and our friendship was never for a moment interrupted. I could not but admire the holy tenor of his every-day walk; but still my heart was alienated from God, and full of enmity to the truth as it is in Jesus.

As my only object in thus giving a very brief sketch of the character of this eminent servant of God is with the view of introducing the anecdote with which you are interested and begged me to write out, I pass on to the winter of 1812, when we were again sent on service, to join the army under the command of the late Lord Lynedoch, in Holland, when the cry of Orange House was heard throughout that country.

I was still in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity; but my friend had become a standard-bearer in the camp of Israel, and from a babe in Christ had become a father, and a bright and shining light. The part of the country where we landed had been overrun by Cossacks, who had plundered in every direction. The poor inhabitants appeared at first to be sadly afraid of the British soldiers, and apprehended a continuation of the calamities from which they had suffered so fearfully from the Cossacks.

My friend and I were stationed in a large farm-house; and while we had a small closet to sleep in, we generally sat in the kitchen, where there was always a good fire, with the family; and which, from the severity of the weather (being in the depth of winter), was most acceptable. Upon one occasion my friend was sitting reading his pocket Testament, when a girl peeped over his shoulder, and recognising that it was the word of God, she exclaimed with evident marks of surprise and delight, "De Bibel! de Bibel!" It soon appeared that my friend's deportment had led to a good deal of discussion, not only among the inmates of the farm-house, but also in the neighbourhood, and that it had produced an impression that there was a great difference between him and most of those around him.

A few nights afterwards, we were sitting alone with the light of a small candle, when the door of our room was suddenly opened, and a venerable woman of some seventy or eighty years walked in. She wore a red mantle, and had a large book under her arm. She advanced to the table, and we soon discovered that it was a quarto family Bible she was carrying. She sat down, and opening her Bible at the 7th of the Romans, she placed her withered fingers on the verses towards the close of the chapter, and by most expressive signs asked my friend if he understood what the apostle meant in those verses, so descriptive of the believer's experience.

He immediately handed his Testament across the table, and pointed his finger to the 17th verse of the 5th chapter of Galatians. I shall never forget her look of delight; she appeared at once to recognise in my friend a child of God and a partaker of the same grace of life with herself, and seemed ready to clasp him to her aged bosom. This was the commencement of a speechless but yet most animated conversation, carried on solely through the medium of the word of God, in different languages, for nearly an hour. I sat wondering by. I was well aware that my friend could not speak one word of Dutch, and the venerable woman had never uttered a word in English, and yet they evidently understood and sympathized with each other, and were obviously in possession of a secret to which I was at the time an utter stranger. On leaving us, the aged disciple raised her hands over my head, and prayed over me, and then took a most affectionate and maternal farewell of my friend. We saw her no more, as we marched the following morning to ——. I trust the impression produced on my mind was never entirely effaced.

I could relate many other anecdotes illustrative of the moral influence of my beloved friend's holy and consistent walk on the minds of those around him, but I have already far exceeded what I intended when I first took up my pen to comply with your wishes; and I will only allude to a striking testimony on the part of an old general officer, still living, to his character at the battle of Waterloo. The officer referred to was brigade-major to the ——, and I was at that memorable battle adjutant to ——. We were in attendance on our respective chiefs during the hottest period of the action, and as they were in the train of the Duke of Wellington, we had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the terrible conflict. As we rode close to each other, we saw my friend very hotly engaged, and doing his duty with all the calmness of a man who felt assured that if hurried into eternity the next moment, it would be well, and that a glorious immortality would be his blessed portion. Major —— turned to me and

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said, "Do you see that fellow—look at him. Did you ever see anything like his coolness? How calm he is! I have often laughed at him for his religion in days past, but if I live through this day, I will never do so again."

I will only add, that my friend, kept by the mighty power of God, grew in grace, and continued to adorn the gospel of the grace of God, and fell asleep in Jesus in 1842, in the full assurance of faith.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

MATT. iv. 1–11.

Of the nature of the processes employed by the Tempter, we are of course but ill qualified to judge. The history is short, and is gathered up into three incidents. We see that it was a real temptation, not a mere show and acting of one,—that spiritual evil, in the most impalpable, searching, and penetrating form, sought an entrance into the human soul of Jesus; and though we cannot appreciate the amount of spiritual force with which it was urged, or of spiritual suffering with which it was resisted, we can perceive the wonderful adaptation of the methods employed to the character which the Saviour was seen to bear, and the office which he was understood to assume. The Tempter seems to come (in what outward form we know not) as one who had been present when the voice had been heard from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Him thus proclaimed he finds alone in the desert with the wild beasts, and faint with painful hunger. If that voice spoke true, he suggests, why art thou thus? Put forth the power, not yet used, which resides within thee. The pressing need under which thy strength fails requires it: the sustenance of life demands it. "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." And why not? is the secret question of many a reader; how could the nature of evil attach to such an act? The subtlety of the temptation is proved by the fact that, to common eyes, the lurking evil is imperceptible in itself, and only disclosed by the Lord's reply. Thus we see that the act would have involved a departure from that simple dependence on God, which is the true position for man, and the foundation of human righteousness. In that position the Lord had placed himself when he took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. He came to live a human life, and fulfil a human righteousness; and the writer to the Hebrews asserts the very essence of that fact, when he adduces in proof of it the text, "*I will put my trust in him*" (ii. 13). Trust in God, waiting and dependence upon him, living "by every word that proceedeth out of his mouth," is the only true posture for a creature: a departure from it violates his relation to his Creator, and constitutes him sinful and fallen. Thus fell the first man, wishing to be as God, to set up as independent, to know, to choose for himself. The same temptation, though less easily discerned, lurked in the suggestion to the second Adam, and was at once exposed and defeated by His answer. He who came to render the perfect righteousness of a creature, was not to be seduced into a departure from its very principle and foundation. Having come into the world not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him, he would not use his miraculous powers to soften the trials, or avert the exercises in which that obedience was to be rendered. No miraculous supplies saved him from dependence on the scanty means possessed by his disciples, and the contributions of charity and reverence. No supernatural strength preserved him from weariness when he rested by the well. No fire was called down on his enemies, or legions of angels summoned to Gethsemane. To undermine this life of waiting, dependence, and putting trust in God, the suggestion of Satan was prepared, being, as it were, the narrow end of the wedge, by which he hoped to effect the disruption of that close cleaving unto God which is the condition of righteousness to the human soul.

When this suggestion found no admittance, the same effect was sought by another, of an apparently opposite kind. The principle of trust, and the authority of Scripture, which have been used by Jesus as his defence, are immediately turned upon him as the weapons of attack: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee," &c. Apparently the appeal is made to the noble feelings of a Son of God, to confidence in his Father's care, to reliance on his Father's promises. Again the Lord's reply detects the latent evil. The suggestion, which seemed to call the soul to cast itself upon God, really aimed to create a separation from him, by an act which, though not one of self-reliance, would have been one of self-will. Created beings must cleave to their Maker, not only by relying on his power, but by waiting on his will and keeping in his way. To do the former, while neglecting the latter, is not to trust but to tempt him.

In the temptation on the mountain the evil appears more coarse and glaring. We wonder that to one who, if unknown in his real character, was yet evidently a person of superhuman holiness, the Tempter should have proposed the vulgar bait of worldly power, accompanied with a condition so monstrous and profane. But we must observe that the proposal is made to the Lord in his character of the expected Son of God and heir of the prophetic promises, who was to inherit the earth, of whom it was written, that "all kings should fall down before him, all nations should do him service;" and that "his dominion should be from sea to sea, from the river unto the ends of the earth." The Tempter, probably now appearing as an angel of light, endowed with a certain presidency of the kingdoms of the earth, demands one momentary act of homage to himself, as the only preliminary before entering on his destined government, and inaugurating his reign of righteousness and truth. To One as yet obscure and powerless, and whose path to the promised glory was indicated by prophecy as lying through unexampled sufferings, it is proposed to reach the goal at once, and to enter on the enjoyment of the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; in fact, to take his Father's gift, but not from his Father's hand.

To all these attempts the Lord opposes nothing but simple righteousness. That was the thing to be tried, and therefore it is offered unaided to the trial. "He put on righteousness as a breastplate," and stands forth in that alone, without using any additional weapons of divine power or superhuman knowledge. The narrative, taken by itself, presents to us only the spectacle of a man using the light of the written

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word, and with a spirit cleaving steadfastly unto God. The Tempter was allowed the fullest opportunity for seeking an entrance for even the subtlest form of evil; and it was manifested that no weak point, no semblance of an entrance, could be found. The prince of this world came, and had nothing in *him*.

Thus we see the human righteousness of "the man Christ Jesus," the second Adam, the head and representative of our race, tested in the most complete and searching manner. And what is that sight to us? Not merely, nor in the first instance, an example; but a display of the reality and perfection of that righteousness which is our own title to acceptance. Till that has been tested and proved, he enters not upon the completion of his work as our substitute, nor proposes himself as the object of the world's faith.

The real significance of the Temptation lies in its being *the trying of the Stone* which is laid in Sion, the testing of that great Foundation on which the Church was to be built, and all its salvation to repose. We can imagine the erection of some great building, to which property of immense value is to be consigned, and in which vast multitudes are expected to congregate. The mode of construction, the materials employed are of an unusual kind: regarded with anxious doubt by some, with suspicion, and even contempt, by others; stone, in fact, "which the builders rejected;" "disallowed indeed of men," but which is positively declared, by the person who introduces it, to be the only thing which will stand the pressure and answer the end. When all is prepared, and in some measure advanced, we can imagine that that person, before proceeding to the completion of his undertaking, may see fit to subject his supports and foundations to a preliminary test. He allows the most powerful mechanical forces to be brought to bear upon his work, by which any ordinary construction would be reduced to ruins, and any ordinary material would be crushed to dust. With what anxious interest would such a moment be watched by the by-standers, whether friendly or hostile! With what feelings of satisfaction on the one side, of mortification on the other, would it be perceived that the test was borne, that the material had not yielded, the building had not trembled, and that every resource of ingenuity had been exhausted without the smallest perceptible impression upon the fabric! Such a moment, I do not doubt, in the eyes of beings of other worlds, was the Temptation in the wilderness; such a moment it still is, in the eyes of a grateful people now resting secure upon the "sure foundation."

We remember the day when the living Rock, the Foundation of God, the beginning of his everlasting building, first made its appearance above the surface of the ground; when, being recognised by hostile powers, it was assailed with every force that they could summon, in order to see whether it could not be forced away from its position, or at least whether its supposed firmness could not be shaken and disturbed. That attempt is beheld by us with no less interest, and its issue with no less joy, because subsequent events, and a full revelation of the true nature of that foundation, have assured us that the issue could not possibly have been different. Thankfully do we adore the Divine mercy, which has not only laid for us the promised foundation, but has allowed us to witness its predicted trial. "Behold, I lay in Sion a stone, a *tried* stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that resteth upon it shall not be confounded."—*Christian Observer.*

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTATORS.

"Be it far from thee, Lord."—MATT. xvi. 22.

AFTER all, it is not without some reason and fundamental truthfulness that Romanists claim this man as the founder and patron of their Church; but then that Church takes its form and character not from Peter the confessor and apostle, but from old Simon again re-asserting his dominion, and yielding to the dictates of Satan. In the spirit and manner of this rebuke of Simon we have the germ of Popery—the root out of which that vast system has developed itself. But then it is to be observed, that it is not Peter, the submissive and obedient disciple, who is its author, but carnal Simon, instigated by one more carnal and subtle than he.

Observe how from such a source have sprung—

1st. The assumption of the Pope, as if he alone had the ear of the Lord, and were entitled to announce his will. He, like Simon, takes the Lord aside, as it were, for secret conference, and as if he alone had the privilege of access to him, and to proclaim with a voice of divine authority what he will have men to do. The assumption of this lordly authority over men does not indeed crown his ambition, but is merely the outflowing of that greater presumption in virtue of which he claims to be the master of Christ himself.

2d. Like Simon, he also virtually says: Spare thyself. This Christianity is not to be a religion of crucifixion, self-denial, humility, and worldly contempt. It shall be a religion of worldly influence and authority—of pomp and grandeur—of self-indulgence and pride—a religion which shall gratify human ambition, and set its foot on the necks of kings. His language always is: Spare thyself—spare nothing but thyself; let everything be subservient to thy ease, and self-indulgence, and grandeur.

Here, on the one side, then, in the language of Simon, we have Popery—here, on the other side, in the language of Jesus, we have Christianity. For the relations between the true religion and the world are unalterable. Simon says: Spare thyself. Jesus says: I go to suffer and die. To follow Simon's advice, is to leave the world unsaved. In the case of Jesus, emphatically and peculiarly it is so; and yet in a certain measure and degree it is the case in the history of every true disciple. Peter learned and spoke another language when he became truly an apostle of the Christian faith. He could not then spare himself, for, like Jesus, and in his spirit, he sought to spare the world. Pity to himself would have left the world in darkness. So it is now and always: he that would save others cannot save himself—he must give himself for the good of others—must be not a commander, but a servant—not a man seeking his own ease and comfort, but surrendering them for the wellbeing of the perishing and the lost.

3d. Like Simon, the Pope assumes the attitude and language of a director, and not of a disciple. It is not his to hear submissively what the Lord says, but to dictate to the Lord what he ought to do—not to learn what his will and purpose are, but to decree what they must be. Popery has been well and truly called, the religion of human nature acting under Satanic influence. We see in the example of Simon that it is really so. Its condemnation has been long ago pronounced in the ever emphatic words, "Get thee behind me, Satan."—*Rev. William Wilson.**

* From a remarkably able and suggestive volume, entitled "The Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ." Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

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"The disciple is not above his master; but every one that is perfect shall be as his master."—LUKE vi. 40.

IT is common to regard this verse as descriptive of the portion of all believers in this world, and as parallel with such sayings as these, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you;" "If they have kept my saying, they will also keep yours." The perfection is looked upon as the being made "perfect through sufferings."

But I feel unable to interpret the verse in this sense. It is good divinity, but not the sense of this passage. The true meaning, I believe, must be sought in connection with the verse which immediately precedes it. In that verse our Lord, under a parable, had been delivering a warning against false teachers. He had been comparing them to blind guides, and showing that if the blind lead the blind, "both must fall into the ditch." He then seems to foresee the common objection, that it does not follow because our teachers go astray that we shall go astray also. "Beware of that delusion," he seems to say. "Disciples must not be expected to see more clearly than their teachers. The scholar will become as perfect as his master, but not more so. He will certainly copy his errors, and reproduce his faults. If you choose to follow blind guides, do not wonder if you never get beyond them, and if you share in their final ruin." The marginal reading in the English version appears to bring out this sense more clearly than the text: "Every one shall be perfected as his master."

How strikingly true this saying of our Lord is, has been painfully proved in England during the last thirty years. All who know anything of our religious history during that period, must have observed that the leaders of the various new heresies by which we have been plagued, have generally had many ardent followers. These followers have seldom got beyond their masters, and have seldom been able to copy their good points without their bad ones. On the contrary, they have often slavishly reproduced the worst errors of their teachers, and that in a far worse form, and have not imitated their good points at all. They have thus strictly verified our Lord's words, "The disciple is not above his master."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XIII.—THREE MIRACULOUS CURES—THE LEPER—THE CENTURION'S SERVANT—THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF PETER.

MATT. viii. 1–17.

The Leper.—Ver. 1. From what places did these multitudes come? See ch. iv. 25. What led them to follow Jesus? [Various motives; curiosity in the case of most; in that of a few, love of truth and desire of salvation.]

Ver. 2. What was leprosy? What sort of disease was it? [Loathsome, and in some stages incurable.] How did it affect the body? [It was a wasting of the springs and substance of life; it was *death in life;* the hands and feet sometimes dropped off from decay.] What was leprosy specially a type of? [The disease of *sin;* death reigning in the soul. See Lev. xiii.; xiv.] Leprosy was regarded as a special judgment from God—give instances. Num. xii. 10; 2 Kings v. 27; 2 Chron. xxvi. 19. In what way did the leper, in this verse, show his belief in Christ? [He *worshipped* him, addressing him as "*Lord,*" and acknowledging his *power* to heal him.] Was the power of healing lepers considered to belong to man? [It was held to be the special prerogative of God. See Num. xii. 13; 2 Kings v. 7.] What blessing did the leper desire to get from Christ? In what sense was a leper "unclean?" See Lev. xiii. 45. [His disease made him unclean ceremonially; shut him out from the congregation—thus excluding him from the presence of the Lord and the fellowship of his people: thereby typifying the effects of *sin.*] What was implied in the leper's expressing the desire to be made "clean?" [That he did not merely wish his body restored to health, but also his soul to religious privileges.]

Ver. 3. Was it necessary for Christ to *touch* the leper? Why did Christ do so? [It was an act of kindness—of brotherhood: every other person shrunk from the leper's touch; Christ touched him.] What encouragement may this afford to vile sinners, outcasts from the world? [Mark the sublime simplicity of this passage—it is equal to, "Let there be light, and there was light!" What resistless power is there in the *word* and *will* of Jesus!]

Ver. 4. Why did Christ bid him not tell any man, but go to the priest? [That the priest might pronounce him clean, according to his office in such cases, on an unprejudiced judgment of the facts; and that thereafter he might be permitted to enter the temple and offer his gift—by which a public and official testimony would be given to the truth of the miracle.] What was the gift Moses commanded cleansed lepers to offer? Lev. xiv. 3, 4, 10. Did the man comply with Christ's injunction? See Mark i. 45. What was the consequence?

Healing the Centurion's Servant.—Ver. 5. Where was Capernaum? What connection had Jesus with it? ch. iv. 13. What was the position of a "centurion" in the Roman army? [He was commander of a hundred men.]

Ver. 6. For whom did the centurion beseech Jesus? Did his concern for his servant proceed from a selfish motive, or from love? What lesson does this teach masters as to their servants? What was the illness of this poor slave? [Palsy, or paralysis—either of the whole body or a part. It was sometimes accompanied with severe cramps, and terminated suddenly after the most racking pain.] How are his sufferings described?

Ver. 7. Which of his own promises, in the Sermon on the Mount (which he had just delivered), did Christ verify, both to the centurion and to the leper? ch. vii. 7–11.

Ver. 8. Why did the centurion not ask Christ to come to his house? What did he request Christ to do? What quality or grace did this show him to possess? What made his humility very remarkable? [He was a Roman, therefore of a haughty race; he was set over a subject people, yet confessed himself infinitely inferior to a member of that people.] Which of the *beatitudes* applied to this man? ch. v. 3.

Ver. 9. What did the centurion mean by calling himself "a man under authority?" [That he was only a subordinate officer; *yet* he had soldiers under him, who promptly and constantly obeyed him.] In what respect did he mean to indicate that Christ was *differently* situated from him? [The centurion was *under* authority, but Christ was far *above* all authority and power.] What inference did he draw from this? [That if his word secured obedience of his soldiers, much more must Christ's word secure obedience from disease, or any other power of nature.]

Ver. 10. How was Christ affected by this centurion's con-

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duct? What did he commend in him very highly? In what respect was the centurion's faith greater than that of the ruler mentioned in ch. ix. 18? What made the great faith of the centurion so remarkable? [He was not an Israelite, had not been brought up in the knowledge of the Scriptures, &c.] Mention any other centurions of whom favourable things are said in the New Testament. Luke xxiii. 47; Acts x. 1; Acts xxvii. 1, 3.

Ver. 11. What was usually denoted when Christ prefixed to any saying the words, "But I say unto you?" [That he was about to utter something very important and solemn.] Whether had this centurion come from the east or from the west? Mention some who had come from the east seeking Christ. Matt. ii. 1. [How many, from east and west, have entered into the promised kingdom since these words were uttered!] What encouragement may this give to us in seeking salvation?

Ver. 12. Who are meant by "the children of the kingdom?" [Those who were *born* to its privileges, but had not entered on them *by faith*.] Where shall they be cast? What is meant by "outer darkness?" ["Darkness outside" the festive-hall. See ch. xxii. 13.] Of what is "darkness" the symbol? And "weeping?" And "gnashing of teeth?" [Despair.]

Ver. 13. Through the exercise of what grace had the centurion got his wish? What did Christ mean to teach by this, as to the instrumentality of faith now? [That it is *through faith* we get pardon and all other blessings for the soul.]

Cure of Peter's Mother-in-law.—Ver. 14. Reference is made here to Peter's wife—what Popish error does that refute? [It is said that the clergy should not marry; also that Peter was the first pope; yet Peter was married.] What was the illness of Peter's mother-in-law? Could a fever have been cured at once without a miracle?

Ver. 15. Did Christ apply any medicines? What was the only thing he did? What followed? What was shown by her arising and ministering to them? [The completeness of her cure, and the undoubted reality of the miracle.] What lesson have we here? [That the first use we should make of any blessing we receive at Christ's hand (health, wealth, &c.,) is to serve *him* the more readily and joyfully.]

Ver. 16. Why may they have waited till evening? [It seems to have been the Sabbath (Mark i. 21, 30); the people would wait till sunset (when next day was held to begin), either deeming it wrong to bring the sick to be healed on the Sabbath, or because in the cool of the evening they could carry them more easily.] How did Christ treat all that were brought to him? What may we learn from this?

Ver. 17. Where is this prophecy? Isa. liii. 4. Is it a literal quotation? What are the words of Isaiah? How did Christ's curing diseases fulfil *that* prophecy? [As the diseases under which the sufferers groaned were types of sin, so Christ's healing of their diseases was a type of his removing or bearing away their sins. By healing disease, he fulfilled the prophecy typically; by his atonement, literally. Mark here the *tender sympathy* and brotherly compassion of Jesus; he is touched with the feeling of his people's infirmities; in all their affliction he is afflicted.]

DOCTRINE—Jesus Christ is God. The WORSHIP due to God is claimed for Him.

John v. Acts vii. 2 Cor. xii. 2 Thess. ii. Heb. i.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. IV.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven."

WHAT is the third thing we pray for in the Lord's Prayer? Whose will is this? What do you mean by God's will? [That which he desires and intends to be done.] Where do we pray that his will may be done? By whom? [By ourselves and all men.]

In what manner do we pray that his will may be done on earth? Why do we need to pray for this? [Because it is not done here as it is in heaven.] How do the angels and happy spirits do the will of God in heaven? [Willingly, immediately, joyfully, &c.] Why do we not do the same on earth? [Because of the sin in our hearts, which makes us like our own will better than God's.]

Where has God told us what his will is? [In the Bible.] What must we do in order to know it? [Search the Scriptures. Example—young King Josiah, 2 Kings xxii. 8–13.]

How do the poor slaves obey their cruel masters? [Very unwillingly.] Why do they do their will at all? [Because they cannot help it; they *dare not* disobey.] How do loving children obey a kind father or mother? [Willingly and pleasantly.] Why? [Because they love them.] Then what will make it easy and pleasant for us to obey the will of our God? [To love him.]

Must not the will of our Father in heaven be always the best for his children? How are we sure of this? [Because he loves them so well.] But even when we love him, is it always easy for us to do his will? [Show how it is often difficult to do some things which he commands, or to bear patiently some trials and sorrows which he sends to us.] What should we do then? [Pray that God may *make us willing* to do or to suffer his will.] Tell me of some holy men in the Bible who were most patient under affliction. [Aaron, Lev. x. 1–3; Eli, 1 Sam. iii. 18; Job i. 20, 21; David, 2 Sam. xv. 25, 26; Hezekiah, 2 Kings xx. 19; Paul's friends, Acts xxi. 13, 14.] Who was the highest example among men of *doing* the will of God when it was most painful and difficult? [Abraham, Gen. xxii. 1–10.] Which of the prophets was very unwilling to do the will of God? [Jonah.]

Who is our perfect example of doing and suffering the will of God? John iv. 34; v. 30; Luke xxii. 42, &c. What may we do, then, when we feel it hard to obey or to suffer rightly? [Ask Jesus for help and comfort. Heb. iv. 15, 16.]

If all men were trying to do the will of God in all things, what would the effect be? [They would be far more holy and more happy. Show how much sin, sorrow, &c., would be removed, and how pleasantly and lovingly people would live together, so that earth would be almost like heaven.] If all the children in one family were seeking to do this, would not they all be much happier? [Yes; and everybody near them too.] Then, what must we do besides praying that the will of God may be done on earth as it is in heaven? [We must try to do it ourselves, and help others to do the same.]

If we love God, where shall we do his will perfectly? [When we get to heaven.] Should not we be glad to think of that happy time? And when we feel that we have been following our own will rather than our Father's in heaven,

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what must we do? [Ask forgiveness, and help to be more obedient and submissive, for Jesus' sake.]

Illustration.—A Sabbath-school teacher observed one day that little Johnny, his favourite scholar, looked very sad. He asked the reason. Johnny hid his face, and would not speak. His elder brother said, "Mother is very angry with him, because he would not say his prayers last night, and he had cried all day after his sparrow died."

Johnny turned quickly round—"I could not say, *Thy will be done*, because I had lost my poor bird."

"My dear," said his teacher, "I am very glad you know the meaning of prayer so well, and are afraid to say to God words which you do not feel in your heart. But you were wrong in giving up your prayers—you ought to have asked Jesus to make you rightly submissive to his will."

Renew my will from day to day;
Make it like thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done!"

Precept.—If ye love me, keep my commandments. John xiv. 15.

Promise.—Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. Matt. xii. 50.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, teach us to know thy holy will in all things, and then help us to do it, readily and joyfully, as the angels and happy saints do above. We have often sinned against thee, in not being willing to obey thy commands, or to bear patiently the trials thou dost send for our good. O pardon us, and let thy Holy Spirit teach us to do better in time to come, till we are brought to serve thee faithfully in heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—LESSONS IN AN HOSPITAL.

Did you ever visit an hospital? It might be well for you to go at least once, for there are many useful lessons to be learned there;—lessons of thankfulness, when you see so many sick and ill around you, for the measure of health and strength *you* enjoy; and for kind friends and a quiet home in sickness, if these blessings are also yours, so that you do not need when ill to be sent among strangers: lessons of compassion, and sympathy, and prayer for the afflicted: lessons of how wise it would be for you to seek Jesus and prepare for eternity in the time of youth and health, before the "evil days come," of old age, or weakness and suffering: lessons of how terrible a death-bed is, to those who have never prepared for it beforehand: and lessons of how—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

in any circumstances, to those, old or young, who love and trust in him.

One day, in passing through a ward, I was struck by the face of an old woman, whom I recognised as one of a number whom I was accustomed to meet with, for reading and prayer, in one of our public institutions. I had never spoken to her in private, and knew nothing of her history, only that she was a quiet and regular attendant at our little weekly meetings. I had supposed her to be like many of the rest, brought to destitution by intemperance or other faults. I had missed her for several weeks, and been told that she was ill.

Her eyes met mine, as I passed the bed on which she lay. Her face, always old and withered, had the paleness of approaching death; she was indeed a ghastly object. I stooped down, and asked some questions about her bodily state; and then, with a sigh, I said, "And how is it, my poor friend, with your soul?"

The pale face and dim eye lighted up as she replied at once, "Oh, happy! happy!"

I shall never forget that look, that voice. I joyfully questioned her further, and from all I learned then from herself, and afterwards from others, I could have no doubt that she was truly happy, and had a right to be so, for she was a humble believer in Jesus, who had loved and obeyed him on earth, and was now going to be with him for ever. She lived a day or two after I saw her, and then departed in peace.

Yes, she was happy, lying on that poor low bed, her body full of pain and weakness, with no kind friend near to smooth her pillow or close her eyes. And whenever I remember her, I think of the true peace and joy which Jesus can give his people, whatever their outward trials and sufferings may be.

Dear children, come *you*, in the days of your youth, to the kind loving Saviour, who invites you *all* to come to him. Then, the years of health and strength will be bright and blessed; and when the day of death comes, either in youth or old age, you will still be able to say, like my poor aged friend, "Oh, I am happy! happy!"

J. L. B.

II.—TEMPTING EACH OTHER.

Passing a garden gate last summer, just at the time when the earliest peaches were ripe, I saw a little girl standing under a tree with some of this red-checked delicious fruit in her apron. Presently a little boy came running that way. It was noon, and he looked very warm; his lips, too, were parched and dry, as though he were thirsty. As this little fellow was passing the gate, I saw that the apron was suddenly let down, so that he had a bird's-eye glimpse of what it contained.

"Oh, Katy," he exclaimed, "be them peaches?"

"To be sure they are," answered Katy, shortly; "they grew on my tree. I shall have a lot more ripe to-morrow."

"Oh, please give me just one," said the little fellow imploringly.

"I shan't either," replied Katy; "you ought to be ashamed to covet your neighbour's peaches."

The poor little boy hung his head, and walked away, thinking, no doubt, that it was hard to be so tempted, and then accused of covetousness. I thought so too. If Katy was determined on keeping her peaches, why display them to a little warm, thirsty, peach-loving boy; thus tempting him to covet, and then shaming him because he did so?

I walked along, wondering in my heart whether Katy

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had not done the most wicked thing after all. What do my readers think about it?

The very thing that Katy did, is done in some way or other every day. I have seen little boys tempt each other to steal.

The first thing that ever Watson W—— stole was a penknife. Watson was a poor boy, but Walter's father was very well off. Walter had a penknife of which he thought a great deal. One day he came to Watson, and showed him his beautiful pearl-handled penknife.

"Don't you wish that it were yours?" asked Walter, thus putting the idea of covetousness into his playmate's head. Now if Watson had been a *praying* boy, this bad idea would not have stayed in his head long enough to have affected his heart; but I am sorry to say that he was not. And so he kept thinking over the question, "*Don't* you wish that it were yours?" and every time his foolish heart would respond—"Yes, I do; I really want that pearl-handled penknife. I wish that it were mine." Then comes along the great father of all tempters, and whispers yet another question:

"Couldn't you contrive to get that penknife?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what? You can hide it for a long time; but it will be yours."

So the knife was stolen; and it *was* hidden for a long time. But, alas for poor Watson! the word of God tells us that there is *nothing* hidden which shall not be revealed. Think of this, little boy, when you attempt to hide a dark deed in a dark place. Thousands of foolish sinners have done this, and fondly imagine that their foul secret is secure; but there is an Eye to which the darkness shineth as the light. God sees us; never forget it. He will make the dark places reveal their hidden sins by-and-by.

Watson did not know this. He thought for years that this theft would never be fastened upon him. So he thought of a great many thefts, for he did not stop with one. But they all came out at last; and how? Why he confessed them; people are often compelled to do that. Watson lost everything in this world—wealth, reputation, life itself was forfeited by crime. Tempted when a boy to steal; tempted to drink, to swear, to lie, and at last to murder!

How earnestly should we pray, "Lead us not into temptation!"—which no doubt means, *Leave* us not to temptation.

III.—INDEPENDENCE.

Some of you have lived in this world long enough to know that men, women, and children are very dependent upon each other. It is well for us to look closely into this matter, for some are ignorant respecting it, and for this reason we sometimes hear people talking in this way:—

"I am very independent in my feelings—I ask no favours; I can live without my neighbours. What do I care how other people think and feel? I have a right to do as I choose," &c.

There are also small sprigs of the same independence—children who look sideways at other little ones, scanning their dress, and saying in their hearing, "I don't care what such boys and girls think of me. I am very independent."

I once saw a small sprig of independence coming into my Sabbath-school class. She had her bonnet newly trimmed with showy ribbon, twisted into all manner of oddities. She had also a new dress, and a handkerchief trimmed with lace, which she carried very conspicuously. You will feel ashamed of her when I tell you how she treated a neat, plain-dressed, modest, and very intelligent little girl whom we called Susan.

There was but one seat vacant, and this showy little miss seemed reluctant to take it; looking disdainfully down upon Susan, and showing by her manner that she did not choose to sit beside her. Some of the girls at the head of the class began to move and squeeze each other, that the little lady might have a choice of seats; but being remarkably blind to all claims of that character, I desired them to remain quiet, and motioned the fine dressed girl to take the nearest seat. She complied, but with an ill grace, and immediately showed her chagrin by opening her eyes very wide and scanning Susan from head to foot. She had seen independent people do that, and thought it the way to show offended dignity. Susan felt uncomfortable—all sensible people do when thus annoyed by unmannerly, ignorant persons; but she kept her eye fixed upon the teacher, and her heart, we trust, stayed upon God. It must have been so, otherwise she would have showed some resentment. It needs the spirit of Christ patiently to endure, and freely to forgive such treatment. Perhaps I said something of this kind to the class, for the proud little lady remarked after the school was over, "That she did not care for the opinion of that teacher; that she was perfectly independent, and could get along without the good opinion of any one."

Well, that may do if we have the approbation of God. We can afford to lose everything for that; but people who want to please him, neither think nor talk in that manner. That foolish child saw the sun shining over her head, but did not realize that the sunshine belonged to God. The earth was beautiful with fruit, flowers, and herbage, but she had not paused to think that this glory was not of her, and that the Great Father had children innumerable besides herself, and that the only way to become a favourite with him, is to love him, and all her fellows, as Jesus loved us.

In this matter of independence there is a great mistake. God has made us dependent upon our fellow-creatures, upon animals, and even upon the little insects—there is a chain of real dependence linking the whole creation together. Whoever denies it, shows himself weak and blind. This mistake has been shown to thousands, in a way calculated to cast down all the haughty looks of man. Let us not make it necessary for Divine goodness to cast us into the dust, that we may learn ourselves, and acknowledge that *we* are but dust.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—EARS AND EYES.

Through their ears and eyes disciples, like their Lord, are plied with strong temptations. To them as to Him the kingdoms of the world and their glory are offered, on the same dark condition. Sin waves its painted beauties and shakes its music-bells to win and enslave. Through unwary ears and eyes the adversary enters to drag the soul into captivity and death.

Hark! another voice! Behold another sight! "Hear, and your souls shall live." "Come unto me, all ye that

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labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *Hear* these words of life: *behold* that Lamb of God, who taketh sin away. By these openings, which his own hand has made into our being, God our Saviour will send in light and life.

Soon these ears and eyes will be closed for ever against earthly sounds and sights; but they will open again for other entrants. The trumpet shall sound, and every ear shall hear it. "All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth." Nor shall the world's destiny be pronounced by an invisible Judge. He shall come as the lightning comes, and every eye shall see him; they also who pierced him. The voice of judgment will penetrate the ear that was deaf to the message of mercy. The outcast will have an ear to hear, but no word of hope will ever reach it: an eye to see, but no light will ever dawn to meet its straining.

Let my ears now hear the word, and my eyes behold the beauty of the Lord: then, at his appointed time, let them close in peace. When next they open, they shall see and hear what eye hath not seen nor ear heard as yet—"the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."—*Arnot.*

II.—COME NOW.

THERE is a gulf which even Jesus will not cross to make a path for the prodigal's return. Although the separation which sin has made between us and God is inconceivably great, a living way stretches over it by which petitions go now for grace—by which the petitioners shall follow to glory. But the Messenger of the Covenant will never traverse the chasm which the final judgment will leave between the good and the evil. Weary pilgrims! as you would have refreshment for your souls in your day of need, send your petitions by a faithful Messenger in an accepted time. "Come unto God by Him," for there is no other advocate with the Father: and come *now*, lest the door be shut.

III.—THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE.

THOU, who upon that last sad night,
Ere for us Thou didst die,
So sweetly spakest of the might
Of heaven-born charity;
Ne'er may Thy little flock forget,
Lest scattered it should be,
That Thy last thought on this was set—
The members' unity!

(*From the German of Zinsendorf.*)

IV.—FEAR NOT.

SHOULD I be asked, What is the grand remedy against undue fear of every possible kind? I answer, in one word, Communion with God. "He," says good Dr. Owen, "who would be little in temptation, must be much in prayer." Ply the mercy-seat. Eye the blood of Christ. Cry mightily to the Spirit of God. To which I add, wait at the footstool in holy stillness of soul; sink into nothing before the uncreated Majesty. If *He* shine within, you will fear nothing from without. What made the martyrs fearless? Their souls were filled with Christ,—Jesus lifted up the beams of his love upon them, and they smiled at all the fires which man could kindle.—*Toplady.*

V.—STONY HEARTS.

THE stones rent and clave in sunder at the cruel death of Jesus; but the hearts of the Jews, more stony than stones, are no whit moved. They rend not their garments, much less their hearts; whereas the earth rent the stones her bones, and the rocks her ribs. The flints are softer than they; the flints break, they harden. They still belch their malicious blasphemies,—the rocks relent; the stones are become men, and the men stones. Oh, the senselessness of a hard heart! rocks will sooner break than that can be mollified. Even the hardest creatures are flexible to some agents,—flints to the rain, iron to the fire, stones to the hammer; but this heart yields to nothing, neither the showers of mercy, nor the hammer of reproof, nor the fire of judgments, but, like the filthy, are still the harder for beating.—*Thomas Adams.* 1629.

VI.—PITY AND PIETY.

THE apostle chargeth us to walk, not to talk of love. One step of our feet is worth ten words of our tongues. The actions of pity do gracefully become the profession of piety. It is wittily observed, that the over-precise are so thwartingly cross to the superstitious in all things, that they will scarce do a good work, because an heretic doth it;—that whereas a papist will rather lose a penny than a paternoster, these will rather give a paternoster than a penny. They are devout and free in anything that toucheth not their purses. Thus with a show of spiritual counsel, they neglect corporal comfort, and overthrow that by their cold deeds which they would seem to build up by their hot words.—*Ibid.*

VII.—JESUS IN THIS LIFE.

"I WANT," said a young corporal one day to Hedley Vicars, "to have more of Jesus in this life." Christ crucified is not a mere fund in reserve—a kind of extreme unction to help men to die in peace: it is the power which is daily to move the life—that they may live in holiness.

VIII.—THE HOPE OF RESURRECTION.

"EARTH shall cast forth its dead, and they who dwell in dust shall awake and sing," whilst even the tears of this night of sorrow shall sparkle in the light of His glory as the dew of herbs. O what a hope is that of the resurrection! Its energy is marvellous, reaching forth to that within the veil, to a risen Jesus, to a life beyond the reach of death. Death is nowhere so ashamed as in the chamber of a dying believer. There the victory is felt. Weakness, mortality, corruption, all proclaim, "As she has borne the image of the earthly, so shall she bear the image of the heavenly."—*Lady Powerscourt.*

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THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.

No. II.

THE results of evangelistic labour in Burmah have helped to solve the problem of the best methods of dealing with rude and degraded races. An opinion still lingers in those "high" quarters which are so long haunted by the ghosts of departed errors, that it is hopeless to present religious truth to the mind of such a people, till they have been lifted out of their debasement by help of the arts of civilized life. There is no such finely graduated line on the social scale to mark the point at which men rise above the zero of brutish torpor into a state of religious susceptibility. The wild Karens were not first polished and then proselytized,—with them the Christianizing and civilizing agencies went hand in hand; while, as if to give the moral sharper point, the half-refined Burman has remained comparatively gospel-proof, unstartled from his intellectual and moral lethargy, meshed in his own Pantheistic subtleties, and finding himself annexed by Britain while only dreaming of ultimate absorption into the Infinite. It is the Bible which has transformed the wandering robber of the jungle into a thriving peasant as well as a devout communicant, and changed the squalid gipsy lair into a smiling Christian village, where the rice ground supplants the cane swamp, and blooming garden-plots scent the wilderness air. The modest chapel lifts its roof under the old forest trees; and where, a few years before, roamed herds of the wild elephant, Christians walk in company to the house of God.

The outbreak in 1851 of the second Burmese war with Britain involved the native Church in all the miseries of persecution. History repeats itself, and the invasion was charged to the new faith, as in Augustine's time it was a common African proverb, "If there is no rain, the Christians are to blame." The Karens especially were accused of disaffection to the government, and of having summoned the English to take the country. The hapless people were ground down by merciless exactions, their lands wasted by fire and sword, their chapels destroyed, their worship forbidden. One of their pastors, Thagua, met a cruel death with the meek heroism of an early martyr. The narrative of his sufferings, which we have from a heathen eye-witness, reminds us of the last hours of Polycarp or Cyprian.

"The judge reviled him, saying, 'If your God is almighty, bid him take you out of these hooks!' Thagua replied, 'If the Eternal God does not now save me from your hands, he will save me eternally in the world to come.' The judge asked, 'How do you know that?' 'God's holy book tells me so, and it is true!' Then the judge fell upon him, mad with rage, and beat him severely; then hooked him with five pair of hooks, and ordered him back to prison. Three days after he was again dragged before the magistrate, who said, 'Your God you say can save you. Read his book before me now.' Thagua replied, 'Though I read, you will not believe, but persecute me still. But the Eternal God, my Judge and your Judge, the Lord Jesus Christ, he will save me.' 'Command him, then, to save you from my hands now!' said the Burman. The judge then beat him with a cudgel as thick as his wrist thirty blows, and remanded him. After two days he was thrice scourged by the pagan officer, but only said, 'If because I worship God you torture me, kill me at once I entreat you!' They then took him, struck him sixty times, fastened him to a cross, shot him, and cut him in three pieces."

As of old, the more fiercely the powers of the world raged against it, the more mightily grew the word of God and prevailed. In one case a Buddhist priest, who lived under the shadow of the great Dagon Pagoda, called at the mission-house, and brought his students with him to hear this new doctrine, "everywhere spoken against." The doors of several kyoungs or monasteries were opened to the Christian teachers, and there, surrounded by the emblems of Buddhist idolatry, they proclaimed salvation through the name of Jesus.

The war ended with the annexation of Pegu to the British Empire, and thus over a large part of his ancient dominion the oppressor's rod was broken, and barriers reared by an intolerant superstition levelled as by an earthquake shock to the ground. It was the era of liberty to many Christian captives; a joyous Paschal tide when also four notable prisoners, who had long been fast in the stocks, were released, as in England on the accession of Elizabeth—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Christianity and Buddhism could now look each other fairly in the face, and grapple on equal terms in their fight for human souls. Mr. Ingalls, who had long laboured among the Karens of Arracan, now occupied Rangoon, a centre of paganism,—and a spirit of inquiry was awakened among the people. One after another professed the faith; a heathen priest threw off his yellow robe for the white garment of Christian discipleship; and a nun, abjuring her unholy vows, was received by baptism into the communion of faith. In many cases seed that had been sown in missionary journeys through what seemed barren and hopeless outfields long ago, was found to have taken root, and sprung up silently, unknown to the sower,—never to be known till the great ingathering, when "he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

We have already noticed Dr. Mason's arrival from

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America, and his entrance on the work which Boardman had begun among the Karens of the south, just as that servant of Christ was finishing his course with joy. More than twenty years of strenuous self-rewarding labour had since been his—years also of anxiety and trial through the gradual decline and death of his devoted wife, Helen Mason, not the least of that illustrious sisterhood who, in Burmah, have spent their lives for Christ. If death, calmly faced through years of slow self-sacrifice in a tainted clime, may have a place in the annals of martyrology, this infant church has furnished its contingent to the "noble army of martyrs."

Enfeebled by disease, Dr. Mason was advised to return home for a season; but in doing so he resolved to avail himself of the new openings made by the British conquest, and explore a part of the country hitherto unvisited. His heart was bent on a journey to Tounghoo, a town among the mountains of the interior, and famous as the ancient capital of the kingdom. Accompanied by Mrs. E. Mason, he set out in September 1853. Day after day, his canoe floated on along rivers fringed with acacias and water-palms, in a silence broken only by the chatter of the ape in the banyan-tree, the heavy whir of the wild peacock in the jungle, or the sweet flute-like notes of the crested *edolius*, the Burmese nightingale, and at night by the leopard's angry howl,—passing mouldering cities, with deserted pagodas, and villages which, in their blackened ruins, bore traces of the recent ravages of war. At last, "looming up from a forest of palm-trees," on the banks of a broad stream, and with a wall of mountains towering up on the east to a height of nearly 10,000 feet, Tounghoo, the goal of their journey, lay before them. It was found to be a promising locality for a Christian settlement,—men of various races gathered within its walls, and the hill-country round inhabited by different Karen tribes, two or three of whom were previously unknown. A Karen tract, "The Sayings of the Elders," embodying the Biblical traditions of the people, was sent out by Mrs. Mason to the men of the hills; and three weeks after, a chief appeared in front of the veranda with forty followers, and after unrolling the tract from a bundle of plantain-leaves, asked to receive instruction in the word of God. This was the beginning of a work among the mountain tribes, more important, in some respects, than that which had spread through the forests of Tavoy. One of the boatmen who had navigated the canoe up the turbid waters of the Salween was a Karen Christian. He was an humble man, with a very poor opinion of his own abilities; and when asked if he would go and speak to these wild kinsfolk of his about the Son of God, he shrunk from the task. But the idea had taken hold of his mind, and by-and-by he expressed a wish that he were able to speak to them. He was told he would need to leave his child and his friends, and that all that could be given for his support was four rupees (eight shillings) a month,—a much smaller sum than he earned as a boatman; and then was asked, "Shapau, can you go?" He said, "I cannot go for four rupees, but I can go for the love of Christ!" This man is now an ordained minister of the Church, honoured, as few have been, in winning souls.

With a frame already undermined by disease, Dr. Mason had struggled to plant this mission, but was now reluctantly compelled to abandon it. At this trying moment, a man appeared, in the providence of God, to carry on the mission, one raised up from amongst their own brethren, and eminently fitted for the work. Deeply interesting is the story of Sau Quala, the first Karen missionary at Tounghoo.

His father, a proud, high-spirited mountaineer of Tavoy, had long chafed under Burmese oppression, and cherished, like his people, the hope of better times. About the time this child was born, rumours were stirring in the country of white men who had come over the sea to the shores of Burmah, and so he called his son "Quala," "*Hope*," for he said, "We hope happiness will come to us in his days!" Born and nurtured in one of the wildest mountain glens, the traditions of his race sunk deep into the heart of the boy. The first house in which Ko-thah-byu, the first Karen convert, preached the gospel was that of Quala's parents. His father was strongly opposed to it, but the words rang in the ear of the child as the echo and fulfilment of the holy prophecies of the elders. His mother soon after believed, and was baptized; but his father continued bitterly hostile to the truth, and Quala was constrained to leave the home of his childhood. In 1830, he was baptized at Tavoy, and immediately began to speak of Christ to his countrymen. He was one of those who carried the dying Boardman to the banks of the jungle stream where he saw his last band of converts baptized,—one of those weeping believers in whose arms the beloved evangelist breathed his last. After this, Quala accompanied Dr. Mason like a Timothy in his missionary journeys, and studied for some time under Judson at Moulmein. With his spiritual growth, his thirst for knowledge of all kinds increased, and his mind expanded with tropical rapidity. He may be said to have created a Karen literature, as we owe to him the preservation of the body of oral traditions, in prose and verse, filling several manuscript volumes. After having laboured for years among the mountain hamlets of his native province, and seen little churches planted in them all, Quala was ordained to the holy ministry in April 1847. We may give a specimen of the vivid and trenchant manner of this great Karen preacher. He is arguing with those who resolve to hold fast at all hazards by the creed of their ancestors. "Some of you object:—'The tortoise dying, dies in its shell. Our mother dying, let us occupy our mother's chamber; our father dying, let us take our father's hall. The tigress striped, the cubs striped. Let not the tree depart from its shadow. If mother has gone to hell, we will go after her; if father has gone to hell, we will go after him.' Let those who speak thus think of suffering on earth, not to speak of hell. If a

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tiger devoured our mother, dare we go out and give ourselves to be devoured by tigers? If a crocodile killed her, or fire consumed her, or she was drowned, dare we go out and give ourselves to die by the crocodile, fire, or water? Our father and mother did not hear what we hear, did not know what we know. The elders of antiquity yearned to hear the word of God, but heard it not. That blessing was reserved for us."

At Tavoy, Quala had become acquainted with a Karen from the Tounghoo mountains, who had received the gospel in his exile. This man's intense desire for the salvation of his countrymen kindled a sacred ardour in the heart of Quala, and thus it was that he appeared in the field just as Dr. Mason was compelled to leave it. He reached Tounghoo in December 1853, and before the close of 1854, the number of converts in the district was 741, associated in nine churches. In May 1856, they had "increased to thirty churches, with an aggregate of 2124 members, all of whom had been baptized within two years, and *more than two thousand of them by one man*."

In consequence of his abilities and influence, Quala was offered a lucrative appointment by the British Commissioner of Pegu, as an intermediate agent between the wilder mountain tribes and the government. Though without salary as a pastor, depending on the people to whom he preached for food and clothing, he declined the offer without hesitation. He replied, "I cannot do it. I will not have the money. I will not mix up God's work with government work. There are others to do this thing: employ them. The Commissioner urged that he might hold the office and continue his work as a teacher as heretofore, and asked, "Will this not make it easier for you?" Quala answered, "No, sir. When I eat with the children of poverty, I am content. I did not leave my dear wife and come up hither in search of silver or agreeable food. I came to this land that its poor benighted inhabitants might be saved!"

After an absence of three years in America, Dr. Mason returned to Tounghoo in January 1857, and was welcomed by the Karens with fervent joy. He found that in the interval surprising progress had been made—the mountain tribes in great part evangelized, "a Christian country raised up, as if by magic, from the darkness of heathenism in three brief years."

A tour through the mountains presented abundant evidence of the revolution that had been so quietly and rapidly accomplished. Standing on a lofty ridge in the midst of the grandest alpine scenery, and looking across the broad strath at his feet to other stupendous chains, summit over summit ascending by colossal granite stairs to heaven, he could count more than twenty Christian villages scattered over a region where, at his departure, the name of the Saviour was unknown. At a missionary convocation held on the crest of a hill, two thousand of these Vaudois of the East, the wildest Karens of the forest, were present—forty-five stations represented each with its teachers, and nearly all of these lowly evangelists, natives of Tounghoo. The scene reminded him of a Covenanters' gathering. Many of the hill-folk had come armed with swords and crossbows, and not a few might be seen on the outskirts of the assembly listening as they leaned on their spears.

Here is a bright little vignette of a scene in the Asiatic Piedmont:—"You recollect St. Anthony's Chapel, of course. Well, my Bghai hermitage occupies a very similar position. I am on the top of a hill, with a lofty precipitous mountain behind me, like Arthur's Seat, but much higher. On one side of this mountain is a deep gorge with a steep ascent, precisely like Victoria Road; in the other direction, looking down as it were to Edinburgh, is a rapid stream running through a deep glen, bordered by precipices higher than those on which Edinburgh stands; and in the far distance are lofty mountains, as seen beyond the Forth." The same light that shines on Scottish hills now radiates from one of these mountain tops to another, gladdening like a blessed day-spring the people who sat in darkness. Hamlet after hamlet, perched like the eagle's nest among the cliffs, becomes a cluster of Christian habitations, is received into the great brotherhood of the faith, and sends up at eve and morn, and on bright, still Sabbath-days, the sweet and holy murmur of Christian psalms.

By accounts dated in the early part of 1858, we are told of a Karen Education Society which has established at Tounghoo a National Female Institute, and a Young Men's Normal School, open to all the native tribes of Burmah. This society embraces eighty-six chiefs, who have pledged themselves and their people to support it. It is gratifying to know that the Indian government have heartily aided its operations by liberal grants of land and contributions for the buildings.

Great as the results are that have been achieved, the work would seem to be but in its infancy. Wider prospects open; we stand on the threshold of a door of hope. There is reason to believe that a large section of the Karen tribes, if not the body of the nation, is settled north of Ava in the unknown regions that stretch up to the borders of China. As recently as October 1858, a Karen missionary has volunteered to go forth into this unexplored territory as a herald of salvation to these lost tribes of his people. We may be certain that the singular impressibility of this mysterious race to Christian influence is not the work of accident—that it is part of an undeveloped scheme of Providence, and fraught with momentous results to the wide regions over which they are scattered. Surely we may regard them as the Eastern Israel, the chosen seed who are to be the evangelists of farthest Asia. Through the upheaved and disrupted strata of Oriental peoples, this noble race runs like a golden vein on which the mattock of the miner struck when he least thought of it. "I almost wish," says a missionary, "that I had been born thirty years later in the Christian era, so as to see Christianity pouring its light over these vast regions."

The Gospel has been amongst the Karens "like a torch

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of fire in a sheaf," and already it is sending out vivid flashes into the encircling gloom. The seal of God is on this people. Of what other nation could it be testified, that *there is no part of the Karen world to which the Bible has been sent where thousands and tens of thousands have not turned to God?* Among the Burmese, Christianity has been sporadic; here it has been zymotic, leavening and saturating the mass. The worshipper of Buddh, with all his culture, is lost in a misty wilderness of speculation, and "finds no end;" the poor Karen, "feeling after God," has groped his way, not unguided in the black and dark night, to the porch of the temple, and has been found patiently waiting for the morning when the priest opens the door. The Burman is insulated in a haughty, selfish, enervating creed; but those grand primeval truths which the Karen has retained, are like heaven-pointing rods through which the ethereal spark has glanced into his deepest being.

What shall we say to these things? "This is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes."

HOME MISSION WORK IN THE LAST CENTURY.

A VERY pleasant little volume* has been published lately, describing the Christian labours of Hannah and Martha More among the poor of Somersetshire. It is made up chiefly of a Journal kept by the latter; but this is broken and relieved in many parts by letters from her more celebrated sister, and by illustrative notes introduced by the editor. The whole throws a curious light upon the social and spiritual condition of the rural districts of England at the close of last century, and shows at the same time how much might have been done then, even by a very humble instrumentality, to elevate the moral tone of an entire neighbourhood.

How the work began is told by Miss Patty in an exceedingly simple and affecting way. Mr. Wilberforce was on a visit to Cowslip Green. His hostesses—the Mores—were naturally desirous of making his stay as agreeable as possible; and among other drives which they recommended his taking, there was one from which they assured him he would derive a great amount of pleasure—*to the Cliffs of Cheddar.* He went accordingly; and on his return, Miss Patty, who had been most forward in planning the excursion, hastened towards him to hear his praises. But she was grievously disappointed. On asking how he liked the Cliffs, the only answer he gave was, "They were very fine, *but the poverty and distress of the people was dreadful.*" The sunken state of the people of Cheddar had laid stronger hold on his imagination than the picturesque beauty of its scenery. He retired to his room so thoughtful and sad that the kind-hearted Patty thought he must be ill; but it soon appeared that he had gone to the mercy-seat to ask counsel of God; and by-and-by he came forth with his mind made up. It was at supper he appeared. The servant, at his desire, was dismissed; and then this Christian-hearted man, whose compassion was not of that spurious kind which could weep over the woes of the West Indian slave, while it looked with indifference on the degradation of English peasants, turned immediately to the elder of the sisters, and said: "Miss Hannah More, something must be done for Cheddar." He found, of course, sympathizing listeners. Plans of reformation were suggested and canvassed, and the conference ended at last with the resolution that operations must be at once commenced. In one respect the way was smoothed for this in a very satisfactory manner. "If you," said Mr. Wilberforce, "will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense."

As our space here must be economized as much as possible, we cannot attempt to give, even in the most abridged form, a continuous narrative of the work thus inaugurated. But it will perhaps be quite as interesting and useful if we, in a general way, classify the information supplied to us in the volume; and under the three heads of "Character of the Field," "Agencies," and "Results," endeavour to give the reader as distinct an idea as may be of what these "Annals" present the record of.

The ground was broken first in Cheddar, but such success followed the effort made there, that the good ladies extended their labours on every side, until they had ten parishes, and upwards of a thousand children under their charge. Some of these parishes were, of course, worse than others, but the condition of all was deplorable. Let us glance through the book, and gather together some of the facts furnished in it illustrative of this point. At the very outset, they got an insight into the state of the field which they were about to cultivate, for which they were perfectly unprepared—"witnessing" at Cheddar "more ignorance than we supposed existed anywhere in England." But Cheddar was not singular. The parishes around were large and populous, and "they are as dark as Africa." Among the places in which schools were opened were Shipham and Rowberrow, two mining villages at the top of Mendip. "The people are savage and depraved, almost even beyond Cheddar—brutal in their natures, and ferocious in their manners. They began by suspecting we should make our fortunes by selling their children as slaves. No constable would venture to arrest a Shipham man, lest he should be concealed in one of their pits, and never heard of more—no uncommon case." Among those whose interest was first excited at Cheddar was a beautiful girl of eighteen. She was taken ill, and the schoolmistress visited her. On hearing the Christian system explained for the first time, she exclaimed, "Oh, Jesus Christ will be very unreasonable if he expects anything of me, *for I never heard of him in my life!*" Here is a general description of Cheddar: "We found more than two thousand people in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry; a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. . . . We saw but one Bible in the whole parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot! No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over twelve miles from Wells to preach once on a Sunday; but no weekly duty was done, or sick persons visited. Eight people in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon was a good congregation. . . . A great many refused to send their children unless we would pay them for it! and not a few refused because they were not sure of my intentions, being apprehensive that at the end of seven years, if they attended so long, I should acquire a power over them, and send them beyond sea. I must have heard this myself in order to have believed that so much ignorance existed out of Africa." One of the places in which, after a time, they established a school was Nailsea. On

* Mendip Annals; or, A Narrative of the Charitable Labours of Hannah and Martha More. By Arthur Roberts, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1859.

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paying their first visit to it, they expected to find it "a second Cheddar;" but, in fact, they came upon a state of things "not only different from all we had seen, but greatly transcending all we had imagined." The people were employed in mines and glass-houses. They entered in succession nineteen houses in a row, containing in all two hundred persons; and found "both sexes and all ages herding together, voluptuous beyond belief." "The wages high, the eating and drinking luxurious—the body scarcely covered, but fed with dainties of a shameful description. The high buildings of the glass-houses ranged before the doors of the cottages—the great furnaces roaring—the swearing, eating, and drinking of these half-dressed, black-looking beings, gave it a most infernal and horrible appearance." "*One* woman assured us her husband went constantly to church, and she drew up her head, and looked proud of belonging to so much worth; but this was the only instance of piety we met with." A handsome funeral was something which they set their hearts more upon than even present comfort. "I myself," says Miss Hannah More, "heard a Rowberrow woman declare, 'What did a poor woman work hard for, but in hopes she should be put out of the world in a tidy way!'" These lines are sufficiently dark. If this picture of a section of a Christian country were not drawn by one who could speak at first hand, and whose testimony is above suspicion, we should feel constrained to say that it must be false, or at least grossly exaggerated. But we cannot but accept a description furnished to us from such a quarter; and we leave the reader to imagine how much Christian heroism there must have been in these two weak and delicate women, to face the difficulties of such a field. Before speaking of the plan of operation adopted, there is just one other illustration which we must give of the midnight darkness under which this district mourned. Some years after the work had commenced at Cheddar, and when the fact of its reformation had become widely known in the district around, a deputation was sent from Blagdon to ask the good offices of the Misses More on behalf of their parish. The proposal was favourably received, and "in the beginning of October 1795, we opened one of the largest, most affecting, and interesting schools we had yet encountered, composed of a hundred and seventy young people, *the greater part*" (let the reader mark this) "*from eleven to twenty years of age.*" "Though we have now been so hackneyed in scenes of this sort," Miss Patty goes on to say, "yet I think we have been seldom more affected than on this occasion. Nothing we had before experienced surpassed the ignorance of these poor creatures. NOT ONE out of the one hundred and seventy could make any reply to the question, WHO MADE YOU?"

Turning now to the "agencies," we find that chief reliance was in every parish placed upon the Sunday-school. As many of the children could not read, however, and the original plan contemplated the elevation of the people not only in spiritual but also in temporal matters, day-schools were added for the purpose of giving elementary instruction, and imparting, to the girls especially, habits of industry. Great things were in no case attempted. To store the minds of the scholars with passages of Scripture—to make them thoroughly acquainted with such essential doctrines as the Catechism sets forth—and, above all things, to bring them, as needing salvation, to Christ—this was all that this simple school system aimed at. The hope seems to have been always cherished, that through the children they would ultimately reach the adults; and such evidence was shortly furnished that this hope was being realized, that six months after the ground had been broken in Cheddar, it was judged desirable to expand the scheme. A Sunday-evening service was commenced, which all were invited to attend. This service consisted of a hymn, a chapter of the Bible, and a short prayer and sermon, read either by one of the Misses More, or by the schoolmistress in their absence. This arrangement was found to be so acceptable, that whenever a new school was opened, it was always entered into as a matter of course. In some places a week evening service of the same nature was also carried on. But this was not all. "Clubs," or Friendly Societies, were established in the various parishes. These were intended immediately for the women, but, of course, the men and children received benefit incidentally. A subscription of three-halfpence a-week constituted membership; and this, with donations, &c., from wealthier persons, made up a fund, out of which an allowance was made in case of sickness or of death. Nor did the good ladies of Cowslip Green neglect to take advantage of that well-known characteristic of human nature, the hope of reward, in order to give the greater momentum to all their agencies. First of all there were given two great feasts every year—one, a dinner to the children on Mendip Hill; and the other, a tea to the women of the Clubs. And then, secondly, for the purpose of discountenancing a sin which has always prevailed in agricultural districts, a five-crown piece, a pair of white socks, "of our own knitting," and a handsome BIBLE, were presented to every "honest" bride who could bring a certificate of character from her parish minister. To all this it may be added that the Mores were in some cases peculiarly fortunate in the choice of agents. The first schoolmistress whom they engaged for Cheddar appears to have been altogether a remarkable woman. It was perhaps to her prudent and earnest efforts that the success there was chiefly owing. The best testimony that could be given to her worth was furnished on the occasion of her death. "Her funeral," says Miss Patty, "was a singular one. Almost the whole parish attended. Her two hundred children followed the corpse, then the people; but what rendered it peculiarly affecting was, every creature had on some little badge of mourning, according as their little pence could be spared; the better sort of people in handsome mourning. . . . When the last solemn office was performed, and 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust' was pronounced, the people threw in their nosegays—it was the prettiest, most affecting little trait imaginable. The whole concluded with a suitable hymn, sung, or rather sobbed, by the children. For a long time there was no getting the people or children from the grave,—a last look was the desire of every eye. The undertaker, usually callous by profession, wept like a child." If the reader will look again at what is said above as to the condition of Cheddar when the mission was begun, he will see that this must have been no common person for whom such a people, after an acquaintance of a few years only, thus lamented. And in seeking to account for the extraordinary success which followed the operations we are now describing, we must take this, and other similar facts, into our reckoning. For, after all, it is not by the mechanical execution of well laid schemes, but by the spiritual power transfused into them, that such results are achieved as we are now briefly to enumerate.

Out of these labours there grew, in the first place, a large amount of *direct spiritual fruit*. Many most interesting

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cases of conversion are recorded in this book. An example or two may be given. While attending the week-evening readings at Cheddar, "two grown-up lads, farmers' servants, appeared struck to the heart. They have been now, for some months, exhibiting the deepest and most striking marks of spiritual distress, and have been known often to retire to a barn during the dinner-hour for the purpose of prayer. Their conversation was very striking—so humble, so solemn." "More good accounts from Cheddar," writes Miss More in 1793: "Luke Darbin and his wife appear now much affected. Indeed the woman shows at present strong symptoms of deep sorrow. This appears to have been the result of her hearing a good sermon read, by which she describes herself as being struck to the very heart. Indeed she shows her faith already by her works. She keeps a little shop, is very poor, and has met with great misfortunes; *and though the demand for her little goods is greater on a Sunday than on any other day, yet from principle she rejects this opportunity.*" Instances of this kind were continually occurring; so constantly, indeed, that if the events had taken place in America instead of in England, the work before us, in place of bearing the somewhat enigmatical title of "Mendip Annals," would probably have been published under the name of "The Great Somersetshire Revival."

For another thing, the mission told in a very marked way upon the practice of *waiting on religious ordinances.* "So powerful has been the influence of Mrs. H. More's school in bringing parishioners to church," wrote the Cheddar clergyman in 1801, "that from the period of the establishment of the school to the present moment, the average number of the persons who attend the church and sacrament has, according to the lowest computation, increased more than fourfold." "On Christmas-day," says Miss Patty in her Journal, "*two* clergymen were above an hour administering the sacrament. This is Cheddar!" And much the same results were brought about in the other parishes. One and all began to assume the appearance, at least, of being situated in a Christian country.

The improvement in *morality* was also exceedingly great. "At our feast last week I had no less than seven *honest* brides who appeared for the premium. At one of these public meetings Mr. Bere loudly declared that, since the establishment of my schools, he could now dine in peace; for that when he used to issue ten warrants, he was not now called upon for two, so great was the reform." "Two sessions and two assizes are passed, and a third approaching, and neither as prosecutor nor prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant has any of this parish appeared. Moreover, warrants for wood stealing, pilfering, &c., are quite out of fashion." Such is the report from Blagdon, which was once "notorious for crimes and litigation."

Besides these most tangible results, there was another of almost greater importance. That was *the elevation of the public sentiment of the entire district.* Clergy, gentry, and farmers, all were made to feel that they had begun to breathe a purer atmosphere than that with which they had hitherto been content. And claims and duties pressed themselves upon their attention which they could no longer disregard. We know not in what state Mendip is now; but we can easily imagine that one complete generation at least took its tone from Cowslip Green. In these days reforms wrought by the hand of woman are not so uncommon. We are all familiar with the labours of Miss Marsh among the navvies, and of Mrs. Ranyard in St. Giles'; but it is not the less interesting or remarkable to find, on going back some sixty or seventy years, that there is nothing new under the sun.

N. L. W.

THE ROBBER OF THE KHYBER PASS.

THE disasters that befell our army at Cabool have made British ears familiar with the name of the Khyber Pass. It was the purpose of the conspirators by whom that catastrophe was brought about, that the Pass should be a name memorable in our history. They had planned to allow to the British army a retreat, in the way to India, through its awful defiles, with the secret intention that one only should be left alive, and that that one, deprived of his limbs, should be set at the entrance of the Pass with a letter in his teeth inscribed with the fact, that he was the one survivor of the British in Affghanistan. It is now well known how nearly that purpose was executed, when an army of 4500, and camp followers to the number of 12,000, miserably perished, and Dr. Bryden alone escaped to tell the tale how famine and frost and the sword had strewn the way with the corpses of his countrymen and countrywomen till he only was left. The sweetest revenge we have taken for that humiliating disaster has been the planting of a mission at Peshawur, whose messengers of peace have penetrated freely into Affghan. The march of General Pollock through the Pass, in the face of an enemy, to relieve the gallant Sale, and recover the remnant of our women and children in Cabool, did enough to retrieve the stained honour of our arms. Our nobler revenge was taken when we posted our missionary on the Affghan frontier, and sent him with his errand of "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men."

Of that mission the fruit has begun to appear, and in one of a class where we should have least looked for success. But grace in its sovereignty knows no class. A dying Saviour took with him in his chariot to paradise the thief on the cross. Why should he not reward his servants on the borders of Affghan by giving them in hire a robber of the Khyber Pass?

That Pass is the highway of communication from the west and north-west into India. Through it, commerce takes its route for Affghan and Persia, for Tartary and Russia. Its deep loneliness, save when its solitude is broken by the tread of the muleteer,—its wild mountainous retreats, its inaccessible and unassailable hiding-places, make it a robber's natural fortress,—the resort of those, in a land where law protects not life, who cannot sleep unless they have done mischief. There, with others, Dilawar Khan, a native of a village on the Peshawur border, pursued his trade of rapine. He was an Affghan of pure blood; and, like all his race, of a tall, manly form. He brought the strength and sinews of six feet, with a dauntless heart, as his contribution to his associates in plunder; and, more valuable, as giving nerve to his strength, he brought conscience to

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his work of violence. Whilst helping himself to what was not his own, he thought, as an orthodox Mussulman, he was doing God service in plundering a Hindu trader or a Mohammedan of another tribe or sect, or in laying some Kaffir in the dust. But conscience, perverted for a time, at length awoke to a truer judgment on his life. He began seriously to doubt the propriety of his course; and falling in about this time with the good Colonel Wheeler, whose zeal has been the subject of so much animadversion, he received from him a book, the perusal of which determined him to abandon his lawless course of life, and awoke in his mind serious doubts of the mission of Mohammed and the truth of the Koran. Happily for Dilawar Khan, we had at the time, at that outpost of British power, officers who did interfere with the religion of the natives, and could answer a question that would guide an inquirer in the way of truth. The noble Colonel Edwardes, then at that station, freely conversed with the inquiring Mohammedan, encouraged him "to follow on to know the Lord," and subsequently handed him over to the Peshawur Mission, then newly established. To Dr. Pfander and Mr. Clark of the mission Dilawar Khan laid open his doubts, earnestly desiring that he might learn the truth. He placed himself under their instruction, studied with diligence the Bible they had presented to him, and, as the result, his views acquired increasing clearness, and the difficulties vanished which had hindered his acceptance of the gospel. So cautious, however, was his mind, and resolute in sifting the reasons of his belief, that as he proceeded in his inquiries, he sought his former Mohammedan guides, the Moulvies, that he might state to them the arguments that had convinced him of the truth of the gospel, and hear the refutation they had to propose. Their failure to answer strengthened his faith. He hesitated no longer; but, careless of the reproach or persecution he might bring upon himself, offered to accompany one of the missionaries in the prosecution of his labours amongst the villages around Peshawur. The robber became preacher. Remembered for his former exploits, and known as a bold and able man, the Mohammedans crowded around him, and wondered as they listened to the precepts of the new faith of Dilawar Khan: "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands, that he may have to give to him that needeth." As yet he himself was unbaptized. Events lay before him that were to put to the test the integrity of his faith before his final admission to the Church. The mutinies had broken out in India, and Dilawar Khan, who had become a soldier of the rank of a jemadar in the Guide Corps, had, at six hours' notice, to leave the circle where his faith had been under the mission shield, and had hitherto been strengthened by Christian instruction and fellowship. Transferred to the stirring, tempting scenes of a camp, with the idolater and Mohammedan as his only associates, he was to pass through a baptism of fire before his baptism by water. The missionaries of Peshawur feared for their convert. In the haste with which he was called to march, he had not even put his Bible into his soldier's knapsack. He had caught up but one book, the book of Colonel Wheeler, that had first stirred his mind. There was little time for books or thought in a march, hurried on at the rate of twenty-seven miles a day, under the Indian sun of May and June; and when Delhi, the destination of his regiment, was reached, war and its stern realities filled up every hour. Yet the grace of God wrought marvellously in the heart of this convert. In the intervals of battles and watches, he continued his study of the doctrines of Christianity. The good Wheeler's book had not been cast away. Its word was rising above the roar of the Delhi siege, and making itself heard in the heart of Dilawar Khan. In the midst of the camp, and in the presence of his fellow-soldiers, he called for a loaf of bread, and ate it with a European, that all might see he was no longer a Mussulman. The step was decisive; scarcely less so than baptism. It was the only symbol of separation his circumstances allowed. It was the confession that in some form or other ever follows faith. But a still wider separation, before the siege closed, was to mark off this new convert from his companions in the camp and from his former self. The hour of the triumph of our arms at Delhi came. The city was in our possession, laid open to the rapine and plunder of an incensed soldiery. The Guide Corps, with the other regiments, freely grasped at the spoil, and enriched themselves as they could gather. Now was the season for the old instincts of the robber of the Khyber Pass to burst from under the crust of his new faith. But that faith had overcome the robber in Dilawar Khan. Old things had passed away. Whilst his companions stripped the trembling vanquished of their all, and compelled the discovery of their treasures, he refused to touch an atom of the spoils of war. He had had enough of what was not his own; and with an exquisite tenderness of conscience, even that which, according to the laws of war, would have been considered his own, he would not touch. He had done his duty as a soldier, and he left the spoil to those who *could* take it. When the camp was broken up at Delhi, he returned with his regiment to the north-west, and was again brought within his old mission circle. High days of festivity and military demonstrations followed on the first arrival of his corps. Reviews, public banquets, and honours welcomed the return of the brave Guides. Amidst these demonstrations, there were British officers not ashamed to remind Dilawar Khan of the baptism that had been postponed, and of the new reason of self-dedication in the shield that had been thrown around him in war. Colonel Martin urged him to solicit a few days' leave from his station in the neighbourhood of Peshawur, that he might repair to the mission; and Colonel Edwardes expressed his willingness to seek it from his commanding officer. The time being arranged, he proceeded to Peshawur to take the great decisive step of

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his life. It had already been taken in effect; and yet, in advancing to the act that was to seal it as with an irrevocable seal, his heart was not without its misgivings. His faith was not the less true on that account. But his mind was sifting and questioning, and to the last craved certainty. He would be assured that he was upon the Rock. "I have come," he said to the missionaries in the course of their conversation, "to learn my duty and to do it; but you must show me what it is from the word of God, for in matters such as these I will not follow man." He afterwards told them that he had tried to put away all thoughts of becoming a Christian, but he could not. When baptized, he received the name of Dilawar Messih—"Bold for Christ."

Who will not pray that reads this narrative, that the faith of this remarkable man, the first-fruits of the Affghan Mission, may not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God; and that his life may be true to his name—"Bold for Christ?" It will cheer the heart of Colonel Wheeler to learn the blessing that followed the one book dropped into the hand of the robber of the Khyber Pass. A good deed is never lost. It will encourage others to sow by all waters, and recall a lesson that ever needs to be renewed: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."*

L.

AARON'S ROD.

On the green parent-tree the dew stood clear
In some far moonlit dell;
Upon the rod of Aaron, peeled and sere,
That night no dew-drop fell.

One in the sheaf of symbol-wands, 'twas laid
At eve before the ark,
Where the pale fire of the Shekinah rayed
A glory through the dark.

A sudden thrill of spring-time through it shot,
Quick juices swell its core,—
'Tis green as the wet sprig of olive brought
To Noah's prison door.

Thy hand, O God! around the stem a wreath
Of snowy blossom weaves,
And clustering almonds in their silken sheath
Hang ripe among the leaves.

Leafless and dead the rival wands were found
When the grey dawning came;
That rod alone had bloomed on holy ground
Which bore Thy Aaron's name.

So, Lord, I come into Thy holy place,
Before Thine ark I lie,
A withered branch that bears no flower of grace,
No fruit to please Thine eye.

Hour after hour drags on the weary night,
I wait Thy blessed will,
That some reviving ray of Thy own light
May through my being thrill.

O in the night-watch, may Thy Spirit's breath
My inmost soul pervade!
Blow, Heavenly Wind! dissolve this frost of death
In which I am decayed.

Thou, who to the small hyssop gav'st of old
Its purifying power,
Canst change the poorest weed of earthly mould
To a celestial flower.

Each germ of evil from my heart root out;
Sow there that holy seed
Whence the sweet flowers of Christian virtue sprout,
And fruits of Christian deed.

Thus let me find in Thy pure temple air
My time of spring, O God,
And in life's darkest night still flourish fair,
Like this unwithering rod.

Thy sunshine falls on many a fruitless tree;
But, in affliction's gloom,
Thy garden plants, O Lord, exhale to Thee
Their sweetest scent and bloom.

J. D. B.

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* See for an account of the baptism of this man "The Church Missionary Intelligencer" for March 1859.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

FOUNDED CHIEFLY ON REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL INDIA.

No. I.

Among the advantages attending a residence in the East, it is not the least important that, as one gradually becomes familiar with Oriental scenery, manners, customs, &c., he daily sees new force and beauty in the language of holy writ. It is proposed in the following series of papers to present a selection from the Scripture illustrations which forced themselves on the writer's attention while he laboured in Central India. Unless when the contrary is expressly stated, he would be understood to speak as an eye or an ear witness of what he describes. At the same time he would disclaim all pretence to originality. Many of the illustrations to be brought forward must more or less have struck every Christian resident in the East; indeed, had they not done so, this would itself have almost sufficed to prove them far-fetched, and undeserving the confidence of a sober mind.

PART I.—SOIL.

"And they had brick for stone, and slime (*i.e.*, bitumen) had they for mortar."—Gen. xi. 3.

Thus both stone and lime appear to have been wanting in the plain which so powerfully attracted the survivors from

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the flood; but their very absence was almost enough to prove the soil one of surpassing fertility. In countries like Scotland, overspread chiefly with the more ancient rocks, stone, as we all know, is almost everywhere procurable in any quantity; but where, as in England, the newer formations prevail, brick to a great extent takes the place of stone for building purposes, and it becomes almost universal, unless, indeed, superseded by mud, on the deltas of Asiatic rivers, or wherever else in the East deep alluvial soil is found. In journeying through the Indian province of Berar, between Ellichpore and Oomrawutee, you meet with a plain recalling that of Shinar, and may walk for many miles without finding a single stone upon the road; while, if you descend one of the deep ravines channelled out by streams during the rainy season, the probability is, that instead of coming upon exposed sections of rock, you will find foot after foot, as you go down, nothing but a rich loam as black as that of a European garden. Its fertility is inexhaustible, and there are plants—for example, the cotton-bush—which scarcely come to perfection in any other soil. The crops and vegetation generally are said to be, if possible, still more luxuriant in lower Bengal, where deposits of mud from the great rivers so completely conceal the rocks that, as has been well remarked, had the whole world possessed a similar structure, the science of geology would in all likelihood never have existed. The absence of stone, then, from the plain of Shinar spoke well for the richness of its soil.

So did the want of lime for the production of mortar, necessitating the employment of bitumen in its room. The all-provident Creator, who long ago laid up the primeval forests of the globe in the form of coal-seams for the future use of man, has not, so far as we know, left a country of any extent without limestone. Though the materials to frame it of may have been of the most flimsy and apparently unsuitable kind, such as the stalks of lily-like animals, bits of dilapidated coral, or fragments of broken shells, yet, in the hand of the divine Architect, these have amply sufficed to furnish solid beds of limestone, whence whole cities have been built. In India, indeed, if you look over the whole series of deposits from the oldest to the most recent, you will be apt to think that the important rock above-mentioned has been almost entirely withheld. And such, in truth, was the case well-nigh to the last moment, geologically speaking, when by the production of a substance called *kunker*, not unlike the travertin of Rome, generally just under the vegetable mould, the important omission was supplied. Only in one case could we conceive lime procured with difficulty—namely, when all the formations, with whatever mineral wealth they may contain, are buried under a great depth of alluvial soil; and the mud of the Euphrates must have done this with the entire rock strata of the Babylonian plain. In other words, we are again led to the conclusion that the soil of Shinar must have been a deep, rich alluvial loam. And though parts of it may now be arid and waste, yet travellers agree that the repair of the old canals for irrigation would restore to it the fertility it had while Babylon was in the height of its glory—a fertility of which, as is well known, ancient authors have left the most glowing accounts. Thus when the few words quoted at the head of this paragraph are carefully scanned, we perceive that they contain a picture, definite, vivid, and perfectly harmonizing with the statements of classic historians and the results of modern scientific research; and when we find the same precision and force in the language of Scripture, whatever the theme, as we go on to read, we obtain an argument perpetually cumulative, that the Book so composed must be divine.

PART II.—CLIMATE.

"Thus I was; in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes."—GEN. xxxi. 40.

Compare also JER. xxxvi. 30.

In judging of climates, we generally assume our own to be the proper standard of comparison, forgetting that most of the land on the globe is distributed in large continents; and that, consequently, insular climates like that of Britain must be the exception, and not the rule. The effect of the sea around our island is to render both the heat of summer and the cold of winter less extreme than they would otherwise be, while at the same time it moderates the heat of day and the cold of night. Mesopotamia, the country where Jacob was when he used the language quoted above, had, however, a climate the reverse of insular. At some distance from the sea, and not very remote from the desert, it must have been characterized by those extremes of temperature which are experienced in Central India; and, indeed, travellers assure us that such is the case.

"In the day," the patriarch says, "the drought consumed me." Not just the HEAT, but the DROUGHT; though, of course, the two were combined. It was naturally in summer that this inconvenience was most felt; hence the Psalmist says, "My moisture is turned into the drought of summer," Psalm xxxii. 4. At the season of the year now indicated, there blows from morning to night over the Central Indian plains what is termed the hot wind. So destitute is it of moisture that books, especially if newly bound in coarse leather, curl up under its influence. If made to blow on water in a porous vessel, it produces such rapid evaporation that the water parts with most of its caloric, and becomes agreeably cool to the taste. Stones left exposed to it, and to the sun's rays, become so hot that it requires resolution to grasp them with the hand. It sometimes moans like a November wind in Scotland; but if one, oblivious where he is, rushes to the door in the hope of cooling his parched brow with the refreshing breeze, he encounters a fiery blast as from a furnace, which at times deprives him for a few moments of consciousness, a dimness overspreading his eyes, and then gradually deepening, till the whole scene before him has faded from his sight. Long exposed to its influence, a European is apt to be affected with sun-stroke, which too frequently terminates in mental derangement or death. It is perhaps identical with the *khamseen* of Egypt, the *harmattan* of Guinea, and the *sirocco* before it has imbibed moisture by crossing the Mediterranean; and even the terrible *simoom* or *samiel* of the Arabian and African deserts may be but the Indian hot wind in a more aggravated degree. In the case of all these it is not merely the heat, but the drought that "consumes."

To glance now at the next part of Jacob's complaint. His body was exposed not only to the drought by day, but to the "frost by night." In Central India, though within the tropics, which Mesopotamia is not, hoar-frost may be occasionally seen about the New-year in marshy hollows, perhaps 1000 feet above the plain, or 2000 above the sea. On evangelistic tours, which are generally in mid-winter, a missionary, compelled to rise an hour or two before day-

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break, and then wait to see his tent taken down and packed on a cart, feels the cold acutely. Though clad it may be in an overcoat as heavy as he was accustomed to wear in Europe, his lips are blue, his teeth chatter, and his knees smite against each other, as he cowers over the fire of sticks his attendants have extemporized on the ground. At last the welcome moment for marching comes, and he moves forward. The sensation of cold soon passes off, and before the sun is up an hour, the overcoat is handed to an attendant, the white cotton dress worn by Europeans in that country being found amply sufficient. Two hours more slip by, and the temperature is what we should call in Europe oppressively hot, so that in ordinary circumstances it is felt inexpedient that the journey should be prolonged. It is this rapid alternation of cold and heat that renders the body so susceptible to both.

Finally, Jacob says, "And my sleep departed from mine eyes." Two missionaries in Central India were once left, through the negligence of their servants, for upwards of twenty-four hours without food or tent. Provisions were without difficulty procured from the villagers, but the want of shelter was a more irreparable evil. Some hours after nightfall, they lay down in their white dresses in a shed open to the village street; and, being much fatigued, made great efforts to obtain repose, but it was in vain. After a time the cold became absolutely torturing, "sleep departed from their eyes," and it was necessary for self-preservation to rise and walk all night, just as it would have been in a northern clime.

Travellers inform us that Bagdad, on the Tigris, the eastern boundary of Mesopotamia, is visited in summer by the simoom from the desert; while, on the other hand, in February 1765, Niebuhr, the father of the celebrated historian, found there ice two inches thick. And though the extremes may have been less at Haran in Upper Mesopotamia, yet, in any case, they were enough to show how far from exaggerated was Jacob's complaint, "Thus I was; in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes."

"And I will make your heaven as iron, and your earth as brass." – Lev. xxvi 19.

"And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."—Deut. xxviii. 23.

If the Jewish nation departed from God and became reprobate, then, among other awful inflictions, such a change should be produced on their heaven as if the blue concave overhead were to be converted into a huge metallic reflector, casting down rays of the fiercest light and heat. It is this oppressively splendent aspect of the sky that is the first of the two leading ideas in the passages quoted above; and such an appearance we might almost term the ordinary one during an Indian hot season. The precise hue of colour, or rather of lustre, the heavens should assume, was evidently of less importance, for in Leviticus it is compared to that of iron, and in Deuteronomy to that of brass. The latter term, many of our readers are aware, should have been rendered copper. In India, or, still better, if you sail down the Red Sea, with the Nubian desert on the one hand, and the Arabian sands on the other, you will at times see the greater part of the sky overspread with an illuminated haze, not at all unlike the reflection from polished iron, whilst the addition of a tinge of red makes what one of our poets terms "a hot and copper sky," or that precise kind to which the passage in Deuteronomy refers.

It was not, however, merely the heaven, but the earth that was to become like iron and brass. The idea seems to be not now of metallic lustre, but of metallic hardness. In a country like our own, where we rarely have a week without rain, the soil has never time to acquire the hardness of which it is capable. Throughout the interior of India, however, with the exception of a few showers about the New-year, no rain falls between November and the middle of June. The cotton soil which, during the wet weather, was a tenacious clay, now daily increases in hardness, becoming at the same time covered with a net-work of cracks, as it contracts under the rays of the sun. A friend informs me, that when in this state he has failed to make a sensible impression on it with a pick-axe. Trees languish and lose their green colour; herbs have yet scarcely begun to appear; and the whole country is in process of becoming a desert, when, in the middle of June, the monsoon or rainy season sets in, overspreading the earth, with a rapidity to which we find no parallel in northern lands, with a carpet of the liveliest green. Were the rains withheld for a few years, India would become like the Sahara, its fields converted into barrenness, its cities silent, its inhabitants perished,—an awful monument of the Divine wrath. And it was of such a judgment as this that the passages in Leviticus and Deuteronomy were designed to tell.

"WITH HIS OWN HAND."

I was but young in the ministry, and had many empty benches. A stranger was ever looked on with interest. I had noted a quiet, decent, plain young man, who posted himself day after day in different parts of the church; now up stairs, now below. Finally, I observed that he became stationary, and was as regularly in his place as I was in mine. One day he dropped into the Sunday-school. I was there, and took occasion to accost him. He told me his story: how he was awakened in Aberdeenshire long ago, in the early M'Cheyne times; and how he had been working near London, and had been seeking out a place wherein he might worship God. He told me how he had sat in judgment on my labours, carefully and cautiously, not knowing who I was; till one evening I preached from the text, "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary," &c.; then after that he had no difficulty, but cast in his lot with us; could we find work for him in the school?

My new friend S—— had to travel nearly six miles every Lord's-day; but he was never late, and never absent. There he sat, day after day, his honest, earnest face turned full on mine—a joy to behold. And it was so for many months; perhaps years. But one day I observed a quiet, plain, pleasant young woman in the pew along with him. She, I noted, came now in the morning, and anon in the evening; till as a communion

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occasion drew near I was asked, could I see Miss B——? Of course I could. She came; she told me all that was in her heart; how she was born again, and the means of it. She told me how her soul was fed, and how it grew under my poor ministry; and how the Lord had cast my friend S—— in her way, and that they were engaged to be married—(this did not come forth easily)—and how they only waited for the Lord's own time and way. What a joy all this was to me; what a riches and wealth of quiet gladness! How I rejoiced with her, and blessed the great mercy and goodness of God on their behalf.

My friend S—— was a labouring-man, earning small weekly wages, and his friend B—— was simply an ordinary household servant; so they had to wait long before they could furnish their little cottage, and be united. But the glad day came at length; they were married by me, and I spent with them a portion of the first day of their married life. I know not how it was, yet so it was, that though we were all very happy, there mingled a solemn trembling with our mirth. My friends had taken a very small cottage in the country, far from me, near his work, and there they abode in peace and comfort; still attending my ministry; S—— often reverting to the "word in season to him that is weary." They were both most regular in their attendance till towards the close of the first year of their union, when Mrs. S—— ceased to come so frequently, and I noted when she did come, a paleness and a redness, neither of which I liked. Then the walk got to be too much for her; and then it was found that a cold had settled down into a confirmed cough and consumption, and she was very weak. After an interval, Mrs. S—— was transferred to the Consumption Hospital, where I had opportunity of seeing her very often. I soon saw that Death had set his seal on her brow, and that it was only a question of months, it might be even of weeks only. I spoke of death to her. At first she could not look kindly on it at all. It seemed a sorrowful ending to her young life, to break it off just there. But slowly she came round; it was the will of God, and she said meekly, humbly, "Thy will be done." A few months spent in the Consumption Hospital proved that the disease was incurable, and she was sent home to her husband. A few weeks thereafter I heard that she had become the mother of a fine healthy boy, and that her life was still spared. She mended, and saw the child grow up to be some weeks old; but slowly and surely she was coming down on the other side, and at last it became evident that she could not live many days more. I was asked to go out to baptize the child before she died. I appointed an early evening. Oh! how well I remember the walk out to that suburb on a fine summer afternoon. I found the cottage. How tidy and neat it was, without and within! Mrs. S—— was lifted on to the sofa, and there was tea, and much pleasant and profitable talk. Then Mr. S—— returned from his labour, and about seven o'clock a city missionary, and one or two humble neighbours, came in. I conducted a regular service, though short—singing psalms, in which we all joined with all our heart. The room was small, and it was only by door and window open, a fan kept constantly going, and such other appliances, that Mrs. S—— could be kept from fainting away through total weakness. Then the little child was brought in, and after words in season to the weary souls, I baptized him "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then I prayed; and during the whole service the place was a Bochim; there was not a dry eye among us, Mrs. S—— alone excepted: she wept not. Never have I beheld any service so solemn and affecting as all that service was. But it closed, and I had to depart. I parted with my dying friend for the last time. I felt that I should see her face no more. She felt it too. Shaking my hand, she thanked me. "We will never meet more, till—till—;" and then, for the first time, she too wept. "Till," said I, "we meet where there is no more suffering, sorrow, or parting; where God the Lord shall wipe away all tears from every eye." "Yes," she said, "that's it—that's it. God the Lord shall do it;" (her voice husky, and low, and slow.) "He will do it himself—with his own hand—with his own hand—he will not let another do it—he loves them too well for that—he will do it himself—*with his own hand!*" The last words were uttered with such an emphasis, and there was such a look in the clear bright eye, that they went to my heart. I never had heard anything more real than that; and I came away without the power even to say, "Farewell!" The city missionary came with me. After long silence, he said, "Well, sir, of all the solemn services I ever saw or heard of, that's the most solemn. I never expect to meet with anything more solemn till I come to the judgment of God." I said nothing. There was a great fire in London. The whole atmosphere above us was ruddy with a fiery glow. It was Broadwood's pianoforte manufactory, I think. But we took no note of it, gave no heed to it, and walked on in silence. A few days after, and all was over. Mrs. S—— went up to her Father, leaving her husband and child behind her.

Dear reader, have you been to Jesus to hear his words in season? He has a learned tongue, and knows well how to speak them. Are you weary—weary of sin, of corruption, of the cares and trials and temptations in the world? Oh betake yourself to him! With him is "the *fountain* of life." "They that wait upon the Lord shall *renew* their strength,"—strength for living, strength for dying: "they shall run and *not* be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

But away from Christ, what is there for you but weariness, and worse than weariness? "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? If in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XIV.—THE VOLUNTEER FOLLOWER—ANOTHER DISCIPLE—JESUS IN THE STORM.

MATT. viii. 18–27.

Ver. 18. Why did Jesus wish to get away from "the multitudes?" [Perhaps he feared lest some disturbance should arise, and the jealousy of the government be excited; or being weary, he needed rest.] Where did he give orders for his disciples to go? The other side of what? [The Sea of Galilee.]

Ver. 19. Who were the scribes? See on ch. v. 20. What probably induced the scribe to say he would follow Christ? [From Christ's answer, it is likely that his motive was a worldly one; that he hoped for rank and wealth if Jesus should prove to be the Messiah.]

Ver. 20. Did Christ *forbid* him to follow him? What then? [He directed him to count the cost.] What feature of his earthly condition did Christ refer to? If Christ was so poor, what must his followers lay their account with? See ch. x. 24. What effect would this remark probably have on the scribe? Can any be true servants of Christ who value the world more than Christ? By what name did Christ call himself on this occasion? Was the promised Messiah ever spoken of under this name in the Old Testament? [Ps. lxxx. 17. Dan. vii. 13, 14.] Was the name ever given to Christ by his disciples? [Once only, after his ascension to glory. Acts vii. 56.] What does the name imply? [It denotes the condescension of Christ; the Son of God becoming the Son of Man—his Messiahship.]

Ver. 21. Had Jesus commanded this disciple to follow him? See Luke ix. 59. Was he quite willing to do so? Was this request wrong *in itself*? But may not a thing proper in itself be in some circumstances unseasonable?

Ver. 22. Did Christ allow the man to do what he had asked? Why not? [Because it was not necessary that *he* should bury his father, and he was needed at the time for peculiar work.] Whom did Christ intrust with the burial? Is the word "dead" used in the same sense in both these places? What is the meaning of Christ's words? [That those who were *spiritually* dead might bury the *naturally* dead; they could do this as well as any; therefore the spiritually *living* should attend at once to Christ's work.] What general lesson is to be drawn from this? [That the claims of Christ's service on his own people are even stronger than those of filial duty; they are to be placed above all.]

Ver. 24. Are such sudden squalls common on the Lake of Gennesaret? [Very common; the wind sweeps through valleys that open into the lake. "Small as the lake is, and placid in general as a molten mirror, I have repeatedly seen it quiver, and leap, and boil like a caldron, when driven by fierce winds from the eastern mountains; and the waves ran high—high enough to fill or 'cover' the ships, as Matthew has it"—(*Thomson's Land and the Book.*) What was Jesus doing when the storm arose? When may the same thing be said to happen figuratively still? [When his people are in storms or perils, and Christ seems not to heed. See Ps. xiii. 1.]

Ver. 25. What did the disciples do? How did their words show at once that they had faith, but only little faith? ["Lord, save us," showed faith in Christ as able to save,—"we perish," showed the weakness of that faith; they did not realize that *with Christ they could not perish.*] Do you remember an instance of a sea-storm making "every man cry to his god?" Jonah i. 5. In what circumstances may this prayer of the apostles be appropriately used? [When any awakened to a sense of sin, feel that out of Christ they are lost. Ps. cxvi. 3, 4.]

Ver. 26. Do you remember any Old Testament promise, the thought of which should have kept them from fear? Isa. xliii. 1, 2. Did Christ despise or disregard them though their faith was weak? What does this teach? Why did Christ not interpose till the storm was at its height? See Ps. xciii. 3, 4. What happened when he rebuked the winds and the waves? What are winds and waves sometimes used to represent? [Whatever agitates the *mind*—guilt, fear, doubt, passion, trials, &c. See Isa. lvii. 20.] To whom should we go when any of these arise? What will be the result? Mention some passages where Christ promises *rest* and *peace*.

Ver. 27. What texts describing God's almighty power might this remind them of? Ps. cvii. 29–31; cxlviii. 7, 8. Whom, then, did it prove Christ to be? [How terrible must be the end of those who provoke against themselves this Almighty power!]

DOCTRINE.—The Holy Ghost is God.

Matt. xii. Acts v. Heb. ix.

Direct Proofs of the Trinity.

Matt. xxviii. 2 Cor. xiii. Compare Gen. i. 1; Job xxxiii. 4; and John i. 3. Compare John xvii. 17; Eph. v. 25; 2 Thess. ii. 13.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. V.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

MATT. vi. 11.

WHAT is the fourth thing we ask for in the Lord's Prayer? Does "daily bread" here mean bread *only*? [Explain that the expression means all things really necessary for our life in this world.] Why is the word *bread* used? [Because it is more necessary for us than anything else; rich and poor, young and old, all need and make use of it? We could live on bread alone better than on any other single article of food.]

From whom do we here ask our daily bread? Why? [Because all things come from God; he makes the earth produce them first, and then gives man skill and strength to prepare them for use. Ps. civ. 14, 15.] What should we do when we sit down to a comfortable meal? [Ask our Father in heaven to bless it for our good.] And after we have finished? [Give him thanks.] And whom should we thank for warm clothes, and fire, and other comforts? But should not we be grateful to kind parents and friends for them? [Yes, but most of all to God.]

Why does Jesus tell us to say, "Give us *this day*!" [To teach us that we ought to ask God *every day* for what we need.] And why are we to ask only for daily bread? [To show us that we ought to be contented and thankful if only that is given to us.] How should we feel when God gives us much more? Deut. viii. 10; xxvi. 11. 1 Tim. vi. 17. May

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we not pray for riches and plenty of all good things? [No; we should pray like Agur. Prov. xxx. 8.] And how should we do to those who have much less than ourselves? Deut. xv. 11; Isa. lviii. 7.

When we are old enough, what must we do besides *praying* for daily bread? [Work for it. Prov. xxxi. 27. 2 Thess. iii. 10, 12.]

Does not God feed his other creatures besides man? Ps. civ. 21, 27, 28; cxlv. 15, 16; cxlvii. 9. What lesson does Jesus teach us from this? Matt. vi. 26, 31-33. Who will get most comfort from this? [Those of God's people who are in poverty and distress.] Does He promise that daily bread *shall* be given to those who trust in him? Ps. xxxiv. 10; xxxvii. 3, 25. Isa. xxxiii. 16. [Show how these promises have often been wonderfully fulfilled.]

Who were fed for many years by manna that fell from heaven? Who was once fed by food brought to him by ravens, and at another time by an angel? 1 Kings xvii. 2-6; xix. 4-8. What poor widow was saved from dying of hunger by having her meal and oil multiplied by a miracle? 1 Kings xvii. 8-16. What should all these things teach us? [That God has many ways of providing for his people, and that we may always safely trust in him.]

Where did Jesus feed thousands of people by a miracle? John vi. 5-13. Matt. xv. 32-38. Where did he refuse to work a miracle to feed himself? Matt. iv. 1-4. Why? [Because it would have been sinful to do so at the bidding of Satan.] What should this teach us? [That we must suffer any want rather than commit sin to get relief.]

Who is called the Bread of Life—the bread that came down from heaven? John vi. 35, 51. Why does Jesus give himself this name? [To teach us that our souls need food as well as our bodies, and that we must come to himself every day for this also.]

Illustration.—Long ago, when people in our own country had to suffer much for the sake of Jesus, a pious poor woman was taken prisoner for attending a prayer-meeting, and brought before a wicked judge, who had long hated her on account of her religion. She had been used to say that she was never afraid of want, because her God could supply all her need (Phil. iv. 19). "Well," said the judge, "I have caught you at last, and now I shall send you to prison, and how will you be fed there?" She replied, "If my heavenly Father pleases, he can send me food even from your own table." And so it was; for the judge's wife, a kind-hearted lady, pitied the poor woman, and took care that she got food from their table every day, as long as she remained in prison. And God rewarded the kind lady; for it is said that he opened her heart to receive the truth, and she became a real Christian.

Day by day the manna fell,—
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
"Give me, Lord, my daily bread."

Precept.—Be careful for nothing: but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. Phil. iv. 6.

Promise.—The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. Ps. xxxiv. 10.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread. We thank thee for our food and clothing, and all the good things we enjoy in this world. Let us never forget that they all come from thee. Make us contented with whatever thou givest us, and teach us how to pity and help those who are in want of many things that we have. And oh, make us feel how much our souls need heavenly food, and give us true faith, that Jesus may be to us the Bread of life. Forgive our sins, and hear us, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"FEAR NOT, I WILL HELP THEE!"

If we have been humbly praying, like the poor woman of Canaan, "Lord, help me," then here is a sweet promise to comfort us. God says, "Fear not; I will help thee."

But perhaps you say, *How* does God from heaven help us when we are in difficulty or distress? I will tell you. He does this in many ways. In old times, he did it often by a miracle—sending his angel to shut the lions' mouths when Daniel was in the den; or to open the strong bolts of the prison-gates without any noise, and bring Peter out in the night. And as he is Almighty, he could do this still if he pleased. But he thinks it best to take other ways now of helping his people. He puts it into the hearts of other men to help them—as Obadiah hid the prophets in a cave, or as Gamaliel persuaded the council not to punish the apostles. Or he teaches them to see a way of escape for themselves—as he opened the eyes of Hagar to see the well of water she had not noticed before. Or, very often, he sees that it is best for them still to continue in their troubles; but then he gives them such peace, and hope, and joy in their souls, such a sure feeling that Jesus loves them, that all their sins are forgiven for his sake, and such a sight, as it were, of heaven, that they are quite comforted and supported, and can sometimes say with Paul, "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all my tribulation" (2 Cor. vii. 4).

Now, dear children, there are some lessons which you and I should learn from this verse. One is, always to remember in our troubles and difficulties that our help must come from God. When wise doctors or kind friends find out the way to do us good, let us never forget that it is God who has made them know it, and do it; and while we are very grateful to them, let us thank *Him* most and first.

Then let us also learn never to be too much cast down or afraid in any trouble, because we have the great God to go to, and he is able and willing to help us. We can say with David,—yes, even a little child may say it, "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." What a wonderful thought that is!

But those who do not love the Lord, whether they are old or young, have no right to take comfort from this verse. If you do not pray, if you do not care about heavenly things, if you never go to Jesus as your Friend when you are well and happy, how can you expect him to be your helper when sickness or sorrow comes? Dear children, think of this. Even when all is bright and cheerful round us, we cannot be long really happy, if we are sinners who have not found the Saviour. And, oh! what will become of us without Him when we come to mourn or to die? J.

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II.—LITTLE SHIPS.

"And there were with him other little ships."—MARK iv. 36.

I WONDER whether *you*, the dear child who is now reading this—whether *you* are one of these "little ships;" I wonder whether you can be said to be sailing across the "Sea of Time" under Christ's convoy! Yes—I wonder!

All children are not. I must say that I know a great many children who are sailing about hither and thither just as they please. I have gone very near some of them, and warned them, and besought them in Christ's name to be wise, and come away after him. I have put my trumpet to my lips as we passed, and shouted, "*Where are you bound?*" And when they have answered, "We don't care," I have shouted again, "*Beware of quicksands,—beware of the great pirate,—beware of storms!—Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*" And when they have answered again, "*What* is 'the fear of the Lord?'" I have said, "*It is to 'eschew evil, and do good, to seek peace; and ensue it'*" (1 Peter iii. 11).—I have given them the gracious message, "*I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me*" (Prov. viii. 17).

But how few have pondered what they heard! I have watched them with tearful eyes till I could see them no more; and I shall never see them again! Oh, they will be dashed upon the rocks, or they will be upset in a gale, or Satan will make them a prize!

I am *anxious*, therefore, about you, my dear child. I am anxious to find out what cargo you are taking in,—whether "gold, silver, precious stones, or wood, hay, stubble." I am anxious to find out whose flag you are sailing under,—Christ's, or the great enemy's. I am anxious to find out about your crew, whether they are those excellent mariners, Love, Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance; or those traitors, Pride, Envy, Hatred, Strife. Is the "Book of books" your chart? Is your delight in it, and do you meditate in it day and night, and are you steering by its directions? Are you ever "looking unto Jesus" as your pole-star? Does your heart point true to him, as the needle points true to the north?

I am anxious about all these things, and until I am sure of them, I cannot tell you whether you will have a prosperous voyage or not. But this I can say, that if you have the least desire to put yourself under Christ's convoy, you may. He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Only do not delay. "Get away" at once. Do not wait for others to start; do not wait till you get older; do not wait till you fancy yourself better. Just quietly make up your mind, "I will go after Christ." There he is waiting for you, calling to you to follow him. Push off then, and let nothing discourage you. Be sure of this, that nothing can really prevent you. Push off, and God speed you! Oh, may Jesus draw you to himself this very day; and then we shall sail together under his almighty shadow, singing, as we go—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

The Fleet of Fishing-boats by Rev. James Bolton.

III.—THE TONGUE.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"—JAMES iii. 5.

I SAW a terrible fire some time ago, or rather, I saw the reflection of it in the sky,—the heavens were crimsoned with it. It burned a large manufactory to the ground, and the firemen had hard work to save the buildings which surrounded it. They poured streams of water on it from fifteen engines, but it licked it up, and would have its course till the walls gave way. That terrible fire was kindled *by a farthing rushlight!* Some years ago, I saw the black ashes of what the night before was a splendid farm-yard, with its hay-ricks, corn-stalks, stables, and cow-sheds; and lying about upon them were the carcases of a number of miserable horses and bullocks which had perished in the flames. All that was done *by a lucifer-match!* In America, the Indians strike a *spark* from a flint and steel, and set fire to the dry grass, and the flames spread and spread until they sweep like a roaring torrent over prairies as large as England, and men and cattle have to flee for their lives. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" *and the tongue is a fire!* A few rash *words* will set a family, a neighbourhood, a nation by the ears; they often have done so. Half the lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by the tongue. Husband and wife have separated for ever, children have forsaken their homes, bosom friends have become bitter foes,—all on account of fiery arrows shot by this powerful little member. Which of you, dear children, has not *felt* its power? Have you thought, dear children, that each of you has one of these little members fixed in your mouth? There it is all ready and waiting for orders from morning to night. It is God's gift to you, and "*There is not a word on my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.*" God is watching to see what *use* you make of it. Is it busy for God or for Satan? is it doing harm, or is it doing good? These are serious questions; you must not put them aside; you must answer them seriously. And, whilst everybody's tongue can boast of the *great* things which it can do, let the boast of your tongue be that it has "*Holiness unto the Lord*" engraven upon it.—*Ibid.*

IV.—A GOOD RULE, AND ITS RESULTS.

"IF that fellow had answered *me* in the way he did *you*, Mr. A——, he wouldn't have done it more than once: I should have walked him out of doors quick enough, and he wouldn't have come in again, unless he was stronger than I."

"But what good would that have done? Would he have been a better boy or yourself a happier man for it?"

"I wouldn't stop to make that inquiry, but show him that I was not to be imposed upon by such a sauce-box as he. I think it is *right* to show 'proper resentment;' but I *never* saw you manifest anger but once or twice, let the provocation be what it would."

"You are wrong, utterly wrong, as regards both your neighbour and yourself; as regards your neighbour, whose good you are bound to consult, all the more that he does not do so himself; and as regards yourself, for never forget that your own happiness requires self-control. The passionate man is the unhappy man. I will tell you a little incident of my boyhood, which made an indelible impression upon my character in this respect.

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"It was a wet, drizzly morning in early spring. I took my pail, and went to milk as usual, though not in a very pleasant mood; and I soon found that Old Brindle was as ill-natured as myself. I however patted her with, 'So, mully, so, so,' in as gentle tones as possible; and seating myself, began to milk. My pail was at length nearly filled, and I was rejoicing that my hated task was almost over, when up came the foot of Old Brindle with such force, that it placed the stool and myself, with the pail and its contents, in a horizontal position upon the ground. Of course I was not only covered from head to foot with milk, but thoroughly smeared with mud and dirt. O how angry was I! I never in my life remember to have been more completely unhappy. Gladly would I have killed her upon the spot; but this I could not do. As my quickest method of revenge, I caught the stool and threw it at her with as much force as I could command, and with my empty pail went to the house. My mother saw me coming, and half suspecting the trouble, met me at the door; but I was too angry to wait for her sympathy. 'I wish that ugly old cow were dead! Just look at me—covered with dirt and wet with milk from head to foot, and all the milk spilt into the bargain! I never will milk Old Brindle again, I know.'

"My mother placed her hand very gently upon my shoulder, and looking me steadily in the face, said, 'Stop, William, stop! you don't think what you are saying!'

"'Yes, I do, mother; I *honestly wish* Old Brindle were dead!'

"'Well, we will not talk about it any more now. Come with me, and I will help you to remove the dirt from your clothes, and after breakfast we will consider the matter.'

"I was not much pleased to hear this, for my mother had a way of talking with me, when I did wrong, that made me *feel* my guilt; and I wished now to be left to the indulgence of my angry feelings, for I thought I had a *good reason* for so doing. After breakfast was over, and all things in readiness for school, my mother said, 'Now, William, we will have a little talk about your misfortune this morning.' And O the blessing of that conversation! The expression of her dark eye, the earnest, subdued tenderness of her voice, have never been erased from my mind. I do not now recollect all that she said; but she gave me a rule by which she wished me always to abide. It was this: '*When you begin to feel the risings of anger, look directly up to the sky, and continue looking up for one minute before you speak.*'

"I went to school at the usual hour, but I was ill at ease. The scenes of the morning were still before me. I felt that I had done wrong, *very* wrong; and I longed to tell my mother so. Night at length came. I took my pail and went to my accustomed task. Again my pail was nearly full, and again Old Brindle began to exhibit her antics; but I was upon the watch, and saved myself. I felt the risings of anger, and tried my mother's rule. As I gazed upon the pale moon, whose mellow light was flooding the heavens with its silvery radiance, I thought I had never seen a moon like that—so calm, so bright, so beautiful. I involuntarily shrunk from its pure light, for it seemed to me that the eye of God was in it. The serenity of that evening contrasted strangely with the agitation of my bosom; and 'the still small voice' whispered, 'Stop, William, stop!' And there I did stop, and there for the first time in my life I *really* prayed. Yes, in the deep earnestness of my heart, I prayed that God would forgive me for Christ's sake, and aid me to govern my unruly temper. Years after this occurrence, when my bosom began to heave with anger, I seemed to be back to the old homestead, and heard my mother's voice—'Look up, and keep looking up for one minute before you speak.'"

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

In the first age, that of early struggling Christianity, the new principles in the gospel did not fail to exhibit their power and benignity. The scheme of Christian doctrine, in its whole theologic breadth, in its connection with all the provinces of human knowledge and philosophy, was not, indeed, so fully conceived by the primitive Christians as it has since been. The intellectual worth and meaning of Christianity were not systematically unfolded before the Reformation. But in pure spirituality of devotion, in fervency of personal piety, the early age stands alone. The light was dewy and beautiful in that new dawn of humanity. Those were the days when Christians walked so closely with God, that light from heaven beamed visibly around them. Those were the days when men said of Christians, "See how they love one another!" Those were the days when—Gibbon himself being witness—the form of Christian morality rose amid heathen grossness, so pure, so saintly, that the pagans themselves were astonished and abashed, driven into fiendish hatred, or won to penitence and adoration. The voice of Christianity was heard against the licentiousness that reigned in the temple of Venus; and its eye fell in heavenly pity on the agony of the gladiator. A softer gentleness threw its smile over the faces of men; and, strange as it might seem, yet in beautiful natural consistency, a new manliness, a robust valour, recalling better times, also appeared. "In an age of enervated refinement," says Neander, "and of servile cowardice, the Christians manifested an enthusiasm which gave fresh energy to life, and a heroic faith which despised tortures and death rather than do what was contrary to conscience. This heroism of the Christians did, indeed, strike many as a phenomenon foreign to the age; they made it a matter of reproach to them that they possessed a character well enough befitting the ruder days of antiquity, but little suited to their own refined and gentle times." It was then that the hardihood of the Christian faith was proved by its ability to root itself in blood. The sword which had smitten all the nations into submission to Rome was unsheathed against the Galileans, and unsheathed in vain. So intensely and perpetually did those early Christians realize the belief that the seen and temporal is but a wavering film over the unseen and eternal, that they hastened even too willingly and joyously to martyrdom. The mysterious spectacle was presented of a humility and self-negation unexampled in the world, and a fortitude which, from female eyes, could smile defiance into the face of death.—*Essays by Peter Bayne*

II.—NO REPENTANCE—NO PEACE.

Have you ever heard of the great clock of St. Paul's in London? At mid-day, in the roar of business, when carriages,

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and carts, and waggons, and omnibuses, go rolling through the streets, how many never hear that great clock strike unless they live very near it! But when the work of the day is over, and the roar of business has passed away,—when men are gone to sleep, and silence reigns in London,—then at twelve, at one, at two, at three, at four, the sound of that clock may be heard for miles around.—Twelve!—One!—Two!—Three!—Four!—How that clock is heard by many a sleepless man! That clock is just like the conscience of the impenitent man. While he has health and strength, and goes on in the whirl of business, he will not hear his conscience. He drowns and silences its voice by plunging into the world. He will not allow the inner man to speak to him. But the day will come when conscience will be heard, whether he likes it or not. The day will come when its voice will sound in his ears, and pierce him like a sword. The time will come when he must retire from the world, and lie down on the sick-bed, and look death in the face. And then the clock of conscience, that solemn clock, will sound in his heart, and, if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul. Oh, no! write it down in the tablets of your heart,—without repentance, no peace!—*J. C. Ryle.*

III.—DO YOU CONFESS?

I do not ask you now what your opinion is about matters controverted in the present day. I ask you a plain practical question,—Do you know anything of the daily habit of confessing sin to God?

You will not pretend to say you have no sins at all. Few probably are so blind and ignorant in the present day as to say that. But what do you do with your sins?—What measures do you take about your sins?—Do you use any steps to get rid of your sins?—Do you ever speak to any one about your sins?—Answer these questions, I do beseech you, to your own conscience. Whether you are rich or poor, old or young, churchman or dissenter, matters little. But it does matter a great deal whether you can reply to the inquiry,—Do you confess your sins?

Reader! if you know nothing of the habit of confessing sin, I have only one remark to make,—*your soul is in imminent danger!* There is but a step between you and hell. If you die as you are, you will be lost for ever. The kingdom of God contains no silent subjects. The citizens of the heavenly city are a people who have all known, and felt, and confessed their sins.

I give you one simple warning: *You will have to confess your sins one day, whether you will or no.* When the great white throne is set, and the books are opened, your sins will at last be exposed before the whole world. The secrets of all hearts will be revealed. You will have to acknowledge your transgressions before the eyes of an assembled world, and an innumerable company of angels. Your confession at last will be most public! And, worst of all, your confession will be too late!

Where is the man who would not shrink from the idea of such an exposure? Where is the woman whose spirit would not fail at the very possibility of such a confession as this? Reader, this public confession will be the portion of millions. Take heed lest it be yours. Oh! think, think, think upon the question—*Do you confess?*

I invite you in my Master's name to *begin the habit of confession without delay.*

Go this very day to the throne of grace, and speak to the great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, about your soul. Pour out your heart before him. Keep nothing back from him. Acknowledge your iniquities to him, and entreat him to cleanse them away. Say to him, in David's words, "For thy name's sake pardon my iniquity, for it is great."—"Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities."—Cry to him as the publican did in the parable, "God be merciful to me a sinner." (Ps. xxv. 11; li. 9. Luke xviii. 13.)

Arise, dear reader, and call upon God. If Christ had never died for sinners, there might be some excuse for doubting. But Christ having suffered for sin, there is nothing that need keep you back. Only acknowledge your iniquity, and cast yourself wholly on God's mercy in Christ, and life, eternal life, shall be your own. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) But, oh! reader, begin, begin to confess without delay. This very day *begin to confess your sins.*—*Ibid.*

IV.—PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

How vast the range of blessing your prayers may take! Who can tell the history or trace the wanderings of yon cloud that sails in light and glory across the sky, or indicate from what source its bosom was filled with the vapours it is yet to shed back upon the earth? Perhaps, though now wandering over the tilled field and the peopled village, its stores were drawn from some shaded fountain in the deep forest, where the eye of man has scarce ever penetrated. In silent obscurity that fountain yielded its pittance, and did its work of preparing to bless the far-off lands that shall yet be glad for it. And even thus it is with the descending Spirit. Little do we know often of the secret origin of the dews of blessing that descend on the churches of God. In the recesses of some lowly cottage, in the depths of some humble heart, may be going on the work of pious intercession; in answer to which the grace of Heaven descends on us and on our children, on the labours of the wondering and joyful pastor, and on the hearts of the far heathen, until the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for them. The time is to come when from every home, brethren, such prayer shall arise. Let us sustain and swell, in our day, the ascending volume of supplication that is yet to roll around the globe, and never to fail, until over a world regenerated and purified the morning stars shall again shout for joy, and the earth, emerging from her long and disastrous eclipse of sin and wrath, shall yet again walk the heavens in her unsullied brightness—*a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.* Till then we have no reason, no right, to intermit our supplications; and it is only when, in the final accomplishment of David's prayer, his greater Son shall have come to reign king over all lands, and to have dominion from sea to sea—it is not until that prayer shall have been made for him continually, and he shall daily have been praised, that the believer remaining on earth will be warranted to adopt to his own lips the touching and triumphant close appended to the supplications of the crowned Singer of Israel—"The prayers of David the Son of Jesse are ended."—*W. R. Williams, D.D.*

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BIBLE CITIES.

No. IV.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE MACCABEES.

SEVENTY years have passed away, and in stillness deep and unbroken as that of the sepulchre, Jerusalem has fulfilled the long Sabbath of her expiation. Now and then some toil-browned peasant or aged shepherd from the hills of Judah, who remembered the last great passover in the good old times of Josiah, might make a stealthy pilgrimage to the spot, and climbing over broken walls and columns, ascend by grass-grown ways to the mount of the Temple. More solemnly than ever prophet had spoken where he stood, would the rustle of the wind through the wild shrubs that choked its courts, and the howl of the jackal from its recesses, thrill to his heart as he leaned on his staff and wept, like voices burdened with guilt and doom. Yet never had Jerusalem been loved by her children as now in her abasement and desolation. To the memory, the name of Zion, the heart-sick exile, who kept his Sabbath by the willow-skirted waters of the Captivity, passionately clung. And when the storm that had overthrown his holy city laid Babylon into dust, and the Persian conqueror Cyrus, "My servant," issued the decree of Revocation, never had the Temple in its glory been approached with more fervent devotion than its bleached and mouldering relics were by these patriot Jews. The number that returned with Zerubbabel, a prince of the blood-royal of Judah, was about 50,000,—a shrunken remnant of the nation, but purified in the Babel furnace from the vicious taint of idolatry. God had laid his hand on them, the fever had left them, and they arose, feeble and wasted as they were, to minister at his shrine with chastened hearts. Their first care was to rebuild the great Altar for the daily sacrifice, and dedicate the sacred vessels restored by Cyrus to the service of Jehovah; and then, with as much festal pomp as they could command in their altered fortunes, priestly trump and cymbal mingling again with the old grand hallelujahs, the foundation of the Second Temple was laid. To most who were present, it was a joyful solemnity; but many an aged worshipper was there whose voice faltered in the strain of praise as the past rushed upon his mind. The ancient men that had seen the first house wept with a loud voice, so that "the noise of the shout of joy could not be discerned for the noise of the weeping of the people." Through the intrigues of their Samaritan rivals, the work of reconstruction made but slow progress. For many years it was entirely suspended; and not till eighteen years after its foundation, in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, was the building completed, and consecrated to the God of Israel by a Feast of Dedication. Inferior as it was in beauty and magnificence to the first, wanting the great Palladium, the Ark with the Shekinah, and also the Urim and Thummim, and the holy Altar-fire, a more glorious destiny was before it. It was one day to be hallowed by the presence of the true Shekinah, in the appearing of Him of whom all the seers had spoken—the living "brightness of the Father's glory," God manifest in the flesh!

With the rebuilding of the Temple, Jerusalem was restored to its former sacredness, but for many years remained dismantled and defenceless,—an obscure provincial town, of small esteem in the eyes of the Persian satraps of Syria. A second caravan of home-bound pilgrims returned under the guidance of Ezra, eighty years after the original exodus from Babylon. This was followed by the arrival of Nehemiah, a high officer of the Persian court, but a godly and patriotic Jew, who was armed with full power to restore the walls and gates. The work was pushed vigorously forward, and in four months the city stood as of old, "compact together," within its cincture of embattled ramparts. At the same time, measures were taken to carry out a work of religious reformation, and these auspicious days beheld a second spring of Hebrew piety. The city, a symbol or index of the nation's life, crowned in its Temple with the beauty of holiness, once more fronted its foes on its castled heights, "terrible as an army with banners."

The voice of prophecy had ceased in Israel: Malachi has expired with the name of the Messiah, the long transmitted watchword, on his lips. Henceforward the story of Jerusalem for more than three hundred years must be traced by other lights than those of inspiration, shifting and troubled gleams struggling through the clouds that darken over it amid the collision of the great military powers of the East. Under the Persian governors, the office of the high priest, to which they claimed the right of nomination, was becoming more and more secularized,—a change like that by which the Bishops of Rome have so successfully aspired to descend to the rank of temporal princes. As the highest prize in the state, it was contested by rival factions, and too often the reward of bold villany or slippery intrigue. In one instance, a high priest murdered his own brother, who was caballing to supplant him, within the precincts of the Temple. The Persian governor expressed his horror at the desecration, and punished the crime by imposing a heavy tax on every lamb offered in sacrifice. But the days of the Persian Empire itself were numbered. Smitten with the feebleness of age, it could not resist the fresh and vigorous onset of Greece, fast rising into the ascendant under the Great Alexander. A singular incident, which we see no reason to doubt, connects the name of "Macedonia's madman" with that of the

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Hebrew capital. After Tyre and Gaza had fallen before his arms, the conqueror advanced against Jerusalem. As he approached the walls, a solemn procession issued forth to meet him at the head of his legions. In front of it walked the high priest, a man of venerable aspect, arrayed in his gorgeous vestments, and on his head the sacred mitre, displaying the golden frontal that was graven with the Holy Name. The king, overcome by supernatural awe, fell prostrate before him. His attendants in amazement inquired the reason. "I adore," said Alexander, "not the high priest, but the God he serves. In a vision at Dios, in Macedonia, this very form, arrayed as now, stood before me, and announced it as the will of Heaven, that I should pass into Asia, and overthrow the Persian power." Thereupon the king was led by the high priest into the Temple, where he was shown, in the roll of Daniel's visions, the prophecy he had fulfilled. It is said that he offered sacrifice to the God of Israel, and conferred signal marks of favour on the Jewish people.

On the death of Alexander, the vast dominion which had been held together by the vice-like force of one master-will, fell to fragments, like a tower when the iron clamps that mortise its walls loosen and drop out. His captains, men of the stuff Napoleon's marshals were made of, divided the spoils among them with their swords. Out of each rib of the fallen Colossus was made a kingdom. Syria fell to one, Egypt to another of those soldier-kings, and Judea found itself in the position it had occupied before, and was so often to hold again,—a weak state between two powerful neighbours, which an Oriental proverb likens to grain between two mill-stones. For a time it was sorely bruised in the collision of these hostile monarchies, till the fortunes of the Ptolemies prevailed, and a long period of tranquillity was secured to Judea as a dependency of Egypt under the rule of its pontiffs. For nearly a century Jerusalem enjoyed that happiness which leaves no trace in history; but the quiet was broken when Antiochus the Great wrested Judea from the sway of Egypt, and the Holy City was again trodden under the feet of contending armies. As if this were not enough, the Jews were rent by dissensions among themselves; and out of these feuds grew up a party who, in their eagerness to crush their rivals, were willing to purchase foreign aid at any sacrifice. On the invitation of these recreants, a Syrian officer entered the Temple to rifle it of its treasures, when, as Jewish tradition reports, a mysterious rider, clad in golden mail, with two young men on either side armed with scourges, and moving with angelic swiftness, rushed forth to meet him, and stretched him senseless on the pavement. One woe was past; another and a heavier was about to begin.

No name of tyrant or persecutor in the long black register of Jewish calamities has been burned so deep into the memory of the people as that of Antiochus Epiphanes, the type of the worst breed of Oriental despots. The horrors of his rule in Judea were aggravated by the fact, that they sprung out of the corruption of the governing class. Early in his reign, a Jewish noble was base enough to bribe this heathen potentate to invest him with the priestly office; this man Joshua, or "Jason" as he called himself to please his Grecian liege lord, being the brother of Onias, whom he wished to supplant. After doing his utmost to undermine the religion of his country, and change bad Jews into worse Greeks, Jason was outbidden for the pontificate by another brother, Joseph, or "Menelaus." To supply himself with money, this man laid hands on the golden vessels of the Temple, and a furious insurrection broke out in Jerusalem. Antiochus marched against the city, took it by storm, and gave the signal for massacre. In three days 40,000 of its inhabitants were butchered, and as many more reserved to be sold as slaves. He then plundered the Temple of its holiest treasures, offered a sow in sacrifice on the Brazen Altar, and polluted every part of the sanctuary by the most loathsome kind of desecration. His vengeance did not rest here. To make it signal and complete, he issued a proclamation forbidding the worship of Jehovah throughout the land under penalty of death, and dedicated the Temple to Olympian Jove, whose statue was reared on the altar of burnt-offerings. The licentious revelries of Syrian idolatry, the secret rites of the laurel-groves of Daphne, again, after ages, had full sway in Judea; but this time as the fruit of Pagan domination. The foul Orontes flowed into the Jordan; and the ivy-wreathed thyrsus was borne, amid the riotous orgies and songs of wine-flushed Bacchanals, through the streets of Jerusalem. In order to enforce the execution of this edict, he built a fortress on Zion, which was held by a Syrian garrison; and bands of soldiers traversed the country to hunt down the "rebels," and break up the Hebrew conventicles, after the fashion of the *Dragonnades* of Louis XIV. in France, and the raids of the troopers of Claverhouse in Covenanting times. A reign of terror—proscriptions, tortures, brutal atrocities—spread havoc over the land, and religion lay bleeding under the armed hoofs of tyranny.

Never did Hebrew piety burn with saintlier fervour, or shine out with brighter illustration, than in these dismal days! A great cloud of witnesses, grey-haired priests and simple husbandmen, high-born matrons and village maidens, were faithful unto death, alike in patience, courage, sublime self-sacrifice. Such a story as that of the seven martyr brethren tortured before the eyes of their old mother, who looked calmly on, and encouraged them to hold fast their faith, in pains of death, which to each of them could come but once, but to her in seven long draughts of bitterness, is enough to glorify for all time the annals of a nation. But thus it has ever been. The Aceldamas of the Church, the spots wet with bloody dews, are those that look greenest through the backward vista, and are studded with her whitest monuments, each with its watching angel—

> "Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
> But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
> Against a Champion cased in adamant."

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When things were at the darkest, deliverance came. The aged priest of Modin, of the family of the Asmoneans, who claimed descent from Phinehas, had long brooded in secret over the wrongs of his country and the violation of the Temple. No heavenly voice summoned Mattathias from his peaceful retirement to the leadership of the armies of God, no prophet poured the oil of consecration on his hoary hairs; but when, in his native town, he saw a Jew in the act of sacrificing to a heathen god, and in an impulse of holy zeal struck the apostate lifeless on the altar, the eyes of all were turned to him as a judge raised up in Israel. They saw in him another Shamgar called from the plough, another Gideon from the threshing-floor, to free the land from its oppressors. In the mountains where he had taken refuge, he soon found himself surrounded by a band of devoted followers, who were known as the "Chasidim," or "righteous men;" and by a series of daring exploits, the fame of the patriot priest and his five valiant sons soon rung through the land. After a brief career, his place was filled by Judas Maccabeus, the ablest of the brothers, renowned as the deliverer of his country, and the founder of a princely house in Israel. His surname was probably derived from the initial letters of the legend on his banner, M.C.B.J.*—"Who is like to thee among the gods, Jehovah?" A more thrilling battle-cry than the famous S.P.Q.R., which blazoned under the Roman eagles, was now going forth on its march of triumph through the world. After earning brilliant distinction as a partisan leader, Judas ventured to meet the forces of Antiochus in the open field, and inflicted signal defeat on some of his best generals and the flower of the Syrian armies. Having scattered the Pagan hosts before him, the Maccabee chief entered Jerusalem at the head of the patriots. Their song of triumph soon changed into lamentation when they found the Temple courts overgrown with brushwood like a thicket, and the holy buildings broken down. The sanctuary was rebuilt and purified, the great Altar raised on its ancient site, and the "Feast of Dedication" kept for eight days, was the crowning act of the War of Independence, ever after kept sacred as one of the greatest of the Hebrew festivals. Soon after this, Antiochus died in the agonies of a loathsome disease, imbittered by remorse of conscience; smitten, as even heathen chroniclers affirm, by the hand of God. Splendid as had been his successes, Judas had but a short breathing time; his career was to be troubled and stormy to the close. Assailed by the whole strength of the Syrian empire, beset with treachery on the part of the renegade faction of Jews, he had a hard struggle to maintain his position, and as governor of Israel, courted alliance with the rising power of Rome—the first appearance of that ominous name in Hebrew politics. At last he fell on the field of battle, fighting against overwhelming numbers,—as he would have most wished to die. Never did the fire of patriotism burn purer than in the chivalrous Maccabee,—he fought as much for the honour of his God as for the freedom of his country, and left to Israel one of its dearest memories and most glorious names. Wise in council, dauntless in battle, buoyant in adversity, modest in success, equal to every fortune, long might his people lament for him as the champion and martyr of their liberties—

> "O fallen at length that tower of strength
> Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew."

To him we may apply the words spoken of the great English Puritan: "In the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others."

His brother Jonathan, who succeeded him at a time when the struggle seemed all but hopeless, was fortunate enough to espouse the cause of the stronger claimant in a disputed succession to the throne of Syria, and peace was restored to Judea. He was invested with the high priesthood, as well as the civil governorship of the land, the first of the dynasty of priestly rulers known as the Asmonean line of princes. The most prosperous of these rulers was John Hyrcanus, the grandson of the priest of Modin. During his reign of thirty years, the Samaritans were subdued, and the temple on Gerizim destroyed. The Idumeans, after centuries of freedom, professed allegiance, and were received into the Hebrew polity; Jerusalem was strongly fortified, the Castle of Baris being built on Moriah, so as to command the Temple. It was this fortress, afterwards called Antonia, in which Paul found asylum when rescued from a furious mob by a party of Roman soldiers, and which acquired importance as the key of the Jewish position—the Malakhoff of Jerusalem—in the last siege under Titus. In the time of Hyrcanus, we trace the rise of the two great sects so closely interwoven with later Jewish history, under the names of Pharisees and Sadducees. From the reign of Aristobulus, his son and successor, who first assumed the title of King, the fortunes of the Asmonean house were darkened by a succession of dismal crimes and tragedies. He died B.C. 107; and thirty years later, a contested succession between his two nephews, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, occasioned the interference of Rome, to which in an evil hour both parties appealed. For the first time Jerusalem heard the heavy tramp of the legions, and saw their eagles glittering at her gates. After three months' siege by Pompey, the city was carried by assault on a Sabbath, when the Jews abstained from defending it, and given up to the horrors of a storm. The Roman general entered the Temple, made his way into the Holy of Holies, and with surprise surveyed the blank recess, gloriously singular among the shrines of the nations, in having no visible divinity. To his honour, he forbade all open violation of its sanctity, left untouched its sacred vessels and treasures; but from the time he profaned the holy precincts by his intrusion, the Jews remark that he never prospered.

* Mi Chamoka Baalim Jehovah.

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We now behold Judea a Roman province, annexed to the proconsulate of Syria; and some years later (B.C. 54), the rapacious Crassus, as provincial governor, came to Jerusalem on purpose to rifle the Temple. Its wealth was computed at 10,000 talents, nearly two millions of our money. Eleazar, the high priest, tried to save it by the offer of a splendid bribe. The prudent Crassus took the bribe, and then seized the treasure. In his disastrous defeat and wretched death in the Parthian deserts, when the head was struck off from his mangled corpse, and molten gold poured into the mouth in hideous mockery of his avarice, this act of sacrilege met with signal retribution. Under the feeble rule of Hyrcanus, whom Pompey had invested with the priesthood, an Idumean noble, named Antipater, a zealous partisan of Rome, rose to power, and was king in all but name. Through his influence, his two sons, Phasael and Herod, were elevated to the dignity of tetrarchs. On the death of Phasael, Herod, an able but unscrupulous ruler, proclaimed himself king of Judea, and secured his position by marrying the beautiful and ill-fated Mariamne, the granddaughter of Hyrcanus, a princess of the royal blood of the Asmoneans, that house so dearly loved by the people despite of all their crimes. At this time, Jerusalem was in the hands of a party adverse to Herod, in the interest of Antigonus, the nephew of Hyrcanus, the last descendant in direct succession from the Maccabees. After a protracted siege, Herod, assisted by a Roman army, made himself master of Jerusalem. Antigonus was thrown into chains, sent to Rome, and put to an ignominious death. With him expired the line of the Asmonean princes, after a duration of one hundred and twenty-six years. It was a proof of Herod's sagacity that he interceded to save the inhabitants after the fall of Jerusalem from massacre, saying that he did not wish to be left king of a desert.

Herod was now undisputed lord of Judea. He had waded deep in blood to the throne, and seen every rival swept from his path. The land crouched in sullen silence at his feet; crowds of parasites and time-servers, Jews in name, but Pagans at heart, ashamed of their ancestral faith and national traditions, grovelled in the dust before successful villany, and shouted in his ear the flattering name of "Great." He had much of that external refinement and elegance of taste which are so often found in alliance with utter corruption of heart. He cultivated the liberal arts, when he had no murder in hand, with success, loving to dazzle the eyes of his subjects by displays of regal pomp and magnificent expenditure. Sebaste, Cæsarea, Jericho, were splendid monuments of his reign, embellished with Grecian colonnades and theatres, palaces, baths, and temples, in a style of sumptuous and graceful architecture, till then strange to Judea. His grand work was the restoration of the Temple of Jerusalem, which he found stone and left marble—an edifice crowning the sacred mount with shining walls of alabaster whiteness, and glittering spikes of gold; after which he might have said, like the imperial builder of St. Sophia, "I have outdone thee, O Solomon!"

At the moment Herod feels himself most secure, as he stands at eve on the terraced roof of his palace with the fair white city at his feet, his eye might rest on a Star hanging low and clear over the hills of Bethlehem. The hour is come. He knows not what it means, but others know it, and greet the signal lighted up in heaven, that "in the city of David a Saviour is born, who is Christ the Lord!" J. D. B.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"TO THE UTTERMOST."

SINNER! Christ is "able to save to the uttermost."

The uttermost extent of guilt is not beyond his power. Can any one tell what is the uttermost amount to which a man might sin? As long as ever he lives, he may become more guilty than he was the day before. But yet, Christ is "able to save to the uttermost." I may imagine a person has crept in here who thinks himself to be the most loathsome of all beings, the most condemned of all creatures. "Surely," says he, "I have gone to the utmost extremity of sin; none could outstrip me in vice." My dear friend, suppose you had gone to the uttermost, remember that even then you would not have gone beyond the reach of Divine mercy; for He is "able to save to the uttermost." But it is possible that you yourself might go a little further, and, therefore, you have not gone to the uttermost yet. However far you may have gone—if you have gone to the very arctic regions of vice, where the sun of mercy seems to scatter but a few oblique rays, there can the light of salvation reach you. If I should see a sinner staggering on in his progress to hell, I would not give him up, even when he had advanced to the last stage of iniquity. Though his foot hung tremblingly over the very verge of perdition, I would not cease to pray for him; and though he should in his poor drunken wickedness go staggering on till one foot were over hell, and he were ready to perish, I would not despair of him. Till the pit had shut her mouth upon him, I would believe it still possible that Divine grace might save him. See there! he is just upon the edge of the pit, ready to fall; but ere he falls, free grace bids, "Arrest that man!" Down Mercy comes, catches him on her broad wings, and he is saved, a trophy of redeeming love. If there be any such in this vast assembly—if there be any here of the outcast of society, the vilest of the vile—Oh, ye chief of sinners! Christ is "able to save to the uttermost." Tell that everywhere, in every garret, in every cellar, in every haunt of vice, in every kennel of sin; tell it everywhere! "To the uttermost!" "He is able also to save them to the uttermost!"

Yet again: not only to the uttermost of crime, but *to*

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the uttermost of rejection. I must explain what I mean by this. There are many of you here who have heard the gospel from your youth up. I see some here who, like myself, are children of pious parents. There are some of you upon whose infant forehead the pure heavenly drops of a mother's tears continually fell; there are many of you here who were trained up by one whose knee, whenever it was bent, was ever bent for you. She never rested in her bed at night till she had prayed for you, her first-born son. Your mother has gone to heaven, it may be, and all the prayers she ever prayed for you are as yet unanswered. Sometimes you wept. You remember well how she grasped your hand, and said to you, "Ah! John, you will break my heart by this your sin, if you continue running on in those ways of iniquity: O! if you did but know how your mother's heart yearns for your salvation, surely your soul would melt, and you would fly to Christ." Do you not remember that time? The hot sweat stood upon your brow, and you said—for you could not break her heart—"Mother, I will think of it." And you did think of it; but you met your companion outside, and it was all gone: your mother's expostulation was brushed away; like the thin cobwebs of the gossamer, blown by the swift north wind, not a trace of it was left. Since then you have often stepped in to hear the minister. Not long ago you heard a powerful sermon; the minister spoke as though he were a man just started from his grave,—with as much earnestness as if he had been a sheeted ghost come back from the realms of despair, to tell you his own awful fate, and warn you of it. You remember how the tears rolled down your cheeks, while he told you of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; you remember how he preached to you Jesus and salvation by the Cross, and you rose up from your seat in that chapel, and you said, "Please God, I am spared another day; I will turn to him with full purpose of heart." And there you are, still unchanged—perhaps worse than you were; and you have spent your Sunday afternoon the angels know where: and your mother's spirit knows where you have spent it too; and could she weep, she would weep over you who have this day despised God's Sabbath, and trampled on his holy word. But dost thou feel in thine heart to-night the tender motions of the Holy Spirit? Dost thou feel something say, "Sinner! come to Christ now?" Dost thou hear conscience whispering to thee, telling thee of thy past transgressions? And is there some sweet angel voice saying, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus; he will save you yet?" I tell you, sinner, you may have rejected Christ to the very uttermost; but he is still able to save you. There are a thousand prayers on which you have trampled, there are a thousand sermons all wasted on you, there are hundreds of Sabbaths which you have thrown away; you have rejected Christ, you have despised his Spirit; but still he ceases not to cry, "Return, return!" He is "able to save thee to the uttermost," if thou comest unto God by him.

There is another case which demands my particular attention to-night. It is that of the man who has gone *to the uttermost of despair.* There are some poor creatures in this world who, from a course of crime, have become hardened; and when at last aroused by remorse and the prickings of conscience, there is an evil spirit which broods over them, telling them that it is hopeless for such as they are to seek salvation. We have met with some who have gone so far that they have thought that even devils might be saved rather than they could. They have given themselves up for lost, and signed their own death-warrant, and in such a state of mind have positively taken the halter in their hand, to end their unhappy lives. Many a man has despair brought to a premature death; it hath sharpened many a knife, and mingled many a cup of poison. Have I a despairing person here? I know him by his sombre face and downcast looks. He wishes he were dead, for he thinks that hell itself could be scarce worse torment than to be here expecting it. Let me whisper to him words of consolation. Despairing soul! hope yet, for Christ "is able to save to the uttermost;" and though thou art put in the lowest dungeon of the Castle of Despair, though key after key hath been turned upon thee, and the iron grating of thy window forbids all filing, and the height of thy prison-wall is so awful that thou couldst not expect to escape, yet let me tell thee, there is One at the gate who can break every bolt, and undo every lock; there is One who can lead thee out to God's free air, and save thee yet; for though the worst may come to the worst, he "is able to save thee to the uttermost."

And now a word to the saint, to comfort him; for this text is his also. Beloved brother in the gospel! Christ is able to save thee to the uttermost. Art thou brought very low by *distress?* hast thou lost house and home, friend and property? Remember, thou hast not come "to the uttermost" yet. Badly off as thou art, thou mightst be worse. He is able to save thee; and suppose it should come to this, that thou hadst not a rag left, nor a crust, nor a drop of water, still he would be able to save thee, for "he is able to save to the uttermost." So with temptation. If thou shouldst have the sharpest *temptation* with which mortal was ever tried, he is able to save thee. If thou shouldst be brought into such a predicament that the foot of the devil should b upon thy neck, and the fiend should say, "Now I will make an end of thee," God would be able to save thee then. Ay, and in the uttermost *infirmity*,—shouldst thou live for many a year, till thou art leaning on thy staff, and tottering along thy weary life, if thou shouldst outlive Methuselah, thou couldst not live beyond the uttermost, and he would save thee then. Yea, and when thy little bark is launched by *death* upon the unknown sea of eternity, he will be with thee; and though thick vapours of gloomy darkness gather round thee, and thou canst not see into the dim future, though thy thoughts tell thee that thou wilt be destroyed, yet Christ will be "able to save thee to the uttermost."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

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THE SERAMPORE MISSION.

PART I.

THE close of last century was marked by two movements of very different kinds—the one having its seat in France, and leading to the overthrow of many earthly kingdoms; the other originating in Great Britain, and issuing in the extension of that kingdom which cannot be moved. The missionary enterprise of modern Christendom dates from the time when Europe was convulsed with wars and revolutions, and when the whirlwind of human passion was let loose, unrestrained by the laws of God or man. God has often dropped the good seed into the ground under a stormy sky. This will be evident by the following rapid sketch of what was then taking place in connection with the rise and progress of the Baptist Mission in India. A most interesting account of this Mission has just been published in a work entitled, "The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, embracing the History of the Serampore Mission—by John Clark Marshman." It is written by the son of one of these worthies, and must at once take rank as a standard book of reference in the library of missions. It blends the spirit of reverence for a father's memory with the zeal that characterized the building up of the native church in Bengal.

There is a singular charm resting over the early life of William Carey. He was born in an obscure village of Northamptonshire in 1761—his father and grandfather having been respectively parish clerk and schoolmaster. As a boy, he had an eager acquiring mind; he devoured all manner of books greedily. He had also a fresh eye for the common things of nature, which led him to study the structure of every insect's wing, and the pencilling of the wild-flowers of the field. Very early he showed a singular aptitude for languages—the gift which was afterwards laid as an offering on the missionary altar. He happened to fall in with a commentary on the New Testament, in which many of the words of the Greek text occurred—his plan being to copy out the characters, and take them for translation to a journeyman weaver, who was educated above his position in life. We know little about the particulars of his saving change, except that he gradually came to feel his need of standing in a new relationship to his Maker; and that he derived great benefit from his intercourse with Thomas Scott the commentator, whose ministry he frequently attended, and who from the first predicted great things as to his future career. Both of these men experienced in different ways "the force of truth," and both were signally honoured of God—the one in opening up the meaning of Scripture in the English language,—the other in enabling the heathen to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. Carey was apprenticed to a shoemaker; and, so far from being ashamed of his honest calling in after-life, he once silenced an aide-de-camp of the Marquis of Hastings in a brilliant assembly at Calcutta, by replying to his insolent question as to his being a shoemaker—"No, sir! only a cobbler!"

The origin of Carey's missionary zeal can be traced to his reading Cook's "Voyages Round the World." It gave him a grand idea of God's purposes as to the destiny of the human race, with all its varieties of blood and language, and customs and religion. Every discovery in geography interested him, as telling of new branches of the human family needing to be graffed into Christ the living vine. When Andrew Fuller entered his workshop, he saw a large map of different sheets posted on the wall, and covered over with notices of the history and habits of the people in these different countries; and often, while plying his trade, Carey's spirit was stirred in him by the thought that there were millions and millions of idolaters, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, who had no one to tell them of the true God, and who were unprepared for the great hereafter. He resolved to be a missionary—the resolution having all the strength and fervour of his sanctified heart. It was no pleasant day-dream, but the apostolic determination to live and die among the heathen as Christ's ambassador. After a while, he broke the bread of life among the humble Baptist congregations at Barton, Boulton and Leicester. He first came prominently before the public on being appointed to preach the sermon at the meeting of the Baptist Association in Nottingham in 1792; on which occasion he gave utterance to his famous maxims, which are the key to all Christian success—(1.) Expect great things from God. (2.) Attempt great things for God. But while his soul was on fire with love to Christ and to men's souls, he met with little sympathy from his brethren. Notwithstanding great discouragements, a small nucleus of a Missionary Society was formed, whose first receipts amounted only to £13, 2s. 6d. Almost the only minister out of his own circle who gave him any warm encouragement was John Newton, at that time the patriarch of the evangelical party in the Church of England. Among laymen, one voice that had been often lifted on behalf of suffering humanity was lifted up on his behalf—it was that of William Wilberforce, who was not ashamed to tell the House of Commons that a sublimer thought could not be conceived, than when a poor cobbler formed the resolution to give the Hindoos the Bible in their own language!

Few examples in modern times better illustrate the 11th chapter of the Hebrews, than that of Carey fighting against and mastering the difficulties that stood in the way of his going to India. His wife had little or no sympathy with his missionary spirit, and it was only after many pleadings that she resolved to accompany him—often, however, chiding him for what she regarded as a cruel step to herself and her family. After several years' residence in the East, confirmed insanity set in, with scarce an opening in the dark clouds that swept over her spirit till the day of her death. Then there was the greatest difficulty about raising the funds to uphold the simple machinery of the mission—so much so that Andrew Fuller, when gathering subscriptions in London, sometimes retired to a back lane to weep over

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his poor success, and over the Church's little faith. When the Church was so lukewarm, can we wonder that the East India Company threw the weight of its influence into the scale against missions? They were more afraid of Christian teachers landing in India than of the hosts which the sword of Clive struck down at Plassey. They prohibited them from embarking in any of their vessels, and Carey's heart sank when, standing on the shore at Portsmouth, he saw the India fleet proceeding down the Channel without him. At last, after many embarrassments, he secured a passage in a Danish vessel, whose commander treated him with every kindness; and he employed his spare time during the voyage in studying Bengalee. It is mournful to think, that in those days missionaries were compelled to discuss in secret the best plan of eluding the vigilance of the Company on leaving our shores on such an errand; still this was necessary, as was proved by their flat refusal of permission to Haldane to use any of their ships. The missionary and his enterprise were literally proscribed. A great change had taken place from the time when our connection with India was represented by the little factory on the banks of the Hooghly, for then the Company gave orders to their servants to pay due regard to the religious instruction of the natives. The factory, however, grew into a magnificent empire; and from that hour the Directors, as a class, reversed their policy, and were ashamed of the gospel of Christ. New trials awaited Carey in India. He was ill able to meet the ordinary wants of his household—"he was in a foreign land, with a large family, without a friend or a farthing;" and as living in Calcutta was so expensive, he at last resolved to build a hut for himself on the Soonderbuns—a tract of dense forest, which faced the Bay of Bengal and supplied Calcutta with firewood. Here he used his gun in shooting wild hog and deer. He was exposed to the deadly miasma, and by numberless hardships he learned much of the spirit of Him who had not where to lay His head. On one occasion he compared his position to that of Brainerd among the Indians of North America, adding, however, the terrible fact, that he could not retire into the woods to pray, as Brainerd did, for fear of the tigers!

We pass over the next few years of Carey's life, during which he was employed in taking charge of an indigo factory—a step which involved much secular labour, for which he was ill-qualified; yet he had no alternative, in order that his family might not starve. The affairs of the factory became embarrassed, and he again began to feel his pecuniary position very precarious. He proposed that he and one or two others who had come out should form a missionary settlement at Malda, after the model of the Moravians. He did this in the simplicity and self-denial of his heart, believing that it would diminish their common expenditure and increase their common zeal. It was from no fault of his if his ideal of Christian brotherhood was not fully realized.

This brings us down to that period of the mission when William Ward and Joshua Marshman joined Carey in 1799, along with two others who fell like soldiers in their first campaign. Ward was the son of a carpenter, and was at first employed as an apprentice printer in Derby. He afterwards became editor of the *Derby Mercury;* and being a man of great mental accomplishment, speedily earned for it a leading place in the English provincial press. However, his heart was fixed on higher things, and he for ever renounced worldly politics and partisanship. Such was his desire of fellowship with Christ, and such his devotedness to His service, that he spoke of seeking to be like the planet Mercury—"for ever rolling round and near the sun." Marshman was the son of a weaver. When a boy, his mind had been intensely interested by the narrative of David and Goliath, which his father one day read to him; and he ever afterwards revelled in the stories of the Old Testament Church. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, during which period his reading was of a miscellaneous kind. His more serious hours were given to the study of the Puritans, from whom he traced his descent. The account of the Baptist Missionary Society fell into his hands, and he resolved to consecrate himself to the missionary cause in the East. Like Carey, he was indebted for his passage to the captain of a foreign vessel, who had himself the good cause at heart. As great difficulty might have attended their landing at Calcutta, the captain resolved to proceed up the river, and land them at the Danish settlement at Serampore. Marshman's first act on setting foot on the soil of India was to fall down and give God thanks. The town of SERAMPORE, from which the mission takes its name, and to which Marshman was thus providentially brought, is situated on the right bank of the Hooghly, sixteen miles above Calcutta, right opposite Barrackpore, the country seat of the governor-general. By a singular coincidence, Denmark had the honour of sending the first Protestant missionaries to India—for Ziegenbalg settled on the Coromandel coast in 1705, under the auspices of the Danish king, Frederick IV. And now the flag of Denmark protected this infant Baptist Mission in Bengal. The governor of Serampore showed every disposition to befriend the missionaries, when our officials at Calcutta were avowedly trying to drive them from the country like rebels or malefactors. Carey resolved to leave his indigo factory up the country, and to cast in his lot with his brethren at Serampore, where he arrived on the 10th January 1800. So narrowly watched were their movements, that the only thing which saved them was the passport of the Danish governor; and even he had, on several occasions, to appeal to the law of nations to protect himself and them from the insolence and cruelty of their British oppressors. It is only just to state, that Lord Wellesley was more fair and friendly than his subordinates, and that he did much to remove the scandal attaching to the British name in India. The life of the English at Calcutta at that period was such as to justify Marshman's words—"England conquered Bengal, and Bengal conquered the

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morals of the conquerors." Lord Wellesley prohibited horse-racing, gambling, and the publication of newspapers on the Lord's-day; and he appointed a day of public thanksgiving for the recent victories of the British arms in the Mysore.

The first incidents of missionary success in a new field are always deeply interesting—all the more because of the night of toil which precedes the breaking of the day. Carey laboured for six years in India without a conversion. He says in one of his letters, "I feel as a farmer does about his crop. Sometimes I think the seed is springing up, and then I hope; a little time blasts all, and my hopes are gone like a cloud. Yet I still hope in God, and will go forth in His strength, and make mention of His righteousness, and of His only." At Serampore they were twice deceived in their expectations—the good seed having been choked by the tares. Their first convert was Krishnu Pall, a carpenter by trade, whose arm had been dislocated, and who came to Mr. Thomas to have it set. The operation was successful. The man was entreated to think of the folly of idolatry; he willingly came to receive instruction; and the result was, that he embraced the gospel along with his wife and daughter. What an argument in favour of medical missions! Krishnu's public baptism was a spectacle long remembered in Serampore. At the landing stairs the governor and several Europeans, with a vast mass of Hindoos and Mohammedans, were assembled. Carey was afraid that they might attach some superstitious idea to the employment of the water of the Ganges, and was at pains to explain to them that it was a mere symbol of the washing of the soul from sin. Many of the bystanders were moved to tears. Next day Krishnu broke caste by eating with the missionaries—leading Mr. Ward to exclaim with an overflowing heart, "Thus the door of faith is open to the Hindoos! and who shall shut it? Thus is the chain of caste broken! and who shall mend it?"

The first marriage among the converts was celebrated on the 3d April 1803, between Krishnu-prisad, a Brahmin, and the daughter of Krishnu the first convert. Mats were spread before Krishnu's house; Carey gave a short and simple explanation in Bengalee of the Bible meaning of the marriage-covenant; and both parties signed the agreement—the first example for centuries of a Hindoo female putting her name thereto. In October of the same year the first funeral occurred, and advantage was taken of the occasion to observe a Christian burial among the heathen. After a good deal of difficulty, the converts agreed to take their share in carrying the coffin through the public streets. Mr. Marshman and Mr. Felix Carey lent their aid; and along with Bhyrub, a baptized Brahmin, and Peeroo, a baptized Mohammedan, placed the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it to the grave—singing, as the procession went along, "Salvation through the death of Christ." This act was regarded as completing the abolition of caste among the native Christians. The first step taken was by the converts of all castes sitting down at the Lord's table; then came the marriage of a Brahmin to the daughter of a Soodra; and now, last of all, a Brahmin of pure blood carried to the grave a Soodra who had fallen asleep in Jesus. Such were the simple materials which the Lord made use of in building up His spiritual house. Andrew Fuller had good cause to speak about the new light which these events in India cast on his reading of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of Paul. The work of God's Church is now the same, both in the embarrassments which beset its path, and in the triumphs which it achieves by faith and prayer: and our reading of God's word would be far more instructive and real, if we applied to it the commentary of many events which are in our own day passing before our eyes. J. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

FOUNDED CHIEFLY ON REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL INDIA.

No. II.

CLIMATE—*continued.*

"The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust: from heaven shall it come down upon thee, until thou be destroyed."—DEUT. xxviii. 24.

If our readers will take a map, and glance at that part of Arabia called by the Romans Felix, or the Happy, "Araby the Bless'd" of Milton, they will find on its southern coast the peninsula of Aden. It is by this name that the Arabs designate the garden of Eden; but the voyager is doomed to disappointment who lands at Aden in the expectation of finding himself in a "blessed" spot, comparable to nothing short of paradise itself; for such a scene of utter desolation one might travel far without seeing again. Looking from the steam-boat deck, only the botanic eye can discern any green thing, though, when the small flora is examined, it is found to contain plants of peculiar interest. The peninsula has, in fact, been an old centre of volcanic fire; and the upheaved and molten rocks seem yet to retain the aspect they must have assumed at the termination of the great convulsion that gave them birth ages ago. In the midsummer of 1855, a steam-boat from India lay four days in the Bay of Aden, and the passengers were in the habit of landing for a short time morning and evening. On one occasion, as they were preparing to leave the ship, they were surprised to find the whole landscape blotted out by what appeared a dense fog. The natural rampart of dark volcanic rock that formed the farther limit of the sea-beach had become invisible, and not an inland hill raised its towering height above the sea of apparent vapour. In the foreground lay the blue unrippled water, and all beyond was obscurity, which the eye failed to penetrate. Panting, as every one had long been, under the dry insufferable heat, the appearance of moisture in any form was a welcome sight; and the passengers were congratulating themselves on the prospect of their visit to the shore, when the captain, seeing their ardour, exclaimed, "Mist! that is dust!" They expressed doubt whether this was the case; the boat was pushed off, and they were soon on shore. There, certainly, a singular appearance presented itself. Moisture in the air there was none, but in its place an impalpable powder or dust, which, when breathed, felt perceptibly hotter than pure air would have done. It had,

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besides, an irritating effect on the lungs; and had any one been compelled to inhale it for weeks and months, it would undoubtedly have induced pulmonary consumption, with the usual fatal result. The phenomenon was, however, of a very transient kind, for in a few minutes the sky began partially to clear, and in about an hour it had resumed its ordinary transparency.

In India, what are termed dust storms are not unfrequent in the hottest weather. The fiery wind already described, when unusually violent, catches up dust, straw and rubbish of all kinds, and hurls them, cart-load after cart-load, in the face of any unhappy traveller who may be abroad. The Aden phenomenon was, however, different. It was believed to have arisen from a landslip on one of the higher mountains, which had set free masses of dust, the fine particles of which, too light to yield at once to gravitation, had floated off into the still, quiet air. Thus descending from the upper regions of the atmosphere like rain, there was a nearer correspondence than in the case of the Indian dust-storm with the language of the text; but the effect of either the one or the other, continued while sin was unrepented of, would have been that those exposed to its influence would, in the strong language of Scripture, have been "destroyed."

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."—Isa. xxxv. 7.

The word rendered "parched ground," in Hebrew SHARAB, seems, as has been frequently pointed out, to mean the mirage,—that semblance of water at times caused by the refraction of the sun's rays through hot air in contact with the desert sand. The word *sharab* is said still to be employed by the Arabs in that sense. It is the opinion of the present writer that many of the descriptions copied from book to book of startling natural phenomena said to occur in remote countries, are greatly exaggerated; for example, his faith is slight in the terrific peril incurred by men and animals when fire seizes the grass on a tropical prairie. The ordinary accounts of the mirage are, however, unexaggerated. In the summer of 1855, the vans had left Suez for Cairo with the overland passengers, when there appeared at some distance behind, a lake from which the rays of the sun were brilliantly reflected. The Gulf of Suez seemed to terminate in a long, shallow bay, in a line with which, and a little way off, was a hollow, and in that hollow the lake. A discussion arose among the passengers as to whether it was really water they saw, or only a splendid mirage; and both opinions found advocates. After a time, however, a second lake appeared precisely in the track of the vans. There was no disputing this new case, and it was soon universally admitted that the first also was in truth but a splendid mirage. It was next an object to ascertain by careful scrutiny how a mistake like that into which some of the party had fallen might in future be avoided; no means could, however, be discovered. One must have local information enough to be able to say whether or not water exists in a certain spot: failing this knowledge, he cannot rise above the peril of being deceived. What new force does the more precise rendering above suggested impart to the text—"The mirage shall become a pool!" The semblance shall give place to the reality of water, with which the parched and perishing traveller shall slake his thirst. The evident allusion is to the vast moral change which the gospel when embraced shall produce in heathen countries, and generally throughout the world. And there is everywhere ample room for such a change. The civilizations of ancient Greece and Rome, in the opinion of many, almost equalled that at present reached by the most advanced nations of Christendom; they were really, however, but a splendid mirage, and no more—attractive enough when viewed from a distance, but, too nearly approached, strangely vanishing away. So is it with the unevangelized portions of the world now. Unbelievers are continually discovering heathen nations morally so high that the gospel can impart to them no new elevation. They once expressed this view of the South Sea Islands; till lately, they did so of India; now, they repeat the same opinion of Japan. The first two, it has since been discovered, cannot stand near inspection; nor will it be different, we are persuaded, with the third. When, however, they are brought to embrace the gospel, all the cheering results will follow of which this chapter speaks. Nor is the case different, reader, with your individual soul. If unregenerate, your virtues are illusory, and neither they nor the motives from which they originate will bear close scrutiny; but let that transformation be wrought in you which the text so vividly shadows forth, and united to Christ, you may be exposed to the gaze not alone of men or of angels, but even of God's all-penetrating eye.

Edinburgh. R. H.

"HE PURGETH IT."

WALKING one summer evening with a friend through his garden, we came to a secluded corner where the year before I had been struck by the exceeding beauty of a rare and delicate rose. The rose-tree was still standing in the same spot, but I could not recognise it to be the same, so puny and meagre were the blossoms it bore.

And yet the tree itself seemed luxuriant and thriving, and had greatly increased in size by a year's growth. My friend stepped close to it, to examine if cause could be found for the degenerated flowers. "Ah!" said he, as he inspected the branches, "the reason is plain enough: not only has it been quite neglected in the spring pruning, but since then no one seems to have looked after it, and the brier stock has been sending forth its natural shoots at its own wild will. No wonder the poor graft has become so deteriorated, when branches like these have drawn away all the sap and nourishment of the root to themselves."

So saying, he took out his pruning-knife, and began to cut away branch after branch, in what seemed to me a very cruel and wholesale manner. Soon the poor tree, shorn of its luxuriance, stood naked, and stripped, and bare, bleeding from many wounds; whilst the unthriving state of the flowering branch became more than ever apparent, when it alone remained, deprived of the veil and shelter afforded by its stronger neighbours.

But not content with pruning so severely the stem and branches, my friend next proceeded to attack certain strong and healthy little plants which were springing up at various distances from the tree, and which, to my inexperienced eyes, seemed altogether unconnected with it. Silently, in answer to my remonstrance, he drew one up, and let me see that these were springing from the

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hidden roots, and so were as truly, though less obviously, drawing away the strength of the tree, as the branches on the stem. "I can do no more for your favourite," said he; "but it is a question if it will ever fully recover, and be again what it was at first."

May not this little incident instruct those who are the "planting of the Lord," as to their pressing need to nourish and cherish, to tend and cultivate, the "engrafted word" which has been given entrance into their hearts for the saving of their souls?

Although they have been made partakers of a new and Divine nature, the old and corrupt nature still remains, and these two cannot both *thrive* at one and the same time. It is very certain that if they "walk after the flesh," their spiritual life shall wither, decay, *die;* whilst if they "through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the flesh, they shall live." Like the wild brier stock, their corrupt nature will be ever putting forth shoots, sometimes more obvious, sometimes more obscure, in their origin. These must be ever sought out, mortified, destroyed; and if this be not done in their germs and first appearances, the "engrafted word," like the seed in the thorny ground, will be choked, and bring no fruit to perfection.

Believing soul! you say you have passed from death to life, and that you have been united in the living bonds of faith and love to Him who was raised from the dead, that you might bring forth fruit unto God. If this indeed be so, remember, unless you gird up the loins of your mind, and set yourself "to die daily," your spiritual life cannot be maintained, will not flourish nor increase, and so will fall short of the end for which God gave it—for which the Lord Jesus died to procure it.

Had the gardener kept up a careful watch over the rose-tree, and removed the young germs of the wild stock in their first tender sprouting, the graft would not have pined and sickened, and the tree would not have needed the sore strokes of the pruning-knife. Watch you daily, prayerfully, against the first "motions of sin," which your evil nature will assuredly be pushing forth. Spare them not because they are little; they will certainly "increase to more ungodliness." Unbelieving thoughts, little selfish acts, all ungodliness, all *worldly* lusts, must be "*denied*," and no provision made for them. Oh, seek daily purging from *all* filthiness of the flesh and spirit, so only shall you perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord; so may you escape much suffering, much sore and stern discipline, which those who will not be purged by obeying the *word* bring upon their rebellious souls. For, be sure of this, if you are indeed the Lord's, he will not suffer his own work to be marred or destroyed. If you suffer the evil tendencies of your own corrupt nature to develop themselves unchecked, unmortified, from day to day; in covenant faithfulness he must come and do it for you in a way that may pain and wound you to the very quick. If the strength of your soul is expended on any idol, and the Lord himself ceases to be your "*one thing*," he can utterly abolish that idol in many ways. He may cut it off from you, or you from it, by making it an instrument to smite and hurt you. But the strokes of the two-edged sword on the wounded spirit are harder far to bear than any blow that can come from without. Or, if you will not seek and pray to be cleansed from secret faults, and when he discovers them to you by his word, seek not their destruction by the blood and Spirit of Jesus, in the day that he tears them up by the roots from the hidden recesses of your heart, your whole soul may be torn and lacerated in the process. For the Lord is very pitiful, and sends his word *first*, and often uses his gentle providences to enforce his word and make obedience easy; but when it is refused, he brings afflictive providences to make his word weighty and powerful. Oh! fall in with his first and gentle dealings—watching against the beginning of sin, seeking the daily perishing of the old man, the daily renewing of the new,—walking in the Spirit, close with God; so shall you be kept from fulfilling the lusts of the flesh, so shall you steadily and vigorously grow up into Him in *all things*, which is the Head, even Christ. For there are too many amongst us who have forgotten their "one thing," and in whom "the lusts of other things," the "cares of this life," the "deceitfulness of riches," have so choked, and hindered, and starved the "ingrafted word," that it has become unfruitful. The Divine life in their souls seems faint and weak, ready to die. Even though in his true love and pity the Lord sorely wounds them, to the end that their souls may live, they may never again recover their pristine vigour and beauty, but bear the scars of the wounds they have procured to themselves to the very grave, monuments of the sad issues of an unkept heart — the awful consequences of untender, careless walking in the ways of God. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." "Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any *root* of *bitterness springing up trouble* you, and thereby many be defiled."

Ghaxyow. C.

"TRUST IN THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."

PAUL GERHARDT, a German poet and divine, was born in Saxony in 1606. He entered the ministry, and for ten years performed the duties of his sacred office in the Nicolai Church at Berlin. "But his religious sentiments," writes his biographer,* "did not wholly coincide with those of the king, and Gerhardt, too conscientious and too decided to affect opinions which he did not entertain, was deprived of his appointment, and ordered to quit the country. Utterly destitute, not knowing where to lay his head or how to provide for his helpless family, Gerhardt left the home where he had spent so many happy years. But no affliction, however terrible, could shake his confidence in Divine wisdom

* Madame de Pontés. See "Poets and Poems of Germany."

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and mercy. After some consideration, he determined on directing his steps to his native land, Saxony, where he yet hoped to find friends. The journey, performed on foot, was long and weary. Gerhardt bore up manfully; his heart failed him only when he gazed on his wife and his little ones. When night arrived, the travellers sought repose in a little village inn by the roadside, where Gerhardt's wife, unable to restrain her anguish, gave way to a burst of natural emotion. Her husband, concealing his anxious cares, reminded her of that beautiful verse of Scripture, *Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.*

"The words uttered to comfort his afflicted partner impressed his own mind so deeply that, seating himself in a little arbour in the garden," he composed a hymn, of which Madame de Pontés gives us the following translation:—

"Commend thy ways, O mortal!
And humbly raise thy sighs
To Him who in his wisdom
Rules earth, and sea, and skies.
He who for all has found a spot,
Wind, wave, and ocean dread,
Will find a place, oh! doubt it not,
Thy foot can likewise tread!

In him alone confide thou must,
Ere he will bless thy deed;
In his work must thou put thy trust,
If thy work shall succeed.
Murmur, and vain repining,
And effort,—all will fail;
God will not listen unto these,—
Prayer can alone prevail.

All means and ways possessing,
Whate'er he does is right;
His every deed a blessing,
His steps one path of light!
To thee it is not given
The tempest's rage to quell;
God reigns supreme in heaven,
And all he does is well.

True, it may seem a moment
As though thou wert forgot,
As though he were unmindful
Of thine unhappy lot;
As though thy grief and anguish
Reached not the eternal throne,
And thou wert left to languish
In sorrow and alone.

But if, though much should grieve thee,
Thy faith shall ne'er have ceased,
Be sure he will relieve thee,
When thou expect'st it least.
Then hail to thee victorious!
Thou hast, and thou alone,
The honour bright and glorious,
The conquest and the throne."

Not many hours after Gerhardt had thus expressed his unshaken faith in the Most High, he found by experience that God indeed had not forgotten him. "Evening had now deepened, and the pastor and his wife were about to retire to rest, when two gentlemen entered the little parlour in which they were seated. They began to converse with the poet, and told him that they were on their way to Berlin to seek the deposed clergyman, Paul Gerhardt, by order of their lord, Duke Christian of Merseburg. At these words Madame Gerhardt turned pale, dreading some further calamity; but her husband, calm in his trust in an overruling Providence, at once declared that he was the individual they were in search of, and inquired their errand. Great were the astonishment and delight of both wife and husband when one of the strangers presented Gerhardt with an autograph letter from the duke himself, informing him that he had settled a considerable pension upon him to atone for the injustice of which he had been the victim. Then the pious and gifted preacher turned towards his wife, and gave her the hymn which he had composed during his brief absence, with the words, 'See how God provides! Did I not bid you confide in him, and all would be well?'"

Let us all take this lesson to our own hearts,—those hearts so prone to sink under the burden of anxieties, forgetful of Him who has commanded us to cast our cares upon him.

How many, faint in prayer, though praying still,
Feel God *can* help, mistrustful if he *will!*
Which to a parent most unkind would prove,
To doubt his power, or to doubt his *love.*

A. L. O. E.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XV.—THE DEMONIACS—THE HERD OF SWINE—CURE OF PARALYTIC.

MATT. viii. 28-34; ix. 1-8.

Ver. 28. What is this district called by Mark and Luke? [The country of the *Gadarenes.* The ruins of what is believed to have been Gadara still exist to the south-east of the lake. "The most interesting remains are the tombs, which lie in the sides of the hill, excavated from the limestone rock, some more than twenty feet square, with recesses for bodies. The present inhabitants (when it is inhabited) are all Troglodytes—*i.e.*, dwelling in the tombs, like the poor maniac of old, and occasionally they are almost as dangerous to the solitary traveller."—*Hand-book for Syria and Palestine.*]

Ver. 29. Under what name did the devils address Jesus? How may they have known him? What did they mean by "before the time?" [Before "the judgment of the great day," to which they are "reserved," and when they knew that Jesus would judge them. See Jude 6.] Have the devils in any sense faith in Jesus? What effect has it on them? James ii. 19. [See the infinite difference between knowing Jesus as a Saviour and as a Judge! Let *us*, to whom he is offered *as a Saviour*, embrace our privilege, and rejoice in him evermore!]

Ver. 30. If the herd of swine belonged to *Jews*, was it right they should own such? Why not? Comp. Lev. xi. 7; and Isa. lxv. 4. If the owners were Gentiles, were they quite free from blame? [No, for thereby they showed contempt for the Jews, and for Him in whose land they dwelt.]

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Ver. 31. Why may the devils have made this request? [The subject is very difficult; perhaps they wished to excite a prejudice against Christ in the minds of the owners.]

Ver. 32. Wherein did this miracle performed on the demoniacs resemble that on the lake? [In the last, Christ showed his power over the stormy powers of the *natural* world, here over those of the *spiritual*.] What change do we learn from the other Gospels was produced on the men? Mark v. 15. How many animals were in the herd? Mark v. 13. Were miracles of *judgment* often wrought by Christ? Why did he permit this work of destruction? [Perhaps to punish those who, for the sake of gain, disregarded the law of Moses in keeping the swine.]

Ver. 33. What would make the keepers "flee?" [Fear at the power of Christ, and perhaps conscience reproving them, as having had to do with an unlawful occupation.]

Ver. 34. What led the people to make this request to Christ? [They were afraid he would inflict other temporal losses on them.] Give some other instances of love of money exciting opposition to Christ and his cause? Acts xvi. 19; xix. 27. Does the same cause ever operate now? [The *hideousness* of gross worldliness appears strikingly here. A paltry earthly interest stands opposed to the highest good of a community. There was no joy over the restored demoniacs; no appreciation of the grace of Jesus—the Saviour—God with us; no desire for his saving blessings, but a horror of his presence, as if he would only interfere with worldly gains! May God preserve us all from such a spirit, and teach us rather to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord!"]

Cure of Paralytic.—Ver. 1. Where had Christ been last? What lake did he pass over? What was "his own city?" ch. iv. 13.

Ver. 2. Whom had Christ cured of palsy shortly before? ch. viii. 6. In what manner, as we learn from the other evangelists, did the bearers of this paralytic place him before Jesus? Mark ii. 3. What did this show? How? [It showed that they believed *the touch of Jesus* enough to effect a cure.] How had even greater faith been shown in regard to the other paralytic? ch. viii. 10. By what term did Jesus address this man? Did Christ ever address any one else by the same term? [No.] What did it imply? [It seems to have been used in a spiritual sense—to denote one born into the family of Christ.] What blessing did Christ confer on this man? What did Christ show by conferring this blessing *first*? Would every paralytic have been "of good cheer" at receiving this? [Many would have been disappointed. "Is this all?" they would have said. "We expected a cure for our body, and we have got only a promise for our soul!"]

Ver. 3. What is meant by *blaspheming*? In what way did they think Christ had blasphemed? See Mark ii. 7.

Ver. 4. Had the scribes *said* anything? How did Jesus know what they were thinking? [Probably their very countenances expressed their thoughts; or Jesus may have known by his supernatural power.] What did Christ say to them? [Mark the *mildness* of his mode of rebuke.]

Ver. 5. What did Christ mean by the word "to say" here? [Not merely to utter the word, but to utter it *effectually*—with power—so as to produce the fitting result.] Could the result be made *apparent to the senses* in the one case? Might it in the other?

Ver. 6. By showing that his word was effective in the one case, what conclusion did Christ show was to be drawn as to the other? Is there any connection between sin and suffering? Which ought we to desire to get rid of first and chiefly? What was meant to be shown by the command to the man to take up his bed? [The completeness of the cure.]

Ver. 7, 8. By what number of people was this miracle witnessed? ver. 8. What do we learn from the *publicity* of Christ's miracles? [There could have been no deception.] What do we gather from the mention of the man's house? [That he lived in the town, and was well known to the people, any of whom could satisfy himself that he was really cured.] Did Christ's enemies ever allege that his miracles were not real? Whose hand did the multitude clearly trace in this transaction?

DOCTRINE.—Christ, being God, assumed the nature of man.

John i. Rom. viii. Gal. iv. Phil. ii. 1 Tim. iii. Heb. ii. 1 John i. Rev. xxii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. VI.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

MATT. vi. 12.

WHAT is the fifth thing Jesus teaches us to ask in this prayer? What is the meaning of a debt? [What we owe to any one, which he has a right to expect from us.]

What has God a right to expect from all his creatures? [Obedience to his commandments.] What kind of obedience? [Willing, ready, complete.] Have we obeyed him in this way? Then what does the word *debt* here mean? [Our sins.] Do we sin very often? Is not our debt of sin getting more every day? How should we feel when we think about this? Ps. xxxviii. 4, 18. Luke xviii. 13.

What do we here ask God to do? How does God forgive sin? [Because of what Jesus has done and suffered in the place of sinners. Isa. liii. 5, 6. John i. 29. Acts xiii. 38. Eph. i. 7. 1 John ii. 12.] Is there no other way of forgiveness? Acts iv. 12. [Explain how God is just as well as merciful, and how when his law is broken the sinner must be punished.] Can we ever hope to pay our debts to God ourselves? When a man cannot pay his just debts, what has he to expect? Matt. v. 25, 26. Luke xviii. 30. Where must those whose sins are not forgiven go at last? Matt. xiii. 40–43. Rev. xxi. 8.

But if another person pays the poor man's debt, what happens then? [He goes out of prison a free man.] How did Jesus do this for sinners? [He kept *perfectly* the law of God which they had broken, and he bore the punishment as if he had been a sinner.] How was he able to do all this? [Because he was God as well as man.] And how can we get the benefit of it? [By believing and trusting in him.]

Does a child need faith in Jesus as well as a man? [Yes, for children are sinners, and no sinner can be forgiven except for Christ's sake.] What should we feel towards him who has done so much out of love for us? And how can we show our love and gratitude?

Will God forgive *all* sin, if we ask him in the name of

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Jesus? Isa. i. 18. Jer. xxxiii. 8. Ps. ciii. 3. 1 Tim. i. 15. 1 John i. 7. How can we best know that *our* sins are forgiven? [If we feel that our hearts are made new, and that we are becoming more afraid of sin, and pray and strive more against it.]

Who are our debtors? [Those who have been unkind to us, or injured us in any way.] What are we here taught that we should do to them? How are we to forgive each other? [As freely and from the heart as we hope that God will forgive us. Eph. iv. 32.] How must we show that we forgive them in our hearts? [By praying for them, and showing them kindness in return for evil, when it is in our power. Matt. vi. 14. Rom. xii. 20.]

Will God forgive us *because* we forgive others? [No, only for Jesus' sake.] Why then are we to say, "*as* we forgive," &c.? [To teach us that we cannot hope for pardon from God, so long as anger, or revenge, or other sinful tempers are in our hearts.]

What parable has Jesus given us about this? Matt. xviii. 21-35. How did he pray for his enemies and murderers? Luke xxiii. 34. What holy martyr prayed in the same way? Acts vii. 60. Which of the apostles prays for this also? 2 Tim. iv. 16. How did Joseph behave to his cruel brethren? Gen. xliii. 5, 15; l. 15-21.

Are we to pray for daily pardon as well as for daily bread? Why? [Because we sin and need forgiveness every day.]

Illustration.—In the old times, when Christians were persecuted by the Roman emperors, there lived in the city of Antioch two men, Sapricius and Nicephorus, who, after being intimate friends, had a quarrel, and would not even bow to each other on the street. Nicephorus first saw his fault, and begged forgiveness; but Sapricius refused it.

Soon after this, a dreadful persecution arose against the Christians. Sapricius bravely submitted to be tortured, and was then ordered to be beheaded. Nicephorus followed him as he was led to death, and begged and implored him, for Christ's sake, not to die without giving him his forgiveness. Still Sapricius refused; and then, God taking away the help of the Holy Spirit, all his courage failed, and he denied Christ at last, to save his life. Nicephorus was greatly distressed at this; *he* confessed himself a believer in Jesus, and died a martyr. It is a solemn lesson to us all, of how God will deny his mercy to those who have no mercy for others.

"Our sins before Thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heav'n."

Precept.—Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Eph. iv. 32.

Promise.—Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Isa. i. 18.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, we confess how often we have sinned against thee—how much sin there is in all we think, and say, and do. O forgive us, for Jesus' sake. And help us to love him more who died for our sins; and to show our love by trying more every day to do the things that please him. May the Holy Spirit make our hearts new, and teach us to hate and fear all that is evil, and love all that is holy. Make us kind, and gentle, and forgiving to each other; take away all anger and bad tempers from our hearts. Hear us for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE TWO GRAVES.

A LADY and two children were seated on a low tombstone, one beautiful summer evening, in a retired corner of a graveyard. The lady wore a widow's dress, the children were also in mourning. The elder, a boy of twelve years, looked thoughtful, and there were tears in the mother's eyes as she spoke to him; but theirs was evidently a soft and tranquil sadness.

The younger child, a little girl, was playing with daisies and buttercups. She suddenly looked up and said, "Mamma, *when* will Jesus come again, and bring papa and Jamie with him?"

"We do not know, my love, he has not told us; perhaps before long."

"Do you think, mamma," said the boy, "that they can see us, and know what we are doing?"

"We cannot tell, George, we know so little yet of the state which we are to enter upon at death. But if our dear ones *do* see us still, it will be sweet for them to know how often we come here, and speak and think of them where they are now, and where we hope one day to be with them."

"Mamma," said George, hastily, "what fine carriage is that coming along the road?"

"It is Lord B——'s, I think."

"Is that Lord B——, whose little boy is buried under the beautiful monument?"

"Yes, the same."

"Perhaps they are coming to visit his grave. Oh no; how quickly they are driving past! and see, they are not even looking this way! Lady B—— is hiding her face."

"Poor Lady B——!" said his mother, sighing.

"Did not the little lord die last year, at the same time with our Jamie, mamma?"

"Yes, and of the same complaint."

"And do you know people say Lady B—— goes to another church now, when she goes at all, because she cannot bear to come near his grave. Oh, how much happier *we* are!"

"How much happier indeed! Let us thank the Lord for his goodness to us, and pray for that poor father and mother who have not our blessed comforts. Read to us, George, in the fourth chapter of 1st Thessalonians before we go home."

What made the difference between these two mothers? Why did the one shrink from the very sight of her child's grave, while the other loved to visit it often, to pray, and speak with her little ones, and meditate there?

The one had sure faith in Jesus. She believed that her darling was not lost, but safe for ever in his loving arms, and that, in a few years, he would be restored to her again. She thought of him as in a safe and pleasant home, to which she herself was journeying. That was a comforting, not a distressing thought.

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The other mother, if you had asked her where her boy was, would no doubt have said in heaven; but she knew nothing of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, and her conscience told her, that if her child was in a place of holiness and happiness, *she* was not walking in the way that could lead her to him again. She had no faith in Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and so she had no comfort in her deep sorrow, and no hope in looking beyond the grave.

Oh, how great is the difference, even in this world, in point of happiness, between the Christian and the unbeliever! Dear child now reading this, have *you* true faith in Christ; or if you feel your need of it, are you asking it from himself? Were you now to die, could those who love you look with hope and comfort upon *your* grave? The dear little ones of whom we have been speaking were so young, that we cannot doubt they were saved through Him who once became a little child, though they could not know nor understand his wondrous love. But *you* are old enough to understand that, unless your sins are forgiven for Jesus' sake, and your heart made new by the Holy Spirit, you cannot at death enter heaven. Are you praying and seeking for this? Then ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you (Luke xi. 9.) J. L. B.

II.—TWO POISONS.

"Papa," said Arthur Wilson one evening, "will you give me the key of the bookcase in your study?"

"Why, my boy?"

"I wish to take out a book."

"Which book?"

"A book from the high shelf."

"That is not answering my question."

"A scarlet book, papa; I am not sure of the name. I wish to read it this evening."

"Who gave you that book, Arthur?"

"One of the boys at school. He said there were nice stories in it, and I began one of them. Was it you, papa, who locked it up?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do so?"

"Because I did not wish you to read it. I have not read it myself, but I know the name of the writer well—he is a Frenchman, and a very bad man, who writes things that it would be very wrong in me to allow you to read."

Arthur looked much vexed.

"I am sure, papa, that was a very nice story which I began last night, and I wish very much to finish it. Will you not give it me just for this evening? I will pass over all that is wrong."

Mr. Wilson smiled. "And how will you know what to *pass over* till you have read it?"

"But, papa, I am sure just reading it once, quite quickly, would do me no harm."

"Arthur, why is your mother always so careful to keep the bottle of laudanum locked up?"

"Because it is poison, of course."

"Is laudanum the only poison in the apothecary's shop?"

"No, papa, there are many others."

"Yes, and of many kinds, which may hurt a man in various ways. Some will bring a deadly sleep upon you, others violent pains and convulsions. You may die from swallowing one kind, or allowing another to touch an open scratch and so get into your blood, or by breathing another kind into your lungs. A sensible man will handle them all most cautiously; a sensible child will not touch them at all. But there are worse and more deadly poisons than any kept by the apothecary. Which is of most importance, my son, to you and me—our soul or our body?"

"The soul, of course."

"Why?"

"Because it must live for ever, in heaven or hell."

"Then, is not the poison which would destroy our soul to be more dreaded and avoided than what would merely injure our poor mortal bodies?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, I believe *that* fatal poison is contained in your scarlet book, which I have locked up from you, just as your mother locks up the laudanum. The writer of that book is a wretched man, who is poisoning the souls of his fellow-creatures. He does not himself believe in God, and by his writings he is destroying the faith of others, and at the same time those moral virtues which can never stand long if the foundation of Christian faith is undermined. And all this is done in the most dangerous way,—under the form of most interesting stories. When you are older, and your faith and knowledge confirmed, you might, I hope, read the book, and note and loathe its errors. But meanwhile, my dear boy, be as much afraid of *reading* poison as of swallowing it. Never begin a new author until you have asked myself, or some other friend whom you can trust, if the work is safe and suitable for you. Pray for the blessing of God upon all the studies to which we direct you; and, above all, study and value *the Book*, God's own precious word, where in every page you may find food and medicine for both mind and soul." J.

III.—THE ASS.

Abraham had "he-asses and she-asses," one of which he saddled himself when he set out to offer up Isaac. Issachar is compared by his dying father to a "strong ass couching down between two burdens;" and we read of "his ass," and "thine ass," of "a bridle for the ass," and the "ass's master." The Judges went about on "white asses." Saul was searching for his "father's asses" when Samuel met him, and anointed him king over Israel. David's favourite animal, which he made over to Solomon at his death, and which Solomon rode at his coronation, was an ass.

Dear children, there is nothing contemptible about the ass, and yet, strange to say, it was not long before it came to be considered the emblem of meanness and worthlessness. To call a man an "ass," was to call him everything that was insulting. Perhaps this may be accounted for, as far as the Jews were concerned, by the fact, that the ass was one of their "unclean" animals, because it did not chew the cud, or divide the hoof; so it was never used for food except in times of famine, and when it died, it was left on the ground to be eaten by jackals and vultures.

But this is no reason why it should be treated cruelly by us. God himself condescends to take thought for it. He commands that it shall have "rest" on the Sabbath-day: he orders that it shall not be "yoked with an ox," lest the ox, which is so much stronger, make it strain and overwork

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itself. He tells men that it sets them an example of gratitude (Isa. i. 3). He uses it as the emblem of the gospel (Isa. xxxii. 20). The fierce lion which sprang from the hedge and slew the old prophet, thirsted for the blood of the ass on which he was trotting home; but God would not allow him to touch a hair of his skin.

Oh, what tales of woe—of barbarous blows and scanty fare, could our English asses tell us if they could speak out! And though they cannot, yet let their oppressors remember that God notices their wrongs, and will avenge them. If he does not give anything the power to defend and redress itself, be sure he will do it for it with his own mighty hand. Is it likely, that being as they are, "his workmanship,"—being made as he has made them, so "curiously"—watching and preserving them as he does, day by day—is it likely that he will allow them to be treated like blocks of wood, or lumps of stone? And, dear children, I will say here, when you go out for a donkey-ride on Hampstead-heath, or at Brighton, or elsewhere, insist upon it that the boys shall use their sticks gently, even if you have to content yourself with a trot instead of a canter. How can you enjoy a ride, with those little ruffians yelling behind you, and beating a living creature as if they were dusting a carpet?

I believe that people make great mistakes about the ass. They seem to fancy that it is as *strong* as the horse; whereas you have only to look at its narrow chest, and the way in which its small hoofs tread in each other's tracks, to see how unfit he is to pull heavy loads. Then, again, they seem to fancy that he ought to go as *fast* as a horse; and because he does not do so of his own free will, he is called "stupid," and "obstinate," and all sorts of hard names. But you have only to study his habits, to see that he was not meant to be a swift animal. His rule is, "slow and sure." Just as a ship is built for the sea and not for dry land, so the ass was made for climbing rocks and cliffs. Take him to *that* work, and he is at home. *There*, you will see his proper use. *There*, he will carry you patiently, hour after hour, up the steepest heights, where a horse would soon faint and fall. *There*, he would carry you along narrow paths, on the edge of frightful precipices, where you could not trust yourself to walk, and where a horse could not get a footing. *There*, he will content himself with dry mosses and prickly thistles, where a horse would die of hunger. Go and travel amongst the Alps or the Pyrenees, if you would know what the ass *can do*. But then, forsooth, because, when brought to England, he cannot whisk away like a stag, or pull a load like a rhinoceros, he is tormented and abused by everybody who comes near him. You might as well quarrel with a boy because he cannot run as rapidly as a steam-engine.—*Rev. James Bolton.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"WHICH IS TO COME."

I FORGET which of the German writers it is who speaks of the characteristic distinction between the faith and creed of the Hebrews and all the heathen beliefs of the old world—which distinction was, that while Greek and Roman looked at the past, the system of the narrow old Hebrew, despised by both of them, encircled the mighty round of time with a comprehensive grasp, and held a future in the bosom of the elder age. No star of coming promise glistened over the dark olive groves of Olympus, like that which shone upon the rocky front of Zion, where, among the ridges of the hills, lay waiting from the beginning of time, the knoll of Calvary and the garden cave. Jupiter and Apollo, even at their sublimest, gods of the poets, had already done all that was in them—and it was only the Jew who with the commemorations of his faith combined a hope. The past, of itself and by itself, does not keep that living hold upon the human imagination, that close, present, actual grasp, which a past connected with a future, embracing within itself all the strongest attractions of nature, holds through all time. Nobody now, in all the islands of the sea, thinks otherwise of Apollo or Jupiter than as the creation's of a poet's fancy; but a tenacious and persevering race, doubtless held by that natural principle as God's instrument, cling to the old creed of the Hebrews, looking still through atonement and passion for the Prophet which is to come.

Which *is* to come!—we also look for Him, stretching out our hands towards His appearing. Yes, one does not learn the secret of mortal history all at once; one believes in life with an instinctive confidence, apprehending neither death nor downfall, in one's youth. But when by-and-by the hour is come—when death looses the most desperate embrace of love as lightly as if that grasp of agony were the clasped fingers of a child—when one comes to learn that hope is vain, that skill is vain, even, Heaven help us! that for this thing at least it is vain to pray—I think the eyes thus terribly enlightened, see with a different vision evermore. *My* child is here, safe within my arms; but God help that other mother whose child even now he takes out of her arms, who turns her face to the wall that she may not see the light, and even, with the name of the Lord pressed upon her heart, cannot quiet the aching and the cry that is there! It is always some one's day of calamity—

"Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

We say these words habitually—but when we understand and enter into the thought, in the enlightenment of our own experience, I think the groan of human impatience, resistance, terrible, reluctant, compulsory submission to the fate which may not be evaded, is great enough, were it audible, to rend the very graves. But HE is coming—presently it will be over, this hard apprenticeship, with all its privations; by-and-by we shall grow out of acquaintance with dying.. Amen—Even so—come quickly, Lord Jesus! Without this I know not how, selfish as we are, being still human, with love and pity in us, among all those calamities, ruins, funerals, we could have the heart to take our own happiness, or even to live.—*Sundays by Mrs. Oliphant.*

II.—GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

NEVER complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hinderances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience! Choke that

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devilish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or, rather, bring it up to receive God's will and do his work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it. Hence it was that an apostle required his converts to abide each one in that calling wherein he was called,—to fill his place till He opens a way, by filling it, to some other; the bondman to fill his house of bondage with love and duty, the labourer to labour, the woman to be a woman, the men to show themselves men,—all to acknowledge God's hand in their lot, and seek to co-operate with that good design which he most assuredly cherishes for them.

There must be a complete renunciation of self-will. God and religion must be practically first; and the testimony that we please God must be the element of our peace. And such a disciple I have never known who did not have it for his joy that God was leading him on, shaping his life for him, bringing him along out of one moment into the next, year by year.

How sacred, how strong in its repose, how majestic, how nearly divine is a life thus ordered! The simple thought of a life which is to be the unfolding, in this manner, of a divine plan, is too beautiful, too captivating, to suffer one indifferent or heedless moment. Living in this manner, every turn of your experience will be a discovery to you of God,—every change a token of his fatherly counsel. Whatever obscurity, darkness, trial, suffering falls upon you; your defeats, losses, injuries; your outward state, employment, relations; what seems hard, unaccountable, severe, or, as nature might say, vexatious,—all these you will see are parts or constitutive elements in God's beautiful and good plan for you, and, as such, are to be accepted with a smile. Trust God! have an implicit trust in God! and these very things will impart the highest zest to life. If you were in your own will, you could not bear them; and if you fall, at any time, into your own will, they will break you down. But the glory of your condition, as a Christian, is that you are in the mighty and good will of God. Hence it was that Bunyan called his hero Great Heart; for no heart can be weak that is in the confidence of God. See how it was with Paul: counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge; enduring, with sublime patience, unspeakable sufferings; casting everything behind him, and following on to apprehend that for which he was apprehended. He had a great and mighty will, but no self-will: therefore he was strong—a true lion of the faith. Away, then, with all feeble complaints, all meagre and mean anxieties! Take your duty, and be strong in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is, the stronger, in fact, you will be. Understand, also, that the great question here is, not what you will get, but what you will become. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your burdens, and troubles, and losses, and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunities, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these. Oh! to live out such a life as God appoints, how great a thing it is!—to do the duties, make the sacrifices, bear the adversities, finish the plan, and then to say, with Christ—(who of us will be able?)—"It is finished!"—*Dr. Bushnell.*

III.—"EVEN AS THOU WILT."

A SOUL that is melted into God's will shows variety of grace. As the holy ointment was made up of several aromatic spices—myrrh, cinnamon, cassia (Exod. xxx. 23)—so this sweet temper of soul—submission to God's will in affliction—hath in it a mixture of several graces: in particular it is compounded of three graces—faith, love, humility. *Faith* believes God doth all in mercy—that affliction is to mortify some sin, or exercise some grace—that God corrects in love and faithfulness (Ps. cxix. 75); the belief of this causeth submission of will to God. *Love* "thinks no evil." Love takes all God doth in the best sense. *Humility:* the humble soul looks on its sins, and how it hath provoked God. He saith not his afflictions are great, but his sins are great; this makes him lie at God's feet, and say, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him."—*Watson.*

IV.—BE NOT SLOTHFUL.

MANY Christians are settled upon their lees; they are loath to put themselves to too much pains. It is said of Israel, "They despised the pleasant land" (Ps. cvi. 24). Canaan was a paradise of delights, a type of heaven; but some of the Jews thought it would cost them a great deal of trouble and hazard in the getting, and they would rather go without it. Men could be content to have the kingdom of heaven, if it would drop as a ripe fig into their mouth, but they are loath to fight for it. Oh, take heed of spiritual sloth! God never made heaven to be a hive of drones. We cannot have the world without labour, and do we think to have the kingdom of heaven?—*Ibid.*

V.—JEHOVAH-JIREH.

How often hast thou found thyself at the entrance into a duty becalmed, as a ship which at first setting sail hath hardly wind to swell its sails, while under the shore and shadow of the trees, but meets a fresh gale of wind when got into the open sea? Yea, didst thou never launch out to duty as the apostles to sea—with the wind in thy face, as if the Spirit of God, instead of helping thee on, meant to drive thee back, and yet hast found Christ walking to thee before the duty was done, and a prosperous voyage made of it at last! Abraham saw not the ram which God had provided for his sacrifice till he was in the mount. In the mount of prayer God is seen, even when the Christian does often go up the hill toward duty with a heavy heart, because he can as yet have no sight of him. Turn not, therefore, back, but go on with courage—he may be nearer than thou thinkest. "In that same hour," saith Christ, "it shall be given unto you" (Matt. x. 19).—*Gurnal.*

VI.—OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

"Two things a master commits to his servant's care," saith one—"the child and the child's clothes." It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say at his master's return,

"Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean; but the child is lost!"

Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day.

"Lord, here is my body; I was very grateful for it; I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but as for my soul, that is lost and cast away for ever,—I took little care and thought about it!"—*Flavel.*

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THE TREASURY PULPIT

No. IV.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, GLASGOW.

"CAN TWO WALK TOGETHER, EXCEPT THEY BE AGREED?"

AMOS iii. 3.

ONE of those unanswered questions which sound forth from the Bible like the thunders of Sinai, and whose echoes grumble long in the hollow caverns of a guilty conscience. When a question gets an answer, it is like a hungry child that has gotten its food—it is silenced and set aside; but an unanswered question—you are never done with it. It haunts your memory in hours of solitude. It crosses the path of pleasure, and shakes its grim head like a spectre in your face, demanding what you cannot give—a *reply*.

There must be a reason why questions are put in the Bible, and not answered there. It is intended that each learner should sit down, and, by the analogy of faith applied to his own experience, work out an answer for himself. Some of the problems are easy, if we were willing to have them solved; others are difficult, even to anxious inquirers. May the Holy Spirit, who put this question in the text, lead us to the truth, which will supply an "answer in peace!"

The question arises out of a particular case in the experience of Israel; but it is expressed in a general form, and contains a rule of universal application: "Can two walk together"—any two, at any time—"except they be agreed?" I wish to apply the question at present to two who have necessarily much intercourse on subjects of the weightiest moment—*God's law*, and *man's conscience*.

First, How they fell out; and *second*, How they fell in again. The alienation is caused by sin through the first Adam; and the reconciliation by righteousness through the Second.

I. THE DISAGREEMENT.—*The Fact, and its consequences.*

1. *There is an alienation between the two.* God's law is his manifested will for the regulation of his creatures. It is the very reflection cast down on earth of his own holiness. It is holy, and just, and good. It is perfect as its Author. It knows of no compromise. It cannot bend, by a hair's-breadth, to keep a whole world of human kind from sinking into everlasting perdition. Observe the steadfastness of God's laws, as applied to material things. The ocean is under law to God, and by that law it would engulf the whole human race, without swerving from its even course, if they were cast upon it without protection. This is God's law, and his laws are all sure. They are not yea, yea, and nay, nay. His *moral* law, ruling *spirits*, is as inexorable as his *physical* law, ruling *matter*. It knows of no yielding, no compunction. The ocean would submerge a million of men, and the next moment its waves would roll and play on in the same regular succession as before. There would be no staggering of resolution, no change of purpose. He who made the sea may miraculously walk on its waves, and stretch out his hand to the perishing; but the sea's law is changeless and pitiless. If another million should be thrown upon the water, they would be swallowed up in the same way. Such also is God's law for moral beings. His law—demanding holiness, and denouncing death for transgression—has no softness for your indulged sins. Yourselves may have an indulgence for them, and think it hard that wrath should come upon them to the uttermost. But the law of God does not participate in that tenderness for favourite lusts. It meets you there like the ocean: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." It never changes, it never repents. If you sin and die—perish eternally—its waves roll over you unchanged, to meet the next comer with the same demand: "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*" The law never saved a sinner. If it did, it would be no longer a law. If it softened and yielded at any one point, it were absolutely annulled. If any sin or any sinner is allowed to pass, where is the justice of punishing any sin or any sinner? To bend any commandment for the accommodation of a defaulter is to blot out the law. The law, by its very nature, can have no partialities and no compunctions. The law never saves those who transgress—never weeps for those who perish. It is hard for a man with warm life in his body to sink beneath the waves, and struggle a while, and be choked and die in the deep unseen; yet though the case is pitiable, no one expects that the sea will become pitiful, and shrink back, refusing to be the executioner. So, God's other law knows no relenting. The breakers of God's law are reckoning without their host when they expect to escape by its softness in that day.

The *conscience* in man is that part of his wonderful frame that comes into closest contact with God's law—the part of the man that lies next the fiery law, and feels its burning. When first the conscience is informed and awakened, it discovers itself *guilty*, and the law *angry*. There is not peace between the two, and, by the constitution of both, they are neighbours. They touch at all points, as the air touches the earth or the sea; neither the one nor the other can avoid the contact. There is need of peace in so close a union; but there is not peace. The first exclamation of the awakened conscience, on the discovery of the law, is, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" "The commandment came, sin revived, and I died" (Rom. vii. 9).

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The conscience is pierced by the law, the sharp arrow of the Lord, and the convicted feels himself a lost, a dead man. The law's enmity against a guilty moral being is intense and total; it cannot otherwise be. The enmity of a guilty moral being against the holy law that condemns him is intense and total; it cannot otherwise be. Where there is mutual hatred, distance may diminish its intensity; but where the antagonists are forced into contact, the nearness exasperates the hate. Oh, who can measure, who can describe the disagreement between the guilty violator of God's law and that law which condemns him? Who knoweth the power of the Judge's wrath, or of the culprit's enmity? Who has ever confessed, even to himself, the degree of his hatred to God's law in all its length and breadth—that law which haunts him through life, dogs his steps in the dark valley, and confronts him in the judgment—that enemy which embitters all the pleasures of sin, which deepens the darkness of the grave, and quenches the hope for eternity? Who shall tell how great is the quarrel between a guilty conscience and a holy law?

2. The *effect* of this disagreement between the two is, *they cannot walk together.* Let us see what this amounts to in the case before us. Enmity tends to produce distance. The law, indeed, remains what it was, and where it was; but the offending and fearing conscience seeks and, in one sense, obtains a separation. The conscience cannot bear the burning contact of a condemning law. It forcibly pushes the law away: Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways. The conscience with the law is like the wicked king with the true prophet (2 Chron. xviii. 7): "I hate him; for he never prophesied good unto me, but always evil." As when a little child, afloat in his tiny boat, angrily bids the dry land depart, and pushes it away, lo! it goes —it seems to go. The feeble effort of the child was sufficient to move himself away from the land; but he is persuaded all the while that the land has removed from him. So is it with an uneasy conscience and God's law. The conscience by instinct pushes against the law, and pushing itself away into greater indifference, is glad of the comparative relief.

But *distance is disobedience.* To walk with the law, is to live righteously; not to walk with the law, is to live in sin. Where love is the fulfilling of the law, hate and distance must be the highest disobedience. The Judge looketh on the heart; and whatever the outward conduct may be, the life of one who is thus at variance with the law is a life of sin.

There are certain special features of the disagreement in this case that aggravate the breach and increase its effects.

(1.) The party who has *injured* another *hates* that other most heartily, and cannot afford to forgive. The injurer must foment the quarrel; it is his only source of relief. The one who receives the injury does not feel the necessity of keeping distant; but the one who inflicts it must fan the flame; and if there be not real repentance and confession, he does fan the flame. The guilty conscience is the offender, and in very proportion to the sense of guilt is the exasperation against the law. It continues increasing until the hard heart give way, and flow down like water at the presence of the Lord. The wrongdoer is miserable when he whom he has injured is near.

(2.) Another circumstance that makes companionship impossible is, when on one or both sides there is not only the memory of a past grudge, but also *the purpose of a future injury.* In considering how much the law exasperates a guilty conscience, we must take into account not only what the law has said, but also *what the law will yet do.* It will retain the record of all. It will appear as witness and accuser. You know that it will accuse you without mercy. It will not hide one transgression to save you from hell. You know that the law is your enemy, and that it will be inexorable and unbending if the day of your extremity should come. This makes you hate the law with a perfect hatred. Besides knowing that you have injured it, you know that it will bring up all against you. While the law and you are in this relation, you cannot love it. You put it away from you with all the strength and steadfastness of an instinctive aversion. You may all the while be speaking respectfully of the law, and even, in a form of words, declaring that you love it. But it is only the trembling captive, flattering and fawning on the tyrant who has life and death in his power. If that captive were placed beyond the tyrant's reach, he would change his tone and defy his foe. As is the love of the helpless prisoner to the conqueror who shakes a naked sword above his head, such is the love of an unreconciled soul to the law that denounces Jehovah's wrath against all iniquity. To love either the law or God its Author, while you are still under condemnation, is a natural impossibility; and in these circumstances the profession of love is false. "I love the Lord," on the lips of the unforgiven being interpreted by the heart Searcher, means, I am not able to overcome God, and therefore I shall try to deceive him. What a dreadful state to be in! and yet that is the state of every unrenewed man. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" We shall see. Notice now—

II. The Reconciliation.—*The Fact, and its consequences.*

1. *What that reconciliation is, and how it can be attained.* The agreement between the law and the conscience is a part of the great reconciliation between God and man, which is effected in and by Jesus Christ. He is our peace. Peace of conscience follows in the train of justification.

Peace is accomplished not by getting the law to take less, but by giving it all that it demands. The law's demands are satisfied by the Lord Jesus Christ, the substitute of sinners. He has already accomplished the work. He has paid the penalty, and wrought the righteousness. He is God, and his work is perfect; he is man, and his perfect work is available for those who

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are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Our Mediator is, on the one hand, united as God to all the fulness of the Godhead; and, on the other, as man, united to needy creatures; so that out of his fulness we may receive. God has accepted him for all who believe in him, and to his invitation he makes no limit—him that cometh He will in no wise cast out.

Suppose a condemned sinner to hear, and obey, and live—to *receive* a righteousness which he could not *work*—to receive God's righteousness from God's free gift. Then Christ's righteousness becomes his. With it God is well pleased. The covenant that bestows another's righteousness free on the unworthy is God's covenant, not man's. When God is pleased with it, why should not we? That righteousness is to a believer the same as if himself had wrought it. If he has it by God's gift, he has as good a title to it as if it had been the result of his own obedience. You do not need now to trust to the lie on this side—"My own righteousness is adequate;" nor to the lie on that side—"The law will relax, and be satisfied with imperfect obedience." You can come forward now, acknowledging, on the one hand, that you are unworthy, and, on the other, that the law is unchangeably holy; and yet the law and you may meet in peace. *It* is *satisfied* by getting a perfect righteousness, and *you* are *safe* in having one to give it. The law is magnified, you are justified, and Christ is glorified. Mark now the reconciliation—the *agreement* between the two that had fallen out. The law no longer condemns you, and therefore you no longer loathe the law. It smiles on you, and you can afford to smile back again on it. The ground of the controversy has been taken away, and the controversy has fallen. While the law flashed unmitigated anger on you, you answered by impotent flashes of anger against the law. Your conscience is the mirror, and the law is a lamp on high. Whatever colour of light the lamp throws down on the mirror, that same colour does the mirror reflect back to the lamp. As long as a glare of red streamed down from the lamp on the mirror's receptive surface, so long did the mirror, according to its power, throw up a glare of red; but whensoever the same living lamp began to shed down on the same mirror softened rays of purest white, on the instant the lurid redness fled from that pliant mirror's face, and it gleamed back, in rays of unsullied whiteness, a glad answer to the lamp that saluted it.

My conscience begins to love God's law when God's law ceases to condemn me; and God's law ceases to condemn me when I am in Christ Jesus: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

2. *The effect of the agreement.* It is obedience to the law—that is, the whole word of God. "Do we make void the law through faith? God forbid. Yea, we establish the law" (Rom. iii. 31). Such is the result at which we arrive when we have proceeded thus far with the solution of the question in our text. See the whole of the 119th Psalm; observe the tone of it throughout: "O, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day." You see there a cherished companionship. This is needed in order to actual newness of life; and this is secured only by getting the enmity done away. It is thus with other companions. When there is a quarrel, and a mutual distrust, there is no *walking together;* but when the enmity is removed, and friendship restored, you will see the friends by each other's side again. Such also is it with the law and the conscience. As long as there is condemnation, and the word of God is the accuser, there is no cordiality to it. There may be a show of submission, for fear of yet greater evil; but there is no love to the law, and without love there is no real obedience. But the law that beams forth in all the perfections of God, and yet has no charge to make in the judgment against you—the law that glorifies the Judge, and yet permits you to stand justified in his presence—that law and you are at one. You have no cause of quarrel with it. It ceases to accuse, and you cease to keep it at a distance. You draw to it. You walk with it. You can make it your companion. You can take it into your bosom and yet not be burned by its terrors. You make it the man of your counsel. When the two are agreed, they are seen walking together. On this principle so important was the sight of Lord Clarendon and Count Orloff walking together on the streets of Paris during the Peace Conference there, at the close of the Crimean war, that the fact was chronicled and proclaimed all over Europe. The two countries—Britain and Russia—whose ambassadors they were, had closed in deadly strife on many a battle-field. It was a fruit, and therefore a sign, that they had agreed, when their representatives were seen walking together.

And though the word still condemns the sins that linger in you, this does not renew the quarrel. You are on the side of the law, and against your own besetting sins. You will love it, although it condemns your own sins; you will love it, *because* it condemns your own sins. You will gladly run to the physician, who cuts the gangrened limb away, although that limb be your own right hand. You and the law are agreed. You take it continually with you as the best defence against your foes. Yourself will drag them forth, and place them under his uplifted sword that they may be slain.

I shall now conclude with a brief practical application, in the old-fashioned way, to sinners and saints—to the converted and the unconverted.

1. *Sinners unconverted.* As long as God's law and you are left to fight it out, you are not holy, you are not happy, you are not safe. There is a quarrel. There is a distance. You cannot but feel it. It is not safe to leave that controversy unsettled, that enemy unappeased. God's law is a dreadful enemy. It will have the last word with its antagonist. "All flesh is as grass; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever" (1 Pet. i. 24, 25). That word will terrify its adversary on a death-bed, and meet him again in the judgment. "Agree

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with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him." That law, O transgressor, will allow no relaxation. That creditor receives no composition from a despairing debtor. He claims all: "Pay me that thou owest." You may be in a pitiable state, but the law cannot pity you. The law will not weep for you, although you were cast into hell. But what the law could not do, God our Saviour did. Jesus wept over sinners. That same Jesus unchanged looks down on you. His bowels yearn. He complains, "Ye will not come to me." He proclaims, "Whosoever will, let him come." He promises, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

2. *Believers.* You hope that the controversy is settled —that there is to you now no condemnation—that the holy law does not condemn you—that, pleased with Christ's righteousness now on you, it acquits you as just. Well, why is there so little walking in the company of the friend with whom you are agreed?

§ Improve your advantage. Keep much by the word. Approach it without fear and estrangement. Offer the law your Redeemer's righteousness, and so get near to it in the confidence of love. Get the good of renewed friendship with that once formidable foe. You have many enemies to be subdued, and no companion so helpful as God's law. Have it always at hand; yea, hide it within your heart, where the thickest of your enemies are. Why so little manifestation of friendship in open habitual companionship? Do I not see you going to some places, and tarrying in some companies, leaving your companion behind—leaving your friend outside the door? Inappropriate place, you say, for the very law of God to be taken into. Perhaps it is; but why go into it yourself if it is not fit for your friend? It is a good rule for a Christian, to go into no company, and engage in no employment, except where he can take the law of the Lord as his companion all the way and all the time.

But, above all, if you would grow in obedience to the law, realize the privileges of the gospel. The more that you experience reconciliation through Christ, the more will you walk with God. The more that you receive of his grace, the more you will do to please him. Look unto Jesus. The stream of obedience will flow from the spring of faith. Abide in Christ, and you will bear fruits of righteousness. The word of the Master on high is (John xv. 5), "Without me ye can do nothing." The answer of the servant on earth is (Phil. iv. 13), "Through Christ I can do all things."

If sinners had been allowed to trample on the law of God, and step into heaven safe over its dishonoured body, the result would have been more sin; again, if the law had overcome sinful men, and poured wrath to the uttermost upon them all, the result would still have been more sin. No holiness would have been produced by either victory. But when peace was made by the Mediator—when the law was satisfied, and the sinner forgiven—the forgiven one loves the Lord, and "love is the fulfilling of the law."

JEREMIAH CALVIN LAMPHIER AND THE AMERICAN REVIVAL.

When God has laid his train, he never wants a hand to apply the match. Unnoticed by the busy world in the great city of New York, unknown to its churches, a spirit of prayer had been diffusing itself amongst the living members prior to the great mercantile crisis of 1857. That spirit was not the growth of the shattered fortunes, the wrecked hopes, the bent and broken hearts of that season. It preceded the catastrophe. Thoughtful praying men had been sent into their closets to plead for their country. They had been reading the signs, if not of its coming mercantile distress, of what they dreaded still more—of its rapid demoralization. They had marked, and were in secret mourning over the change that was passing on their nation from its absorbing passion for material gain. They felt it was forgetting higher ends: that religion was in danger of sinking beneath the flood of worldliness; that even common truth and honesty were in peril amidst the strained shifts and expedients of grasping speculation, and its never-failing accompaniments of wanton expenditure and ambitious display. A crisis had come when the foundations were being destroyed. Something must be done to recall the nation to its senses, to arouse conscience, arrest national decay, restore sobriety of mind, bring back moderation, temperance in all things—the lost tone of the nation's moral health. And it was felt that the place of prayer was the place to get what was needed. The hearts that were overwhelmed had gathered thus early to the refuge, and that refuge was the Rock that was higher than they. The link only was needed to unite in visible fellowship those who were already one in secret,—the link that would convert solitary prayer into prayer where two or three should agree together touching the things they asked. That link was supplied by Jeremiah Calvin Lamphier. He was the hand that held the torch to the train which a higher had laid; and it is instructive to know that he was honoured as the instrument of the great American awakening when pursuing his own quiet labours in a humble field of missionary duty.

As far back as July 1857, this man, whose name is now identified with that remarkable revival, had entered upon the work of missionary to the North Dutch Church, under the direction of its consistory. Understanding the man they had appointed, the consistory had left Lamphier very much to follow his own mind in his labours. They had issued no instructions, chalked out for him no plan—they gave him a *carte blanche* to do all the good he could in his own way, expressing only their willingness to aid him as he might desire. Shall we describe this man as his portrait has been drawn by our American brethren? About twenty years ago, when a youth hardly twenty, he became a resident in the city of New York and engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he afterwards abandoned, to devote himself to city missionary labour. A remarkable gift in prayer and of persuasive powerful exhortation at once marked him out as no ordinary man. With these were united an indomitable energy of character and patience in labour, a disposition warm and affectionate, a sound judgment, strong common sense, an eye observant of those traits of character that open the secrets of the heart, and by which he was guided always to the choice of right agents for his work, and to speak the right word for the time and place. Tall in person, of a benevolent pleasant counte-

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nance, with a good musical voice, and modest agreeable manners, he became a welcome guest in every house he entered.

From the time of his appointment as missionary in connection with the Old North Dutch Church, Lamphier might have been seen in its upper lecture-room, a solitary man, kneeling on the floor engaged in earnest importunate prayer. He was a man who had lived very much in the lives of others; lived almost wholly for others. He had no wife or child of his own, but there were thousands of husbands and fathers without God and hope in the world. A vast responsibility he felt had been thrown upon him, of *caring* for the spiritual welfare of these neglected thousands. He knew their condition, for he had surveyed all the lower wards of the city as a lay missionary, and he longed to do something for their salvation. He knew he could do many things; he could take tracts in his hand any and every day, and distribute them. He could preach the gospel from door to door. All this he had done to reach these perishing thousands. Could not something more effectual be done? Day after day, many times a day, he was on his knees with his constant prayer, "Lord, *what* wilt thou have me to *do?*" and the oftener he prayed, the more earnest he became, "Lord, *what* —*what* wilt thou have me to *do?*" and the more he was encouraged in the expectation that the way would be shown him through which these perishing multitudes would be brought to give heed to the Word of Life. As yet he knew not the way; he had not even thought of any plan by which such an issue might be aimed at; but he had faith in the power of God, and he rose from his knees inspired with courage and hope derived from above. We know of few diaries more interesting than that in which the progress of his plans are marked, as with intense unity of purpose he presses towards the object of finding some way by which light might be cast into these regions of the dead. It is like the diary of a wrecked sailor who, thrown upon a vast shoreless ocean, sees at first no one point in the circle of the horizon to which he should guide himself in preference to another; till by degrees a star shining from the blue depths above, or a jutting rock, or a dimly descried coast-line, indicates whither he should steer, and determines and shapes his course. The simple way in which the suggestion of the Noon-day Business Men's Prayer-meeting arose to his mind, is among the most interesting instances on record, of how he, who not only prays, but watches unto prayer, finds his answer,—yea, gathers it out of circumstances that would have cast into despair a less believing, less wakeful mind. From the spectacle of the absorbed, hurrying business crowd, as it swept the streets of New York, he drew his idea of the silent noon-tide hour of prayer. Is the man mad that he dreams of laying an arrest on the flood of Broadway? Would he stop Niagara in its descent? He will try it. Let his diary tell its own tale. It opens:—

"New York, *July* 1, 1857.

"'Be not weary in well-doing' (2 Thess. iii. 13). 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me' (Philip. iv. 13). Read the fourth chapter of 2d Timothy. Think I feel something of the responsibility of the work in which I have engaged. Felt a nearness to God in prayer, and my entire dependence on him, from whom cometh all my strength."

In this spirit he prepares himself for his missionary labours in the most neglected portion of the city of New York—its "lower wards." *His* eye was upon its neglected masses; but *God* was about to work through him in a wider sphere, and, by a movement comprehensive of all classes, breathe through the stagnant air of the "lower wards." For this end the suggestion of the noon-day prayer-meeting was given. It was thus the first idea of it arose in Lamphier's mind: "Going," he says, "my rounds in the performance of my duty one day, as I was walking along the streets, the idea was suggested to my mind that an hour of prayer, from twelve to one o'clock, would be beneficial to *business men*, who usually in great numbers take that hour for rest and refreshment. My idea was to have singing, prayer, exhortation, relation of religious experience, as the case might be; that none should be required to stay the whole hour; that all should come and go as their engagements should allow or require, or their inclinations dictate."

An arrangement was made in accordance with this idea, and at twelve o'clock noon on the 23d of September 1857, the door of the third storey lecture-room of the North Dutch Church, Fulton Street, was thrown open. For the first half hour Lamphier sat alone, or rather he prayed through the first half hour alone. At half-past twelve the step of a solitary individual was heard upon the stairs. Shortly after another—and another—then another; and, last of all, another, until six made up the entire company. "We had a good meeting," says Lamphier in his journal. "The Lord was with us to bless us."

The Noon-day Business Men's Prayer-meeting was inaugurated. From the first it was intended to present a new phase of interest. The old, long, formal routine was to be broken up. Everything was to be arranged for the short stay of those who came. The exercises were to be brief, pointed, to the purpose, and touching the case in hand. Those who entered might stay five minutes or the whole hour if they pleased. If they stayed but five minutes, they might yet have an opportunity of taking their part in a complete portion of the service, as no one was to occupy more than five minutes in remarks or prayer. Such was the idea, an idea that grew out of the pressing necessities of men's engagements, and which shaped itself to the pressure. At first it was proposed the meetings should be weekly. The second was accordingly held on the 30th September, when the number present rose to twenty. In preparation for the third meeting, Lamphier, as he records in his journal, called to invite a number of persons to be present; spoke to men as he met them on the street, as his custom was when he could get their attention; prayed that the Lord would incline many to come to the place of prayer; and, as the result, found at the meeting at noon between thirty and forty. At that meeting it was resolved the meetings should be daily. The *next day* a still larger number was present, amongst whom there was felt "a spirit of reconsecration to the service of Christ, and a fresh desire to live near his cross." The Breath from the four winds of heaven began to blow upon these meetings. New faces daily appeared, numbers, interest increased. The following faithful, and only record preserved of these meetings, marks their progress and character:—

"Attended the noon prayer-meeting,—a large number present, and God's Spirit was manifestly in our midst." Oct. 14. "Attended the noon-day prayer-meeting. Over one hundred present,—many of them not professors of religion, but under convictions of sin, and seeking an interest in Christ;

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inquiring what they shall do to be saved." "A large attendance, though the day be cloudy and rainy. A good spirit pervaded the place,—a great desire to be humble before God on the view of past sins. I feel that God's Spirit is moving in the hearts of the people."

The thought of Lamphier has taken shape. His business prayer-meeting at noon is established. The six of the first meeting grow into hundreds,—the weekly expands into the daily gathering. None feel the hour inconvenient or complain of its interruption to business. It is evidently becoming a help to many. The upper lecture-room grows too small for the throng at the hour of prayer; two others are added, and multitudes stream back unable to find entrance. The report has gone forth in the community that the Lord is *there*. Who would not see and feel his presence? But he is not there only. The spirit of prayer has descended on the community like the dew on the fleece of Gideon. New noon-day business prayer-meetings are opened. The people are moved to pray, and they ask for places for prayer. There is no devising how the minds of men might be stirred, —no attempts at eloquent, energetic, enthusiastic preaching, to quicken the dull, sluggish pulse of spiritual life. Preaching takes its ordinary course: the especial demand is for prayer. The same Power that had moved to prayer in Fulton Street moved to prayer elsewhere. One church was opened throughout the city after another. Halls, concert-rooms, libraries in central places were filled to overflowing. Theatres were closed and opened in the new service, and, before the end of three months from the meeting of Lamphier with his six praying friends in the lecture-room of the Old Dutch Church, in not fewer than one hundred and fifty places in Brooklyn and New York prayer daily ascended amidst a crowd of earnest, inquiring, devout, solemnized worshippers. Meantime the providence of God had been working with his Spirit. The blow had fallen on American trade that shattered many a lordly fortune; the commercial crisis had come that scattered as it blew the dreams of extravagant speculation. The world was stripped of its illusions as it fell from men's grasp. Their old stay had broken under them, and writhing under their losses, and the consciousness they were deserved, they were at once drawn and driven to the refuge of the weary. When there is an eclipse of the sun the heavens grow nearer. It is when there is bright air around they stretch into the infinite—the world is everywhere, God nowhere.

But it was not in New York alone the daily prayer-meeting gathered its tens of thousands. Travellers from other States, on returning from that great mart of trade, carried back with them tidings of the work of God. Prayer-meetings simultaneously arose in all parts of the land, in city and country. Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other cities shared in the work. The whole country received the spiritual rain. The revival permeated every nook and corner of the great Republic. And it included every class, down to the most abandoned, who had long appeared to have lost all susceptibility to religious impressions. Multitudes of such were drawn to the place of prayer, to the confession of sin, and brought to humble themselves like little children at the foot of the cross.

In Philadelphia, more especially, the tokens of the divine presence and work marvellously appeared. Its origin in that city marks the channels through which the divine influence spread, and may be given as a case illustrative of many others.

Among those who attended the first of Lamphier's Business Men's Prayer-meetings in New York was a young man, not yet twenty-one years of age. As good had resulted from these meetings in one city, why might not equal good be done by them in another? It was worth the effort. He opened his mind to some of the Young Men's Christian Association. They agreed to apply for the lecture-room of the Methodist Episcopal Reunion Church. Their request was granted, and their first noon prayer-meeting was held on the 23d November. It was on the spot consecrated by the prayers and labours of the immortal Whitefield that this initiatory step was taken for the revival of the work to which his life was devoted. For a time the response on the part of the business men of Philadelphia was far from encouraging,—thirty-six for some weeks being the highest number present, the average attendance not exceeding twelve. Even after the removal of the meeting to a more central position, the increase was gradual—not more than twenty, then thirty, forty, fifty, sixty persons assembling in the anteroom of the spacious hall of Dr. Jayne. But almost, as in an instant, the whole aspect of the meetings underwent a surprising change. The attendance, hitherto small, reached on the 8th of March three hundred: it was evident many were going away from want of room. It was resolved that the next day's meeting should be held in the large hall. The centre of the hall, which has seats for twenty-five hundred people, was filled. The next day it was filled again, *with the galleries*, and still it was obvious there was not room for the people. The next day the partition between the smaller and larger rooms was taken down, and the hall thrown open from street to street. Then there might have been seen on one week-day after another, at its busiest hour, three thousand souls bowing before God in prayer for the revival of his work,—ministers and people, men and women, rich and poor,—an assemblage consisting of all Christian denominations. An eye-witness has thus described these meetings:—

"There is no noise, no confusion. Any suitable person prays or speaks to the audience for three minutes only. One or two verses of the most spiritual hymns go up like the sound of many waters; requests for prayer for individuals are then read; one layman or minister succeeds another in perfect order and quiet; and after a space which seems a few minutes, so strange, so absorbing, so interesting is the scene, the leader announces it is one o'clock; and, punctual to the moment, a minister pronounces the benediction, and the immense audience slowly, quietly, and in perfect order, pass from the hall, some ministers remaining to converse, in a small room off the platform, with any who may desire spiritual instruction. No man there—no man, perhaps, living or dead—has ever seen anything like it. On the day of Pentecost Peter preached: Luther preached, and Livingstone, and Whitefield, and Wesley. Great spiritual movements have been usually identified with some eloquent voice; but no name, except the Name that is above every name, is identified with this meeting. For the time being, all separate sects, creeds, denominations, are swallowed up in the one great, glorious, and only Church of the Holy Ghost! God is with us of a truth."

And yet that great meeting at Jayne's Hall was but one of many in the city of Philadelphia in which the same spirit

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reigned at that Pentecostal season. Business and business cares, the winter storm, the snow-drifts in the path, hindered not these gatherings at the hour of noon. The Spirit was in the heart, and the heart was towards God, and obstacles, insurmountable at other seasons, were stepped over like the snow-drift by the way.

How much of human sympathy and earthly excitement was in this work, and how much of His presence, the fruit of whose work is unto life eternal, the great day will alone declare. Enough appeared throughout the movement to stamp it with a Divine character. Christians were drawn together with a new and before unexperienced intensity of affection. Sectarian jealousy was driven from their hearts. They felt themselves Christians from what they had in common. They thought not of the things in which they differed. All were constrained to pray—to pray together; and as they prayed they loved, and in love they were one. At the sight of this unity, the unbelieving world, that knows not—how can it know?—the deep underlying unity of believers, was amazed. It disarmed its opposition. It conveyed to all minds the conviction that what they saw was a work of God. Christians, it was seen, loved one another, and were united in their love to souls. The impenitent felt *this*. They became awed by a sense of the Presence that so evidently filled the prayer-meeting. For the first time they were made to feel there was reality in prayer. They saw men prayed as if they expected God would hear and answer prayer. This was a Divine preparation for their own conviction and conversion. The barriers that make men unapproachable on the subject of religion were broken down. The power that united Christians drew an outstanding world into their fellowship. Can we doubt that where there was unity, love, prayer, the word of truth, and the conversion of souls, *God was there!*

Some of the incidents and results of these meetings we shall give in a future Number, drawn, along with the preceding facts, from two recent publications of thrilling interest in connection with the American work of 1857-8—"The Power of Prayer," by S. Irenæus Prime; and "Pentecost, or the Work of God in Philadelphia." The latter is a pamphlet, and is enriched by a valuable and able introductory paper by Professor Gibson of Belfast. J. L.

"THE LAND AND THE BOOK."

[The following miscellaneous passages are taken from a remarkable work under this title, by the Rev. Dr. W. M. Thomson, twenty-five years an American missionary in Palestine. A British edition is in course of issue by our Publishers.]

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

We are favoured with another bright morning, which you have been improving, as I see, by an early ramble over the hills; but come down to the river. There is something going forward worth seeing. Yon shepherd is about to lead his flock across; and—as our Lord says of the good shepherd—you observe that he goes before, and the sheep follow. Not all in the same manner, however. Some enter boldly, and come straight across. These are the loved ones of the flock, who keep hard by the footsteps of the shepherd, whether sauntering through green meadows, by the still waters, feeding upon the mountains, or resting at noon beneath the shadow of great rocks. And now others enter, but in doubt and alarm. Far from their guide, they miss the ford, and are carried down the river, some more, some less, and yet, one by one, they all struggle over and make good their landing. Notice those little lambs. They refuse to enter, and must be driven into the stream by the shepherd's dog, mentioned by Job in his "parable." Poor things! how they leap and plunge and bleat in terror! That weak one yonder will be swept quite away, and perish in the sea. But no; the shepherd himself leaps into the stream, lifts it into his bosom, and bears it trembling to the shore. All safely over, how happy they appear. The lambs frisk and gambol about in high spirits, while the older ones gather round their faithful guide, and look up to him in subdued but expressive thankfulness.

Now, can you watch such a scene, and not think of that Shepherd who leadeth Joseph like a flock, and of another river which all His sheep must cross? He, too, goes before, and, as in the case of this flock, they who keep near him fear no evil. They hear his sweet voice saying, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee" (Isa. xliii. 2). With eye fastened on him, they scarcely see the stream, or feel its cold and threatening waves. The great majority, however, "linger, shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away." They lag behind, look down upon the dark river, and, like Peter on stormy Gennesaret, when faith failed, they begin to sink. Then they cry for help, and not in vain. The good Shepherd hastens to their rescue, and none of all His flock can ever perish. Even the weakest lambkins are carried safely over. I once saw flocks crossing the Jordon "to Canaan's fair and happy land;" and there the scene was even more striking and impressive. The river was broader, the current stronger, and the flocks larger, while the shepherds were more picturesque and Biblical. The catastrophe, too, with which many poor sheep were threatened—of being swept down into that mysterious Sea of Death which swallows up the Jordan itself—was more solemn and suggestive. . . . .

"As you mentioned at the Damûr the other day, I notice that some of the flock keep near the shepherd, and follow whithersoever he goes without the least hesitation, while others stray about on either side, or loiter far behind; and he often turns round and scolds them in a sharp, stern cry, or sends a stone after them. I saw him lame one just now."

Not altogether unlike the good Shepherd. Indeed, I never ride over these hills, clothed with flocks, without meditating upon this delightful theme. Our Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them, and they follow (John x. 4). This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained that they *follow* their keeper with the utmost docility. He leads them forth from the fold, or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. As there are many flocks in such a place as this, each one takes a different path, and it is his business to find pasture for them. It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the unfenced fields of corn which lie so temptingly on either side. Any one that thus wanders is sure to get into trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and, if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know

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not the voice of a stranger. This is not the fanciful costume of a parable: it is simple fact. I have made the experiment repeatedly. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is practicable and safe. He is armed in order to defend his charge; and in this he is very courageous. Many adventures with wild beasts occur not unlike that recounted by David (1 Sam. xvii. 34–36), and in these very mountains; for, though there are now no lions here, there are wolves in abundance; and leopards and panthers, exceeding fierce, prowl about these wild wadies. They not unfrequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd, and he must be ready to do battle at a moment's warning. I have listened with intense interest to their graphic descriptions of downright and desperate fights with these savage beasts. And when the thief and the robber come (and come they do), the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hand to defend his flock. I have known more than one case in which he had literally to lay it down in the contest. A poor faithful fellow last spring, between Tiberias and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedawîn robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their khanjars, and died among the sheep he was defending.

Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favourites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully, and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. These are the contented and happy ones. They are in no danger of getting lost or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their own pleasures or selfish interests. They run from bush to bush, searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or, rather, where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion remark in their little community, or rebuke from their keeper. Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into everybody's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, whence they often fall and break their limbs. These cost the good shepherd incessant trouble. Then there are others incurably reckless, who stray far away, and are often utterly lost. I have repeatedly seen a silly goat or sheep running hither and thither, and bleating piteously after the lost flock, only to call forth from their dens the beasts of prey, or to bring up the lurking thief, who quickly quiets its cries in death.

"Isaiah has a beautiful reference to the good Shepherd: *He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young* (Isa. xl. 11). Have you ever noticed these actions mentioned by the prophet?"

Yes, in every particular. In ordinary circumstances the shepherd does not *feed* his flock, except by leading and guiding them where they may gather for themselves; but there are times when it is otherwise. Late in autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter, in places covered with snow, he must furnish them food or they die. In the vast oak woods along the eastern sides of Lebanon, between Baalbek and the cedars, there are then gathered innumerable flocks, and the shepherds are all day long in the bushy trees, cutting down the branches, upon whose green leaves and tender twigs the sheep and goats are entirely supported. The same is true in all mountain districts, and large forests are preserved on purpose. Life in these remote and wild woods is then most singular and romantic. The ring of the axe, the crash of falling trees, the shout of the shepherds, the tinkling of bells and barking of dogs, wake a thousand echoes along the deep wadies of Lebanon. I have ridden five hours at a stretch in the midst of these lively scenes, and the mere remembrance of them comes back now like distant music dying out sweetly along the solemn aisles of the wood. From early boyhood there has been within me an earnest sympathy with the mighty forest —something ever ready to sigh for such boundless continuity of shade as these wide sheep-walks of Lebanon and Hermon afford. Can anything be more poetic than this life of the Syrian shepherd? It ought to be religious too. Far, far away, out on the lone mountain, with the everlasting hills around, and heaven above, pure, blue, and high, and still, —there go and worship free from the impertinence of human rhetoric, and the noisy cadences of prima donnas courting applause—in spirit and in truth worship—in solemn silence and soul-subduing solitude worship the most high God in his temple not made with hands.

"Did you ever see a shepherd gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom?"

Often; and he will gently lead along the mothers in those times when to overdrive them even for a single day would be fatal, as Jacob said to his brother when he wanted to get rid of him: *My lord knoweth that the flocks and herds with young are with me, and if men should overdrive them one day, all the flock would die* (Gen. xxxiii. 13). This, by the way, proves that Jacob's flight was late in the autumn; when alone the flocks are in this condition. The same is implied in his immediately building booths at Succoth for their protection during the winter (Gen. xxxiii. 17).

"Micah, perhaps, had noticed the flocks feeding in the wilderness somewhat as you describe them along the slopes of Lebanon. He says, *Feed thy people with thy rod—the flock of thy heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood in the midst of Carmel; let them feed in Bashan and Gilead as in the days of old* (Micah vii. 14)."

No doubt the reference is to the same thing. Large parts of Carmel, Bashan, and Gilead, are now covered with just such forests, which, at the proper season, are alive with countless flocks, which live upon the green leaves and tender branches.

"How do you explain the expression, 'Feed—with thy rod?'"

The word signifies both to feed and to rule, and both ideas are natural. The shepherd invariably carries a staff or rod with him when he goes forth to feed his flock. It is often bent or hooked at one end, which gave rise to the shepherd's crook in the hand of the Christian bishop. With this staff he rules and guides the flock to their green pastures, and defends them from their enemies. With it, also, he corrects them when disobedient, and brings them back when wandering. This staff is associated as inseparably with the shepherd as the goad is with the ploughman. David, in the 4th verse of the 23d Psalm, has an extended reference to the shepherd and his kind offices, and among them is an allusion to this rod: "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me"—in every way in which these are employed by the good shepherd in the discharge of his office.

And now the lights are out in the village, the shepherds are asleep by the side of their flocks, the tinkling bell from the fold falls faintly on the still night air, and the watch-dog

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bays drowsily from his kennel at the gate. Good-night, fair world; 'tis time to seek repose, and

"The timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight,
Inclines our eyelids."

Let us first read, and meditate a while upon that delightful chapter in John (x. 1–29), where our blessed Saviour appropriates all these characters of a good shepherd to himself.

ROADS IN SYRIA.

"I am greatly surprised at the absence of all wheeled vehicles, and look round at every fresh noise, expecting to see a cart, or dray, or waggon of some kind or other, but am always disappointed."

And will be. There is nothing of the sort in Syria; neither is there street or road for them in any part of the land.

"How do you account for this? It was not always so. We read of carriages and chariots at a very early age. Joseph sent waggons for the wives and little ones of his father's family (Gen. xlv. 19, 21). Jacob's funeral was attended by chariots from Egypt to Hebron (Gen. l. 9). The Canaanites had chariots in the time of Joshua (Josh. xvii. 16). Judah *could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron* (Judg. i. 19). Jabin had nine hundred (Judg. iv. 13), and the Philistines thirty thousand in the reign of Saul (1 Sam. xiii. 5). Isaiah rebuked the children of Israel because there was no *end to their chariots* (Isa. ii. 7); and thus it continued down to the time when Philip joined himself to the chariot of the eunuch on the road to Gaza (Acts viii. 28). Throughout all this long period there were countless carriages in this country, and, of necessity, roads for them. How is it that now there is neither the one nor the other?"

Natural enough, and very appropriate. The first inquiry of a sensible traveller in a strange land will have reference to the means of locomotion. As to your question, however, the natives will tell you that carriage-roads cannot be made in Syria. But this is a mistake. They might be constructed, at a moderate expense, in nearly all parts of the country. Their total disappearance can easily be explained. When the wild Arabs of the Mohammedan desolation became masters, wheeled vehicles immediately sunk into neglect, and even contempt. Accustomed only to the horse, the camel, and the ass, they despised all other means of travel and transportation. Good roads were not necessary for them, and, being neglected, they quickly disappeared from the land, and carriages with them. Nor will they ever reappear till some other race than the Arab predominates, and a better than the Turk governs. Even the Christian inhabitants of Lebanon, where good roads are most needed, have no adequate appreciation of them, and take no pains to make them. They drive their loaded camels, mules, and donkeys along frightful paths, and endanger their own necks by riding over the same, from generation to generation, without dreaming of any improvement. You must educate your nerves into indifference in this matter, and get ready as fast as possible to flounder over all sorts of break-neck places in the course of our pilgrimage. * * *

"But, in all seriousness, these mountain roads are positively barbarous."

A whole class of Biblical figures rests on this state of things. Isaiah says, "Prepare the way of the Lord; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones" (Isa. lxii. 10); and not only do modern *ways* prove the need of such preparation, but modern customs show how, when, and why it is done. When Ibrahim Pasha proposed to visit certain places on Lebanon, the emeers and sheikhs sent forth a general proclamation, somewhat in the style of Isaiah's exhortation, to all the inhabitants, to assemble along the proposed route, and prepare the way before him. The same was done in 1845, on a grand scale, when the present sultan visited Brusa. The stones were gathered out, crooked places straightened, and rough ones made level and smooth. I had the benefit of their labour a few days after his majesty's visit. From customs like these comes the exhortation of John the Baptist, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight" (Matt. iii. 3); or, as it is more fully developed by the prophet, "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain" (Isa. xl. 3, 4). The exhortation to gather out the stones is peculiarly appropriate. These farmers do the exact reverse—gather up the stones from their fields, and cast them into the highway; and it is this barbarous custom which in many places renders the paths so uncomfortable, and even dangerous.

"I have been all the morning in exquisite sympathy with Job, David, Jeremiah, and other prophets and poets who complain of narrow paths. Ours has frequently been not more than a foot wide, of hard, smooth rock, and with a profound gorge yawning beneath."

You will encounter many such in our rambles along the highways and byways of the land. A dozen "slippery places" have impressed their ugly features upon my imagination. Jeremiah says that the ways of both prophet and priest who were profane should be as slippery ways in *the darkness* (Jer. xxiii. 12). This is the danger vastly aggravated, according to my experience. During the rebellion of Jerusalem in 1834, I attempted to reach the city from Lydd by ascending the mountains along secret paths in a night intensely dark. A fog also settled down upon us, and added to the gloom. My guides lost the way, and, after wandering and slipping about in the utmost danger for several hours, we were obliged to lie down upon a bare rock and wait for the morning. At such times one can appreciate those promises which insure from sliding and falling (Prov. iii. 23; Jer. xxxi. 9). To slide and fall is, in a thousand places, certain destruction; and no threatenings against the workers of iniquity are more terrible than that they shall be set in slippery places; that their feet shall slide in due time (Deut. xxxii. 35). One needs a steady eye and obedient nerves to ride along the edge of yawning chasms, and listen calmly to the hard clatter of the iron upon the smooth rock. I generally dismount and walk; but some native horsemen ride over everything.

EASTERN ATMOSPHERE.

One seems to look quite to the bottom of heaven's profoundest azure, "where the everlasting stars abide;" and how sharply defined is every rock and ravine, and tree and house on lofty Lebanon! That virgin snow on its summit is thirty miles off, and yet you could almost read your own name there, if written with a bold hand on its calm, cold brow. Through such utter transparency did the Lord show unto Moses, from the top of Mount Abarim, *all the land of*

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Gilead unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar (Deut. xxxiv. 1–3). Nor need there have been any miracle in the matter. Though *an hundred and twenty years old, his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated"* (Deut. xxxiv. 7). And I can guide you to many a Pisgah on Lebanon and Hermon from whence the view is far more extensive.

THE BROTHERS.

Crowfoot Lane, though never a place of much traffic, used, when I knew it some years ago, to be often frequented by little foot-passengers, as it led from the principal academy of E—— to one of the large suburbs of the town.

One June afternoon, some years ago, after all the other little students had passed along, there remained two stragglers in the lane. There was small resemblance between the two—the one being stout and ruddy; while the other, though nearly as tall, had a slight figure and somewhat peevish expression of face.

"Keep off—out of my road there, you little goose!" cried the elder, pushing the younger one rudely off the footpath to the centre of the road.

"I'm not going to do your bidding," retorted the other angrily, and again trying to get footing on the pathway till he was repulsed as roughly as before. "You have no business to push me into the dirt, and I'll tell mother," he said in a whimpering voice.

"Oh, you'll tell mother, will you?" replied the other; "then I'll just give you something worth telling her about;" and he swung his satchel in the air, as if meaning to let the whole weight descend upon the boy, when his arm was arrested by a hand stronger than his own. He turned angrily round, and found himself in the grasp of a stranger. There was something in the calm gentleness of his eye that the angry boy shrunk more from than if it had been the sternest rebuke.

"What is your name?" asked the stranger. He had never felt ashamed to give his name before, but he did not like this kind of introduction, and waited till the question was repeated.

"George Bruce."

"And that boy's?"

"Arthur."

"Arthur what?"

"Arthur Bruce."

"Bruce!" exclaimed his interrogator. "Bruce! surely you are not brothers? It is not possible you can be brothers!" But neither of the boys answered.

"It must be so," he added, "though I could not have thought it possible. I, too, had a brother long ago, but he is in heaven now, and I thank God no words like these ever passed between us. Go home, boys, go home, and ask your mother what this means,—'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.'" He released his grasp of George's arm, and the boys slunk behind him in silence while he passed rapidly on.

Mrs. Bruce could not fail to remark the unusual quietness of her boys that evening; and at last George, whose open disposition seldom allowed him to keep anything secret, told her of their quarrel and the reproof of the stranger. "Oh, mother," he ended with saying, "I do wish I could love Arthur; but somehow he does not suit me. He has such a whining way I just think I'll beat him and make him cry outright. And then I think he does mean, shabby things, and it makes me ashamed of him."

"George," replied his mother, "when you and Arthur were quite little boys, your father and I used to be glad to think that you were the elder, as we thought you would help us to strengthen the weak points of Arthur's character; but your want of brotherly patience has sadly disappointed all our hopes."

"I would like to help you, indeed I would, mamma," said George.

"Arthur is a very loving little boy," she answered; "and if you would be patient and kind to him, he would love you dearly, and would be proud of his elder brother, and try to imitate him. But if you continue to be so overbearing to him, the time may come when you will need a brother's love and find that the priceless treasure can no longer be yours."

It was little more than a fortnight after this that the boys returned home later than usual, one Friday afternoon. Arthur kept in the back-ground, but George entered the parlour with a flushed and eager face.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Bruce, "what good news have you brought us?"

"It is not good news, papa," he answered, looking a little redder than before; "but I promised Mr. Bentley to tell you that Arthur had copied his theme out of one of the elder boys' books; and he said he hoped that you would punish him for it."

Mr. Bruce looked very grave. "This is a sad business indeed," he said. "George," he added, more gravely still, "I think you must have the pleasure of choosing his punishment. What shall it be?"

George would not answer, but Mrs. Bruce said, "Arthur must remain in his own room this evening and to-morrow also; and I hope he will think what a great sin he has committed, and ask God to forgive him. Did you not think, Arthur," she asked, "that God saw you all the time you were copying the theme?"

"No, mamma," he said, "I did not think of that; but I could not understand the meaning of it at all, and was so afraid of being punished, and nobody would help me."

"Did you ask George?"

"Yes, I did; but he was too busy."

Mrs. Bruce turned away with a heavy sigh, and Arthur went weeping up to his room. There was almost perfect silence during dinner-time that day, and George was glad when it was over. He hastened into the pub-

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lic gardens that were in the neighbourhood, hoping to meet some of his companions, and to silence his reproachful conscience by a game at foot-ball. He was earlier than usual, and could see none of his friends. At last he thought he heard familiar voices in a by-path, and turned towards the sound.

"Indeed I cannot come, Edwards, I am too busy," said the voice of his own chosen friend Walter Dixon.

"Well, you are a born crammer, I declare!" replied somebody whom George did not know. "I'll see if I can't find some other fellow who knows the use of his feet as well as his head!" and George heard him running off in the opposite direction. He found Walter sitting with his brother Henry on the bank, while a book lay open between them.

"I cannot come now," he said, in answer to George's entreaties. "You see Henry has a difficult lesson to-night; I was getting cross in the house, and he was getting dull, so we brought our book to this quiet corner, to see if fresh air would brighten our faculties."

"I wonder you can bother with his lessons after your own: how can you have patience for them?" said George.

"Oh," replied Walter, looking kindly at the rather stupid face of his brother, "I do give Henry a good deal of patience, but he pays me back with plenty of love; and, as my mother says, that is good coin. But really, George, you must go away, or we shall not get finished to-night."

George turned away in no better humour than before. He could not help feeling that this was a brotherly love which he and Arthur knew nothing of; but he tried to think of other things. His conscience was not silent, only he would not listen to her voice, and all her pleading was in vain.

The summer vacation soon came, and was spent by George and Arthur on the beautiful banks of Loch Long; but many of its sunny days were imbittered by their angry disputes with each other; and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce began seriously to consider whether it might not be wise to send George to England during the coming winter; but on his earnest entreaty they agreed that they would give him another trial at home.

When they returned to town, the first thing George heard from their old servant was, that Walter Dixon had come home a week before very ill.

"Indeed, Master George," she said, "their cook Jane tells me there is no betterness to be looked for now."

"No, no," cried George, "that cannot be true. Jane is a wicked old croaker; but I shall go this very minute and see Walter."

So he ran along the street, and was soon at the door of his friend's house. The nurse opened the door for him, and told him Master Walter was very ill, and that Mrs. Dixon had gone out for a few minutes, but had said if he called he might see Walter. George ran up stairs and found the two brothers alone. Walter was in bed, and strangely altered since he had seen him last. As dark clouds sometimes suddenly obscure a summer sky, so the shadow of death had stolen over his bright young life; and George felt it must be so.

"I am so sorry!" he said, bursting into tears. Henry whispered to him not to cry, but George thought he was crying too, for he ran out of the room.

"What a comfort it is to have a brother when one is ill!" said Walter, quite cheerfully; "you cannot think how kind Henry is to me. He never wearies of reading to me, or of sitting beside me. Do you know, George, I used sometimes to wonder whether I did not love you best, you are so clever and amusing; but now I feel that there is nobody like a brother!"

George thought he would like to tell Walter about his quarrels with Arthur, and ask his advice; but just then the nurse came in, and said he must not stay longer.

All the way home he thought of the two brothers he had left, so unlike each other, and yet so happy together. "Arthur and I," he thought, "are not so unlike, and might be as happy. I will try now and be patient, and make a friend of him."

When he reached home, he wished to run up to his own room and speak to no one, he felt so sorry, and was ashamed to be seen crying; but as he passed the parlour, Arthur saw him and cried, "Do come here, George, and tell me about Walter."

George pretended not to hear, and went on; but remembering that this was breaking his new good resolution, he returned and told Arthur how ill he thought Walter was, and all that had passed between them.

Walter did not live many days after this, and when George came home from the funeral, he wept more bitterly than he had ever done in his life before, although he struggled hard to hide his grief.

"My dear George," his father said, "you need not be ashamed of these tears. I should be sorry indeed if my son could part unmoved with his earliest friend; but I would have you seriously to think what is the right use to make of this trial. You have lost a friend, will you not try to find a brother?"

"I will, papa—indeed I will," said George; and he kept his promise.

From this time he honestly and prayerfully tried to fulfil his duties as an elder brother. When he dropped his proud contemptuous manner towards Arthur, it astonished even himself to feel how much happier he was, and how readily Arthur gave him his confidence and love. As a stream flows readily into its natural channel when some barrier is removed, so the little boy's love freely returned to the brother who had so long estranged it; and, as his mother had predicted, he learned to admire and imitate George's more brave and generous character.

A few years after this, no stranger who had met these loving brothers in Crowfoot Lane (still their favourite path) could have dreamed that there had once been so little union or brotherly kindness between them. Perhaps

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had he followed them home, he might have guessed the secret from two cards which still hung on the wall of each of the brother's rooms, and which had evidently been there for many a day. The inscription upon them was this:—

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"—Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another."—Rom. xii. 10.

X.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XVI.—CALL OF MATTHEW—A FEAST—WHO NEED A PHYSICIAN.—THE BRIDEGROOM—JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

Matt. ix. 9–19.

Call of Matthew or Levi.—Ver. 9. What did the person now called become? What was his office at the time he was called? Who were the publicans? [See ch. v. 46, p. 132.] What was their general character? In what manner did Matthew respond to the call of Christ? [Mark the divine power of a single word of Christ's. See Prov. xxi. 1.] Point out the contrast between Matthew's spirit and that of the scribe in ch. viii. 19, 20. [Mark, too, the *modesty* with which Matthew narrates his call to the high office of an apostle.]

Matthew's Feast.—Ver. 10. Who provided the feast for Christ? See Luke v. 29. What do we gather as to his worldly position from his making so great a feast? Whom did he invite to meet Jesus? For what reason did he probably ask them? Do you remember another instance of a person who had got good from Christ bringing others to him? John iv. 28, 29.

Ver. 11. What was the feeling of the Pharisees about publicans and sinners? Would they have made any effort to save them or do them good? Who was the first person that scornfully asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Gen. iv. 9. Show how the spirit of Cain is in those who have no feelings for the fallen but contempt and hatred. To whom did the Pharisees put their question? Why not to Christ himself? [Probably from feeling his superiority: they knew that *his* answer would at once silence and humble *them*.]

Ver. 12. Did Jesus mean that the Pharisees were really "whole?" [He only made that supposition. "Supposing it true, as you think, that you are whole and others sick, then," &c.] Where is Christ spoken of as a physician? Exod. xv. 26. Ps. ciii. 3. Hos. vii. 1. What class of persons is this saying of Christ fitted to encourage? To which of the beatitudes does it correspond? Matt. v. 3. [The world is like the pool of Bethesda, or like a great hospital, swarming with diseased, miserable objects. Christ comes as the good physician, to heal and bless. How should we welcome him!]

Ver. 13. How did Christ rivet his answer upon their minds? Where is the verse he quotes? Hosea vi. 6. What does it mean? [That God *prefers* "mercy"—that is, any service of love or compassion—to mere "sacrifices" or outward services.] How did this apply to the matter in hand? [It indicated that Christ was pleasing God more by showing mercy or active compassion towards publicans and sinners, and rescuing them from their miserable state, than the Pharisees by their formal services, which were of no use either to themselves or to others.] If we are animated by Christ's spirit, what class of persons will it lead us to take special interest in?

The Bridegroom.—Ver. 14. What were the disciples of John and the Pharisees in the habit of doing often? How often did the Pharisee in the parable fast? What was the purpose of fasting? See ch. vi. 16, p. 163. How was fasting apt to be perverted? [It was apt, especially as practised by the Pharisees, to make men proud and self-righteous; and in the question that was now asked of Jesus, perhaps there was a leaven of this feeling—Are we not better than you, when we fast oft and you do not?]

Ver. 15. To whom does Christ compare himself? Give some Old Testament passages where Messiah is thus spoken of. Ps. xlv. Song of Sol. Isa. lxii. 5. What should be the feeling of every believer when Christ is graciously present with him? [That unbounded delight which the bride feels in company with the bridegroom of her love.] Would it then have been appropriate for Christ's disciples to fast *while he was with them?* When would there be more suitable opportunity for fasting? Why would Christ's absence be suitable for fasting? [Because every earnest believer must mourn Christ's absence—both his literal absence and often his spiritual absence from his soul; and fasting is appropriate to such a feeling as that.] Is Christ's absence viewed by all men as a great calamity? If it is not so viewed by us, can we be in a right state?

Ver. 16. What does Christ use this figure to illustrate? [That there is an *unfitness between certain things*—as between the mournful exercise of fasting and the feelings of joy which Christ's presence should bring.] What effect has the new cloth on the old garment? Would an enforced time of fasting, amid the joys and delights of sensible communion with Christ, be more likely to do good or evil?

Ver. 17. [Another illustration of the unfitness of certain things to each other.] What kind of bottles were often used in the East, especially in travelling. [Of leather.] Looking at the scope of these last sayings of Christ, does it seem as if it were his desire that his followers should habitually appear gloomy and sombre? [There will be times in the history of every Christian when Christ's absence will be sadly felt, and the dulness, worldliness, and wretchedness which ensue will be matter of deep mourning, accompanied, perhaps, by fasting; but let them live more closely to Christ, enjoy the thought of him as the bridegroom, and remember how with Christ "all things are theirs;" and how much of their sorrow and mourning shall then flee away!]

Jairus' Daughter.—Ver. 18. [Jesus was often hurried, without time to rest, from one species of labour of love to another; his instructions to the disciples of John and the Pharisees were now interrupted by an urgent request.] What sort of "ruler" was the man who now came to him? See Mark v. 22. What was his name? Luke viii. 41. For whom did he make application? What lesson should this teach parents? How many daughters had he? See Luke viii. 42. How old was she? [Only twelve—yet dying—all but dead.] What lesson have we here for the young? How did the ruler show his faith? How did he show a certain weakness of faith? [He deemed the *touch* of Jesus necessary; he did not hold, like the centurion (viii. 8), that his word was enough.]

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Ver. 19. What did Jesus do? What may we learn from his *readiness* in complying with the request made to him? [That we should be prompt in succouring the distressed.] Was it necessary for Christ to go with the ruler? Why did he do so? [He dealt with him *according to the measure of his faith*, as he also did with the centurion.]

DOCTRINE.—Christ Suffered and Died in the Room of his People.

Isa. liii. John x. Rom. v. 2 Cor. v. Gal. iii. Eph. v. Titus ii. Heb. ix. 1 Pet. ii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. VII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"And lead us not into temptation."

MATT. vi. 13.

WHAT do we most pray for in this prayer? What is the meaning of "temptation?" [To tempt, means to *try;* and temptation is whatever makes us wish to sin, or tries whether we will sin or not.]

Does God tempt men? [He may try them, as he did Abraham, Gen. xxii. 1; or Hezekiah, 2 Chron. xxxii. 31; but he can never tempt them to sin, James i. 13.] Then what do we mean by praying, "lead us not into temptation?" [We ask that our heavenly Father will either keep us out of temptation, or not leave us to ourselves when we are tempted.]

Who is called *the tempter?* Matt. iv. 3. Why? [Because he is always trying to lead men into sin.] Whom did he first tempt? Gen. iii. How does he tempt men now? [In many different ways, to different sins. Give examples of this.] Does he tempt children too? [Yes, as soon as they begin to know what is right and wrong.] How are we led into temptation besides? [By our own sinful hearts, and by the things which God allows to try us.]

What kind of temptations have children? [Show here the sins which young children are most in danger of. Disobedience, fretfulness, impatience, quarrelling with each other; deceit of any kind—as false excuses, false stories; taking what is not their own, &c.] Have all the same temptations? [No, the poor have some which the rich have not, and the reverse. Different tempers have different temptations, &c.] What makes us all so easily led into sin? [Because there is so much sin in our hearts already. Gunpowder, or tinder, will take fire whenever a spark falls upon it.]

What does Jesus say about this to his disciples? Matt. xxvi. 41. Is not this our duty also? How are we to "watch?" [Keep out of tempting places, and keep away from tempting companions. Do not look at things not our own when we are tempted to wish for them. Do not speak at all when we are tempted to say sinful or angry words, &c.] How should we pray? [Not only in general to be kept out of temptations, but tell our Father in heaven the particular ones we feel or fear, and ask his help under them.] Will it not do to *pray* only? [No; we must do all we can to keep away from temptation, if we wish God to hear us.] Should we never go willingly into tempting places or company? [Not unless we are sure it is our duty to do so.] And then? [We may trust that God will protect and deliver us.]

How did Eve enter into temptation and fall? [By listening, looking, and wishing. Gen. iii. 6.] How did the good man Lot enter into temptation? Gen. xiii. 9–13. And how did he suffer from it? Gen. xix. How did Balaam enter into temptation? Num. xxii. What was the end with him? Num. xxxi. 8. Which of the apostles was Satan very desirous to tempt? Luke xxii. 31. How far did he succeed? Matt. xxvi. 69–75.

How was our blessed Saviour tempted? Matt. iv. 1–11. Why was Satan so desirous to tempt him? [Because if Jesus had yielded, it would have shown that he could sin, and he could not have saved man.] How did Jesus answer all his temptations? ["*It is written,*" *&c.*] What should this teach us? [To have the word of God much in our hearts, that we may have its help when temptation comes. Ps. cxix. 11.] How should it comfort us to know that Jesus was tempted? Heb. ii. 18; iv. 15, 16. May we not look at all times to him for help? And when we have fallen and sinned, what must we do? [Humbly confess our fault, and ask pardon and strength again, for Jesus' sake.]

Illustration.—A young girl, who had been most regular and attentive at a Sabbath class, and was in respectable service, fell into sad sin and disgrace, and was dismissed from the family as *a thief.* Her teacher, much distressed, went to visit her. "Oh, Betsy!" she said, "how have *you* come to this? What temptation could make you sin so greatly?" Then Betsy, with many tears, told that the first beginning was her great love of sweetmeats, and her standing at the confectioners' windows, looking at them, and longing for them. She looked and wished, till at last she took some pennies that were not her own to buy them. And then she went on from one sin to another.

I hope she repented, but her character was gone, and she had to be sent far away from home to a land of strangers. Dear children, do not even *look* at what you feel is a temptation. Remember Eve, and poor Betsy!

Still let thy grace our life direct,
From evil guard our way,
And in temptation's fatal path,
Permit us not to stray.

Precept.—Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. Matt. xxvi. 41.

Promise.—God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—1 Cor. x. 13.

Prayer.—O heavenly Father, thou knowest how many temptations we have in this world, and how very weak and sinful we are. O do thou help us, and not let us be tempted more than we are able to bear. We thank thee, O blessed Jesus, for thy great love to us, which made thee willing to submit to temptation for our sakes. Wash away our sins in thy blood, and let thy Holy Spirit take away all love of sin from our hearts. Hear us, heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

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THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—DID YOU SAY THANK YOU?

OLD and infirm as Uncle Hugh was growing, he was sure to be up first of us all in the morning. His slow step in the hall, and the sound of his staff, have broken into my dreams many a time. He would go and sit in the eastern veranda, if the morning was fair and warm—the sunshine that broke through the clematis and morning-glories bathing his silver head, while he read his worn, old-fashioned Bible, talked to us children, or sat silently meditating with closed eyes. He would sometimes sing a psalm or hymn, and occasionally an old ballad about the wars in which he had fought; and though his voice was feeble and cracked, we thought no one could sing half so well as Uncle Hugh.

Kate and Sophie were going to see their Aunt Lucy one day, who lived a long way off, and whom they had not seen for a twelvemonth or more. It was a great thing to go to Aunt Lucy's in the great city, and of course they slept but little the night before, and their bright eyes were wide open, and their feet out of bed as soon as the first glimmer of light shot through the blinds. It took the nurse a long time to dress them, they danced about and chattered at such a rate, and it was full an hour before breakfast-time when they bounded down the stairs, and flitted through the house, waking up every one that was not awake already.

Uncle Hugh sat out in the veranda, and they were scampering past him, on a search for Carlo, in order to give him an affectionate farewell, and to find their pet kitten, and tenderly inform her of their intended absence and sure return, when the trembling, mellow voice of the good old man suddenly arrested them. They threw their arms around his neck and gave him many kisses, and fairly jumped up and down, and clapped their hands, as they told him of what they were to enjoy that day.

"We shall ride in the railway carriage ever so far!" said Kate, with expanding eyes; "and I shall see houses, and houses, and houses!"

"And Aunt Lucy will be at the station, to catch us as soon as we jump out," chimed in Sophie. "How she will kiss us, and how glad she will be to think we have come! O Uncle Hugh, how I wish you were going! Now if you only were!" And she pushed between his knees, and looked up wistfully into his happy face.

Uncle Hugh put his arms around them both, and gazed into their radiant, upturned faces with all the love he had for his dear little pets. His old heart was bound closely to those little girls,—they were sunlight and bloom to his winter-time. Sophie was a little the dearest, perhaps, for she had the same eyes, the same meek forehead, and brown wavy hair, that made Mary, his dead wife, so beautiful. Once, when we were up in the old graveyard, we counted the years Aunt Mary had lain in her grave, and it was many more than any of us had seen, and so we did not wonder that he loved Sophie a little the best.

They knew Uncle Hugh was going to say something, so they waited in respectful silence, but they were puzzled when he did speak.

"Well, darlings, *did you say thank you?*" and he looked impressively from one to the other.

"'Thank you' for *what?*" said Kate. "No one has given me anything this morning."

"Nor me either," said Sophie.

"Not given you anything?" and Uncle Hugh seemed greatly surprised at their forgetfulness. "Why, you are loaded down with gifts this very minute!"

"How funny you talk!" exclaimed Kate. "I haven't got on a single new thing. This dress is old, these shoes are old, and I've worn this apron ever so many times."

"And you have no one to say '*thank you*' to this morning? Are you very glad you are going to the great city to-day?"

They both gave an enthusiastic reply.

"What if one of you were very sick this morning, so ill that you could not lift your head from your pillow?"

"Oh dear! how sad that would have been," sighed Katie. "We couldn't go then."

"I am glad it is not so," joyfully exclaimed Sophie.

"And did you say *thank you?*" There was a solemn earnestness in his voice that interpreted his meaning to them both. Their faces grew serious; Katie's quite troubled.

"Now I know what you mean," said Sophie. "It is, if we said '*thank you*' to God this morning. I did not quite think how much we have to thank him for." Then looking up into the placid, wrinkled face, she added, with childish simplicity—

"I think I must thank Him again, Uncle Hugh, for my head was so full of going away when I knelt down, that I might as well have left my prayers unsaid. God *was* good to keep us well for this morning, and to let nothing happen last night that would make us stay at home. Why, if mother had been sick, or father, or you, or even if it had rained,—how glad I am that it don't!—we should not have seen Aunt Lucy to-day."

They sat in silence a moment, and then Uncle Hugh said, "But even if it had rained very hard, and some of us were very sick, and all thoughts of the visit had to be given up, would you have had nothing to be thankful for?"

"Yes, there would have been a great deal," replied Katie; "but I should have been so disappointed, I could not have helped crying, I know."

"You will never see the day, children, no matter how much sorrow and trouble you may have, when you cannot offer up a prayer of thankfulness to God. Do you think you could count all the gifts he has given you, or tell of all he has done, and is constantly doing for you?"

"But, Uncle Hugh," asked Katie, with a perplexed face, "if father, and mother, and Sophie, and you, and everybody that I love, should die, and I should be left a poor little beggar, would I have anything to be thankful for?"

"Oh yes, Katie,—everything, everything. You make me think of a blind old beggar that hobbled to my door one cold winter's day, to beg a crust of bread to eat. He had been rich once, but lost everything. He had had father, mother, wife, and child—all were in their graves. I had heard him spoken of as a Christian; so when he sat warming his almost frozen fingers over the fire, I asked him if he could find anything in his desolate, wretched life to thank God for. I shall never forget the expression that came upon his countenance.

"'Anything to thank God for?' said he. 'Good sir, I do not forget all he did for me in other years, when health and happiness were mine; and can I ever have cause for complaining, when I know of the love that redeemed the

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world by our Lord Jesus Christ—of present grace and coming glory?' And so it would be with you, Katie, I trust. You would never forget that Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that he has gone to prepare a place for them that love him; and that, though everything in the world should be taken from you, God and heaven shall for ever remain. Now let us sing a psalm together, for it will be a good many days before you will sit on my knees again."

How I wish I could hear them sing once more as they did in the June sunshine that morning:

It is good to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

"To show forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night."

But I must wait a little longer, for two of them are singing with the angels now. J. M. P.

II.—DIDN'T THINK.

Entering a friend's house one day, I found Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned, what's the matter, boy?"

"Mamma won't let me go fishing. Harry and Dick and Tom are going down to the harbour, and I want to go. Papa an't willing, but I want to go."

Here Ned kicked angrily against the post, to the great danger of his new boots.

"Ah, whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a little brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It's mine," cried Ned in an altered tone. "Didn't you know I had one?"

"No, indeed. What a fine little fellow! Where did you get him?"

"Papa bought him for me. He's so knowing, and I teach him lots of things. See him find my jack-knife;" and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover. "There, Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife."

Wag plunged into the grass, and after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth, knife in mouth, and brought it to his young master.

"Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I; "four blades!"

"'Tis a real one," said Ned. "Father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools too." Ned looked brightly up, and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that you hurt your foot so with?"

"Oh, no," cried Ned; "that was done with an axe. But I have got well now."

"What cured you so soon? I was afraid you would be laid up all the spring.'

"Well, it was mamma's nursing, the doctor says. It was lonesome staying in the house so; but mamma used to leave her work and read to me, and papa stayed with me nights; so I got along nicely."

"By your own story, I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lip. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you *trust* them, Ned, and cordially acquiesce in their wishes? You may not indeed see or feel the force of their objections to your going; but from all your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reasons for doing so? And surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit here and murmur and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial of your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, but that little ought he not to do most cheerfully? I suppose the *best* return a child can make to parents is a cordial acquiescence in their wishes. How small that seems! And will you grudge giving *that*, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "Oh, sir," said he humbly, "I didn't think of all this—I didn't think of it."

"Didn't think" is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents and our heavenly Father.—*Child's Paper.*

III.—WHICH FEAR IS THE BEST?

A new scholar arrived after the beginning of the term at —— Academy; a well-dressed, fine-looking lad, whose appearance all the boys liked.

There was a set of gay fellows who immediately surrounded and invited him to join their carousals. They had frolics; and I suppose the boys know pretty well what that means. They used to spend their money in eating and drinking and amusements, and often run up large bills, which their friends sometimes found it hard to pay. They wanted the new scholar to join them; and they always contrived, by laughing at him, or reproaching him, to get almost any boy they wanted into their meshes. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. This new scholar refused their invitations. They called him mean and stingy—a charge boys are particularly sore at hearing.

"*Mean!*" he answered; "and where is the generosity of spending money which is not my own, and which, as soon as it *is* spent, is to be supplied again with no sacrifice on my part? *Stingy!* Where is the stinginess of not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way which those friends would disapprove of? for, after all, our money must come from them, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it ourselves. No, boys, I do not mean to spend *one farthing* in a way that I should be ashamed to account of to my father and mother if they asked me."

"Eh, not out of your leading-strings, then? 'Fraid of your father; 'fraid of his whipping you; 'fraid of your mother! Won't she give you a sugar-plum? they cried in mocking tones.

"And yet you are trying to make me afraid of *you!*" said the new scholar boldly. "You want me to be afraid of *not* doing as *you say.* But which, I should like to know, is the best sort of fear—the fear of some of my school-fellows, which is likely to lead me into everything low, weak, and contemptible; or fear of my parents, which will inspire me to things manly and noble? *Which fear is the best?*

The boys felt there was no headway to be made against such a new scholar. All they said hurt themselves more than him, and they liked better to be out of his way than in it—all the bad boys, I mean. The others gathered around

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him; and never did they work or play with greater relish than while he was their champion and friend. "They study better and play better where he is," said the principal. "Hunt is a choice fellow, and carries more influence than any boy in the school. You can't put him down. Everything mean and bad sneaks out of his way."

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"POOR SALLY."

"POOR SALLY"—she was known by no other name—was for many years an inmate of a workhouse in a sea-port town in the Isle of Man. She was an old woman when sent there, and had for years been quite simple, and without understanding. Poor Sally annoyed no one; she was a quiet inoffensive creature. Her countenance wore a contented, happy expression; but if she spoke, it was in a quick and rambling manner, no one being able to tell what she meant, or if she wanted anything. In the morning, Sally was dressed and brought to her seat by the fire, her food put into her hands, and oftentimes her hand guided to her mouth; in the evening, the poor simple one was led back to her bed; she was perfectly helpless, and dependent on those around her. Though poor Sally's countenance was devoid of all intelligence, she would show much delight if any children entered the room, and would try and take them on her knee and fondle them. A lady who visited the room where Sally was, once a week, to read and pray with the women there, often spoke a kind word to Sally, and shook hands with her. She would smile in return, but never gave a reasonable answer. This lady observing Sally's fondness for children gave her a doll; and it was affecting to see how she rocked it in her arms as if to sleep; or would dance it up and down, smiling at, and speaking to it in her random way; and, finally, she took it with her to bed.

The lady one day, after reading the Bible, stopped to speak of the love of Jesus to poor sinners; and happening to look towards Sally, she was much surprised to see the poor creature's eyes earnestly fixed on her, while tears were chasing each other fast down her aged cheeks.

A ray from the Sun of righteousness had darted into that dark soul, and what could withstand it?—a voice from Heaven had said, "Let there be light," and there was light. A few minutes more, and those streaming eyes were lifted up to Heaven in earnest prayer, and the feeble hands were clasped upon the aged knees. The lady wept, and all were moved at the wondrous sight: it was a time not to be forgotten. God was there; there was joy among the angels in heaven over a poor repenting sinner; and joy below, too, and thanksgivings to Him with whom nothing shall be impossible. When, a little time after, the lady took leave of the poor women, she particularly addressed Sally, and she said, "Sally, do you love Jesus? Jesus died for you, Sally. Jesus loves you!" Again tears filled those eyes, and streamed down those cheeks; and when again the lady said, "Jesus loves you, Sally, Jesus died for you," she clasped her hands, and looking upward, said distinctly and fervently, "*I hope so!*" The deaf heard, and the dumb spake; light and understanding had come to the simple. The lady often after this spoke to Sally, for the poor old woman lived a few months longer, and she found that on common subjects she was ever the same, and unable to give a sensible answer; but the name of Jesus was all-sufficient to light up her countenance with an almost heavenly expression, and to loose the stammering tongue that it might speak plain.

Let us not limit the Holy One of Israel. Have you, dear readers, any request to make for the conversion of those very dear to you? and at the same time do you doubt whether such things can be: whether hearts so stony can be broken? and whether spirits so proud and lofty can ever become like little children? "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" Remember this story of poor old Sally, and be not faithless, but believing. C. W. D.

II.—"GONE, BUT NOT MISSED."

THERE are some professors over whose graves it would be difficult for devout men to find great occasion for lamentation. Such persons would doubtless be missed in their families, places of business, and accustomed places of recreation; but as to her peculiar and noble offices, the Church would be compelled to say of them, "Gone, but not missed." She would not miss their charities for Christ and his poor; she would not miss them in her circles of prayer and benevolence; she would not miss them at the bedside of the sick, nor in the house of the mourner; she would not miss them when great trials were to be borne, or hard labour to be done for the extension of the gospel. In her Sabbath-school efforts, and tract distribution—sin her endeavours to evangelize our city, our land, our earth, with truth and holiness—she would not miss them, for they have not cheered those labours of love with their presence, their counsel, their charities, or their prayers. Like the on-hangers of an army, they move with the host to share the results of victory, but are absent when martyrs are to bleed upon the field. The loss of such to the Church by death would be graded by the benefit which their lives confer upon the world; and hence you can judge whether devout men would make great lamentation over them. Stephen fell at his post, and *this* pointed the grief at his loss.—*Dr. Brainerd.*

III.—"FROM HIM."

THE Lord He is my strength and stay!
When sorrow's cup o'erflows the brim,
It sweetens all if we can say—
"It is from Him!"

When, humbly labouring for the Lord,
Faint grows the heart and weak the limb,
What strength and joy are in the word—
"It is for Him!"

I hope for ever to abide,
Where dwell the radiant Seraphim,
Delivered—pardoned—glorified—
But, 'tis "through Him!"

Then welcome be the hour of death,
When Nature's lamp burns low and dim,
If we can cry with dying breath—
"I go to Him!" A. L. O. E.

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. V.

"SHE TOLD HIM ALL THE TRUTH."

MARK v. 33.

UNDER all the miracles of the gospel there runs, as in a golden scroll, that sacred text of the Psalmist: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." To those who are satisfied with a surface view, it may seem that there is a sameness in these wonderful displays of Godlike power and beneficence. But when we look deeper, it will be found that each has its own marking-points of difference, its own features of impressiveness, and therefore its peculiar aspects of instruction. Each miracle is a monument with its own special inscription, which we are patiently to decipher for our spiritual learning. Each a picture with that blessed Face lighted up with tenderness ineffable looking forth upon us, but each with different human faces, in all the varying expressions of anguish and need looking up to Him. These represent the countless forms and gradations of spiritual trouble, all varieties of the soul's experience, and teach the great lesson, that in the face of Jesus there is for every sufferer a look of welcoming grace, and in his hand for every sinner a remedy of saving power.

This is a miracle within a miracle. On his way to the house of Jairus through the narrow streets of Capernaum, with a multitude densely thronging and pressing round him, one who had been long a sufferer crept through the crowd, and by merely reaching forth her hand to touch his garment, was restored to perfect health. In order that the impression might not be lost, gathering up every fragment of opportunity for doing good to the souls of men, he turned round and inquired who touched him. After a breathless pause, in which, as if she had done something rash and presumptuous, this orphan daughter of Abraham had tried to hide herself in the crowd—feeling that his eye was singling her out amid the throng, she came forward "fearing and trembling, fell down before him, and told him all the truth."

I. She told him all she had suffered. She had a pitiful tale to tell—long years of a hopeless struggle with a wasting malady which had fallen like a blight upon her, striking deep its deadly roots, and drying up the very springs of life. She could tell how she had tried every resource, gone to every physician, spent all her substance in the search for health, till the last glimmer of hope was gone. All these twelve years had been but a slow downhill journey to the grave, and a few more steps will land her on its brink. The pangs of a merciless disease torturing her body—the sickness of hope deferred preying on her heart—hearing day after day the foot of Death behind her, and knowing that he will come up with her at last,—hers was a case of aggravated distress in a world of sorrow. Many have a passing acquaintance with grief, but the Dark Shadow had been the inmate of her dwelling, sat at her board, and by her bed, all these weary years. She had been like one on a rock surprised and cut off by the flowing tide, watching inch by inch the rise of the waves that must soon engulf him. And now, in the open street, at the feet of Jesus, she goes over all her sad story,—she "tells him all the truth."

Wherever men come together in this world of ours, there must be some who have a tale of sorrow to tell. It may be some black-edged page of life opened only in silence and retirement—some store of gloomy and haunting remembrances that cannot be told to the common ear—bitterness which the heart only knoweth, for which it feels there is no earthly comforter, no help in man. Yet there is no reason why you should brood over them and sink into morbid despondency, as if all comfort and all help had perished from your solitary and darkened path—as if in all God's world no resource were left but to seek out some corner where you might pine away in your unpitied misery and die. You may have tried alleviations and found them useless, you may have sought sympathy and found it vain—you have not yet gone to the Saviour and "told him all the truth."

It may be some one who has been long seeking relief from the malady of sin and finding none, bearing about a burden of inward wretchedness and longing for deliverance, for a sense of pardon, peace of conscience, spiritual health, and hope, and freedom. You may have tried and striven hard, by devout expedients, by earnest resolutions, by religious forms, to come to true peace with God, but found all in vain. You have been groping about amid your shifting moods of mind and fluctuations of feeling, but have found no element of promise or stability—after all your weary search and striving, you are as far from peace as ever, "nothing bettered, but rather growing worse." You have looked inward long enough, you must look outward, where the great Deliverer stands upon the way. You must come before him as you are, cast yourselves in utter hopelessness and helplessness on that Divine Pity, lay bare to him all your misery, open to him all your heart, tell him the truth, and "all the truth."

II. She told him all she had hoped. The Saviour was no stranger in her native town. But shut up in her abode of suffering, fettered like a prisoner in a darksome cell, she had not seen him. She had never mingled in the crowd that was familiar with his face, never listened

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to the gracious words that proceeded from his mouth. Yet some rumour of his fame had reached her, the name of the Great Healer had been wafted on some happy wind to her lonesome dwelling; and now when she hears that he is coming, that he has come, that he is passing her door, she clings to this as her last resource. Wan and wasted as she is, she may creep forth like some bruised insect into the sunshine, and without speaking, may come near enough to touch his garment; and if she can but do this, she may be healed. And now she tells him all this—how she feared it would be presumption to make a personal appeal, and only hoped that she might come and go unnoticed, stealing as it were a crumb of bread from his open and abundant table.

Here there was no doubt true faith, but it was weak faith: she trusted in his power, but she did not fully trust himself. She had a glimmering knowledge of his person and character,—enough to bring her within his reach, but not that full clear light as of the day-star arising in her heart, which would have banished all doubt and fear, and brought her face to face with him as a suppliant for mercy. She must learn to know him better, and to trust him more; she must speak to him and he to her, before she can be fully and for ever blessed.

Is there not much in this that deserves to be deeply pondered by us all,—much that rebukes our doubt of his willingness to save;—and also the suspicions that we harbour in our minds, our slowness of heart to trust him simply and fully, him only, and him ever, even after we have had some experience of his grace? We know not how much we lose, of how much we deprive ourselves,—how much freedom, and light, and joy—how much strength for service,—how much support and comfort in suffering, by thus standing near, yet behind him, timidly waiting in the shadow instead of coming forth into the sunshine of his presence. How often may he address to us the rebuke of Philip, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" To know him, is to trust him; to doubt, is not to know. What is the remedy for this feebleness of mind, this faintness of heart, this weight of unbelief, which is like a chain on the wings of the spirit, dragging us downwards when we ought to rise into serene and sunny altitudes of faith, and making our steps falter when we should be pressing on? It is to go to him and tell him all the truth,—how much you have doubted, and how grievously you have wronged him by these doubts. Tell him how faith and unbelief are struggling together in your heart, mingling in the cry, "Lord, I believe, help mine unbelief;" and in the outflow of his grace, in the warmth of his sympathy, in the brightness of his countenance lifted up upon you, new light will shine into the mind, a firmer hold and a more settled and tranquil confidence will be given. The joy of the Lord shall be your strength, and with an enlarged heart, the love of God shed abroad within you, and the living Spirit of Christ dwelling with you and keeping you in that love, you shall run and not be weary in the way of his pleasant commandments.

III. She told him all she had received. Weak as her faith, imperfect as her knowledge was, she had instantaneously obtained what she sought. The "virtue" which went out of him as her finger rested on his garment's fringe, reached the springs of her malady, and conveyed a strange sensation of relief, buoyancy, and vigour. "She felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." But had she gone away as stealthily as she had come, she would have gone but half blessed. She could not have known all his grace, all his power; she might have touched his garments, but not embraced himself. This was the reason why he turned round and drew from her a confession of "all the truth." He wished to send her away with a complete cure, to put her in possession of a better gift than health of body—the saving knowledge of himself, which is the health of the spirit in its quickening and resurrection from the death of sin. Not till these words, "Daughter, go in peace," were spoken, can we be sure that she received a spiritual life, that Christ revealed his redeeming power in her, loosing her from the bondage of evil, and letting her go in the glorious liberty of the children of God.

1. We cannot know all His mercy till we know all our need—we cannot enjoy any true, settled, abiding peace till we have felt the deadliness of this plague of sin, and come to him to be made whole. What sadder contradiction can there be, what clearer evidence of the utter derangement of the spiritual relations between man and God—than the keen sensibility of our nature to outward evil, and its profound callousness to the misery of sin! The life of the body so guarded and cherished, and felt to be so precious—the life of the soul exposed to every accident, and its eternal hopes suspended so recklessly on the brittle thread of Time!—as if a king should throw up costly defences round some poor clay-built village of his dominions, and leave unguarded and open to the enemy his wealthy capital, the citadel of his realm, the palace of his treasures, the home of his children.

2. If conscious of your need, you are afraid to venture on the Saviour's invitation, let this display of his mercy put some spirit of hope into you. Why do you languish—why will ye die? The Physician is here, even at the door. You say, My faith is so weak. Hers was weak, so weak that she could only come timidly behind and touch his garment. Yet to show how full of compassion and saving power he was, this was enough. Come to him, and tell him "all the truth." To him you may safely tell all. To many you could not, for there is grief with which the stranger cannot intermeddle; but he already knows it all. To him you must tell all, for he only can work the cure. "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench."

3. There must be a personal approach and appeal,—a living contact with the Saviour, ere you can feel in your

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inmost soul and conscience that you are "whole of this plague." Many thronged and pressed upon him in those old streets, but they were not spiritually healed. There was no "virtue" in that garment, such as superstition might fancy,—such as leads many to adore relics, pieces of his cross, shreds of his vesture, and the like; —such as in Protestant churches draws multitudes to trust in forms, and rites, and sacraments. These things cannot save; they may only insnare and deaden by coming between the soul and Him out of whose living person all saving virtue flows. Before this woman's hand touched him, his hand unseen had touched her. He drew her forth from her retirement by a secret cord of love; and the trembling hand that touched his garment sent a thrill of sympathy to his heart, and a returning current of life to hers. Beware of knowing about his grace without appealing to it for yourselves,—of knowing about him without knowing him,—of following him in the crowd without singling yourselves out in your guiltiness and necessity, saying, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" Many there are who follow him out of custom, like the multitude that thronged and troubled the Master. It is those only who have come as this sufferer came, to tell him "all the truth" of their misery, that they may know "all the truth" of his sympathy and grace, who shall have a place in that great crowd of purified, white-robed worshippers, that multitude which no man can number, who stand round about him day and night in the heavenly temple.

London. H.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARIA CHOWNE MARSH.

THERE is not one of our readers who has not read, or heard of, the great things which God has wrought by the hand of the writer of the "Memoirs of Hedley Vicars," among men of all classes, soldiers and civilians,—and of all ranks, from the most polished and cultivated down to the rough "navvie." And few of our readers, we suppose, have not had the question often lingering on their lip, Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth? Half the secret is out to those who have had the privilege of the acquaintance of her father, Dr. Marsh, that venerable apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ. Who that ever beheld that beautiful face, and noble head, with its thin white locks streaming down like rays of glory already beaming around it, but has felt, if ever love to God and man was embodied in the person of any mere man, it is there, living, breathing, speaking before you? His work all done now, patiently, in faith and prayer, at that quiet rectory at Beckenham, he waits his translation; one can hardly say, till God "changes his countenance," for already it seems bright with the beauty of the upper sanctuary. But the other half of the secret is revealed in the volume whose title we have given below.*

God works by fitting instruments. And from this volume we can see how, long ago, in the person of her mother, God was fitting one to do his work in these latter days.

Maria Chowne Tilson was born at Watlington Park, Oxon, in 1776. In reading of her early life, we are brought into contact with the men and things of quite other days. We read of her hearing John Newton, and of the hard battles fought by beginning Bible Societies. Hannah More and her contemporaries flit across the stage, as among the moving powers of those times. From a very early period of her life she was remarkably attentive to the wants of the poor in her neighbourhood, but without very distinct views of religion. Mr. Wilberforce's work on "Practical Christianity" had a great influence on her mind: and on reading Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio," her views underwent a great change. She began then to take great delight in studying the Scriptures, and reading the works of some of our best divines. "Her whole life was now devoted to her God and to her neighbour, paying the strictest and most affectionate attention to every relative call. When she entered upon the duties of a clergyman's wife, the poor and the children of the parish were as her own family, and no means were omitted by which my ministry at home, or the cause of Christianity at large, might be promoted. Growing more and more acquainted with the Divine character as revealed in the Scriptures and exhibited in the Saviour, she attained a solid peace. She lived in the spirit of prayer. Her time was wholly occupied with private devotion, domestic duties, social Christian intercourse, and public ordinances; but she gave much time also to the religious instruction of her children. No duty was omitted: yet her self-renunciation was as great as if she had omitted every duty. She was indeed remarkable for unaffected humility, habitual self-denial, tender kindness, peculiar courtesy of manner, and fervent Christian love." This brief sketch is from the hand of one who knew her well, and it is more than borne out in all its details by the long series of her own Letters now laid before the public.

Dr. Marsh is the son of Sir Charles Marsh. At the age of sixteen, he entered the army as an ensign in the Rifle Brigade. He was led by remarkable circumstances—a solemn dream of the day of judgment being among them—to serious thoughts of religion; was finally converted under the ministry of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, of Reading; went to Oxford; was a friend of the few good and pious there—Daniel Wilson of Calcutta for one; took orders; became curate of St. Lawrence's, Reading; and afterwards vicar of Basildon, Berks, where he was married to Miss Tilson; and there they began together that work which they continued at home and abroad till the death of Mrs. Marsh at Birmingham in 1833. What a busy life do these Letters reveal! What schemes of good from the day when they sold their carriage, and turned their coach-house at Basildon "into a Sunday school," on through the labours at Brighton, and down through the fifteen years at Colchester, and then at Guernsey for a brief space, till, at Birmingham, the last sickness comes, and the loving, busy heart ceases to beat below, and the ransomed spirit goes up to be ever with the Lord! What Bible Society projects and anxieties! What long absences of the loved husband on tours of mission-work in England, in Ireland, and in Scotland! What busy home-work, and family-work, and ever and always the same loving, cheerful, thankful spirit. "She also diligently attended to

* Home Light; or, the Life and Letters of Maria Chowne Marsh, Wife of the Rev. William Marsh, D.D., of Beckenham. By her Son, Rev. W. T. Marsh, M.A., St. Leonard's-on-Sea. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1859.

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the religious instruction of her servants: she would converse with them, read the Scriptures, and pray with them; for deeply indeed did she feel her responsibility as a parent and a mistress; and knowing the public and unwearied exertions of her beloved husband, she strove to lighten his cares by her diligent attention to duties of a more private character. Often, when he has been called away to advocate the cause of those religious institutions which are the glory of our land, his language has been, 'I can leave my home without one anxious thought;' for well did he know that the spiritual welfare of his children, his household, and his people would be the constant object of her warmest solicitude. She spared herself no fatigue to promote the welfare of the poor. She has been seen on a lecture evening supporting the steps of a poor and very aged Christian up the steep hill which led to the church, thus enabling her to enjoy the privilege of attending the house of God, which she could not reach without assistance."

One thing must strike every reader of these Letters, and that is, the thoroughness of her Christianity. It is a *life* with her. It is everywhere, and always, and in everything. To her children her letters are most motherly: they are perfect models of a Christian mother's letters to her children. Look at these few extracts:—"I have one little piece of advice to give, which I have often found a useful hint to follow, and therefore I give it you as you are rather young to be out visiting alone: Talk as little of *persons* as you can, only of *things*, unless you have *anything kind* to say of them." "Oh, my own sweet child! could you know my anxious desire to see you a real Christian, to believe that we should spend an eternity together, I think your love to me would stir you up to seek the mercy and the grace of God. My tears and my prayers will one day testify how earnestly I wish your eternal happiness. Oh, my child, if I did not hope to meet you in heaven, how could I bear it? Christ is willing, God is willing, the Holy Spirit is willing." Look how she travels:—"As we passed the Ketley Iron-works, the smoke was so dense it quite darkened the air. I thought I should like to go on a mission, with plenty of tracts to distribute among the poor colliers. We thought much of you, my dear children, and I lifted up my heart many times that our morning text might be fulfilled in the experience and practice of all." "Bring plenty of tracts and little books with you, the Welsh are so very eager for them. I hope my dear children go on comfortably. My heart ascends in prayer for you all, that the God of love and peace may be with you. I am thankful to say that dearest papa is well, and much enjoys this rest; he is so cheerful, he makes us all so. We have such delightful conversation on the sacred volume. I can read and think, and praise and pray as I journey." Thus her heart beats in sympathy with the Church of Jesus Christ. "Your lively and most interesting description of the London anniversaries quite delighted us. We all gathered round to listen to the letter, and almost fancied we were with you in Exeter Hall. I cannot tell you my joy when I read that the Bible Society is beginning to rise again. Oh, may it rise, if it please God, with far greater splendour than it has ever yet had, and be the instrument of carrying the Divine word to the remotest parts of the earth, till the glorious promise be fulfilled, 'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea!'"

We add but one extract more, which speaks for itself:—"I rejoice to observe that you read the word of God daily, and seek the Lord by private prayer; but, my beloved child, I think there is a cause why you have not more delight in the means of grace and in the ways of God. I know that you will not be offended with your mother, but that you will take all she says to you in love. The cause is, that you indulge too much in what is generally called *light reading*. I would warn you against this, my child, for two reasons;—first, the powers of your mind will be fixed upon trifling subjects; and, secondly, your precious time (a talent for which you must give account) is wasted.

When she came to die, it was easy work:—"When we were all assembled round her bed, she said, 'I am dying. Hear me, all of you: I die in the faith of Christ. He has followed me with loving-kindness all my life, and he will not give me up now, . . . Soon after, we all knelt round her bed, and our beloved father prayed. He afterwards said to her, 'Jesus Christ died to save sinners.' 'Oh yes, for sinners,' she replied; and these were almost the last words she uttered. About two o'clock in the afternoon she raised her hands in prayer, then gently dropping them on her bosom, with a heavenly smile illuminating her countenance, she fell asleep in Jesus, and her ransomed spirit joined the company of the redeemed before the throne of God." Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: their works do follow them. Think, dear reader, how the works of this saint of God are still following her, crowns of joy innumerable against that day. Think of it, and go and do thou likewise! A.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

THE only human being we saw in this solitary glen was a lonely shepherd sitting on a rock, with his long gun laid across his knees, while his small flock of sheep, with pure white faces, and bodies as black as night, were feeding in a little hollow beside him. In connection with that sable flock, a remark suggests itself on a passage in the recent work of Mr. Stanley, on "Sinai and Palestine." In that generally admirable work, the accomplished author brings in the *sheep* to illustrate the language of our Lord's awfully impressive picture of the day of judgment. "The shepherds," he says, "abode with their flocks, at that time at least, within a few miles of Jerusalem; it is possible that even then, when the Mount of Olives must have been much more thickly set with trees and enclosures, such a flock may have wandered up the side of the hill, and suggested to Him, who was sitting then with His disciples over against the temple, the scene of the Shepherd of mankind dividing the parts of the flock each from each—the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left." A few pages further on, when speaking of this figurative style of our Saviour's teaching, he goes on to observe, that "We are apt sometimes to carry out, into an infinite series of moral and theological conclusions, the truths which are stated under these material forms. . . . When, for example, we look . . . on the *white* sheep and the *black* goats of the flocks in Judea, we ought to feel that the division of mankind into various classes, when represented under these figures, necessarily assumes a definiteness of separation which cannot be applied without modification to the perplexities of the actual world." This is one of those

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expressions, in that otherwise delightful and most instructive book, that beget a feeling of uneasiness and distrust. Under the application of so elastic a principle of interpretation as this, our Lord's discourse on the day of judgment may mean anything or nothing. Moreover, the sheep in Judea are not all white. They are often as black as the goats, as the flock we passed in the valley of Abû-Gaush sufficiently proves. The whole scope and tenor, moreover, of the discourse on the day of judgment seems obviously to imply that the sheep and the goats are employed in that discourse to illustrate, not parties who are obviously and conspicuously different from one another, but parties who, though really and essentially different, might yet outwardly be, in many respects, so like as to be easily confounded with one another. The world fails to distinguish them, but the Great Judge of all will not fail infallibly to do so. It seems to me both a far more natural and a far sounder illustration of the kind of scene that may have been in the Saviour's view when he pronounced the discourse in question, which I saw some weeks before on the margin of the Nile valley, beneath the pyramids of Sakkara. An immense flock, brought in from the neighbouring fields, was gathered there at noon. They had been brought together to be milked. The sheep and the goats were all intermingled in one mass, and in colour they were, in many cases, undistinguishable from one another; but the shepherd proceeded immediately to separate the sheep from the goats. A goat was often dragged out from among the sheep, and a sheep from among the goats; and being at length carefully and completely divided the one from the other, the goats were placed on one side, and the sheep on the other. This is not a fancy, but a fact; and a fact much more accordant, I apprehend, than Mr. Stanley's supposition, with the true teaching of our Lord regarding the great and notable day. — *Buchanan's Clerical Furlough.*

II.—NEAR, YET FAR OFF.

Stealing noiselessly into Saul's camp, accompanied by a single follower, and passing unobserved through the midst of the drowsy guards, "David took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster; and they gat them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked: for they were all asleep" (1 Sam. xxvi. 12). Having performed this daring exploit, he and his attendant, Abishai, "went over to the other side, and stood on the top of an hill afar off; a great space being between them." Having got to this safe distance from his relentless enemy, David is represented in the sacred history as proceeding to address Abner, the leader of Saul's host, and to taunt him with his unsoldier-like want of vigilance, in leaving his royal master exposed to the hazard of being slain in the very midst of his own camp.

What is apt to appear strange in this narrative is the fact, that these hostile parties should have been near enough to carry on the conversation which the narrative describes, and yet that all the while the one should have been entirely beyond the reach of the other. That all this, however, was both possible and easy, was verified in our presence. As we were riding cautiously along the face of the hill, our attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of a shepherd, who was evidently calling to some one whom we could not see, but whose answer we distinctly heard. The dialogue went on. Another and another sentence was slowly and sonorously uttered by the shepherd near us, and as often the response was distinctly given. At length, guided by the sound, we descried, far up the confronting hill, the source of the second voice in the person of another shepherd; and learned from our Arab attendants that they were talking to each other about their flocks. Between these two men was the deep crevasse formed by the valley of the Kidron, walled in by lofty precipices, which no human foot could scale. It would probably have taken a full hour for one, even as fleet and as strong-winded as an Asahel, to pass from the standing-place of the one speaker to that of the other; and yet they were exchanging words with perfect ease. The mystery of the dramatic scene in the wilderness of Ziph was at an end; and we were reminded at the same time of an important truth, that in dealing with the sacred Scriptures, ignorance often makes difficulties which a larger knowledge and a deeper intelligence would at once remove. As we moved along the hill-face, dialogues of the same kind once and again attracted our notice, showing plainly that these trans-valline colloquies are of common occurrence. The facility of hearing was no doubt increased by the extreme stillness of the air, and by the voice being at once confined and thrown back by the steep sides of the hills.—*Ibid.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XVII.—WOMAN WITH ISSUE OF BLOOD—TWO BLIND MEN—A DUMB DEMONIAC.

Matt. ix. 20–38.

Woman with Issue of Blood.—Ver. 20. Had this woman ever applied to any other for a cure? See Luke viii. 43. How long had she been ill? What did these things show as to her illness? [That it was inveterate, and beyond all human cure.] How did the condition of this woman resemble that of all sinners? [The disease of sin is inveterate, and beyond all man's power to heal.] What did the woman do? How was she in this a pattern to every sinner?

Ver. 21. Of what power or virtue must she have believed that Christ was full? What conviction corresponding to this ought the sinner to have in applying to Christ? Is it necessary for the sinner to touch Christ's person? [Not literally, but he must come into contact with Christ *by faith.*] Give an instance of the *look* of faith prevailing? Num. xxi. 8. And the *cry* of faith? Matt. xiv. 30.

Ver. 22. By what term did Jesus address this woman? Was it his custom to use that expression? What did it imply? [See on ver. 2, p. 228.] What quality did Christ commend in her? In what sense had her faith made her whole? [It had drawn her, through difficulties and fears, into contact with Christ, the great source of healing.] In what sense may it be said that faith saves us? [By uniting us to Christ. It brings us, empty, guilty, and polluted, into fellowship with him who not only has all fulness, merit, and purity, but sends forth these blessings to all who by faith apply for them.]

Ver. 23. [See before, ver. 18.] Who were the "minstrels and people making a noise?" [On occasion of a death in the East, the women of the family break out into the most violent lamentations. But there are certain persons who

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make it their *business* to weep for the dead, who are hired to attend on the corpse, and to aid the mourners in bewailing the death of their friend, which they do with the most violent gesticulations, weeping, shrieking, rending their clothes, &c. The minstrels were persons who played on *pipes*, and were hired for the like purpose.

Ver. 24. What did Christ say about the girl? What did this mean? [Perhaps that Christ could and would raise her as easily as if she only slept.] What did their laughter imply? [That they fully believed her to be dead.]

Ver. 25. How did Christ raise the girl? How often do we read of Christ raising the dead? [Observe, this girl had just died; the son of the widow of Nain was about to be buried; Lazarus had been four days in the grave—Christ *at all times* has power over death.] What *spiritual* power does this raising of the dead correspond to? John v. 25–29. [How solemn the question—Have *we* been thus raised?]

Two Blind Men Cured.—Ver. 27. By what name did these men address Christ? Why did they make use of that name? [It denoted that Christ was the promised Messiah; it implied also a belief that the goodness or beneficence for which David was distinguished belonged to Christ, and would be exhibited by him.]

Ver. 28. Why did Christ wait till they were come into the house? [Perhaps to try their *earnestness* and *perseverance*.] Why did he ask the question he put to them? [To try their faith, and draw forth a testimony that would be useful to others.]

Ver. 29. Why did he touch their eyes? [It was his method of making them sensible of the *action of the divine power* that healed them.]

Ver. 30. Why did Christ give them this strict charge? [Probably that people might not be drawn to him *from mere curiosity* or excitement.]

Ver. 31. Did the blind men act rightly? See 1 Sam. xv. 22. Is there any other kind of blindness than that of which these men were cured? 2 Cor. iv. 4. What are the objects which the spiritually blind are unable to see? [The glory of God; the beauty of Christ; the excellence of God's love, holiness, and mercy; the preciousness of the promises; the privileges of believers; the glorious inheritance of heaven.] Which kind of blindness is the worst? Wherein are these blind men an example to those yet in spiritual blindness?

Cure of Dumb Demoniac.—Ver. 32. What was this man's dumbness caused by? Do you remember anything in the Old Testament proving that the devil sometimes gets a certain power to cause disease? Job ii. 7.

Ver. 33. What did the multitudes say of this miracle? [Observe, the facility and triumphant success with which Christ controlled Satan amazed them; it should encourage us in applying to Christ against the power of the devil.]

Christ's Compassion for the Multitude.—Ver. 36. What excited the pity of Christ? Why did they *faint*? [Their minds were anxious, filled with concern—they felt their need, their burden, but had no proper guides.] What was the character of those who should have fed and guided them? Matt. xxiii. 13.

Ver. 37. What did Christ mean by the "harvest?" [First, the *Jewish* field; but beyond this, also, the field of the world—all souls.] Is the harvest not equally "plenteous" now? Who are the labourers? [Ministers, missionaries, every Christian disciple.]

Ver. 38. Might not Christ have furnished miraculously a sufficient number of labourers? Why did he not do so? [He wished to stir up his disciples to a feeling of lively interest and responsibility in this cause.] What did he bid them do? Who alone can qualify workmen for reaping souls? What special reason is alluded to why God may be expected to hear such a prayer? [The harvest is *his*.] Why have there been so few able labourers, comparatively—labourers like the apostles—sent out for eighteen hundred years? [It must be because Christ's disciples have not believingly and earnestly offered up this prayer.]

DOCTRINE—It is by Faith, or Believing, that we become Partakers of Christ's Redemption.

John iii.; vi.; xii. Acts xvi. Rom. v. Gal. ii. Ephes. ii. Heb. x. 1 Pet. i.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. VIII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"But deliver us from evil."

MATT. vi. 13.

WHAT is the last thing we ask for in the Lord's Prayer? What do we mean by "evil?" [All temptation, sin, and sorrow, are evils. There is the Evil One, Satan; the evil thing, sin; and the many evils or ills which all who live long have to meet in this world.] Why is there so much evil? [Because there is so much sin.]

What do we ask our Father in heaven to do? Can no one else deliver us from evil? [Not unless he gives them the power.] How does he deliver us from temptation? [By keeping us out of it, or giving us strength to overcome it. 1 Cor. x. 13.] How from the Evil One? Luke xxii. 31, 32. Rom. xvi. 20. How from the evil of sin in our own hearts? [By sending his Holy Spirit to make them new and holy. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 27. Gal. iv. 6.] How from the trials and sorrows of life? [By either removing them or making them do good to our souls. Ps. xxxiv. 4, 6, 19; cxix. 71.]

How did God deliver Lot from evil?—Gen. xix. Jacob?—Gen. xxxiii. The children of Israel?—Ex. xii. 29–36; xiv. 28–30. Daniel?—Dan. vi. Hezekiah?—2 Kings xx. Paul?—Acts xxvii., &c.

What do these examples in the Bible teach us? [That God is always able to deliver his people, and has many ways of doing so.] Then what is our duty in all our troubles? Ps. l. 15. 1 Pet. v. 7.

What evil should we be most anxious to be delivered from? [Sin.] Why? [Other evils will only last in this life; but sin, if not forgiven through Christ, will make us miserable for ever.] What did Jesus say to the sick man before he healed him? Mark ii. 5. What should this teach us? [To be more anxious for pardon of sin than anything else.]

Have not God's dear children often many afflictions and sorrows? Does he always deliver them from these when they ask him? Why not? [Because he means the pains or sorrows to do their souls good. A kind mother, or doctor, does not take the cup of medicine away, though you

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ask them to do so, because they know you will be the better for taking it.] What good does affliction, with the blessing of God, do to men? [It makes them feel more sorrow and hatred for sin, more love to Jesus, less love to this world, more desire for heaven—it teaches patience, meekness, &c. Ps. cxix. 67. Jer. xxxi. 18. Heb. xii. 11.]

But will God at last hear his children's prayers, and deliver them from all evil? When? [Often in this world he delivers them, but certainly at the end, when they leave it, and go to heaven.] Is there no pain or sorrow there? Rev. vii. 16, 17; xxi. 4. Why? [Because there is no sin. Isa. xxxiii. 24. 2 Pet. iii. 13. Rev. xxi. 27.]

Did our Saviour, when on earth, deliver men from evil? [Show how mercifully and wonderfully he did so. Matt. iv. 23, 24. Mark i. 32–34.] Did he *suffer* evil? [He suffered from all evils but sin.] How did his body suffer? [Hunger, weariness, thirst, pain. Matt. iv. 2. John iv. 6., &c.] How did his soul suffer? John xi. 33, 35, 38; xii. 27. Matt. xxvi. 38; xxvii. 46. Why did he, the holy Son of God, submit to suffer all this? [From his great love for sinners, that he might save them.] How should the remembrance of what he suffered comfort and help us in our troubles? Heb. iv. 15, 16; xii. 2, 3

Illustration.—Some years ago, a good missionary in the island of Jamaica went a long journey to visit a sick friend, and stayed so late that it was nearly dark when he set out on his way home. He knew that the road was very dangerous, with frightful precipices at the side. How could he escape falling over them in the dark? His friend offered him a pony, but he thought he had better go on foot. And how do you think God protected and delivered him? He did not send an angel, as we often read of in the Bible, but a *little insect*, which he made answer the purpose as well. A beautiful fly in that country, called the Candle Fly, shines at night almost as brightly as a lamp. One of these small creatures kept hovering close to the missionary during all the bad part of the road, and gave him light till he had got past the danger. And often afterwards, he says, he has taken hope and courage in other times of trouble, by recollecting how God protected him by the Candle Fly.

Keep us in thy holy keeping,
Day by day our goings guide;
Guard in school, at home, or sleeping,
Let no evil e'er betide.
Friend of children!
Still in thee we will confide.

Precept.—Call upon me in the day of trouble. Ps. l. 15.

Promise.—The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, he shall preserve thy soul. Ps. cxxi. 7.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, we pray thee to be very merciful to us, and to keep and deliver us from evil, for we cannot deliver ourselves. Make us more afraid of sinning against thee than of any pain or sorrow. And in all the troubles thou dost send for our good, help us to remember how our dear Saviour suffered, and make us meek and patient like him. And prepare us to go at last to be with thee in the happy home where there is no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying, no more temptation nor sin. Forgive us, and hear us, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE DOVE WITH CLIPPED WINGS.

"O MOTHER! Mrs. C—— has lost her beautiful dove," said little H—— to his mother. She was afraid it would fly away, and so had its wings clipped; a dog ran after it; it could not fly; so it was caught, and killed.

Poor little dove—what a pity! Its gentle cooing has ceased; its soft plumage is spoiled in a moment; the beating of its heart is stilled, because it could not use its wings.

How very like this dove are children in this world of sin and sorrow!—wicked people trying to lead them into sin; Satan, like a roaring lion about their path, seeking to destroy. But have you no wings, little one, with which you may fly away and be safe? Yes, you may have, for faith and prayer are to the soul what wings are to the dove. Do tempters come around you and say, disobey your parents, or forget God's holy Sabbath? Are you just ready to yield? O take the wings of faith and prayer, and go up to the throne of grace; ask help of your heavenly Father, and he will give it. Let not sin clip your wings, for then you will fall an easy prey; your garments will be spoiled, and the song of joy in your heart be stilled. Or do you feel your heart begin to beat with anger because some one has injured you? Wing your way to the cross of the meek and lowly Jesus, and learn of him to forgive and love. Are you sick, or poor, or sad, or weary? is the brother or sister you loved taken from you? has the father or mother, who folded you gently to the loving bosom, left you, and lain down in the grave? Use your wings, little lonely one; by prayer and faith fly up and nestle in the bosom of the Good Shepherd. When the hour of death comes,—it comes to children as well as others,—clipped wings will not do *then*. Only *strong* faith in an unseen Saviour, and *fervent prayer* will bear the soul up, singing to a heavenly home.

I remember looking with much interest, when a little child, at a picture, in the old "Primer," of John Rogers, the martyr who, you all know, was burned at the stake more than three hundred years ago. The "Primer" says he was not at all daunted. His own words, addressed to his children, were—

"Come, welcome death, the end of fears,
I am prepared to die;
These earthly flames will send my soul
Up to the Lord on high."

He had wings which the fire could not singe.

I used to wish I could know more about those children whose little pale faces gazed so sad on this cruel scene, and whether they minded his good advice to

"Lay up God's laws within your hearts,
And print them in your thoughts."

I did not think I should ever see any of his descendants, but have since known many of them, full of faith and good works. But the one most interesting to me was R. W——, a sweet little girl, with a quiet look and a calm black eye. It was my delight to meet her Sabbath after Sabbath in the school. Always was she there. How intensely she listened to every word of divine truth! How carefully she laid them up in her heart! How they shone out in her *short* life: for she died young. The same faith that sustained the martyr in the flames sustained her in the dying hour. And when we took our last look at the face where lingered the smile of peace, we did it in hope that the spirit had gone to the same *rest*.

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Dear children, when your last hour comes, may it be peaceful as hers! May you never fold your wings of prayer and faith till you can say to the *waiting angels*—

"Lend, lend your wings—I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?" L. A.

II.—THE THREE ANSWERS.

BEAUTIFUL, indeed, was the lesson which the class had been reciting,—all about the Saviour's kingdom. They learned that it was a kingdom of great joy and deep love; peace dwelt there, and kindness and good-will sprung all along the way-side. It was a kingdom upon which the Sun of Righteousness shone, and in its clear sky hung the Star of Bethlehem. The eyes of the children grew bright with interest while the teacher talked; and they longed to know more about a state so glorious. Then the teacher turned to the book, and this question came next, "What will *you* do to advance this kingdom on the earth?" "Yes," added the lady, looking seriously upon the little boys, "what will you do to help on the Saviour's kingdom? What will you do, James?"

"I will give my halfpence to the missionaries, and they shall preach about it to the heathen," answered James, with great earnestness.

"And what will *you* do, George?"

George looked up and said, "I will pray for it."

"And what will you do, John?" said the teacher, addressing the youngest in her class.

He cast down his eyes and softly said, "I will give my *heart* to it." The teacher blessed the little boy, and breathed a silent prayer that Jesus might take the offering.

These three answers comprehend all we can do for Jesus.

It is good to give our money and our prayers; but the *first* thing we must do—the *best* gift we can offer, is to give up our hearts to the Saviour's kingdom, and let Jesus rule over us.

Dear children, you all know about the beauty and the glory of this kingdom, and I suppose you often feel, "Oh, I want to do something to help it on!" And perhaps you gather up your halfpence, and put them into the missionary box, and every night you kneel down by your bedside and say, "Thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." But have you given up your *hearts* to it? Have you come out on Jesus' side, and do you say—does your daily life say, at home or at school, and among your companions—"As for me, *I* will serve the Lord?"

If you truly wish to advance the Saviour's kingdom, you must first give *yourself* to the work. Then you will pray, and God will answer your prayers; then you will give, and God will bless your gift.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—ANGRY ALMS.

GOTTHOLD was one day occupied with important business, and deeply absorbed in thought, when his daughter unexpectedly entered the room, bringing a paper stating the case of a poor widow, and soliciting an alms in her behalf. Losing his temper, he spoke harshly to the poor girl, and in ill humour flung her the sum she asked. Recollecting himself, however, he cried out, "Wretched man that I am! How fair the show that my Christianity often presents to myself at least, and how boldly I venture to say, 'Lord Jesus, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee;' and yet, now that my Saviour has come and craved a mite for this poor widow, as a practical evidence of my affection for himself, I take offence at him for disturbing my poor thoughts, though for so short a time and so good a cause! My God, thou invitest me to come to thee whenever my pleasure leads, or my necessities compel me; and come when I may, never is my coming unseasonable or inopportune. Thou hast the whole world to govern, and yet I trouble thee not, though I break in at morning, noon, or night, and claim an alms from thy mercy. How conceited I must be, to reckon my concerns and thoughts of greater moment than the prayers and sighs of my fellow-Christians! I now see that sin is rashness, and have good cause henceforth to give a more gracious reception to the Lord Jesus in his members, lest in my hour of need he turn his back upon me." God loveth a cheerful giver. A benefaction to the poor should be like oil, which, when poured from one vessel into another, flows in silence, with a soft and gentle fall. An alms reluctantly bestowed is like a rose spoiled and discoloured with the fumes of sulphur, like sanded flour or over-salted meat. He who exercises charity with a reluctant heart or angry words, is like the cow which yields her milk, but overturns the pail with her foot.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

II.—A SWEARER ALONE WITH GOD.

A CARRIER in a large town in Yorkshire heard his carter one day in the yard swearing dreadfully at his horses. The carrier was a man who feared God, spent his Sabbaths as a teacher in a Sunday-school, and endeavoured to promote the spiritual good of his fellow-creatures. He was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard. He went up to the young man, who was just setting off with his cart for Manchester, and kindly expostulated with him on the enormity of his sin, and then added: "But if thou wilt swear, stop till thou get through the turnpike on S—— Moor, where *none but God and thyself can hear.*" He then put "The Swearer's Prayer" into his hand, and left him. The poor fellow cracked his whip and pursued his journey; but he could not get over his master's words. Some time after, his master observed him in the yard, and was very much surprised to see him so altered. There were a seriousness and quietness about him which he had never seen before; and he often seemed as if he had something to say which he could not get out. At length his master was so much struck with his manner, that he asked him if he wanted anything. "Ah! master," said he, "do you remember what you said to me about swearing, and the tract you gave me? I was thunderstruck. I went on the road, and I got through the turnpike, and reached S—— Moor; and there I thought that though I was alone, *yet God was with me;* and I trembled to think how he had been with me, and had known all my sins and follies all my life long. My sins came to my remembrance; I was afraid that he would strike me dead; and I thank God that I have been roused to seek after the salvation of my poor soul." The master, as may be supposed, was overjoyed to hear the young man's confession; and it is gratifying to know that his subsequent conduct gave proof of his having ceased to be a slave to sin. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

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MATT, THE IDIOT BOY.*

A LADY one day wandering along one of our lonely English sea-coasts, observed before her a boy intently gazing up at a small open space of blue sky, between two pure white clouds. She came close to his side, and said, "What are you looking at, my boy?" The child made no answer. He had a peculiar countenance, and the idea suggested itself to her that he was weak in mind.

"Boy, boy," she said, shaking him gently by the sleeve, "what are you doing? What are you looking at?" Upon this the figure by her side seemed to wake up from his deep musing. The child rubbed his eyes. "Boy," said the lady again, "what are you doing?" The boy sighed, and glanced to the space between the clouds. He then shaded his eyes, and said with sorrowful earnestness, "Matt was looking for God. Matt wants to see God." The clouds were coming together, and as they mingled and shut out the space of sky, the boy said, "There was a great hole; Matt wanted to see God." Then, as if to comfort himself for his disappointment, he said in a more cheerful tone, "Matt shall see God to-morrow; shall see God some day."

There were some cottages on a sand-bank a quarter of a mile from the shore, and, not doubting that he lived there, the lady led him towards them. Very shortly a little girl ran out of one of them, and, taking the boy by the hand, said, "Come home, Matt—dinner's ready. At the same moment a woman came out and asked the lady to walk in and rest. Having led the boy in, and cut up his dinner for him, she gave it to the little girl to feed him with.

From her the lady learned that Matt was an orphan of thirteen years of age, and lived there with his aunt and grandfather. The village children had with difficulty taught him to speak, and took pleasure in waiting on him, especially little Becca, the girl whom she had seen.

After this the lady often visited poor Matt, and after great perseverance succeeded in teaching him to plait straw. One day, on entering the cottage, she found the old man very ill. The clergyman shortly after came in, and read the 18th chapter of Matthew. When he came to the parable of the "king that would take account of his servants," Matt's attention and interest became evident. When he had finished, Matt turned to him very earnestly, saying, "Parson, read some more." Mr. Green began to relate the parable thus:—"A great King said," and in speaking he pointed upwards, "bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay me all the pounds that they owe me. And they brought one servant that owed a thousand pence, *a great many, a great many, a great many!* And he had no pence to pay; and the King said, 'He shall be put in prison, and never come out any more till he has paid all this money." He had got so far when he observed that tears were trickling down the boy's cheeks, and that his countenance showed great alarm. He stopped at once, and patted him on the head, saying that he had not intended to distress him. But Matt was not to be comforted. He broke away from his friends, and hobbled out on to the beach, where he threw himself down under the shelter of a fishing-boat, and continued to weep piteously.

The next morning being very stormy, the lady could not get to see him till late in the day. She pressed on till she saw the motionless figure of the boy, his white smock-frock fluttering in the wind, his face intent on the gloomy sky. She called to him several times as she drew near, but the noise of the wind and waves drowned her voice; it was not till she came close and touched him that he looked at her. His countenance was full of awe and fear.

"What is Matt doing?" she asked, in a soothing voice.

"Matt was talking to God," said the boy.

"What did poor Matt say?" she inquired, compassionately.

The boy joined his hands, and, looking up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, said, "God, God, Matt has no money to pay!"

And then, shaking his head, he told her, with a reality of fear most strange to see, that he was going to be put in prison; God was going to put Matt in prison.

She turned towards him, and, taking both his hands, said in a clear, cheerful voice, "Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt."

The boy looked helplessly at her; and, pointing upwards with a smile, she repeated slowly, "God will not put Matt in prison *now*. Jesus Christ *has* paid for poor Matt."

The child repeated these words after her; and as their meaning, helped by her reassuring face, gradually unfolded itself to his mind, an expression of wonder and contentment overspread his features. He sat down and wished again and again to hear these good tidings, and as he conned them over he gradually became calm and happy.

He sat so long silent in the shelter of the boat that his kind friend thought it possible that, now his fears were removed, he might have forgotten their cause.

But it was not so; he arose at length, and, walking a few paces, lifted up his arms and face to heaven, and cried out in a loud and clear voice, "Man that paid, Man that paid, Matt says, thank you, thank you!"

Some days after, in going to the fisherman's cottage, the lady found that the aged man was dead. She asked a neighbour, "What does Matt know about his grandfather?"

"Why, ma'am, when his aunt woke him and dressed him this morning, she told him that he would not see his grandfather any more, for that God had sent to fetch him."

"He was not frightened, I hope?

"O no, ma'am; pleased, wonderfully pleased, and said he wanted to go too. He is a very strange child."

"Very strange, indeed! but, in some respects, I wish we were more like him."

When Matt saw his friend, it reminded him of the great news about his grandfather; and he told her that God had sent for him, adding, "Matt wants to go too."

"Matt shall go some day," she answered, soothingly.

"Matt wants to go now," replied the boy.

His friend took him out on to the sands, and sat down with him. She tried to explain that some day God would certainly send for him, and that it might be any day. He sat long silent on the sand as if pondering, and then got up and began to move towards the cottage.

* From a little work, entitled "Seeking and Finding," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

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"What does Matt want?" asked his friend.

The boy looked at his hands, and replied with calm and touching simplicity, "Matt must have his hands washed." Why?—the lady wondered why; but she said nothing, she only rose and followed. He had found the woman of the house when she entered, the mother of little Becca, and was explaining to her that his hands must be washed—that God would send for Matt some day, perhaps it would be that day, and that Matt must be ready.

The woman no sooner understood what he meant than she sat down, threw her apron over her head, and began to cry bitterly; but little Becca was willing to indulge the boy's fancy; she, accordingly, fetched some water and soap, and carefully washed his hands. But that done, he still stood, as if expecting something more, till she asked him what he wanted. Then he answered, with a kind of glad but solemn expectancy, "Matt must have his new cap on; Matt wants his fur cap."

"No, Matt must not have his best cap," answered the girl, "except on Sundays to go to church in." But Matt entreated in his piteous way, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, till at last the lady begged that his new cap might be fetched; and when it appeared, he was contented, and went gently out at the door, and looked up between the clouds, softly repeating that "God would send for Matt some day; perhaps it would be to-day, and Matt must be ready; Matt must always be ready."

His friend called at the cottage on the morning of the funeral, and took the boy out of the way. She found him still "ready," still occupied with the belief that God would fetch him, and that, perhaps, it might be "to-day." She took him to the cave that he might not see the mournful procession. She gave him a nice dinner out of her basket, after which he made her wash his hands, and he put on his best cap, and sat down to be *ready*. In watching the fishes, and amusing himself with throwing corn to the rock-pigeons, he was still ready, still conscious of an unexpected summons.

"Is Matt sorry that his grandfather is gone?" asked his friend.

Matt answered, "No;" and said he wanted to go too; and then in his imperfect way, partly in words and partly by signs, he inquired what kind of a place it was where God lives.

"It was never cold," she replied; "always warm and pleasant; Matt would never cry when he got there."

"Would nobody beat Matt there?" asked the child, wistfully. "Wouldn't Rob beat him?"

"No; when Matt went to be with God, nobody would beat him any more."

A gleam of joy stole over the boy's face as he sat pondering over these good tidings: then, with a sorrowful sigh he said, "Rob often beats Matt now." In the midst of his pleasure that gleam of joy would often return to his face, and he would exultingly repeat that "some day he should go to God, and nobody should beat him any more."

For many days after this, the boy went to the beach to look for the lady, who had promised to come again; till, after many disappointments, his aunt heard that she had been suddenly called away to the death-bed of a relative. When winter came on, Matt could only sit and shiver. He sat from day to day asking for the lady, and crying with the cold.

And now came a time of great trouble and distress to the inhabitants of the little fishing hamlet. There was very bad weather, the men could not go out with the boats, and unwholesome food, and overhard work, brought fever with it, and Becca's mother and Mary Goddard both sickened at the same time. During his aunt's illness, Matt was taken to the cottage of Becca's mother, where he was presently told that his aunt had gone to God. That night the two children were left alone in the lower room, where Becca's mother lay sick upstairs. She tried to cheer the poor boy, but he would not be comforted, and every time a gust shook the door, he entreated that he might go out and "talk to God." She could not persuade him to rest, so, giving him some bread, she lay down, and, secure that the door was bolted, fell into a deep sleep. At last, in the very dead of night she awoke, but Matt was not there. She laid her hand upon the bolt: it was drawn back, which showed her that Matt had opened the door. She ran on to the cottage where Matt had lived. It was locked up, so she turned to the cave. When she reached it, the voice she so longed to hear arrested her on her way: "God! God!" it said, "O send for poor Matt! let Matt go away!"

In the entrance of the cavern, with the moon shining on his white face, and the bitter wind blowing about his thin clothing and uncovered hair, and driving the frozen snow over his feet, stood the boy.

The little girl touched him; he was as cold as ice. She shook his sleeves, but could not rouse him from his deep abstraction. "God! God!" he uttered more perfectly still, "and Man that paid, O take poor Matt away!"

Then she took off the shawl that formed her own scanty covering; and, as she lapped it over him, he said faintly, "Matt shall see God some day, and Matt shall never be cold any more."

She heaped some driftwood between him and the entrance of the cave, to keep the wind away, and then she set off to run home again for help; but before her exhausted feet, in the grey of the winter morning, had reached the cottage threshold, the fishermen, after their perilous voyage, landed a mile or two higher up, and, going into the cavern for rest and shelter, found Matt on his frozen bed. Happy Matt! the summons had been sent to him to go and join that God whom he had sought so long. The days of his darkness and feebleness are over: he will never be cold any more!

EACH AT HIS POST.

THE last thrilling watchword of Britain's great admiral, "England expects every man to do his duty," will be remembered as long as her language is spoken, or the spirit of patriotism glows in her children's hearts. And what did these words, so simply sublime, imply? That each individual in that crowded fleet should feel as if the eyes of his country were fixed upon himself,—as if her honour was committed to *his* keeping. That each should discharge his own duty, maintain his own allotted post, and there toil or endure, with patient devotedness, not seeking to leave it for any other, till the word of command was given. And that "every man," the humblest as well as the highest, should realize his responsibility, his privilege, his personal share, as one of England's sons, in the disgrace or honour attending defeat or victory.

We make no new remark in saying, that a similar spirit ought now to animate "every man" who professes or desires

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to be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." But this is one of the "things old" which cannot be too often repeated. For, from the time of Eve to the present day, there is no temptation which the great Enemy has more frequently and successfully tried with men, than that of awaking a spirit of dissatisfaction with their individual lot,—a feeling that some other position than the present would be better—more suitable, more useful. Who has not at one time or other been conscious of this? Who has not felt as if in some other sphere than his own he could better glorify God and serve his generation; as if other duties could be far better discharged, other trials more easily and profitably borne,—almost as if the Divine Master had made something like a mistake in the tasks and situation he had assigned to his servant? Such feelings may have been indeed resisted and overcome by the power of grace, and from the heart the believer may now be able to say, "Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word;" but we believe that most thoughtful souls, accustomed to look within, will confess to some experience of them.

The peace of God will never "keep our hearts and minds" till we have been enabled to realize that the will of our Father in heaven must ever be *the best* for us, and taught to accept our peculiar position, with its duties and trials, as appointed for us individually by the love and wisdom which cannot err. Then, keeping fast hold of this great principle, we can go on in a strength not our own, to obey the command, "Occupy till I come." Nor is it inconsistent with Christian humility, to cherish a high idea of the importance of the work given us to do,—an animating hope of what the Master may permit the servant to accomplish for his glory. And thus the most lowly work becomes cheered and hallowed. For who can tell how much He who sees the end from the beginning may have made to depend upon the fidelity of the most humble labourer in his vineyard? To what slight and poor beginnings may not the greatest results be often traced back, even by our own imperfect knowledge? Angels, knowing and *trusting* more fully, may watch with deepest interest events and actions which man considers beneath his notice.

During the long siege of Mexico, under Fernando Cortez, it is related, that he wished at a critical period to make one great effort to take the city by assault. An impetuous attack was made by the Spaniards, which nothing seemed able to resist. Barrier after barrier gave way, one obstacle after another was surmounted, and at length the city itself entered. But Cortez, ever cautious, and aware of the necessity of securing to themselves the power of a safe retreat, if needful, committed to one of his bravest captains the duty of remaining in the rear, and filling up the breaches made by the advancing troops, especially repairing those in the bridges and causeway, which formed the safest approach through the waters by which the city was surrounded. The task appeared hard, unnecessary, inglorious,—the officer's spirit could not brook to be thus employed,—almost in the work of a field-labourer, while the shouts of battle and victory were calling him to share the dangers and glory of his companions in arms. He abandoned his charge, and, with his men, rushing forwards, mingled in the scene of active warfare.

The watchful Mexican general quickly perceived this error, and took fatal advantage of it. He ordered his foremost troops to appear to give way, and thus encourage the Spaniards to advance farther, while he despatched a chosen body through private streets towards the great breach left unguarded. Then, at a given signal, the Spaniards were again assailed in front with such tremendous fury, that Cortez ordered a retreat. At first they retired leisurely and securely, believing that their way was open; but as they became more hardly pressed, and more impatient to escape, haste and confusion succeeded to order, and on reaching the great gap in the causeway, horsemen and infantry plunged in terror into the waters, while their cruel enemies, in light canoes, rushed upon them from every side. A dreadful defeat followed. Cortez himself was saved with difficulty; and for those who gained the Spanish camp in safety at last, the gloom of that terrible night was only lighted up by the fires of triumph from the city, and its silence broken by hearing the groans and shrieks of their tortured countrymen who were left prisoners behind. Such was the consequence of one man's failure in a duty, the importance of which he misunderstood and despised. May not similar instances occur more often than we think of, in connection with the great spiritual work and warfare ever going on around us?

How different the conduct of the Roman sentinel, whose skeleton, found after the lapse of long ages in the buried city, from which other inhabitants had been able to escape, tells with silent eloquence of faithfulness unto death! Christian reader, aim at fidelity like his. "Lord, what will thou have *me* to do," or to endure? Thy will, not mine, be done! I would not dictate, I would not choose,—I would simply ask thy commands, and thy promised grace to fulfil them;—the grace which is sufficient even for me,—the strength which can be made perfect even in my weakness.

"Be sober then, be vigilant,—forbear
To seek or covet aught beyond thy sphere;
Only be strong to labour,—and allow
Thy Master's will to appoint the *where*, and *how*,
Serve God! And winter's cold, or summer's heat,
The breezy mountain, or the dusty street,
Scene, season, circumstance, alike shall be
His welcome messengers of joy to thee;
His kingdom is within thee, rise, and prove
A present earnest of the bliss above!
Heaven knows not disappointment, earth alone
Mourns wishes unfulfilled, and hopes o'erthrown.
Pass but the golden gates; distrust and doubt—
The brood of guilt and fear, are left without;
Once bathe thine eyes in heaven's essential light,
Which casts no shadow, and expects no night,
And all God's mighty works and wondrous ways,
Shall wake no thought that shall not speak in praise.
For thou shalt see Him as He is, and then
Shalt know that God is love.—Amen, Amen!" J.

LOVE IN MARRIAGE.

[We are indebted for the following passage, embodying a striking and high-toned protest against a too common sin, to Mr. Bayne's volume of Essays just published.]

THERE are few subjects on which I would speak with greater emphasis. It relates to a part of the system of natural ethics which Christians are most apt to neglect, but of which the neglect is as pernicious as it is indefensible. Has it not a somewhat singular sound, to talk of the Christian duty of permitting, in the formation of the nuptial tie, nay, of enjoining and insisting on, the

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free play of the natural affections? Is it not widely customary for men and women, ready to die in defence of Christian principle, anxiously and prayerfully shaping their lives by the teaching of the New Testament, either themselves to marry, or to lend their sanction to marriages, when it is well known and deliberately contemplated, that no feeling of intense attachment, no love, exists in the breast of either party? Men whom it would be hard not to call excellent, regard entrance upon the married state as a part of the formal and mechanical business of life. Young persons of the other sex are, so far as one can judge, at least equally apt to look upon marriage with no sense of the fact that affection is here one with duty, and its absence a sin. Parents, again, as will occur to all, though of sincere and habitual piety, though desirous of promoting the best interests of their children, and while deeply concerned that their daughters are wedded to men of position and means, of integrity and ability, nay, of religion, will pass over, or lightly shuffle by, all questions touching reality of affection or sympathy of nature. Yet might not a single look beneath the outermost veil of appearance convince us that, with the answers practically rendered to such questions as these, is vitally and indissolubly connected the real happiness, or the bitter misery, of after-life? One would imagine, too, that it required no very penetrating inquisition into the laws of social life, to discover that, on the original settlement of such questions depend unnumbered influences, of the most intimate and inevitable kind, affecting the moral and religious condition of the community. One would think, last of all, that it required a studious and habitual opposition to the plainest teaching of the gospel, or a blindness wholly marvellous to the nature of that teaching, to persist in meeting with a direct negative the Christian view of marriage. The teachings of nature and of Christianity are here in the strictest and most beautiful accordance. Nature and experience testify, for their part, that a lifetime of cohabitation, where there is no natural, mutual, overpowering attraction, no love, is not only a lifetime of chronic suffering, an imprisonment in "polar ice," but a condition in which each noble and genial emotion is met by a subtle poison, pervading the moral atmosphere,—by a biting frost-wind, where it ought to have found the balmiest sunshine,—by chilling and withering sleet, where nature would have prepared for it gentle, fostering rain. Looking beyond the individual victims of such a rebellion against nature, to those to whom they are related as parents, the aspects of the case, holding still by the light of mere experience and common sense, are, if possible, still more obvious and impressive. The education of the family circle, no one will dispute, is the most important of all. It may not be matter of so common reflection, that the part of this education which consists in express precepts and oral instruction is of trivial importance compared with the silent, practical education of parental life, from the responsibility of which the parent never escapes for a moment, and of which the influence, searching and perpetual, can be counteracted by no set words, however earnest and well studied. If the parents are not united by a love which, in its fervid intensity, sets them apart from the rest of the world, and causes every other earthly feeling to revolve in an orbit comparatively remote, the unity of the family circle is broken. A fatal element insinuates itself into the affection with which the children are regarded. They are taught by the presence of no mighty and beautiful emotion in those to whom they look up, to know the happiness of pure affection, to admire it, to aspire after it. For the first few years of life, the parent is to the child, with hardly any qualification, in the place of God. The home is the first temple in which man worships. The parent is to his offspring the impersonation of perfection. And if, in striving after that perfection, as the child will do almost before he can speak, he is guided by no melodious harmony of parental love, embracing his parents and uniting in himself, his whole nature, intellectual as well as moral, may from the first be stunted. The influences referred to are not such as can be minutely defined: could they be so, they would be slight. But it is impossible, on fair consideration, to deny their supreme importance. It is the enactment of nature, visible in every department of the physical universe, that the life of the parent, in its substance and its form, be, so to speak, stamped upon the offspring. No discordance can enter into parental existence, without marking itself in the character and life of the child. The assumptions of mode and affectation may fall away, but the deepest nature will be transmitted. The face of the parent may be unmoved before the world; the breast may lie, sternly placid, over the beating, burning heart; but a drop of the internal agony, with all its power to paralyze emotion and embitter life, will find its way into the bosom of the offspring. And if all this belongs to the most practical and homely truth of nature, Christianity is not less but more explicit. It is strange and anomalous that ideas, so poor and dishonouring, of the formation of the nuptial relationship should prevail, considering the august and peculiar place accorded to that relationship by Scripture. The family relations are those habitually chosen to illustrate the most sublime conceptions which are brought by Scripture before the mind of man,—the relations between the Persons of the Trinity and between the Saviour and his Church. St. Paul does not scruple to make the love entertained by Christ for his redeemed the model and measure of connubial affection. The Creator in Paradise gave this feeling the express pre-eminence over all others: the Saviour affirmed his words. It is impossible to reflect earnestly on the deeplying and wonderful threads of connection which run through Scripture and human history, through Christianity and nature, without perceiving that the emotion, crowned by the Creator in Paradise, signally honoured

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by the Saviour, and measured by Paul by an infinite standard, is that which plays, in the natural world, so strange and prominent a part,—grouping around itself comedy and tragedy, the life of literature and art, the source of half the nobleness and half the crime of human history, unique in its nature and irresistible in its influence, indefinable by any, but in some way conceived of by all, and known distinctively by the name of love. It admits of no doubt that the existence of this emotion is the sign appointed by God in nature for the formation of the nuptial tie. Without this affection, the true nuptial unity is impossible; marriage, in the sense of nature and Scripture, cannot be.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—SYCAMORE FIGS.

The figs are small, and of a greenish-yellow colour. At Gaza and Askelon, I saw them of a purple tinge, and much larger than they are in this part of the country. They were carried to market in large quantities, and appeared to be more valued there than with us. Still, they are at best very insipid, and none but the poorer classes eat them. This agrees with, and explains an allusion in Amos. He had aroused the wrath of Jeroboam by the severity of his rebukes; and, being advised to flee for his life, excuses himself by a statement which implies that he belonged to the humblest class of the community. I am no prophet, neither am I a prophet's son; but I am a herdman, and a *gatherer of sycamore fruit*" (Amos vii. 14). None but the very poor consent to be herdmen, and only such, at this day, gather sycamore fruit or use it.

II.—"PROCLAIMED ON THE HOUSE-TOP."

"Was it customary in the time of our Saviour to make public proclamations from the tops of the houses?"

Such an inference may fairly be drawn from Matt. x. 27, and Luke xii. 3. Our Lord spent most of his life in villages, and accordingly the reference here is to a custom observed only in such places, never in cities. At the present day, local governors in country districts cause their commands thus to be published. Their proclamations are generally made in the evening, after the people have returned from their labours in the field. The public crier ascends the highest roof at hand, and lifts up his voice in a long-drawn call upon all faithful subjects to give ear and obey. He then proceeds to announce, in a set form, the will of their master, and demand obedience thereto.

III.—"THE SPARROW ON THE HOUSE-TOP."

No traveller in Syria will long need an introduction to the sparrow on the house-top. There are countless numbers of them about you.

They are a tame, troublesome, and impertinent generation, and nestle just where you don't want them. They stop up your stove and water-pipes with their rubbish, build in the windows and under the beams of the roof, and would stuff your hat full of stubble in half a day if they found it hanging in a place to suit them. They are extremely pertinacious in asserting their right of possession, and have not the least reverence for any place or thing. David alludes to these characteristics of the sparrow in the 84th Psalm, when he complains that they had appropriated even the altars of God for their nests. Concerning himself, he says, *I watch, and am as a sparrow upon the house-top* (Psalm cii. 7). When one of them has lost its mate—a matter of every-day occurrence—he will sit on the house top alone, and lament by the hour his sad bereavement. These birds are snared and caught in great numbers, but as they are small, and not much relished for food, five sparrows may still be sold for two farthings; and when we see their countless numbers, and the eagerness with which they are destroyed as a worthless nuisance, we can better appreciate the assurance that our heavenly Father, who takes care of them, so that not one can fall to the ground without his notice, will surely take care of us, who are of more value than many sparrows (Matt. x. 29, and Luke xii. 7).

IV.—RAMS' SKINS DYED RED.

Salîm led me through an entire street of shoe-shops this morning. Is the red leather which the shoemakers use the rams' skins dyed red (Ex. xxv. 5), which formed one of the three covers of the tabernacle?

No doubt; and there is a definiteness in the name *rams'* skins which is worth noticing. From time out of mind the southern part of Syria and Palestine has been supplied with mutton from the great plains and deserts on the north, east, and south, and the shepherds do not ordinarily bring the females to market. The vast flocks which annually come from Armenia and Northern Syria are nearly all males. The leather, therefore, is literally *rams'* skins dyed red. It is pleasant to meet such perfect accuracy in the most incidental allusions and minute details of the Mosaic record.

V.—CUSTOMS.

Search deep enough, and I believe you will generally find that the customs of every people are the joint result of many causes acting together—a great network of necessity and compensation. The Oriental costume, for example, is light and loose, because the climate is warm. They do not sit on chairs, because they are hard, perpendicular, and uncomfortable, and the relaxed system in this country requires an easier and more recumbent posture to insure rest and refreshment. Under these circumstances, tight garments are very inconvenient and incongruous.

Then, as you observe, they scrupulously drop their slippers, shoes, or boots, at the door when they enter a room, and keep on their head-dress. This seems strange to us, but it is necessary. As they sit on the mat, rug, or divan, with their feet under them, shoes would soil both couch and clothes, and, besides, would make a very uncomfortable seat. The demands of decency and the calls of comfort introduced and enforced the custom of dropping the shoe at the entrance into the sitting-room, and it was thence extended to every place entitled to respect. From this to the idea of defilement from the shoe was but a step, and certain to be taken. Hence the strict requisition to put it off on entering temples and sacred places of every kind. Mohammedans have preserved this idea in all its force, and you cannot enter any of their mosques or holy shrines with your shoes on.—*The Land and the Book.*

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XVIII.—MISSION OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES, AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR IT.

MATT. x.

Mission of the Twelve Apostles.—Ver. 1. Was this the first time the twelve were called to Christ? [No; they had all been called some time before; but this was the first time of their being *sent forth*. Formerly, they were *disciples—followers* of Jesus; now, they become *apostles*.] To fit them for being apostles, what did Christ give them? [Observe that Christ has the power of *giving to others* his own gifts and graces; he can make his people like himself; at least as far as the children of men can resemble the Son of God.] How were the powers of the apostles to be exercised—for good or for evil? [As Christ exercised his—for good; agencies of healing, blessing, and comforting were now multiplied twelvefold,—a beautiful picture of the spread of real Christianity; every Christian should be a new centre of Christ-like influence and blessing.]

Ver. 2. Which of the apostles was the most prominent? Give any instances of this. Matt. xix. 27; xvi. 16; xvii. 24. Acts ii. 37. Had Peter, however, greater authority or rank than the rest? Compare Gal. ii. 7–11. 1 Peter v. 1. What *three* apostles were more prominent than the others?

Ver. 3. Who is supposed to have been the same as Bartholomew? [Nathanael of Cana, in Galilee. John i. 46. Bartholomew means, "son of Tholomew," so that he had, probably, another name; and from his connection with Philip, and other circumstances, it seems to have been Nathanael.] What was the other name of Lebbeus or Thaddeus? [Judas, or Jude, brother of James. Luke vi. 16.]

Ver. 4. What other distinction had this Simon? Luke vi. 15. [Zelotes had the same meaning as Canaanite, and denoted one who had belonged to the sect of the Zelots.] Which of the twelve was always named last? What did Iscariot signify? ["A man of Kerioth—a town in Judah." Some names were very common, and the persons bearing them had to be distinguished in such ways from others.]

Christ's Instructions to the Twelve.—[These may be divided into three parts—1. Ver. 5–15. Instructions for the twelve, *in their immediate mission to the cities of Israel*. 2. Ver. 16–23. Instructions for their more general work in spreading the gospel among Jews and Gentiles after Christ should have left them; 3. Ver. 24–42. Instructions for all servants of Christ at all times, in connection with the spread of his truth, and the doing of his work generally.

Ver. 5. How many did Jesus send together? See Mark vi. 7. Who were meant by the Gentiles? [All except the Jews.] And the Samaritans? [Inhabitants of the district of Samaria, descendants of the Assyrians and others who took the place of the ten tribes when carried captive. See 2 Kings xvii. 24.] Why were they not to go to the Gentiles and Samaritans? [Because till Christ's death, the middle wall between Jews and Gentiles would not be broken down; the Jews were still peculiarly the people of God.] Was this restriction ever removed? [Yes, very explicitly. See Acts i. 8.]

Ver. 6. Though the Jews were still in a sense the people of God, what does Christ call them? What does this imply? [That though the true fold had been set up among them, they were wanderers from it; they were "lost," needing as much as any to be brought within it, through faith in Jesus,—"the door of the sheep." John x. 7.] What may we learn from this? [That though we have the very greatest religious privileges among us, nothing will avail, if we are not each of us "in Christ."]

Ver. 7. Who had before this begun their work with this announcement? [See before on Matt. iii. 2; and iv. 17. pp. 59, 84.]

Ver. 8. What four kinds of miracles did they get power to do? Which were most strikingly indicative of divine power? Were they to exact any return for these blessings? Why not? As Christ's servants, what were they bound to aim at? [Not their own interest, but Christ's glory—exhibiting the boundless generosity and riches of the grace of Christ.]

Ver. 9. Why were they to make no provision for their wants during their work? [Because they were going only to their *neighbours and brethren* "of the house of Israel;" and the best way to get to their hearts and their confidence was to throw themselves on their hospitality. "Nor was there any departure from the simple manners of the country in this. At this day, the farmer sets out on excursions quite as extensive, without a single para in his purse; and the modern Moslem prophet of Tarshiha thus sends forth his apostles over this identical region."]—*The Land and the Book.*

Ver. 10. What was "scrip?" [A wallet or bag in which provisions were carried.] Why did they not need two coats? "They are accustomed to sleep in the garments they have on during the day; and in this climate, such plain people experience no inconvenience from it." Why not shoes nor staves? "They wear a coarse shoe, answering to the sandal of the ancients, but never take two pair of them; and though the staff is an invariable companion of all wayfarers, they are content with one." [But in the margin it is "a staff;" if so, the meaning is, that they were not to get a new one for the journey, but just use their ordinary one.] Why were they not to provide meat? They were entitled to it when they were doing good among the people, and might receive it as their due.]

Ver. 11. What is meant here by "worthy?" [Well-disposed towards your work and business,—"of good report" in things pertaining to the kingdom;—such a man as (among the Gentiles) Cornelius of Cæsarea. Acts x. 2.] Why were they to remain in the same house? [Their stay in each place was to be short; and they must not shift about, as if their object was to seek their own comfort instead of the glory of Christ, and the good of souls. Besides, according to the customs of the country, at each house the friends and neighbours of the landlord would be asked to meet them; and if this had been done often, much precious time would have been lost.]

Ver. 12. Does this refer merely to the house in which they stayed? [*Any* house into which they might enter.] What was denoted by their saluting it? [That they came on a friendly and blessed errand. The servants of Christ bring the message of joy and peace.] What was the form of the salutation? Luke x. 5.

Ver. 13. What is meant by the house being "worthy?" See before, ver. 11. In that case, what were the apostles to do? [Let your peace *come* upon it; convert your *words* into *deeds*; seek to impart the *actual blessings* implied in your *salutation*.] What if the house be not favourably disposed? [Act as if

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your salutation were unspoken; carry your words away with you, to convert them into deeds in some other house.]

Ver. 14. What was implied in shaking off the dust? [It was a protest against their conduct, and a shaking off, as it were, of the guilt which it implied.] Do you remember where sin is spoken of figuratively as adhering to the *feet*? 1 Kings ii. 5; and to the *hands*? Matt. xxvii. 24. [Observe, this instruction applied to the Israelites, who had long enjoyed light, and been prepared for the gospel.]

Ver. 15. What is always denoted when "verily, verily" begins a verse? [Something very emphatic and solemn.] Where were Sodom and Gomorrah, and what was their history? What made the guilt of impenitent and unbelieving Jews much greater than that of Sodom and Gomorrah? What class of persons may be regarded as the most guilty now? Will there be precisely the same degree of punishment for all in hell? [What solemn and terrible lessons do these truths address to us not to neglect the great salvation!]

DOCTRINE.—Christ Pleads for his People in Heaven.
Rom. viii. Heb. vii.; ix. 1 John ii. Rev. viii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

No. IX.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

MATT. vi. 13.

WHAT is the end of the Lord's Prayer? What is the meaning of this sentence? [It shows why we hope that our Father in heaven will give us what we have asked,—and it gives praise to Him.]

Why do we hope that God will hear us in what we ask for Jesus' sake? [Because the kingdom, the power, and the glory, are his.] What is meant here by the kingdom? [God's dominion over all his works and creatures.] Is it the same kingdom that we prayed before might "come?" [No; that was the kingdom of Jesus over the hearts of men in this world; this is his kingdom over all creation.] 1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12. Ps. ciii. 19. Dan. iv. 34, 35. What kind of power is God's? Gen. xvii. 1. Ps. cxlvii. 5. Matt. xxviii. 18. Luke i. 37. What kind of glory? Ps. xix. 1; xxiv. 10. Luke ii. 14. Rev. xxi. 23. How long will the kingdom, power, and glory, be his? Exod. xv. 18. Isa. xxvi. 4. Ps. xlv. 6. Gal. i. 5.

Why is all this an encouragement to us in prayer? [Because, if our God is so great and glorious, he is surely able in all things to hear and help us. 1 Chron. xiv. 11. But is it enough that any one is *able* to help another? [No; he must be *willing* also.] How do we know that God is willing to hear us? [Because Jesus teaches us to call him our Father. Matt. vii. 11.] Then if our God is both able and willing, how may we feel when we pray to him? [Thankful and happy, sure that he will give us what is for our good, if we ask him in the name of Jesus.]

How should we praise God? [Both in our prayers, as here, and by singing praise. Eph. v. 19.] What is the first song of praise we find in the Bible? Exod. xv. When did Deborah the prophetess sing? Judges v. How did Hannah praise God? 1 Sam. ii. 1–10. Who was "the sweet psalmist of Israel?" 2 Sam. xxiii. 1. How often did he praise God? Ps. xxxiv. 1; cxix. 62, 164. Did he teach others? 1 Chron. xvi. 4–6, 41, 42; xxv. 1, 6. Do we still praise God in *his* songs?

Should we be always ready to praise? Why? [Because we have always so much reason.] What ought we most of all to thank and praise God for? [His great love to us, in giving his Son to die for sinners. John iii. 16. Rom. v. 8.] How long will a believer praise the Lord? [As long as his soul lives, which will be for ever. Ps. civ. 33; cxv. 18; cxlv. 2.

Why should we praise God even when we are in trouble? [Because we have always many mercies, and we know that the trials are sent for our good.] Who sang praises to God when they were in prison, and in the stocks? Acts xvi. 25. When did the Jews praise and weep together? Ezra iii. 10–13.

Where is the joyful sound of praise always sounding? Who praise God there? [Angels and redeemed souls. Isa. vi. 2, 3. Rev. v. 11–13; vii. 9–12.] When was the song of angels heard by men on earth? Luke ii. 13, 14. What is the song of the spirits redeemed from this world? Rev. v. 9, 10. Why is it called a *new song*? Rev. xiv. 3. [Because it was never heard in heaven till redeemed souls were there.] Who would be the first to sing it? Gen. iv. 4, 8. May we not begin it now? Ps. xl. 3. Isa. xlii. 10

What is the meaning of the word "Amen?" [So let it be; or, so it shall be.] What should we feel when we say it? [A true desire that our prayers may be heard, and a good hope and confidence that our Father will hear us, for Jesus' sake.

Illustration.—Did you ever think, dear children, of giving God thanks that you can sing his praise aloud *without fear of being overheard*?

I heard a letter read, a few weeks ago, from an English gentleman, now in one of the Roman Catholic towns of Italy, where the Bible is not allowed to be read, and where the few poor Italians, who wish to worship God according to his word, must do so in secret, for if discovered they would be sent to prison. The gentleman wished to join with them one Sabbath morning. A man, who had promised to take him, led him a long way through back streets; and at last, after looking round to see if no one was watching them, opened a door, and they went into a low room, where the little meeting was held. The prayers and addresses were very earnest, and they joined together in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. But they *dared not sing*, for fear of the sound being heard. How sad and solemn that silence must have been!

When you are singing your psalms or hymns all together, loudly and joyfully, think of these poor Italians, and pray for them.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

Precept.—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name. Ps. xxix. 2.

Promise.—They shall praise the Lord that seek him: your heart shall live for ever. Ps. xxii. 26.

Prayer.—O Heavenly Father, we thank thee that though thou art so great and glorious, thou art still so full of love

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and mercy to us, thy poor sinful children on earth. Help us to praise thee with all our hearts, and not in our words only, and to seek in all we do to bring glory and praise to thee. Forgive our many sins; let the Holy Spirit teach us to sing the new song now, and do thou bring us all together at last to praise thee in thy kingdom above, for our dear Saviour's sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Some months since, a letter was received at the Missionary House, from Captain Wilson (commander of the ship *James Brown*), together with the deed of a piece of land, the gift of a sailor who had been connected with that vessel, and was taken sick soon after the vessel left Australia on a voyage to Calcutta. The captain furnishes the following interesting narrative:—

"Three or four days before my arrival at Calcutta, the sick man sent for me, and taking a key which he always carried around his neck, he requested me to get these papers from his chest. After taking them in his hands, he said, 'I believe I am about to die. I wish you to take these and give them to the Board of Foreign Missions, for I have no friends or relatives in the world, and they were my friends in my earlier days.' Thinking this rather a singular request for a poor Indian to make, I gleaned from him, at intervals, the following history: That he was a native of the Sandwich Islands, was one of the first converts to Christianity, and came to the United States many years ago with one of the missionaries; that he resided somewhere in Connecticut, in this missionary's family, for the purpose of getting an education; that he then ran away, and had been roaming about the world as a sailor and whaler ever since.

"After making these statements, he swooned away, and was almost lifeless for nearly half an hour. When he rallied a little, I asked him if he had anything to say, or any request to make. He said, 'Yes, I have one. Get me my book, and read me the place I have marked. It commences,

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies."'

"I read it to him, and he attempted to sing the same, until he was quite exhausted. After a while he rallied again; when I told him that I thought he had but a short time to live, and asked him if he was prepared to leave this world and appear before his Maker. He shook his head, and said, 'No, not quite yet.' After remaining quiet for some time, all at once he rallied, and exclaimed, 'Joy! joy! joy!' and clapped his hands. I then asked him if he was ready to go, and he replied, 'Yes, I am ready now. I have seen my Saviour, and he is ready to receive me. I am so happy!' He then requested me to sing the same hymn, but not being a singer myself, I called two or three of the sailors to sing it to him, which they did, he joining with them with all his strength, clapping his hands, and shouting, 'Hallelujah!' After a little while he said to me, 'Oh, captain, I am so happy! I am ready to die.'"—*Journal of Missions.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

ALL THINGS WORKING TOGETHER.

There is another sense in which these material agencies are working a moral progress, and so promoting the scheme of God. Looking up at the weathercock, says the Sage of Vanity, "Woe's me for this weary wind! There it was south this morning, and now it is north! How many ways it blows, and never long the same! What's the use of all this whirling?" And if it were only to make the vane spin round, the air as well might stagnate: there were no need of such wasted power. But whilst the valetudinarian is looking at the vane, the wind is careering over a continent, and doing the Creator's work in a hundred lands. It has called at yon city, fetid with miasma, and groaning with pestilence; and with its besom of brisk pinions it has swept the plague away. It has looked into yon haven, and found a forest of laden ships sleeping over their freights, and it has chased them all to sea. And finding the harvest arrested in a broad and fertile realm—the earth chapped, and the crops withering—it is now hurrying with that black armament of clouds to drench it in lifesome irrigation.

To narrow observation or to selfishness, that wind is an annoyance; to faith, it is God's angel forwarding the mighty plan. 'Tis a boisterous night, and Pictish savages curse the noisy blast which shakes their peat hovels round their ears; but that noisy blast has landed the gospel on St. Andrew's shore. It blows a fearful tempest, and it sets some rheumatic joints on aching; but the morrow shows dashed in pieces the awful Armada which was fetching the Spanish Inquisition to our British isle. The wind blows east, and detains James' ships at Harwich; but it guides King William to Torbay. Yes; "the wind blows south, and the wind blows north: it whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to its circuits." But in the course of these circuits the wind has blown to our little speck of seagirt happiness the gospel, and Protestantism, and civil and religious liberty. And so, not of our islet only, but of our globe entire, and its continuous population. So far as the individual is concerned, so far as it affects the weather-index, in the wind there may be little seeming progress; nay, so far as concerns any plan which society purposes to itself, the favouring gale may shift and shift again, and the story of a nation be little better than the register of a stationary vane pirouetting on its windy pivot; but so far as affects the scheme of God, there is an *aura* in the universe which always drives one way. Predestination is a vane which never vibrates, and Providence a wind which never whirls about. The breath of God's Spirit and the strength of God's purpose are steadily wafting our world, and all the worlds, in one mighty convoy towards God's appointed haven in the distant future.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

FRAGMENTS.

Oh, take heed of peremptory prayers for any temporal enjoyment, for thereby thou beggest but a rod for thy own back!

When prayer cannot prevail to keep a temporal mercy alive, yet it will have a powerful influence to keep thy heart alive when that dies.—*Gurnal.*

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THOMAS SEDDON THE CHRISTIAN ARTIST.*

IN the spring of 1855, at the time when the heart of England was turned with sickening anxiety to the dreary leaguer before Sebastopol, a young painter, recently returned from the East, ventured to open in a quiet London street an exhibition of the works of his pencil, the fruits of Oriental travel and study. The name of Thomas Seddon was at that time scarcely known beyond the narrow circle of his artist friends, but the remarkable merit of these productions, and chiefly of a large oil-painting of Jerusalem, soon secured for it a measure of notice and praise that would have satisfied any man merely ambitious of professional distinction. Amongst other visitors, Mr. Ruskin came, and saw, and admired with no stinted approval, and young Seddon awoke and found himself famous. Had worldly fame been all that he lived and wrought for, his life would have been as mournful as it was brief; for scarcely had he grasped his honours, when these and all other earthly things were hidden from him for ever by the shadow of death. "On his grave was planted the laurel which came too late for his living brow."

But Seddon's short career had a higher and worthier aim. A few months before, he had written, "I am sure there is a great work to do which wants every labourer, to show that Art's highest vocation is to be the handmaid to religion and purity, instead of to mere animal enjoyment and sensuality." In these words is the moral of his life, and in what spirit he strove to work out this noble end, it is the design of this memoir to show. In this lies its value, as proving that a man may strenuously employ his powers in a profession too often dissevered from spiritual religion, and yet be striving, by prayer and self-discipline, to live a life of Christian holiness, and walk humbly with God.

Thomas Seddon was born at London on the 28th of August 1821. His school life, up to the age of sixteen, was passed at Stanmore in Middlesex, the bent of his genius being marked, as is usual in such cases, by the fly-leaves and margins of his Virgil or Euclid being enriched with a series of illustrations, not strictly in keeping with the text. On leaving school, it was his father's wish that the youth should assist him in his own business, a large cabinet-manufactory. Uncongenial as this was, he strove faithfully for years to discharge its duties, devoting his leisure time to drawing. He spent a twelvemonth at Paris in the study of ornamental art. While there, he seems to have mingled freely in the society of artists, and lived very much in their wild, reckless way. From his childhood he had been well and piously trained, he had known and confessed the value of religion, but for a time all serious impressions disappeared. He had often resolved to lead a Christian life, but had again and again yielded to temptation, till he seems to have given up the struggle as hopeless. In 1844, after a severe affliction, we find this entry in his journal:—"I thank God that he has allowed me in some measure to see how gracious has been his fatherly hand, and how truly necessary it was that I should be cast down. If, Lord, it should please thee that this cloud be only for a season, O change my heart, and renew a right spirit within me. But my heart is desperately wicked; and if thou seest that I cannot be drawn to thee without further trial, help me to bow in resignation to thy will."

Not till years after this was there any decided evidence that he had begun to live to God. For a time he ceased to make any religious profession, but even then his sense of duty was seen by the spirit in which he threw himself into his daily work. The marking feature of his character was conscientiousness. In 1848 he gained the prize of the Society of Arts for an ornamental design. The summers of the two following years were spent in sketching tours in Wales and France, and then we find him busy in the formation of a school in London for the instruction of working men in drawing, getting up an Exhibition, and grudging no time or toil to help it on, till a serious illness, the result of over-fatigue and exposure, brought him to the brink of the grave.

This was at the close of 1850, and this illness proved the turning-point of his spiritual history. He came back from the gates of death another man—one who had had a glimpse of things behind the veil, and was thenceforth to live under the powers of the world to come. He was now in his thirtieth year, and at this time it happened, by a change in his circumstances, that he was released from the cares of business, and enabled to devote himself to art as his chosen vocation. A year or two of patient, cheerful labour followed, and we find him in the autumn of 1853 preparing for his first pilgrimage to the East, in company with his friend, Mr. Holman Hunt, now widely known as a leader of the rising school of British painters. To few men could the sunny Orient be more attractive. His fine imagination, with its subtle sense of beauty, could thrill to all the charm of its poetry, and all the picturesqueness of its many-coloured life, while the deepest sympathies of the Christian were stirred within him by its wondrous story, and the memory of Him whose feet had walked over its acres, suffused it to his visionary eye with a sacred glow,—

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Seddon landed at Alexandria in December 1853. From this time his biography is told in his letters home, easy and natural as those of Cowper, sharp and clear in their

* "Memoir and Letters of the late Thomas Seddon, Artist." By his Brother. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1858.

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sketches of scenery and manners as so many photographs, with a pleasant humour scintillating on the surface, and withal an under-current of serious feeling that unveils the heart of the man. A few graphic touches transport us to the banks of the Nile, near Cairo, in the Egyptian gloaming:—"The river-banks were very beautiful before and after sunset; the picturesque palm-trees, and long sloping yards of the boats, looking black as night against the red golden sky, and the silhouette of the figures cutting sheer against it. Nothing can look more graceful than the Fellaha women walking along the river with their jugs on their heads."

At Cairo, Seddon found in the same hotel an Englishman who had made the Nile voyage for his health, but was now in the last stage of disease. He was without friends, and the artist devoted himself to him like a brother. The invalid was removed to the Pyramids for change of air, and the two painters went with him and pitched their tent beside their lonely countryman, whose days were now numbered. Many an hour did Seddon spend by his side, reading the Bible and directing the thoughts of the dying man to the Saviour. "It brings back," he says, "all my own feelings in my illness to my mind; and it is a good thing to be reminded of thoughts and feelings which the busy world buries under a mass of idle frivolities and anxieties, which make one forgetful of deeper and more important interests." He never left poor Nicholson till he closed his eyes in peace. One of Seddon's finest pictures—"A View of the Pyramids"—was painted in the intervals of this ministration of charity; and when, after no long period, he himself lay on his death-bed in the same land of strangers, it is touching to know that a friend as devoted was raised up to him, and the cup of cold water he had given to another held to his own parched lips by a gentle Christian hand.

In May 1854, Seddon sailed to Joppa, and took the road over the plain of Sharon, by Ramleh to Jerusalem. "Though I had determined not to fall into rapture when I came in sight of it, I never felt so sudden a revulsion as when I saw the very ground on which Christ had lived a life of poverty and neglect. It no longer seemed a tale of two thousand years ago; but His sufferings, and agony, and death for me and sinners, became such a vivid reality, that I could scarcely help bursting into tears." It was his great ambition to produce such a picture on the spot as might draw attention to the Holy City, and thus "render the Bible more easily understood." With this view, he pitched his tent under an old olive tree on the hill south of Zion, the site of Aceldama, just over the village of Siloam, and looking up the valley of Jehoshaphat. Here, with the Bible open before him, the grey walls of the city cresting the sun-burnt slopes above, beneath him the little grass plot, watered by runnels from Siloam, "looking like a jewel of emerald," months went swiftly by in loving study and conscientious work. We must extract his sketch of the view from the top of Olivet:—

"This is one of the most impressive views in the world. You overlook the whole city, and also to the east, the Dead Sea, which is really only fifteen miles off, and which looks quite close. On the top of the Mount of Olives are gardens, and corn fields stretch down its sides, but all beyond seems perfectly barren rock and mountains. The Dead Sea seemed motionless, and of a blue so deep, that no water that I have seen can compare with it. The range of mountains beyond is forty or fifty miles off, and a thin veil of mist seemed spread between us and them over the sea, through which they appeared aerial and unreal; and as the sun sinks, the projections become rose-coloured, and the chasms a deep violet, yet still misty. When the sun left them, the hazy air above them became a singular green colour, and the sky over rosy-red, gradually melting into the blue."

In his walks about Jerusalem, he speaks of "the ancient olive trees of Gethsemane, whose shells, hollow and rent, still send forth vigorous shoots, looking as if they might have shot up again from the roots of those cut down at the Roman siege." Many an evening, as the shadow of the city darkened the valley and stole up the slope, he saw the Mount of Olives, in the glowing evening light, change to a gloriously beautiful ruddy purple, verifying Tennyson's allusion to "The purple brows of Olivet." "Day after day I have watched the slowly mounting shadows quenching one glowing hill-top after another, until the head of Olivet was the only island of glory above the whole grey landscape, and as the last ray of sunlight flickered on the minaret, the evening gun boomed from the castle of David, and the call to prayer resounded from the mosque of Omar."

Like all men of right religious feeling, Seddon was shocked by the bitter feuds and jealousies which he found amongst the different Christian sects at Jerusalem, and which, every Easter, turn the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre into a scene of unhallowed strife. What could be better than the quiet satire of the following:—"One year, the Turkish Pasha invited the three patriarchs to dine with him, and after dinner took them into the court before the Holy Sepulchre, and read them a lecture on Christian charity."

Having finished the painting which was to establish his fame, Seddon returned to England in the spring of 1855. His letters at this time, written in the excitement of preparing for his Exhibition, give us many glimpses of his inner life, and show that the period of his lonely sojourn at Aceldama had been one of growing self-knowledge and spiritual progress. "Would to God," he writes to a friend, after quoting a passage from Cecil, "I could feel as I ought what to write, and that my life were more influenced by what I know! But I feel the deep roots of sin springing up constantly, till I almost doubt whether I serve God at all; yet when I compare what gives me pleasure now with what did three or four years ago, and remember how I neglected and deemed irksome any religious duty or thought, I cannot but see some change."

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Again: "Nothing can be more obvious than the constant connection in Scripture between our own efforts and the blessing of God. Though God alone giveth the increase, Paul is bound to plant, and Apollos to water. We cannot by our own efforts produce that holiness of heart from which alone a holy life can proceed; we cannot of ourselves acquire that relish for spiritual joys upon which our fitness for the inheritance of the saints in light depends. But, while we pray to God to bestow these graces upon us, we may be diligently employed in removing what may prove obstacles to their exercise; we may 'lighten the ship,' though convinced that God alone can bring us safely to land."

"The consciousness of sin is a gift to be prayed for, and as we grow in grace, we shall see our sins more and more evidently."

Meanwhile, the Exhibition was a great success; his works found purchasers, and commissions flowed in rapidly. During the summer he was married to one in all respects like-minded, the letters from which we have quoted, being chiefly addressed to his betrothed. After a winter of pleasant labour at home, he determined to visit the East once more, his mind being now fully decided to the choice of sacred subjects in his art. Leaving his wife and infant-child behind, he sailed from Marseilles in October 1856, and after a stormy and trying voyage, landed a second time on the shores of Egypt. "The tedium of separation," he writes, "from you and our child, is cheered by the hope that God will bless the task, and enable us to live in greater comfort, or, at least, in honest independence. Indeed, thank God, our three lives are bound together by dear ties which death itself cannot sever—love to God, I hope, and trust, and pray, ruling, and sanctifying, and blessing all."

These fond hopes were not to be realized. He had set to work in the spirit of a man who felt that "the world was not meant to be a holiday," when symptoms of illness appeared—at first so slight as to excite no alarm, but rapidly assuming a more serious aspect. "This is a sharp curb, just as I felt ready to set to at my work; but God has humbled me, and I trust, proved me. Between myself and God, I was thinking I will do this and that, and my gracious God said quietly, 'If I choose;' and, thank God, I hope I humbly say, 'Thy will be done, O Lord; as thou wilt, and not as I will.'"

It was evident that his sufferings during the voyage from Marseilles had enfeebled a constitution never robust, and rendered it unable to resist the insidious malady which had fastened upon it. He was received by the Rev. Mr Lieder, the well-known missionary, into his own house, and there all was done for him that Christian care and sympathy could do. Throughout his illness "he was calm and devotional, trusting fully in the atoning blood of his Redeemer; he was often engaged in silent prayer, and spoke frequently of the importance of hallowing the Sabbath, and of the barrier it presents to the influx of worldliness." Once he remarked, "When I recover, I will have no compromise between religion and the world; I will, with the Lord's help, be *wholly* on the Saviour's side!" On the 23d of November, ten days after he had written to his wife the letter partly quoted above, the concluding lines with a trembling and uncertain hand, Seddon gently expired. He was buried in the same little cemetery, whither, only two years before, he had followed the remains of Mr. Nicholson. He was in his 36th year, and the inscription that now marks the place where his ashes rest in hope, is eloquent from such a grave:—"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Struck down thus early, when just bound to life by the tenderest ties, and starting full of hope and ardour on a fair career, such a death might seem premature and mournful, did we not know—

> It matters little at what hour of the day
> The righteous falls asleep. Death cannot come
> To him untimely who is fit to die.

He had lived long enough to impress a wide circle of friends with the reality of religion, and the attractiveness of a Christian example. The fame which, short as his life was, he was enabled to achieve, is of that pure and lofty kind which draws no after-regret, and makes the record of his days and labours harmonious and complete. It was his aim to serve God in the vocation to which inborn genius and a rich dower of native gifts had called him, and his life is a valuable evidence, that if Art has been often made the minister of sin, it is only because, like all other good things, it may be perverted and held in unrighteousness. Thomas Seddon has shown that a sense of the beautiful may be combined with a love of goodness, and truth, and purity, as the highest beauty, that the crown of Art may be meekly worn and reverently laid at the feet of Christ. He has proved that men of refined taste and artistic skill in the nineteenth century, may consecrate their talents to God, as Bezaleel and Aholiab did of old, and with genius baptized and purified, fulfil their part of the temple-service in the same pious and chastened spirit with which priest and Levite minister at the altar.

It had been one of Seddon's dearest wishes, that his painting of Jerusalem should ultimately find a place in the National Gallery. It is cheering to add, that through the generous efforts of his friends, a sufficient sum was raised to purchase it from his widow, and it now stands on those walls, associating in perpetuity the name of the devout artist with the scene of his Redeemer's sufferings and death. J. D. B.

THE BACKWOODS' PREACHER.

WESLEYAN Methodism has been honoured of God to do great things in the world. The revival of religious earnestness in England, the preservation to the Christian Church of new settlements in the "Far West," and the complete subjugation of various heathen islands to the Messiah, are

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some of the works which will be for ever associated with the name. Whatever may be thought, in the abstract, of its ecclesiastical constitution or polity, there can be but one opinion about this — that as a "pioneer church," it has rendered services to the cause of the propagation of the gospel which probably no church in the world but itself was in a condition to render. Of this the book* named below furnishes a striking illustration. It is the autobiography of an itinerant preacher, who, when the Western States of America were still too thinly peopled to admit of their being provided with an adequate supply of regular settled ministers, appears to have done great good in promoting the interests of religion there. It is true, we must say at the same time, that the life here detailed is, in some respects, a decidedly *odd* one; and that many of the acts described in it are such as outrage good taste, good sense, and even Christian propriety altogether. Still, we must make some allowance for the eccentricities of a man whose character was, in its way, original; and also for the peculiarities of a time and district, both of which differ very thoroughly from our own. And we thankfully accept the book as valuable, at least thus far, that it gives us a vivid picture of that phase of religious society in which "the camp meeting" was the evangelistic institution on which, both for defence and aggression, the church placed its chief dependence.

Mr. Cartwright was born in 1785, in the State of Virginia; but after the Declaration of Independence his father, with his family, removed to Kentucky. The road between the two States lay then through an almost unbroken wilderness, filled with thousands of hostile Indians; and the emigrants, for security, had to go in imposing bands. The journey in this instance was accomplished successfully; but danger was not then over. Kentucky was claimed by no particular tribe, but it was regarded as a common hunting ground; and as it abounded in valuable game, the red people struggled hard to keep the white from taking possession of it. They failed, of course, but not before many bloody battles were fought, and thousands killed on both sides. Brought up under such circumstances, and taught quite as early to handle the rifle as he was to hold the plough, the future Methodist preacher underwent a system of training which fitted him in many respects for the work which he was afterwards called on to undertake. A "double first" from a university, with the gentle manners and cultivated address of a peaceful and civilized land, would probably have been of small service to Kentucky in those days. There were needed rather men of the type of Peter Cartwright, in whom warmth of heart and a rude eloquence were associated with great physical strength, perfect fearlessness, and an ability to do more than stand his own when "the rowdies" threatened to be troublesome at the camp meeting.

"I was naturally a wild, wicked boy, and delighted in horse-racing, card-playing, and dancing. My father restrained me but little; though my mother often talked to me, wept over me, and prayed for me, and often drew tears from my eyes." Here, as in so many other instances, the power of a mother's prayers was proved and illustrated. Mrs. Cartwright was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and apparently a truly pious and earnest woman. Through her instrumentality the graceless boy was at last brought to look up to Christ for mercy; and in 1801, when in his sixteenth year, he speaks of himself as having been hopefully converted. The period was one of the American "revival eras." For several years after the commencement of the century, the State of Kentucky, especially, was the scene of great religious excitement. The Methodists took the lead in the movement, though the Baptists and Presbyterians also engaged in the work. Camp meetings were then first resorted to, and various other irregularities were allowed—for which, of course, there can be no excuse but the necessities of the time. In such circumstances young converts would naturally be forced forward often into positions of undue prominence, and their gifts would be called into exercise much more frequently than was good either for their own souls or the cause of order. This we must suppose to be the explanation of the fact, that less than a year after his conversion, and before he was seventeen years of age, Mr. Cartwright was licensed as "an exhorter." That the church's hands were somewhat too suddenly laid upon the young man, few probably will question; but, as it happened, there was in this case a compensating weight of great natural good sense; and little prepared, as we should say he was, for entering on the ministry, he has completed his half century of work as successfully and efficiently as most of his brethren.

Mr. Cartwright's description of his early evangelistic labours is highly characteristic:—"A Methodist preacher in those days," says he, "when he felt that God had called him to preach, instead of hunting up a college, or Biblical institute, hunted up a hardy pony of a horse, and some travelling apparatus, and with his library always at hand,—namely, Bible, hymn-book, and discipline,—he started; and with a text that never wore out nor grew stale, he cried, 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow, and rain—climbed hills and mountains—traversed through valleys—plunged through swamps—swam swollen streams—lay out all night, wet, weary, hungry—held his horse by the bridle all night, or tied to a limb—slept with his saddle blanket for a bed, his saddle or saddle-bags for his pillow, and his old big coat or blanket, if he had any, for a covering!" Things had changed by the time the autobiography came to be written. Ministers had begun to "locate." Colleges were being planted up and down the country. And with a more settled and educated class of hearers, book learning had come to be greatly in repute. But the change was not, in Mr. Cartwright's opinion, one for the better. What Methodism gained in polish, it lost, he thought, in power; and almost every chapter contains its lamentation over a retrogressing age. "I do not wish," he says, "to undervalue education, but really, I have seen so many of these educated preachers, who forcibly reminded me of lettuce growing under the shade of a peach tree. This educated ministry and theological training are no longer an experiment. Other denominations have tried them, and they have proved a perfect failure; and is it not strange that Methodist preachers will try to gather up these antiquated systems, when enlightened Presbyterians and Congregationalists have acknowledged that the Methodist plan is the best in the world! . . . I awfully fear for our beloved Methodism. Multiply col-

* "The Backwoods' Preacher: Autobiography of Peter Cartwright." Reprinted from the American Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

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leges, universities, seminaries, and academies; multiply our agencies, editorships, and fill them all with our best and most efficient preachers, and you localize the ministry, and secularize them too; then farewell itinerancy, and when this fails, we plunge right into Congregationalism, and stop precisely where all other denominations started." This may sound to some nothing better than the patter of ignorant and old-fashioned conservatism; but it is not, we are persuaded, *entirely* destitute of sense. It is literally true that the strength of Methodism does lie in its peculiar preaching system. It is, in great measure, owing to its employment of warm-hearted, though unlettered men, in proclaiming the gospel, that it has been able to do so much towards spreading the truth throughout destitute localities. If then itinerancy should cease, the Methodist, as a pioneer church, would become weak as other bodies. And much and greatly as we value learning in the ministry, we cannot but feel it to be a significant fact, that both in the Church of England, and elsewhere, the question is being discussed, whether for doing a certain work ordination may not with advantage be given to a class of men who have not had the fortune to pass through the curriculum of a college. Evangelists—men whose spiritual nature will not be injured by constant travel—who have the gift of ready conversation, and who can declare in a clear, warm-hearted, and telling way the great essential truths of the gospel—this is a class of preachers much wanted in these days, and it is not treason to say that they will not be found exclusively among those who are university men, distinguished for their scholarship.

It has been said already that it was during the great revival which took place in the Western States, at the beginning of the century, that camp meetings were first held. Mr. Cartwright gives an account of the earliest of them. It was somewhere between 1800 and 1801, in the upper part of Kentucky, at a place called "Cane Ridge," that of the sacrament had been dispensed in connection with a Presbyterian congregation. Quite unexpectedly to ministers and people, the mighty power of God was displayed in a very extraordinary manner; and the work of grace continuing after the usual services were finished, it was judged desirable to protract the meeting. For weeks together the excitement was maintained. Ministers of all denominations flocked in from far and near. For their convenience in preaching, stands were erected in the woods. As many as twenty thousand people were sometimes gathered in the forest to hear the word. And such success followed the proclamation of the gospel on these occasions, that not only were many souls converted to God, but a religious flame was kindled which spread all over Kentucky, and through many other States. This little history deserves to be more generally known. It shows that the much abused camp meeting did not originate in extravagance or fanaticism. On the contrary it sprang, it would seem, quite naturally out of a state of things to which we have exact parallels in the Scottish awakenings of Shotts and Cambuslang. Mr. Cartwright is a strong and earnest advocate of the institution. He has no idea of going on quietly and steadily. If there was no stir or excitement, things were not in a healthy state, and his invariable specific in such cases was to "beat up for a camp meeting." Of course there are few sober-minded people in these days who agree in this view; and such questionable measures for promoting a revival have fallen generally into desuetude even in America. But we must not too hastily conclude that nothing could at any time be said in their favour. Like the Highland sacramental gatherings, they had their drawbacks and abuses; but we cannot for a moment doubt that like them, too, they served an important purpose in the promotion of vital religion.

The progress of Methodism in the West during the fifty years which Mr. Cartwright reviews, strikes us as not a little remarkable. In 1801 the church members numbered only 2484, with fifteen travelling preachers. In 1804 the increase had been so great, that there were then thirty-two travelling preachers, and 11,877 members. And still the body grew, until, in 1820, there were 280 travelling preachers, and 87,000 members; and in 1843, 1862 preachers, and 550,462 communicants. Probably this is the most wonderful example of church progress which occurs in the history of modern times. Well may the man, under whose eye this amazing growth took place, say with satisfaction, "See what God has done for our far west."

We could scarcely venture to introduce here many of the anecdotes by which the story of this progress is illustrated. They are often so ludicrous in themselves, and are always told in such an eccentric manner, that they could scarcely be presented as profitable "Sabbath reading." But as they show, of course, the real character of the man in the best possible way, we shall give the substance of one of the least odd in the list. One Saturday evening, when on his way home from circuit work, Mr. Cartwright found himself belated in a strange district of country, among the Cumberland Mountains. He was very anxious to find some Christian family with whom he could spend the approaching Sabbath, but his desire was not gratified; the gospel was not preached or known for many miles around. He resorted, therefore, to the first inn which came in his way. On asking quarters for the night, he was told he might have them; but the landlord added that he might not be so comfortable as he otherwise would have been, for that there was to be a dancing party held there that night. There being no other place to which he could go, the preacher was obliged to submit, and the people by-and-by collected—a large company. Mr. Cartwright had sat for some time, sadly and silently looking on while the dancing and drinking proceeded, when a beautiful young lady came up, and in a polite and graceful manner asked him to take a part in the festivities.

"I can hardly describe my thoughts or feelings on that occasion," he tells us. "However, in a moment I resolved on a desperate experiment. I rose as gracefully as I could, I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. We walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness shown to a stranger, and the dance was about to begin, when I said, 'that for several years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God upon it.' . . Here I grasped the young lady's hand tightly, and said, 'Let us all kneel down and pray;' and then instantly dropped on my knees, and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me, but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some fled, some sat still, all looked curious."

When this extraordinary service was over, he rose and commenced an exhortation, after which he sung a hymn. The ball-room was turned into an oratory. Through the

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whole of the next day, the work begun in a manner so singular was continued; and before the traveller resumed his journey, he organized a society, and took thirty-two new members into the bosom of the Methodist Church. We are not exaggerating when we say that this anecdote is soberness itself, as compared with many others which are told in the book. It is, however, a thoroughly characteristic anecdote, at once of Western Methodism, and of the backwoods' preacher; the man prompt, zealous, little troubled about appearances, instant in season and out of season; the system pliable and aggressive, ready to take advantage of every opening, and easily accommodating itself to any circumstances in which it may happen to find itself placed.

After all, we must repeat that the value of this autobiography consists almost entirely in this, that it gives a graphic description of a very singular phase of religious society. If any one wants information in regard to the system of camp-meetings, or in regard to the propagation of the gospel by the Methodists in the western states of America, we commend him to the work in question. But if it is spiritual impulse or instruction that is wanted, he may save himself the trouble of looking into it. The subjective element is wholly wanting. Doctrinal points are occasionally discussed in connection with his amusingly violent abuse of Presbyterians, and Baptists, and Calvinism; and every now and then we are told of multitudes "knocked down" under the Word, crying for mercy, "powerfully converted," and shouting for joy. But the tale is always told in that loud, out-spoken, rattling style, which you can fancy a thoughtless soldier might use in describing the events of an important campaign. The autobiography lets us know what Mr. Cartwright was (or rather is, for we suppose he is yet alive) as a backwoods' preacher, but it does not, like another work of a similar character—Dr. Guthrie's "Street Preacher"—show us much of the spiritual experience of a Christian man.

N. L. W.

"WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT."

JOHN II 5.

CANA'S marriage is over, and you cannot wait upon Christ there; nor is he visibly present anywhere on earth, so that you might listen to his desires and act them out, as did those servants at the feast. But, nevertheless, Jesus speaks to you now quite as plainly as he did to them; and he asks from you ready and unquestioning obedience to his commands; his word is as direct a message to you as if he himself audibly addressed you at this moment. "See then that ye refuse not him that speaketh." As you hear his voice directing you in the path of duty, say not, in the language of open insubordination, "I will not;" nor yet hypocritically answer, "I go, sir," while you never stir a single step; but, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

You will observe that this obedience is to be *personal*—"Whatsoever he saith *unto you*, do it." Oh! it is so much easier to find out what Christ says to other people, and even to tell them of it, than to hear and to put in practice what he says to us. A minister once preached a sermon with especial reference to one member of his congregation, a gentleman whose piety was, unhappily, not always marked by its consistency. His remarks were very plain and pointed, and he thought to himself—as ministers have frequently thought—"Now, surely this will touch him; he must see the force of that." And so he did, but not in the way wished or anticipated. When the service was over, the gentleman and his pastor happened to meet. "I must thank you for your admirable discourse," said the former; "it was so very earnest and faithful. I couldn't help thinking all the time how exactly it suited Mr. B——."

Are there not many members in every congregation who hear for others instead of for themselves? Are there not many readers of the Bible who seem to peruse it for everybody's benefit but their own?

"How surprising it is," remarked Mr. G—— to his wife, one morning after family prayers, as the Bible still lay open at the sixth chapter of the first Epistle to Timothy,—"how surprising it is that our friend, N——, can read such verses as the ninth and tenth of this chapter, and yet go on getting money in the questionable way that he does, and hoarding it up like a miser. It seems strange to me that a man who professes to be a Christian should not heed such statements as these; they seem written on purpose for his admonition."

Quite right, Mr. G——; but not long since, Mr. N—— was glancing over the third chapter of James, and he said to himself, "How I should like to cut out this page about the unruly tongue, and enclose it to Mr. G——. It is my opinion that he never looks at it; and yet, if it had been made for him, it could not have denounced his besetting sin more strongly."

Ah, Mr. G—— and Mr. N——, do read the Scriptures for yourselves, and not for each other. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" "Whatsoever Christ saith unto *you*, do it."

A Christian friend remonstrated with a young tradesman about some objectionable practice which he pursued in his business; and he pointed out to him how plainly it was forbidden in God's word. The young man admitted the truthfulness of the representation; but, said he, "It is only what a great many other people do. I am no worse than my neighbours. Why don't you go to Mr. T——, for instance? he is the office-bearer of a church, and, therefore, more to blame than I am."

"Mr. T——'s conduct is no excuse for yours. Each one of us must give an account, not of his neighbour, but of *himself*, to God. God has proclaimed to you his law, that you may try yourself by it, not that you may see whether your next-door neighbour comes up to its standard. Why not honestly carry out your convictions, and do what you know to be right. 'Whatsoever Christ saith unto *you*, do it.'"

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Yes, there must be no evasion,—no endeavour to push off our responsibility on to somebody else; we must hear what Christ says to us; we must apply his word to ourselves. I fear that with many of us there is a great want of this individual and personal attention to Christ's sayings. We do not listen to them; or if we listen, it is only to invent some excuse for our disregard of them.

The other day, an intelligent young person was urged to consecrate herself without delay to the service of the Saviour. "I wish to do so," she replied, "but there are a great many points respecting which I am still unsatisfied. The state of the heathen, for instance; do you think that a God of love can leave them all to perish?"

"My dear young friend," was the rejoinder, "whatever becomes of the heathen, *your duty* is plain. Attend to that first, and then it will be time enough to consider the condition of the heathen world."

This is a lesson we must all learn. Religion is a personal thing,—something which concerns me just as much as if I were the only person in existence. What Christ says to *me*, that is my business: *I* must attend to it; no one else can do it for me; and the negligence of those around me cannot extenuate my disobedience. Oh, we are so prone to turn from ourselves to others, and to ask with Peter, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" And we need as he did the reproof of our Master, "What is that to thee? follow *thou* me."

But these words of Mary may also remind us that our obedience to Christ is to be *impartial:* "*Whatsoever* he saith unto you, do it."

We are not left to choose for ourselves; to obey one precept, and to disobey another; to do what we like, and to leave undone what we do not like. There must be no reserve, no holding back in his service. He expects from us implicit and unwavering submission. Now here it is that so many, like the amiable young ruler, come short. They are willing to do much that Christ tells them, but not *all*. There is something which they cannot give up, or something which they are reluctant to perform, and they go away from the Saviour, sorrowful perhaps, but yet unwilling to yield.

Mr. Romaine was once addressed by a lady, who expressed the great pleasure she had enjoyed in his preaching; and added, that she could comply with his requirements with one exception.

"And what is that, madam?" asked Mr. Romaine.

"Cards, sir."

"You think you could not be happy without them?"

"No, sir, I know I could not."

"Then, madam, they are your god, and they must save you."

This pointed admonition led to serious reflection, and, finally, to the abandonment of such unworthy pleasures.

Now, my reader, is there any sinful preference, any unwelcome duty, which either makes you shrink from Christ's service, or bring dishonour upon it? Give up at once the wrong habit; take up at once the appointed cross. It will not do to hesitate—to halt between two opinions—to try to serve God and mammon. A half-hearted religion is no religion at all. Resolve then, that, like Caleb, you will follow the Lord "fully;" that *whatsoever* he says to you, you will do it. It may not seem pleasant nor expedient. You cannot, perhaps, see any reason or necessity for the injunction; but his word alone should win your instant compliance with it. In your position as a servant, you are not to question, but to obey; not to demur respecting your work, but to do it.

A Karen woman presented herself to a Christian minister as a candidate for baptism. After the usual examination, he asked her whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. He explained the spirit of the gospel, and appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. She looked again and again at her handsome necklaces, and then, with an air of modest decision, she took them off, saying, "I love Christ more than these." Ah, dear reader, she was willing to part with all for Christ, to do whatsoever he bade her with readiness and gladness. Are you like her?

How *practical* was the advice which the mother of Jesus gave!—"Whatsoever he saith unto you, *do it.*" Do it. Not merely think about it, or talk about it, but do it. It is very important to observe how much stress is laid in Scripture upon the deeds of men. *Hearing* the word is not enough:—"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves" (James i. 22). *Knowledge* is not enough:—"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them" (John xiii. 17). *Outward acts of worship* are not enough:—"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice" (1 Sam. xv. 22). *Christian profession* is not enough:—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. vii. 21).

It is evident, then, that prompt and heartfelt obedience to all his requirements is what the Saviour demands from us. It is easy to echo the popular praise, "Never man spake like this man," or to sing with the palm-branch-strewers in the Messiah's path, "Hosanna to the Son of David," while we keep not his sayings, nor endeavour to act in accordance with his will. But such conduct will never rank us among his true disciples. To approve of his commands, to discuss their meaning, to wish that we could fashion our lives in unison with them, so far as it goes this is well; but the grand, the essential point to be ascertained is, are we *doing* what he bids us? For there are many now, as in Ezekiel's time, who speak one to another, saying, "Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord;" who sit in God's sanctuary, as his people sit, and hear his words, but *who will*

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not do them. The preacher is "unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument;" they hear his words, but they *do them not* (Ezek. xxxiii. 30–32).

Dear reader, whatsoever Christ, saith unto thee, *do it.* Your oft-repeated petition is, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven;" let your daily practice harmonize with your daily prayer. As far as you know and understand God's will, strive to accomplish it. "I made haste," says the Psalmist, "and delayed not to keep thy commandments" (Ps. cxix. 60).*

THE BEGGAR'S DEATH.

[The following translation of Schubart's fine descriptive lyric, is by one of the editors of the *Protestant Episcopal Quarterly Review.*]

THE beggar on his lonely bed
In wretchedness is dying,
And yet, effulgent on his head
A crown divine is lying;
Come, quiet earth and silent grave,
His limbs forsaken cover;
He lays on you his wanderer's staff,
His pilgrimage is over.

On riches, honour, pleasures, strife,
No trust of his is centred;
He hastens naked from this life,
As naked it he entered;
A Christian man he dies in bliss,
When kings may die forsaken;
A treasure beyond price is his,
A faith in Christ unshaken.

Rough is the bier on which he lies,
On pauper help depending;
No funeral pomps for him arise,
No purchased tears descending;
Into the common earth his frame
In careless haste is hurried,
And in his grave obscure his name
Is now for ever buried.

Yet God for his great day of grace
Is that poor name retaining,
The mute entreaties of that face
Not, like mankind, disdaining;
He whom the princes of the land
On earth were coldly spurning,
Will soon be at his God's right hand
In seraph glory burning.

My God! if 'tis thy wise decree
That here in want I languish,
May I, like Lazarus, in thee
Find comfort in my anguish;
May angels bear my soul like his,
From this poor world of sorrow,
To endless plains of heavenly bliss,
To an eternal morrow.

* From "Life's Morning." London: Religious Tract Society.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

ALLEGED CONTRADICTIONS IN SCRIPTURE.

BY WILLIAM LEE, D.D.,
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THE objections which first demand our notice are those founded upon the assertion that the sacred writers contradict each other. It is the more necessary to insist upon this topic, since, as it has been well observed, "much of the criticism at the present day seems to assume that there is some resting-place between the *perfect* truthfulness of Inspiration, and the uncertainty of ordinary writing." Of this class of objections, the want of harmony alleged to exist among the evangelists affords the most ordinary (as they are the most important) examples.

That in the gospel narrative certain statements are to be found which, at first sight, seem at variance, every one is aware. It is also well known that many commentators have not been happy in their efforts to reconcile the seeming discrepancies; and hence it has resulted, that some advocates of Christianity have been tempted to make admissions which are as gratuitous as they are unwarranted. It is too often conceded to the adversary, that the discrepancies alleged are, in point of fact, *real.* Truth and candour, we are sometimes told, require that this concession should be made; and, since a leading argument against any strict view of inspiration is based upon this assumed want of harmony, these advocates attempt to evade it either by maintaining that such contradictions (which, as they are willing to allow, really exist) are of a trifling character; or by alleging that the independence of the sacred writers, as well as the absence of concert among them, is the only thing which the existence of discrepancies proves. Nay, we are sometimes told that nothing but the force of prejudice, or attachment to some preconceived and erroneous theory, can possibly induce any defender of Christianity to uphold the infallibility of the evangelists in all the details of their Gospels. I would further premise that this objection, which we are about to examine more closely, is of no modern date. So early as the middle of the second century, the Epicurean philosopher Celsus urged the existence of such apparent contradictions against the truth of the gospel history. He argued, for example, that St. Matthew and St. Mark made mention of but one angel at the sepulchre, while St. Luke and St. John speak of two. On which I would observe, in passing, that we learn from the numerous accounts of similar objections, that the primitive church did not receive the books of the New Testament as divine without a full appreciation of the difficulties which, from the very first, have been so pertinaciously urged against them. Indeed, we have an express intimation to this effect in the celebrated Fragment brought to light by Muratori, which is the earliest document extant,

* From the author's elaborate and valuable work—"The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, its Nature and Proof." London, Rivingtons.

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with one exception, in which the evangelists are named, and which is the first catalogue of the books of the New Testament. The author of this Fragment, having enumerated the four evangelists, pauses to observe :—"Although sundry articles of belief are announced in the several Gospels, there is no difference in the faith of believers, since all things relating to the Lord's history have been declared by one overruling Spirit."

There are four points of view from which this subject of the gospel harmony has been regarded :—1. It was argued by a writer, who attracted some notice during the last century, that "the resurrection of Christ is not true, because the narratives of the evangelists do not harmonize." 2. He was met by the reply, "This great doctrine is true, because the accounts *do* coincide." 3. A third opinion was interposed : "It may, after all, be true, *although* discrepancies actually exist in the statements of the Gospels." 4. But there remains yet a fourth mode of regarding the question : "It is, and ever must be true, even though *I* should not succeed in bringing the representations of the evangelists into harmony, or in solving all the difficulties which an ingenious mind may suggest." This last proposition is obviously the only just or philosophical conclusion for those to arrive at who ascribe, in any true sense of the word, divine authority to the Bible. I repeat, that if we fully and entirely believe in the divine origin of Holy Scripture, to assert that its statements do not harmonize is a contradiction in terms. Who but the veriest sciolist would question the universality of one of nature's laws, because the powers of science have not as yet brought into subjection certain phenomena, to which this law, if true, must extend? There are difficulties, no doubt, in explaining all the phenomena which the Gospels present. Such difficulties, however, arise, not from any real discordance among the evangelists, but from our not being, as yet at least, in possession of the clue which would reconcile their statements ; just as certain difficulties occur in the application of the theory of gravitation—not from any want of universality in the law, but from our ignorance of the conditions of the problem.

Let us examine how, in such a case, all sound philosophy proceeds. I will take as an illustration the late solution of a celebrated astronomical problem :—"No sooner," observes one of the distinguished men who have afforded science this triumph—"no sooner had astronomers commenced, some years ago, to suspect that the motion of Uranus was modified by some unknown cause, than all possible hypotheses were at once hazarded as to its nature." The writer then proceeds to discuss the merits of the several hypotheses, with the significant exception of that which would explain the phenomenon by asserting that the law of gravitation is not universal. "I will not stop," continues M. Le Verrier, "to consider this idea, that the laws of gravitation may cease to be rigorous at the great distance of Uranus from the sun. It is not the first time that, in order to explain inequalities for which they were unable to account, certain persons have betaken themselves to the principle of universal gravitation. But we also know that such hypotheses have always disappeared before a more profound examination of facts." Let us then apply to the question of the gospel harmony the principle which, as we learn from the instance just cited, is recognised as legitimate in the exact sciences. In doing so, let us, for a moment, lay aside the notion that the evangelical narratives are inspired, and consider them merely as ordinary histories, of which we have no reason to question the general trustworthiness.

The contradictions alleged to exist in the Gospels either are apparent only, or are assumed to be absolute. In the former case, there is clearly no difficulty at all ; and we need only point out that that the discrepancy is but apparent. In the latter, where it is objected that an absolute contradiction exists, it is equally plain that any hypothetical, or even possible solution, must, in all fairness, be accepted as a sufficient answer, if we only allow the general truthfulness of the narratives which we compare ; indeed, to deny this principle, is to assume that there is no single circumstance omitted by the evangelists which, if known, would harmonize their statements. Even were we unable to adduce any example in which the application of such a principle has been successful, every impartial mind must admit its sufficiency as a reply. Many examples, however, illustrative of this position, may be pointed out ; and others are being daily brought to light by the diligence of the learned. It is by no means uncommon to find in the accounts of two perfectly honest historians, referring to the same events from different points of view, certain peculiarities in the structure of their compositions which, when noticed, at once reconcile the seeming variance which such peculiarities may have occasioned ; or some fact may have been omitted which lends an air of opposition to their statements—an opposition which the mention of the omitted fact by a third writer instantly clears up. The following solution of a difficulty in ordinary history, together with the application of the principle on which it rests, to a parallel case in the evangelical record, will amply confirm what has been just stated.

Aristobulus, the friend of Alexander the Great, and who watched by his deathbed, relates that he died on the 30th of the Macedonian month Dæsius. On the other hand, Eumenes and Diodotus, who kept the journal of Alexander, and who recount the progress of his malady, place his death on the evening of the 28th of the same month. Here is an obvious variance in statement, and yet no critic has for a moment considered that there is any real contradiction, although the solutions which have been given are very different. Thus, it is shown by some how the variance will disappear if we call to mind the manner of counting the days of the month by the Greeks ; while the explanation of another writer is founded upon the difference in the point of time from which the beginning of the day was reckoned—whether from sunrise, as at Babylon, or from sunset, according to Grecian usage. Other explanations are also supplied, and any one among them is considered to remove every appearance of contradiction. The history of the gospel harmony supplies an example exactly parallel. The case is one of peculiar interest, and from a very early period it has presented a difficulty to Christian apologists. I allude to the statements of St. Mark and St. John as to the hour of Christ's passion—"a question," says St. Augustine, "which, above all others, is wont to stir up the shamelessness of the contentious, and to disturb the unskilfulness of the weak." St. Augustine himself proposed two methods whereby the accounts might be reconciled ; and, while admitting the difficulties with which his suggestions were encumbered, he lays down the principle for which I now contend. Referring to a supposed objection to one of his solutions, he asks :—"If we both alike believe the evangelists, do you point out how their accounts can be otherwise recon-

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ciled, and I will acquiesce most cheerfully; for I love not my own opinion, but the truth of the gospel. Until some other explanation is discovered, this of mine shall suffice; and when that other is demonstrated, I too will adopt it." It has been reserved for modern times to suggest a solution which has been almost universally accepted, and which removes every shade of difficulty from the case:—St. Mark asserts that our Lord was crucified at "the third hour," or at nine o'clock in the forenoon; while, according to St. John, Pilate "about the sixth hour" was still sitting in judgment. The explanation of this apparent discordance in time—an explanation which even Strauss, while exaggerating "the difficulty" to the utmost, allows to be "possible"—is that St. John has given the hour according to the Roman calculation of time, which counted, as we do, from midnight; while St. Mark adheres to the Jewish custom of counting from sunrise.

The principle, therefore, pointed out by St. Augustine is, I submit, the only one admissible by those who do not deny the divine origin of the Bible altogether. Any solution, which affords a *possible* mode of harmonizing those statements of the sacred writers which present a semblance of opposition, is to be admitted before we can allow the existence of a contradiction; and it is a circumstance deserving all attention, that for every example of such variance in the narratives of the evangelists, no matter how carefully sought out, some solution offers itself as being possible—possible, I say, since the nature of the case, at times, admits of no more than suggesting such an explanation as may not be improbable. In apparent discrepancies of this kind, the difficulty often arises from the simple fact that we have altogether lost the clue which unites the different statements. Sometimes, it is true, that difficulty may arise from a misconception of what has been written—a misconception which patient study may, and frequently does, clear up—as, for example, where Neander (who does not, in general, scruple to impeach the accuracy of the evangelists) observes, with reference to the return of the holy family to Nazareth after the flight to Egypt: "It was *formerly* thought that Matthew and Luke contradicted each other here. . . . Both accounts may be equally true, and harmonize well with each other, although those who put them imperfectly together may not perceive the agreement." But there are instances over which it is conceivable, from the nature of the case, that some obscurity must for ever rest. Let any single event be described by different eyewitnesses, and their accounts will present variations and apparent contradictions, simply because each of them seizes strongly upon some one salient point which serves to elucidate his purpose, and leaves the rest comparatively in the background. In entering upon the subject of the gospel harmony, we must ever remember that our four evangelists regarded the facts of the Saviour's history each under a different aspect. The essential point of difference between St. John and the others lies in his having in view the opponents of the gospel within the Church; while the synoptical writers mainly addressed themselves to the wants of those who stood without its pale, whether Jews or Gentiles. St. Matthew's aim is to establish the identity of the New Testament revelation with that of the Old; and to prove to the people of Israel that in Jesus, as the Christ, were fulfilled the promises to Abraham and to David. St. Mark desires to exhibit the sublime facts of Christianity, in opposition to the degraded superstitions of heathenism. The narrative of St. Luke, commencing at Jerusalem with the vision of the priest in the sanctuary, closes with St. Paul's address in his prison at Rome—the design of the inspired historian being to describe the several stages by which the message of salvation advanced from the temple of Jehovah to the metropolis of the Gentile world. In narratives composed with objects thus distinct, we can feel no surprise at the absence of sundry particulars which, if known to us, would at once clear up many of those obscurities that afford so great a source of perplexity to several minds. Nor should the silence of the evangelists as to such particulars in any wise disconcert us, unless we impose other rules on them than those by which we are content to test the fidelity of ordinary writers. The omission of a contemporary author to notice a fact which *we*, from whatever reason, may consider of the greatest moment, is a case by no means unusual. The younger Pliny, although giving a circumstantial detail of so many physical facts, and describing the great eruption of Vesuvius, the earthquake, and the showers of ashes that issued from the volcano, makes no allusion whatever to the sudden overwhelming of two large and populous cities—Herculaneum and Pompeii.

In illustration of the foregoing observations, I would further add, that what we know of the motives which led to the composition of our Gospels, renders the existence of contradictions antecedently improbable in the very highest degree. Eusebius, in his chapter "On the Order of the Gospels," ratifies the concurrent voice of earlier history, which is to the effect that St. John's narrative was the last in point of time, and that he gave his testimony to the truth of what had been previously written. The great historian of the Church then goes on to point out how St. John has supplied details which the other evangelists had omitted; and he concludes with the remark:—"One who attends to these circumstances, can no longer entertain the opinion that the Gospels are at variance with each other." It is interesting to observe from what a very early period this entire question has been discussed. It was impossible, indeed, not to have noticed the remarkable omission by St. John of those facts which the synoptical writers had recorded, but which, at the same time, his whole line of argument perpetually assumes to be well known. It was equally impossible to have overlooked the solicitude with which he often obviates—by the introduction of a sentence, or even of a single word occurring, as one might at first sight imagine, without design—some difficulty likely to arise from a comparison of the narratives of his predecessors. To give an example:—According to St. Matthew, it was "another maid;" according to St. Mark, "a maid;" it was a man, according to St. Luke, whose questioning led St. Peter, on the *second* occasion, to deny his Master. St. John, by means of a single expression, reconciles at once what might have appeared a contradiction in these statements. He tells us—and we are to remember that he was an eyewitness of what passed—that, at this moment, *several persons together* interrogated the apostle; his description of the circumstance is, "*They said* therefore unto him." Thus, we see that St. John has, in certain cases, solved difficulties which, without his comment, might have been suggested by the narratives of the synoptists; and surely we cannot believe that, had any statements fairly open to objection really existed, they would have been permitted by him to remain without some similar explanation. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the contem-

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poraries of the evangelists were altogether unconscious of such discordance, and that they possessed the clue to those difficulties which to us appear so perplexing. Indeed, the captious spirit of the Jews must necessarily have compelled the writers of the Gospels of themselves to avoid even the semblance of any contradiction, in records the design of which was to overthrow the exclusive claims of the children of Abraham. Nay, the established principles of Judaism must have rendered an avoidance of even seeming discrepancies essential to the acceptance of any historical narrative as deserving of belief; for, as a well-known argument of Josephus informs us, a Jew considered no proof of the divine origin of the Old Testament more conclusive, in controversy with a Gentile, than the absence of any contradiction in the several books of which it is composed.

PARTIAL VIEWS OF GOD'S CHARACTER.

Our inability to comprehend the infinite nature of God makes it inevitable that our conceptions of it are partial. Our views, comparatively clear at one point, fade into shadow at another, and beyond are lost in darkness. Our minds deal with the immense theme, as our eyes do with objects whose dimensions are too great to be taken in all at once; we endeavour to look from varying points of view, and to make up, by combining details, the best possible substitute for that comprehensive perception which is beyond finite capacity. Looking first to one, and then to another manifestation of the divine character, at the word and works of God, and at the life and death of the Son, who is the radiance of his glory, we learn to know and feel in some degree what God is.

In doing this, however, we are liable to certain errors, of very pernicious consequence, against which we must guard. One is, the notion that the attributes of God oppose and limit one another, so that the assertion of one of them in its fulness implies the denial or limitation of another. We do not say that any hold this in theory, knowing what they do, but such is the practical character and effect of their beliefs. For example, God is benevolent; he is also just. But his goodness and love, men say, are infinite, unbounded, extending to all his creatures, no matter how sinful and degraded, and all the more sympathizingly *because* they are sinful and degraded. No one, then, need fear that he will be angry, finally and for ever, for that would imply a limit to his goodness. That there should be a limit to the exercise of his justice, gives such speculators no trouble. The truth is, that God has nowhere given us to understand that his benevolence is indiscriminately universal and unending. He loves in one sense infinitely; his love has a depth and energy corresponding with the infinite excellence of his nature. But it is not a blind instinct, acting without regard to the quality of the object. He loves what to him is lovely—what it is possible for *such* a being to love. He loves righteousness, and hates iniquity; and he hates iniquity in proportion to his love for righteousness. It would have been impossible for him to love the apostate world, but for the glorious possibility of a recovery to holiness, by a method which gives new lustre to his own righteousness, so that he may be just, and yet justify the sinner who believes. The very act of mercy, in salvation, is also an act of divine justice.

We have no right to pick and choose among the attributes of God, and say, *This* is what makes the conception of God glorious and precious to me; this is to me the one most Godlike quality, and all others are subordinate and accessory to this. For what one may do, another has an equal right to do for himself, and there will be as many gods worshipped as there are theories of perfection. God is not just what we choose to think him. He is what he has authentically revealed himself to be. And we must humbly study *all* his revelations—not choose out one, and throw the rest away. One picks out this text: "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God—for God is love." Ah, he cries, this is what we want. Knowing this, we do not need to know anything more. But let us look again: "The *fear* of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." It would seem, then, that reverence and obedience are means of knowing his character, as well as love. The truth that God reveals himself to the heart, is not the whole truth, unless the heart is understood as including the whole moral nature. But then, we know God by the sense of duty as well as by the sense of gratitude—by fear as well as by hope—by godly sorrow as well as by joy and gladness. And that is the only safe teaching which sets forth the character and will of God as a complex force, applicable to the whole nature of man.

It is wonderful how men get in a way of repeating what they have heard others say, without stopping to see for themselves whether it is true or not. It has often been said, till it has passed into a commonplace, that the power and justice of God are prominently made known in the Old Testament, but that his love and mercy are first clearly and impressively exhibited in the New Testament. But let any one test the matter by actual examination, he will find that, of passages teaching the goodness and mercy of God, the Old Testament numbers far more than the New. In fact, so far as the direct, didactic communication of God's character is concerned, there is little of it in the Bible out of the Old Testament. The New Testament *assumes* the character of God as already revealed. The gospel, does indeed, present a view of divine love in action, compared with the lustre of which all our other light is darkness. But the same gospel, in the great sacrifice of redemption, equally magnifies the justice of God. And, as if to give us a living warning against attempting to sever what in God are joined unchangeably together, the offices of Redeemer and Judge are united in the person of the Son of God. He whose mission so wondrously unveiled to us the divine benignity, is the same who will utter the final

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sentence of justice on the rebellious. The climax of penal misery is "the wrath of THE LAMB."

It has been said, that what the world needs of religion is to have the love of God more fully proclaimed. True; but a "love" from which all ideas of holiness, justice, and truth are abstracted—an infinite good nature, a sublime free-and-easiness, too soft-hearted to do right, if doing right will give pain to some of us—is not the love of God, nor anything like it. We seriously fear that much popular teaching, by its defectiveness and one-sidedness, is in effect causing men to cry peace when there is no peace.—*Examiner.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XIX.—COUNSELS, CAUTIONS, AND ENCOURAGEMENTS FOR THE APOSTLES, AND FOR ALL SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

MATT. x. 16–42.

Instructions for the Apostleship.—Ver. 16. Why might the apostles be compared to *sheep*? [Because they were outwardly unprotected, defenceless.] What is the serpent remarkable for? Gen. iii. 1. Wherein should Christ's people be like the serpent, and wherein unlike? [Like it in showing wisdom; unlike it, in directing it to a *good* end, while the serpent commonly directs it to a *bad*.] How is true wisdom to be obtained? James i. 5. What Old Testament king was eminent for wisdom, and how did he get it? 1 Kings iii. 9.

Ver. 17. [Observe, Christ does not encourage his people to be reckless, or to *court* suffering, but to avoid it by all proper means.] What was the council? [See on Matt. v. 22. p. 115.] And the synagogue? When was this prophecy fulfilled first? Acts v. 40. What persecutor was very zealous in thus scourging the early Christians? Acts xxii. 19.

Ver. 18. [The former verse treats of *Jewish* persecution, this of *Gentile*.] Mention instances of their being brought before [Roman] governors? Acts xviii. 12; xxiv. 1, &c. And kings? Acts xxvi. 1. 2 Tim. iv. 16, 17. What purpose does Christ say this was to answer? How was it a testimony against them? [Their evil treatment of Christ's servants testified to their own wickedness, and showed that they deserved punishment and condemnation.]

Ver. 19. What is the exact meaning of the expression, "Take no thought?" [See on Matt. vi. 25–34.] Whom had God helped in the same manner in the Old Testament? Exod. iv. 12. Is it right for God's servants to distress themselves about expected difficulties in God's work? Why not?

Ver. 20. [Observe the threefold encouragement: 1. You shall be taught what to say (ver. 19). 2. Your teacher shall be *the Spirit*. 3. Even the Spirit *of your Father*.] Did this promise encourage carelessness? When only may any expect the gift of the Spirit? Luke xi. 13, last clause. Why is prayer for the Spirit sure to be heard in a time of persecution? [The cry of helpless children, brought into danger in doing their Father's work, cannot be disregarded.]

Ver. 21. [This shows how exceedingly intense the hatred to Christ and his cause was to be.]

Ver. 22. What is the cause of men's hatred to Christians? [Their connection with Christ—"for my *name's sake*."] And why do they so hate Christ? John vii. 7, last clause. [What a sad proof of the desperate *wickedness* of the heart! Though Christ comes healing, saving, blessing, yet because he rebukes men's sins and makes war on these, he is hated, and all who do the same are hated too! May God preserve us from this awful sin!] Who only can expect salvation in a time of persecution?

Ver. 23. How did persecution help to spread the truth? Were the cities of Israel confined to the Holy Land? [In one sense, they might be said to be spread over the known world, in so far as there were Jews "in every nation under heaven." Acts ii. 5.] What seems here referred to, as the coming of the Son of man? [His coming in judgment to destroy Jerusalem. The apostles were to gather out his elect from all cities before he should do so.]

General Instructions.—Ver. 24. If this be so, can the disciple expect better treatment?

Ver. 25. What does Beelzebub mean? ["Lord of flies"—2 Kings i. 2.—a Phœnician god; afterwards applied to Satan.] When was Christ called Beelzebub? [His *miracles* were ascribed to Beelzebub; and he may have been directly called so, though this is not recorded.]

Ver. 26. [Observe a twofold reason for not fearing them:—1. They had not prevailed *against the Master*, nor should they against his servants. 2. There was coming *a day of exposure*.] In that day who would be punished? And who rewarded? [How salutary is it to keep in mind the day of judgment, both to preserve us from sin, and stir us up to duty! Let us beware of all *secret* sins.]

Ver. 27. What is meant by "telling in darkness and speaking in the ear?" And what by preaching upon the house-top? [The reference is to a custom observed in *villages*, never in *cities*. "The proclamations are generally made in the evening, when the people have returned from their labours in the field. The public crier ascends the highest roof at hand, and lifts up his voice in a long-drawn call upon all faithful subjects to give ear and obey. He then proceeds to announce, in a set form, the will of their master, and demand obedience thereto."—*Land and Book.*]

Ver. 28. What is the utmost that the malice of man can do to us? If we offend God, how do we become liable to much greater evils? Is this a view that men usually take? [Alas! no. The *divine power* of Christ's words is admirably shown in this verse, in his bringing out in so few words a truth so clear, so undeniable, yet so much neglected. "Never man spake as this man."]

Ver. 29. Was the sparrow a valuable or insignificant bird? [See on chap. vi. 26, p. 164.] What is implied here in the use of the expression, "your Father?"

Ver. 30. Are the hairs of the head important parts of the body? What may be inferred touching the more important parts, and touching the soul?

Ver. 31. [Here we have the *inference* from the preceding statements. Observe the force of *ye*: ye, God's children, and God's servants; ye, with souls made in his image, ransomed, and renewed by his grace.]

Ver. 32, 33. What are the chief ways of confessing Christ? [By words; by a consistent life.] How did Peter once deny him? Is it a common thing to be ashamed of Christ?

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[Among all, and often among the young. A young person, going among the careless, is ashamed to be seen *praying*, or reading the Bible—beware of this.] What is the reward of confessing? And the punishment of denying?

Ver. 34–36. Does Christ mean that his *object* was to make strife? [By no means—his object was to give peace; but as his doctrine was opposed to what men's hearts loved, it would necessarily stir up the enmity and opposition of many.] How is this strife often seen in families? [One member becoming a Christian, sees many things to be wrong which the others do; avoids these things; does the opposite; thus testifies against them, and, like Joseph, is hated.]

Ver. 37. Whether should we oppose our parents' will in order to please Christ, or Christ's will to please our parents? Why is Christ to be put before father and mother?

Ver. 38. What is meant by "taking the cross?" [The figure is derived from the Roman punishment of crucifixion; even *that* we should be willing to bear for Christ.]

Ver. 39. In what two senses is "life" used here? [1. Life in this world. 2. The real life of man in eternity.] What is the final effect of selfishly regarding our comfort more than Christ's honour?

Ver. 40–42. With whom does Christ identify his servants in these verses? What does he that makes common cause with a prophet, or a righteous man, receive a share of? And he that makes common cause with any disciple of Christ? [See here, that if the consequences of unfaithfulness to Christ are very terrible, the rewards of faithfulness are supremely glorious.]

DOCTRINE.—Believers in Christ are pardoned and accepted.

Acts xiii. Rom. iii.; viii. Eph. i. Col. i. 1 Peter i.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM XXIII. (No. I.)

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Who wrote this psalm? Where was he king? Who was his father? How many brothers had he? 1 Sam. xvii. 12. Were they older or younger than himself? How was he employed as a young man, before he became king of Israel? 1 Sam. xvi. 11. How did he spend his time beside the sheep? [In prayer, music, and composing psalms and hymns of praise to God.] When did he write this psalm? [Either when he was a young shepherd, or afterwards when thinking of these days.]

What kind of occupation is a shepherd? [Show how it is always a useful and honourable one, but especially in Eastern countries, where the flocks are of great value, and are exposed to greater dangers than with us, from wild beasts, robbers, &c.] Who was the first shepherd? Gen. iv. 2. Where was Jacob long a shepherd? Gen. xxxi. 38–41. Where was Moses a shepherd? Exod. iii. 1. What wonderful sight did he see one day there? Exod. iii. 2–4. Which of the prophets was a shepherd? Amos. i. 1. What must a faithful shepherd do for his flock? [Watch them by night and day when needful, provide for them, defend them, seek them when lost, &c. Ezek. xxxiv. 12–16; John x. 3, 4, 11.]

Whom does David call *his* shepherd? What does he mean by this? [That God would take as good and kind care of him as he was taking of his own sheep.] May a Christian now say this as well as David? Who have been God's flock in all ages? [All true believers. Ps. xcv. 7; c. iii.; Ezek. xxxiv. 31; Luke xii. 32; 1 Peter v. 2.] What are little children who love Jesus like? [The lambs of the flock. John xxi. 15.] Who is called the Good Shepherd? John x. 14. Where is he called the Great Shepherd? Heb. xiii. 20. Where the Chief Shepherd? 1 Peter v. 4. What did he give for the sheep? John x. 11. What made him willing for this? [Because he loved them so much.]

Is the Good Shepherd kind to the lambs? Isa. xl. 11. Why does the shepherd carry them? [Because they are too weak to walk far.] What does this sweet verse in Isaiah teach us? [The love of Jesus for young believers, and the tender care he will take of them.] When did he take children in his arms? Mark ix. 36; x. 13–16. How may you know if you are indeed the lambs of Jesus? [If we love the Shepherd, and follow him, by obeying his commands. John x. 27.]

What comfort does David take from thinking that the Lord was his shepherd? Why did he feel sure of this? [Because he knew that his God was both able and willing to supply all his wants.] May God's children take the same comfort still? Does he know them all? [Yes; he calls each of his sheep by name. John x. 3, 14.] Does he promise to supply their bodily wants? Ps. xxxiv. 9; xxxvii. 3, 19; cxxxii. 15; Matt. vi. 33; Phil. iv. 19. Why then are they sometimes in great poverty and distress? [Because he knows affliction to be good for them, and makes it a blessing to them.] Does he promise to supply the wants of their souls? Ps. lxxxiv. 11; cxxi. 7. Then is not it indeed a blessed thing to have Him for our shepherd?

See! the kind shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

Precept.—Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Ps. xxxvii. 3.

Promise.—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom. Isa. xl. 11.

Prayer.—Our Father, which art in heaven, we pray thee to be also our Shepherd, according to thy promise. O may each one of us, even the youngest, be made a happy lamb of thy flock. We thank thee that thou didst so love the world as to give thy dear Son, the Good Shepherd, to give his life that we might be saved. We have sinned and gone astray like lost sheep; but do thou for his sake pardon us, and lead us in the right way. May the Holy Spirit teach us to love Jesus, to follow him, to please him in all things, while we are in this world; and at last, may we all meet together in thy heavenly kingdom, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

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THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

I COULD tell you many stories, dear children, about the people of God, who have said with David, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and have not been disappointed. For what David says in another psalm, is as true now as when he wrote it,—"Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded" (Ps. xxii. 4, 5).

These were sad times in England 200 years ago, when many pious ministers, for conscience' sake, had to leave their churches, and often to suffer much from poverty. I shall tell you about one of them, the Rev. Oliver Heywood. He was a very pious man, with a wife and large family, They lived near the town of Halifax, in Yorkshire. Sometimes they really did not know how to get food. One day they were in much distress, with no provisions in the house. Mr. Heywood said to a faithful servant, who had stayed with them in all their troubles, "Martha, take a basket, and go into town, and ask Mr. N——, the shopkeeper, if he will lend me five shillings. If he does, buy such things as you know we most want. May God give you good speed, and, in the meantime, we will pray to Him who feedeth the young ravens that cry."

Martha set out, but when she came near the shop, she felt no courage to do what was so like begging, and she passed the door again and again. At last Mr. N——, looking out, called to her, and asked if she were not Mr. Heywood's servant. Upon her replying that she was, he said, "I am glad to see you, for some friends have given me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could send the money." Poor Martha was quite overcome by these words, and burst into tears. Seeing that the shopkeeper was surprised at her agitation, she told him the state of the family, and what she had been sent for; and he begged that if they were ever in such straits again, she should have no scruple in coming to him for help.

You may believe how joyfully she purchased provisions, and how fast she walked home. The hungry children seized the basket to see what was in it, while good Mr. Heywood heard Martha's story, and then said, "The Lord has not forgotten to be gracious; his word is true from the beginning, They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

At another time this excellent man was in such danger from his persecutors, that he had to leave his family, and set out on horseback one cold winter's day, with no money, not knowing where to go for shelter. He prayed earnestly to the Lord his shepherd, committing himself to his care, and then resolved to let the horse just take any road it pleased. In the evening it went of its own accord to a retired farmhouse, where Mr. Heywood asked a woman, who was at the door, if she could give him a little hay for his horse, and allow him to sit during the night by the fire. He told her he had no money to pay for anything, but she and her husband gave him a kind welcome. They placed supper on the table, and as he mentioned having come from near Halifax, the farmer asked if he could tell them anything about Mr. Heywood, who had been forbidden to preach. He soon saw, from the way they spoke, that they were friends, and at last ventured to tell them that he was the very person. Then the good people were full of surprise and joy; they thanked God that he had been led to their roof, and called some Christian neighbours together to join with them in prayer, and hear a sermon from him. They gave him money to help him on his journey, and the history goes on to say, that in after days he returned to those new friends, and preached among them with much success.

But, as I said before, this is only one example out of many, of how the Good Shepherd provides for his people. Oh! seek to know him *early*, to come as lambs into his fold. Let the "prayer of Moses, the man of God," be often yours, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days" (Ps. xc. 14).

Yes, all your days, whether they be many or few; whether you are to serve God long on the earth, or go soon to serve him in heaven, you may be "glad in him," even if sorrows come, because he is your shepherd, and is leading you in the right way to the good land above.

"Yes, for me, for me he careth,
With a "shepherd's" tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth,
Every burden, every fear.

Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven,
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even."

J. L. B.

II.—"THINKING OURSELVES OVER."

"MOTHER, what is self-examination?" asked a child; "our superintendent said something about it, and he told us all to spend a little while every Sabbath practising it—practising *what*, mother?"

"Self-examination is *thinking ourselves over*," answered the mother. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves, what we did and thought yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Now, it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can truly see it as it is, and improve upon it."

"*How* must I do, mother?" asked Mary; "tell me how to *begin*." Her mother said,—

"You may first think over *your conduct towards your parents*. Have they had reason to find fault with you during the week; if so, what for? Have you disobeyed them, or disputed with them, or been sullen or ill-humoured towards them? And what good have you done them? Have you made them glad by your kindness, and your faithful and ready compliance with their wishes?

"Then think of *your duties to your brothers, and sisters, and little friends*. Ask yourself what has been your deportment towards them. How many have you made happier the last week? How many have you made unhappy? Have you spoken cross words to them? Have you been angry or ill-natured? Have you deceived them? What hard thoughts have you cherished in your heart towards them?"

"Oh, mother, it would take me a great while to think all that over, and I'm afraid," said the little girl, looking down—"I'm afraid it would not always please me. What next must I think of, mother?"

"*Faithfulness in your business*."

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"Business!" said Mary, smiling; "papa has business; little girls hav'n't."

"Oh, yes," said her mother, "any work which you have to do is your business—dusting the parlour, taking care of the baby, your studies at school; these are your employments, in which you ought to be diligent and faithful. Have you been? Do you never *play* in school? Do you thoroughly learn your lessons? Do you mind what the teacher says? Carefully think over whether your conduct is in all respects what a Christian child's should be."

"I know a verse about business," said Mary; "the Bible tells us 'to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' That means, we must mind God in it; doesn't it? What more is there to think over, mother?"

"*Secret faults*," answered she. "Have you cherished any wrong feelings in your heart? Have you had secret thoughts which you would be sorry to have exposed? Any envy of others—any pride? Have you harboured unkindness? Have you been selfish? Have you forgot God? Have you neglected to praise him and to pray to him? Go over all this ground thoroughly, and confess your faults, and ask your Saviour to make your heart clean, and help you to love only what is lovely."

"But Aunt Jane says there's no need of children thinking," said Mary.

"Without thinking," said Mary's mother, "there can be no improvement. Thoughtlessness is the besetting fault of youth. It is this which makes them giddy, foolish, and vain, and blinds them to their own defects."

Mary sat still for some time, looking out of the window. Then she came, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, sweetly said, "Dear mother, I will try to be one of yours and God's good children."

To "think ourselves over" in this way is a very proper exercise for the Sabbath day. Holy time is apt to seem long sometimes, because people do not know exactly how to spend it to the best account. Assign this duty a place somewhere; and if heartily and thoroughly taken up, it will be one of the greatest means of self-improvement. But while it is a *Sabbath* duty, is it not a week-day duty also? Every night, children, before you go to bed, and before you are too sleepy to remember, try and recall yourself for the day. Think what you have done right, and thank God for it. Think of the ways in which you have done wrong, and in which, if you are not careful, you will surely do wrong again. Name them in plain words in your prayers, and say, "Help me, O Lord," in such a thing, "that I may not again sin against thee."—*Child's Paper*.

III.—TAKE THE OTHER HAND.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady, who had been watching by the sick bed of her mother for some weeks, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air. After walking some distance, she came to a rope-walk. She was familiar with the place, and entered. At one end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel; she thought it seemed laborious for such a child, and as she came near she spoke to him.

"Who sent you to this place?" she asked.

"Nobody, ma'am—I came myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labour?"

"Yes; I get fourpence a-day."

"Do you like this work?"

"Oh, well enough; but even if I did not, I should do it, that I might get the money for my mother."

"How long do you work every day?"

"From nine till eleven in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Do you ever get tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"*I take the other hand.*"

The lady gave him a piece of money.

"Is this for my mother?" he asked, looking pleased.

"No; it is for yourself."

"Thank you, ma'am," the boy said, and the lady bade him farewell.

She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy, by the words and example of a little child. "The next time," she said to herself, "that duty seems hard to me, I will remember the child, and *take the other hand*."

My young reader, do you require to labour thus early for your own or your mother's daily bread? If so, are you as thankful as this little fellow was, for strength and opportunity? If not—if you have a comfortable home, and parents able to provide all you need—are you duly thankful for this also!

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"HE WHOM THOU LOVEST IS SICK!"

JOHN xi. 3.

THE chapter from which this text is taken is well known to all Bible readers. In life-like description, in touching interest, in sublime simplicity, there is no writing in existence that will bear comparison with that chapter. A narrative like this is to my own mind one of the great proofs of the inspiration of Scripture. When I read the story of Bethany, I feel "there is something here which the infidel can never account for."—"This is nothing else but the finger of God."

The words which I specially dwell upon in this chapter are singularly affecting and instructive. They record the message which Martha and Mary sent to Jesus when their brother Lazarus was sick:—"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." That message was short and simple. Yet almost every word is deeply suggestive.

Mark the child-like faith of these holy women. They turned to the Lord Jesus in their hour of need, as the frightened infant turns to its mother, or the compass-needle turns to the pole. They turned to him as their Shepherd, their Almighty Friend, their Brother born for adversity. Different as they were in natural temperament, the two sisters in this matter were entirely agreed. Christ's help was their first thought in the day of trouble. Christ was the refuge to which they fled in the hour of need. Blessed are all they that do likewise!

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Mark the simple humility of their language about Lazarus. They call him, "He whom thou lovest." They do not say, "He who loves thee, believes in thee, serves thee," but "He whom thou lovest." Martha and Mary were deeply taught of God. They had learned that Christ's love towards us, and not our love towards Christ, is the true ground of expectation, and true foundation of hope. Blessed, again, are all they that are taught likewise! To look inward to our love towards Christ is painfully unsatisfying. To look outward to Christ's love towards us is peace.

Mark, lastly, the touching circumstance which the message of Martha and Mary reveals. "He whom thou lovest is sick." Lazarus was a good man, converted, believing, renewed, sanctified, a friend of Christ, and an heir of glory. And yet Lazarus was sick! Then sickness is no sign that God is displeased. Sickness is intended to be a blessing to us, and not a curse. "All things work together for good to them that love God, and are called according to his purpose." "All things are your's—life, death, things present, or things to come; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's" (Rom. viii. 28; 1 Cor. iii. 22). Blessed, I say again, are they that have learned this! Happy are they who can say, when they are ill, "This is my Father's doing. It must be well."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

II.—HENRY L——, THE DEFORMED BOY.

MANY years ago, in a quiet little village on the sea-coast, lived a poor boy whose name was Henry L——. He was an only son, and his parents had fondly hoped he would be their support and their joy; but a sad accident in early childhood had made him deformed for life, and they looked forward with dread to the mortifications and helplessness which they feared awaited him in the future. Poor Henry felt his misfortune most keenly, and often stole away by himself to shed bitter tears over his blighted prospects. He was unlike all the other boys, and he always would be. It seemed to him that every one regarded him with aversion, and that though some might pity, no one could *love* him. He became hopeless and desponding, and shrank from observation, feeling that though life offered many joys to others, it had none for him.

But a change came over Henry's life, and the consolation he had so long sought in vain from the world, he found in the love of his Saviour. He was no longer hopeless, for was not *heaven* before him? His fears for the future were dispelled, for had not Jesus promised to be with him to the end? Even his deformity he could now regard without a murmur or a regret, for he knew that it had been sent upon him by his tenderest Friend, and he was willing to suffer, if in that way he might grow in grace. Jesus loved him, even *him*, and he was satisfied.

Henry's new hopes immediately began to influence his life. Hitherto he had lived *for himself*, he must now begin to live for others. He felt that as there was a work for each one to do, he had no excuse for sitting idle, and the thought of his aged parents, who would soon be entirely dependent upon him, was a sufficient stimulus to exertion. By patient application he soon learned a trade, and though his earnings were small, he cheerfully devoted them all to their comfort, and by his kind and assiduous attentions did all in his power to promote their happiness. He *had* become their staff and their stay, and the joy of their hearts, and they blessed God for giving them so excellent a son.

Henry L—— became one of the most active young men in the church, and his amiability and self-sacrificing spirit made him a general favourite; indeed, his acquaintances hardly thought of his deformity, it was so overbalanced by the loveliness of his character.

When I first saw him, I was sorry for him; but when I heard his intelligent conversation, and saw his cheerful face beam with benevolence and happiness, my pity was exchanged for admiration of the courage and energy which through grace had enabled him to triumph over his infirmity.

It is a sweetly comforting thought, that the physical defects which so often depreciate us in the eyes of the world, make us only larger sharers in the tender love and sympathy of our Master. To him there is no deformity but that of sin, and this he is ever ready and willing to remove.

III.—WORDS OF MAN'S WISDOM.

THE truth of the gospel shines best in its bare proposal; and its beauty, in its simple and naked discovery. We may observe from the Church history that still as soundness of doctrine and the power of godliness decayed in the Church, the vanity of an affected way of speaking, and of writing of divine things, came in. Quotations from the Fathers, Latin, and languages, are pitiful ornaments unto preaching, if a man design conversion and soul edification. And yet more despicable are all playing on words, jinglings, and cadences (which things are in all the rules of true eloquence justly exploded); and yet some men reckon much on them. But would any man think his friend in earnest with him, that would accost him in any affair with such sort of language and gesture?—*Trail.*

IV.—NOT SENT EMPTY AWAY.

THE richest saint must be, and is an humble beggar at grace's door all his days—and Christ the Lord of the house and the dispenser of the alms; and as the alms are too good not to be patiently waited for, so the Lord is too good and too great to be quarrelled with, and never did a believer get any good by complaining of him. Complain to him, and pray and ask largely; but still with faith and patience. Knock at his door, but stay; and bless him that he ever gave you any crumbs of his grace; mix your prayers for new-wanted graces with praises for his old dispensed grace. Christ loveth you, and hath proved it. Believe it and bless him for it, and wait for his renewing his love to you; and in due time you will find that he will not only answer, but outdo your desires to him and all your expectations from him.—*Ibid.*

V.—"AT THE LAST."

"I AM taking a fearful leap in the dark," said the dying infidel Hobbes.

"This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness for ever. Nothing remains but light and joy for ever," said the dying believer, Thomas Scott.

"Oh, for a moment's peace!" cried a dying infidel.

"Peace, blessed peace! Come, Lord Jesus!" whispered a dying Christian.

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BIBLE PLAINS

No. II.

THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

FROM the days of William of Tyre to those of the author of "Eothen," no traveller has passed through Palestine without staying his steps on the heights that are round about the plain of Esdraelon, and paying tribute to its beauty. From whatever point the eye has first rested on the broad green level that sweeps from the Great Sea eastward to the deep valley of the Jordan,—whether from the sharp ridge of Carmel, or the woody slope of Tabor, or the bare hills of Samaria,—the view has impressed itself as one of the most notable, in a region where each mountain and valley, each wood and stream, we might almost say, every wayside flower and stone, are touched with a sacred interest. And with that wide, unpeopled tract, and the low ranges that here and there roughen its surface or hem it in, is linked a more strange and romantic history than has ever given fame to Greek mountain-pass or Swiss ravine.

The plain of Esdraelon stretches in a broken oblong between the mountains of Samaria and those of Galilee, at its widest part a summer day's journey across. The long rocky range which terminates in Carmel severs it from the sandy plain of Sharon on the coast; a low spur from the hills of Galilee shuts it in from the northern plain of Tyre, and on the east it opens out into three great branches, which lie like bays of verdure between the mountains of Gilboa, Little Hermon, and Tabor. The central offshoot of the three slopes down to the sunken channel of the Jordan, and from the ancient village that stood at its opening, was called the "Valley of Jezreel,"—a name which has come to be applied to the whole plain in its Greek form of "Esdraelon."

The chief renown of this singular region is derived from its having been the great battle-field of Jewish history. But its fame in this respect is not confined to the times when Israel was a nation. The invading armies that have so often since swept over the sacred soil of Palestine, have fought their decisive battles on this wide area, as within lists fenced off and levelled by the hand of nature. The Roman eagle and the Moslem crescent, the lances of Latin chivalry and the bayonets of Napoleon's grenadiers, have flashed in the Syrian sunlight on these barren slopes. The best blood of the world's ruling races has drenched many an acre of Esdraelon like a heavy dew. Nor have many years gone by when the roving Bedouin on the foray might have heard the dull echo of the British guns, that shook the sea-ward wall of Acre, rolling on the wind like a thunder in Carmel.

A recent traveller thus accounts for this striking feature in its history:—"Bounded by the hills of Palestine on both north and south, it would naturally become the arena of war between the lowlanders who trusted in their chariots, and the Israelite highlanders of the neighbouring heights."—*Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.* This remark suggests a reference to the analogous battle-field of Scotland, the plain of Stirling, situated in like manner at the opening of the Highlands.

Could some Hebrew prophet in the first days of Israel's settlement in Canaan, have taken his stand on some lofty rock, and beheld unfolded the long and dismal panorama of warfare and slaughter of which the plain beneath was to be the scene, in what strangely mingled strains of triumph and lamentation would he have sung the destinies of his people! Never were the arms of Israel crowned with brighter glory,—never were they humbled by sadder reverses than on the plain of Esdraelon.

We can only cast a rapid glance at these passages of a chequered history. First we see the warlike clans of Canaan, with their 900 chariots of iron, drawn up under Sisera on the banks of the Kishon—when Barak, with the men of Naphtali, rushes down from Tabor and falls like a thunderbolt upon the host. On that day the strength of Canaan melted like snow in the swollen torrents of the Kishon (Judges iv. 15).

Again the plain is thronged with armies,—the Midianites and the allied tribes of the desert encamped with countless tents and camels in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon and his three hundred hold the heights, when he steals down in the darkness to the enemy's camp, and hears the Arab tell his dream by the watchfire. Then, with a sudden blast of trumpets and a glare of torches, he burst on the foe and pursued them down the long ravine to the fords of Jordan. This victory was memorable in Israel as "the day of Midian" (Isa. ix. 4. Ps. lxxxiii. 9).

Once more the scene changes. The troubled reign of Saul draws near its close,—the Philistines have come up from the sea-coast into the inland plain, and occupied the slopes of Little Hermon, with Israel fronting them on Mount Gilboa. Saul's midnight journey to Endor was a hazardous one, across the ridge of Hermon, and past the camp of his enemies. Then, after the apparition, and the words of doom, came the last struggle and defeat, when "the beauty of Israel was slain on the high places."

The hill of Gilboa, on which the battle was fought, stands out "a bare, and bleak, and jagged ridge, with its one green strip of table-land, the more bare and bleak from its contrast with the fertile plain from which it springs." None can look on it without feeling the words of David, when it rose before him, wet with the blood of Jonathan:—"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let

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there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings" (2 Sam. i. 21).

And yet again, in the later times of the Jewish monarchy, it was here, in the valley of Megiddo, that the good Josiah fell in battle against the Egyptian invaders, a day of trouble and lamentation never forgotten in Israel (2 Chron. xxxv. 25),—the type of that great penitential sorrow, which shall one day melt its heart, when the people "look on Him whom they have pierced" (Zech. xii. 10).

Darkly associated with the past celebrity of Esdraelon, is the prophetic mention of Ar-Mageddon—"the city or mountain of Megiddo"—as the theatre of the final conflict between the powers of good and evil.

On the upland plain of Hattin, which branches off among the hills of Galilee, the Crusaders made their last stand against the Saracens. In this fatal battle (July 5, 1187), Guy de Lusignan, the last Latin king of Jerusalem, was made prisoner, and the flower of the Christian chivalry destroyed.

To turn from this mournful record of strife and carnage, it is touching to find one, if but one, memorial of the Saviour's presence there. The ruined hamlet of Nain is still seen on the northern slope of Little Hermon. There He climbed the rough hill-path, to give back a son to a widowed mother, on the spot where so many mothers in Israel had seen husbands and sons lying in their bloody shrouds. Was it not like the breathing of a new life and hope in the Valley of the Shadow of Death? Is not this solitary footmark of the Prince of Peace in the Aceldama of nations a token, that He will yet take royal possession of the whole unquiet, sorrowful, war-wasted world?

The plain, in spring-time, presents a rich, unbroken expanse of verdure, which reminds one of the blessing of Issachar, to whose lot it fell. "He saw that rest was good, and the land, that it was pleasant." When covered with its ancient woods, and well watered throughout, it must have been like the great forest-garden of Damascus. On one of its happiest sites, amidst scenes of pastoral sweetness and beauty, stands Jezreel, where the summer-palace of Ahab, amidst its embowering groves and gardens, cast its shadow over the vineyard of Naboth. The smoke of Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel might be seen from its walls, and along the smoking leagues of highway the form of the prophet was seen speeding through the wind and rain before the chariot of Ahab. The royal roads which once traversed the plain, along which war-chariots rattled, and Jehu "drove furiously," have disappeared, and the travellers walk through by-ways. Only a small part of the plain is cultivated, but the returns are prodigious. Wide tracts of the richest corn-land wave with golden fruitage, side by side with the bright green fields of millet, and an occasional tuft of olive-trees. The slanting palm, like a landmark, shows where, here and there, some mud-walled village lies. "The very weeds are a sign of what, in better hands, the vast plain might become." Nowhere are there seen more luxuriant crops of thistles bristling in tall, deep jungles, and bearing twelve or eighteen splendid heads on a single stem,—

> "Glossy purples, which outredden
> All voluptuous garden roses."

After the warm rains of early summer, the virgin soil spends its vigour in a matchless wealth of blossom, and fragrance, and colour. It is sheeted with the mingled blooms of iris, and lily, and asphodel, like a brilliant mosaic, and the small bells of the red anemone, sprinkled like blood-drops among the grass.

The dust and shout of battle, the splendour of princely pageants, the stir and hum of a busy life, have passed away from Esdraelon, but this glory of the flowers outlives the regal pomp of Solomon. The rocky framework of the wondrous drama of human life and passion that was acted here, remains, when the actors have vanished. And still—as if it were a voice from the old time before us, to remind us of the truth and power of God, here so often displayed—we may hear the low, unceasing murmur of "that ancient river, the river Kishon," as it flows fast by Carmel to the sea. J. D. S.

THE AMERICAN PRAYER MEETING OF 1858.

"I MUST think *now*, for I *cannot* help it," wrote a young man, after attending one of the prayer meetings in Fulton Street. He had just returned from the gay scenes of Newport—a fashionable, far-famed watering-place—one of the gayest of the gay. The ball-room, the cotillion party, the card party, the opera, the theatre, the ride on the avenues, the race-course, the shooting-gallery—these were his favourite places of resort. He was not, in the world's opinion, an immoral man. He had paid all his *notes*, met all his obligations at the commercial crisis. But religion was, in his estimation, only a cloak for hypocrisy or fraudulent bankruptcies. He considered himself better than the run of church-going people. He had often been invited to go to one of the prayer meetings, but, with no little superciliousness, had declined. He had, however, strayed at length into the Fulton Street meeting, hardly knowing why, when an arrow found its way to his heart. "I must think *now*," is his deliberate conviction, as he reverts to the meeting he has just left; adding, as he continues to record his thoughts—"It was a wonderful prayer meeting; I never heard such prayers in all my life. I wonder when I have prayed. I never pray, never *have* prayed—if those prayed to-night—; never! I should suppose that they thought to take heaven by storm. They expect to have the things they pray for, that is very evident. I never prayed in the way they did, I am sure; yet if I were condemned to die, it may be I should beg for my life much as they begged for me. I know not one soul there save the friend I went with, and yet they prayed for me just as if they had known me all my days and had known all my manner of life. Who told them? not my friend, for he did not leave me a moment. Who told them? They confessed me to be just what I knew myself to be—a very wicked man. I am not happy. What a wretch I have been! Can I not ask them to pray for me? to pray with me? If they could pray for me without asking, how

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much more when they see me come and make the special request that they will pray for *me!* Yes, *me!* They meet to-morrow noon to pray. That mid-day hour I will give to prayer. I will ask them to pray. Shall I ever be a Christian? Will it ever come? O God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Let us accompany this man to the meeting where his heart has been thus wounded, and where it was finally bound up by the Great Physician. The scene is unusual, and the hour for a prayer meeting as unusual, according to our ideas, as the scene. We shall give a brief outline of one such meeting—one out of hundreds held at that time in New York, and the other cities of America. The exercises were nearly all alike, the interest only varying with the incidents peculiar to each.

About fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock noon, you take your seat, we shall suppose, in the lecture-room of the North Dutch Church, Fulton Street. A few ladies are seated in a row of benches in one corner, some gentlemen are scattered here and there through the room; all is quiet and silent—no talking, no whispering, there is the air of deep solemnity. At ten minutes before twelve, business men begin to come in rapidly. Ministers and laymen take their seats promiscuously; there is no distinction, except in respect to strangers, who are treated with attention, there being always some one to see that they have comfortable seats.

Five minutes before twelve, the leader for the day passes in, and takes his place in the desk. He is a business man; he has never led before, and a new one will come in his place to-morrow. He seems impressed with the importance of the moment. Two minutes to twelve, the room is packed to its utmost capacity. Many are standing in the hall, unable to get in. At twelve noon precisely, the chairman rises and gives out that beautiful hymn:—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come—
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!"

He then calls all to unite with him in prayer. His prayer is short; he prays for the Holy Spirit, for the quickening of Christians, for the conversion of sinners present at that very hour, for the spread of the revival, for the perishing thousands around them. He then reads the 17th chapter of John with a word of comment. The slips of paper containing requests to be remembered in prayer are then put into his hand. A deep stillness pervades the assembly. "I will read," he says, "four or five of these requests, and will call on some one to follow immediately in prayer, remembering these cases." He reads:—

"A sister in Massachusets desires prayers for a brother seventy years of age."

"A mother who has attended these meetings, and thinks she has been benefited, desires prayer for a large family."

"A gospel minister sends a very urgent request for four brothers to be remembered in prayer, that they may be converted, and that they, too, may become preachers of the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

"A lady requests prayer for a profane father and his numerous family."

"A church in Reene, where a few mercy drops have fallen, asks prayer for the plentiful shower."

Some one is then asked to lead in prayer. Prayer is offered by a clergyman, short, and with reference to the specific cases before the meeting. As he concludes, a gentleman rises in the back part of the room, and begs the prayers of all present for himself and his sister. Prayer immediately followed, when all sung one verse of the hymn:—

"Jesus—my Saviour and my Lord."

A venerable gentleman, like one of the old merchants of the city, then rose. He spoke of signal answers that had been given to prayer, and referred to some signal recent cases. He suggested the importance of praying especially for their rulers, judges, and all in authority, and adverted to the fact, that when President Buchanan was at Bedford Springs he attended daily upon the prayer meetings. Why should they not pray for Mr. Buchanan? Why not send up their prayers to God that he might be a true Christian? When the righteous rule, the earth rejoices. When the wicked rule, the people mourn. As he resumed his seat, the leader invited him to lead in prayer for the objects he had named. The old merchant rose again, and poured out a fervent prayer for President Buchanan by name, in a manner that marked the utmost respect for his character and office; yet for him as a sinner, like themselves, needing an interest in the atoning blood of Christ, and for wisdom to guide and assist him in his arduous duties, and under his great responsibilities; *for him*, whose evening days were coming, and who needed a well-grounded hope of Heaven. The remarkable propriety of the prayer touched a chord in every heart.

The leader again stood with fresh slips of paper in his hand that had been going up to the desk in the course of the meeting. He read:—

"Prayer is asked by a daughter of a missionary who died upon a foreign shore, for a brother unconverted, that he may become a Christian; and, if it be the will of God, that he may be prepared to take the place of his father in the ministerial office, and in the missionary work."

"For a church in Dutchess County, that it may not be passed by in this day of salvation."

"Prayer for a young lady."

For these an earnest prayer was offered up by a gentleman from St. Louis. Then one verse of the hymn was sung:—

'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall."

All hearts seem to feel the power in that ever precious name as they sung the verse with united hearts and voices. Though much of the hour had passed, there seemed much to be done. Additional applications for remembrance in prayer are read. The following has come through the matron of the Magdalene Asylum, where the person had taken refuge, and is certified to as being her own, and written of her own accord:—

"To the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.—I desire the prayers of the church. I feel that I have been a very wicked girl, and that I have led a very bad life, and I feel my need of Christ. I want to be a Christian."

Another was read:—

"The prayers of this meeting are requested for G—— B——, who has lived all his life in wickedness, and only a few days ago contemplated suicide and the great crime of murder, in the hope of ending his misery."

On reading these requests, the leader remarked, that if the persons making them were present—and he knew one was present—he wished to say that the Lord Jesus laid down his

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life for just such sinners as they; that he came to seek and to save them that are lost—not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The close of this statement was immediately followed by one who said that he had come to hear, not to say a word; but that on entering the room he saw hanging on the walls this passage, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" and when he heard these requests read, and knew there were some poor sinners in the room who needed just such an assurance, he could not hold his peace. He then told of another place, and another scene. He was from the West, and in the West he had accosted a little girl, not supposing she was a Christian.

"'Do you love the Bible?' said I to her. 'Yes, sir, I love the Bible.' 'Is there any one portion of it, or one passage of it, which you love better than the rest?' 'Yes, sir, there is—though I love all the Bible: if I may be permitted, I love this more than any other, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."' There she rested," said the speaker, "and there every sinner may rest his hopes for eternity. I feel impelled to speak, because I believe and feel that the destiny of souls hangs upon this hour. Look, sinners, at the passage on the wall. There is a whole sermon in it. No matter what a sinner you have been. 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' I am as sure as I am of my own existence, that there is some sinner who needs just such an assurance as this to rest upon, and I must urge you to cast yourself upon it, and be saved." Many wept.

Instantly a young lieutenant of the navy, from the United States ship of war *Sabine*, arose close beside the leader, and said he wished to add another passage to that on the wall. "It was this—'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool.' What does my impenitent friend need more than these to assure him of God's readiness to pardon?" Two stanzas of the hymn were then sung:—

> "One there is above all others,
> Well deserves the name of friend."

Then prayer, the great feature of the meeting, followed; at the close of which a young sailor arose, evidently a Scotchman by birth. He was deeply impressed, as was indicated by his voice and manner, as if feeling it was the critical moment for some souls present. "Will you take a sailor's advice," said he; "a stranger sailor. You who are now deciding that at some future time you will be a Christian, delay not your choice another hour; come now, and be on the Lord's side. You cannot possibly magnify the danger of delay. You cannot believe it to be half so great as it is." He then related the following, as coming under his own observation:—"I remember," said he, "when in Panama, one of my brother sailors was taken very sick. I had previously urged him on many occasions to take Jesus as his guide, counsellor, and friend. But his answer had ever been, 'Time enough yet.' That fearful putting off, that delivering himself up to the power of Satan, who was constantly whispering in his ear, 'Time enough yet,' reached its fearful crisis at last. As he lay sick upon his mattress, writhing in pain and fever—the fever of his soul causing him more anguish than all his bodily ailments—I said to him, 'You need a Saviour now.' 'Oh!' he replied, 'I have put off seeking Jesus too long.' I earnestly begged him to look to the cross of Christ, and there learn what Jesus had done and suffered that a poor sinner like him might not perish, but have everlasting life. But he replied, amidst sobs, 'Too late, too late; there is no rest for me! I am going to some place I know not where—oh, I know not where!' when his head fell back upon his pillow, and my dying shipmate was gone."

Another touching incident he related, as intimately connected with his own conversion, bearing upon the danger of delay. It was at his own home. He had a pious, God-fearing mother, who had never neglected any opportunity which offered to impress upon his young mind the urgent need of seeking a Saviour in his youthful days. But he had constantly neglected to pay more than a passing attention to his mother's admonitions, until one Sabbath morning she invited a young girl, a neighbour's daughter, to accompany them to the house of prayer. "The young girl replied to the invitation in a light and trifling manner, 'Oh, no; I cannot go till next Sunday. I shall then have a new bonnet; my old one is too shabby.' Alas! that next Sabbath never came to her. On Monday, she was taken sick; on Wednesday, she died. My mother told me, with streaming eyes, as she came home from watching by her bedside, 'Emma is gone; and gone, I fear, without conversion.' This was so sudden, so unexpected, that it woke within my heart the cry, 'What must I do to be saved?' And blessed be God that cry was not made in vain. Jesus had mercy on my soul. He has been ever since that time the rock of my salvation. Oh! come to Him all you who need the saving grace of a dying, risen Saviour. Will you take a sailor's counsel? Will you come? God is calling you; come now."

There were not many dry eyes in the room at the close of this touching, tender, earnest appeal. It came from a warm heart, and found its way to every heart.

Prayer was then offered, followed by the beautiful hymn:—

> "One there is above all others,
> Well deserves the name of friend;
> His is love beyond a brother's—
> Costly, free, and knows no end."

The time was then up. What a brief hour! the minutes had fled on the wings of prayer and praise, and the precious season was over. No one felt it long. It had hindered no business, but helped many heaven-ward. Shall we not say it had given greater clearness, coolness, distinctness of aim to business heads? When men stand for a season apart, and mark from an elevation the thoroughfares of a great city, they can track more easily thereafter their way through its crowd.

Of these meetings, of which a specimen has now been given, the most remarkable feature was what we may call their *spontaneity*. They were not thought of, and were not appointed to create a revival. They sprung up to meet the demand of an already awakened religious interest, not to create that demand. The revival was nowhere attended nor preceded by any special measures intended and adapted to produce excitement on the subject of religion. The meetings were the effects of a great first cause,—*God had poured out the Spirit of grace and supplication.* Hence the awakened interest sprung up, not only without special effort, but simultaneously over that great western world. Even ships at sea were overtaken in mid-ocean—knowing nothing of what was transpiring upon the land—by unusual religious anxiety, and came into port, bringing the strange news of a revival on board, and of the conversion of some of the men. The set time to favour Zion had come, and that favour was seen in the revived spirit of prayer—prayer by Christians united—prayer constant each day, sending up a cloud of

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prayer as a volume of incense before the throne of God—prayer that was divinely inspired, and was divinely answered—prayer that had power, and that prevailed.

But six months before, to have proposed a prayer meeting at noon, at almost any hour, even amidst the densest populations, would have been hopeless. It would have been a failure; now, every prayer-meeting was a success. Even by the majority of church members the prayer-meeting had been abandoned. Now the blessed spectacle was presented to the world of a church alive, because a church of prayer. It was a sublime spectacle when this was seen to be the moral position, not of one church, but of a majority of churches; not in one place, but in every place; when all the land seemed to be moved by one common impulse. With this new element of power, no wonder the church drew the world around her, and that a church of prayer was a church mighty in the conversion of souls. *God was in the midst of her. He uttered his voice, the earth melted.* J. L.

LET US PRAY.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchéd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak!—we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with *us* is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with *Thee?*

Trench.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

FOUNDED CHIEFLY ON REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL INDIA.

PART III.—PLANTS.

"On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took BRANCHES OF PALM-TREES, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord."—JOHN xii. 12, 13.

THE Greek word translated "branches" is an unusual one, and cannot have the meaning assigned to it in our version, for scarcely any palm-trees have branches in the ordinary sense of the term. The rendering should have been palm *leaves*. The appearance of the more common palms must be familiar to all our readers. A tapering stem rises to a great height above the plain, its summit surmounted by a canopy of large, generally pendent, leaves,—or, to use botanical language, fronds,—in some species fan-like, in others feather-shaped. While we often find these elegant trees occurring singly, we quite as frequently meet with them, especially along the banks of streams, growing together in considerable numbers, old and young promiscuously intermingled, and forming at times an almost impenetrable thicket. In such cases there is no difficulty in obtaining fronds from the smaller trees. If any of our readers have ever had a palm leaf for a few days in their possession, they will have observed that it does not wither speedily. Bearing this in mind, and taking into account that Oriental apathy rarely bestirs itself to remove from the public road anything valueless that may be thrown upon it, we feel convinced that the identical palm fronds that were cast before Jesus on occasion of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, must still have been lying, with their first freshness unimpaired, on the day of his crucifixion. It has not been given to us to explore the depths of the Redeemer's soul, and indicate what his emotions were while he was being led to execution; but he would not have been perfect man had his thoughts not been of a mournful cast as he beheld the ground, strewed with the memorials of his recent triumph, now mute witnesses against Israel's fickleness, and ingratitude, and fiendish thirst for his blood.

2 KINGS iv. 38-41.—We need not transcribe the passage at length, The part of it proposed to be illustrated is that relating to the poisonous wild gourd found in the vicinity of Gilgal.

Sin had produced its usual effects, and a dearth was in the land, of which the secondary cause, doubtless, was that rain had been withheld. The "sons of the prophets," whose head-quarters would seem at that time to have been Gilgal, not far from Jericho, were obliged to eke out their scanty subsistence by making short excursions into the uncultivated districts of the country, and collecting such fruits as they believed they might with safety eat. One of them, out upon such an expedition, came upon a "wild vine," and, unpractised in botanical distinctions, gathered from it a lapful of "wild gourds," which he shred without examination into the pot. They were poisonous, but withal of a taste so nauseous that their deleterious nature was at once suspected, and application made to Elisha the prophet, then providentially present, who instantly removed the peril by the exercise of his miraculous powers. The word *vine* has a very precise meaning in the vocabulary of most people in this country, being strictly limited to the plant from which grapes are procured. In the West Indies, and, indeed, if we mistake not, throughout most tropical countries, the word is employed in a much more comprehensive sense. All that is there required to entitle a plant to the appellation of a vine is, that it shall have a weak, trailing stem, and put forth tendrils for its support. The motley assemblage of species which these two characters bring together are then distinguished from each other by the prefix of discriminating words to the term vine: thus, we have the grape vine, the pea vine, the cucumber vine, &c. The Hebrews seem to have employed the word in the West Indian sense, rather than in that which obtains in Britain. If we omit the pea family, which manifestly fails to answer the conditions of the text, the botanical characters indicated above exist chiefly in two families of plants, perfectly distinct from each other, and, indeed, not even closely allied,—that of which the common vine is the type, and that represented by the melon and the cucumber. It was clearly from the latter of these that the prophet obtained his "gourds."

One of the residents in Central India was walking one day along the north side of the tank of Telankheree, two or three miles from Nagpore, when his attention was attracted by a plant with leaves not unlike those of a vine, prostrate, and

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trailing among the loose stones that had rolled down from the basaltic ridge above. One obvious point of interest about it was, that it was well fitted to endure drought, for its leaves were conspicuously green at a time when want of water had made other plants languish or die. On picking up one of the fruits, which lay temptingly around, and cutting it across, he found the seeds arranged as in the cucumber, with which also such scent as it had agreed. He applied it to his lips, and to his surprise found the taste nauseous in the extreme. Struck by the many points of resemblance it had to the prophet's wild gourd, he took it home and identified it as the colocynth, *Cucumis colocynthis* of botanic works. It is extensively employed in medicine, but in certain circumstances requires to be prescribed with caution. Thus its use had to be discontinued in the Calcutta general hospital during cholera epidemics, it having been found that in place of acting at such times in the ordinary way, it almost uniformly produced cholera. Indeed, the large consumption of cucumbers, and other vegetables of the same family of plants, in which the deleterious principle is so much diluted as to be in general harmless, is believed at certain times to become a fertile source of cholera among the natives of the East. The best authors seem now generally to regard the colocynth as the "wild gourd" of the vicinity of Gilgal, though a smaller species, called in consequence *Cucumis prophetarum*, has still some advocates. Our own opinion is decidedly in favour of the former plant. Kitto thus graphically describes it in his "Physical History of Palestine," p. 289:—"It is essentially a desert plant; and in the desert parts of Syria, Egypt, and Arabia, and on the banks of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, its tendrils run over vast tracts of ground, offering a prodigious number of gourds, which are crushed under foot by camels, horses, and men. In winter, we have seen the extent of many miles covered with the connecting tendrils and dry gourds of the preceding season, the latter making precisely the same appearance as in our shops; and when crushed, with a crackling noise beneath the feet, discharging, in the form of a light powder, the valuable drug which it contains. It is found in the plain of Jericho, whence some have sought to identify it with the famous 'apples of Sodom,' fair to the eye, but within dust and corruption."

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."—Isa. lv. 13.

So vague are the references to thorny plants in Scripture, that the attempt to fix the species has been generally abandoned; we shall, therefore, make no effort precisely to identify the "thorn" and the "brier" of the text. It appears to us, however, that our translators have instinctively grasped the true idea in making the first two shrubs mentioned thorny, while, as is well known, the other two are smooth. If with botanists we draw a distinction between prickles and thorns, giving the former designation to such protuberances on a plant as, being merely skin deep, peel off with the bark, and reserving the more decided term thorns for those that are deeply rooted in the wood, then full force is not given to the passage, unless we suppose that the plants indicated are thorny rather than prickly. Both sorts overrun waste land in the East with astonishing rapidity, the thorny description growing more numerous and larger as the state of jungle becomes gradually established. One of the trees of the latter description most frequently met with is the *Acacia Arabica* of botanists, the babool of India, better known among ourselves as the gum-arabic tree. When the poem of "The Sluggard" was translated into Mahratta, if possible to rouse up Oriental lethargy, in place of its being stated that in the neglected garden, "the thorns and thistles grew higher and higher," the idea expressed was that "the gum-arabic trees grew higher and higher." Nor was this untrue to nature; for a piece of land being purchased at Nagpore as a refuge for native Christians, the gum-arabic trees, hardly discernible at first, shot up in a few years a dozen of feet or more, and then came out in full bloom. And though it might seem to render one akin to the sluggard to let them remain, yet no lover of nature could think of removing them, they looked so attractive with their elegant spiry stems; their leaves, complicated in form, but of perfect symmetry; and their flowers, like little velvety pellets of bright lemon hue.

> "Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
> The Acacia waves her yellow hair,
> Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
> For flowering in a wilderness."

In an Indian jungle, which is simply a forest of tall shrubs or low trees, and by no means uniformly or even generally marshy, as is often supposed, if you lag behind your companions and then hurry forward to overtake them, you are perpetually brought up by thorns, the existence of which you cannot ignore. Once on a time a mission party descending a hill, resolved on a short cut through the jungle to a village less than a mile distant, where they had to preach; but somehow they became separated from each other, and then every one, as he singly pressed forward, found his farther progress barred by a perfect thicket of thorny shrubs and trees, far worse than when the brambles and wild roses of our own land intertwine. And it was only by each bending his arm before his eyes, and then bursting through, regardless of the consequences to himself or his cotton dress, that the obstacle could be passed. Examination showed that it was a species of Acacia, though not the Arabica, which was chiefly responsible for making the thicket what it was: associated with it, however, were shrubs of other families, only a shade less formidable than itself. Were we asked to indicate the distinguishing characteristic of jungle plants, we should say that in unusual proportions they are thorny.

To turn now to the other two trees named in the text. That rendered fir, is generally believed to be the cypress; and the myrtle is considered to be well ascertained. In India both the cypress and myrtle occur in gardens, while neither is found in the jungle. They are said to grow wild in Palestine, yet probably were not denied admittance into the ancient Jewish gardens. Though the dark, sombre cypress might seem appropriate only to burial-grounds, and out of place when rearing its tall head among gay flowers and trees of airy foliage and conspicuous bloom, yet it is not destitute of a certain sad grace peculiarly its own; and those who, when in pensive mood, hung their harps upon the willows, would, we think, have wished it in their gardens, if only to afford a repose to their eye when wearied with the monotony of the other trees, nearly all of light and cheerful hues. And the fragrant myrtle, with its shining leaves and flowers so chastely beautiful, it is hard to suppose that they could have failed to appreciate it, even though it might grow wild on some of their hills, and by a few of their river sides, There is but one obvious structural character that unites

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these very dissimilar trees—that they are smooth instead of being thorny. In this respect they present a marked contrast to the two shrubs first named. There is, indeed, a certain connection between thorns and a wilderness on the one hand, and, on the other, between smooth trees and a garden; for, botanically speaking, thorns are but branches checked in their development from poverty of soil, or some other cause, and therefore remaining unsightly excrescences, instead of proceeding, as they otherwise would, to put forth leaves, flowers, and fruit. And, in many cases, the mere transplantation of a thorny tree into richer ground will make the thorns disappear, or rather develop into the branches they were intended in favourable circumstances to become. The literal meaning, then, of the passage prefixed to these remarks is not very different from this, The wilderness shall give place to the garden. But it has also a spiritual import. "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee," it was said, when, in consequence of Adam's sin, the curse was first pronounced upon the earth, and a crown of thorns for a time encircled the Saviour's brow, when he was "made a curse" to remove his people's sin. A remedy for the consequences of man's sad fall is however announced. It is the gospel, clearly unfolded at the commencement of the chapter, in the well-known words beginning, "Ho, every one that thirsteth." Where the good news here proclaimed are unknown, the earth is, morally speaking, a wilderness, overspread with sharp, unsightly thorns. Conspiracies, mutinies, massacres, and other horrible crimes, are the spontaneous growths it presents. But the reception of the gospel shall be followed by a moral development of the most wondrous kind, and which shall at the same time make misery give place to joy and peace. Even the sombre environments of the tomb shall have their dark gloom relieved by a hope full of immortality; exquisite moral loveliness shall everywhere be seen; and, in a word, the waste howling wilderness that once overspread the earth, shall be transformed into the very garden of the Lord.*

PAPERS FOR THE CHURCHES.

THE MINISTRY FOR THE TIMES.

We *live in an age of worldliness.* The world is everywhere; the fierce clanking of machinery, and the whistling steam-car is the type of human life; a thousand new avenues of successful adventure are open; men haste to be rich, and cast themselves into this turmoil and strife, and forget that they have souls to save. The world is here in our offices, in our stores, in our homes; it asks no holiness of heart; while heaven, which asks so much, seems far away, and men forget the one to love the other. A scantily paid ministry may not be in danger of falling into the extravagance and luxury of the times, and yet may fall into the snare of a more subtle temptation. We shall be tempted to court the world—to be more of its friend than its pastor—to be more of its companion than the servant of Christ. We shall be tempted to walk with our people in the same worldly paths; to say nothing, to do nothing which jars upon that "love of the world, which, if a man have, the love of the Father is not in him." We can get on pleasantly with little or no religion; but we cannot lead souls to Jesus Christ unless we are living in loving nearness to him. We cannot lead men to heaven unless we are walking there ourselves. My brethren, God has placed us in these Vanity Fairs to win the idolater to serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

We live in a faithless age. Multitudes around us have no faith. Many a scholar in the land knows less of God, and Christ, and heaven, than a Sunday-school child. They have grown up in a Christian land without the Christian faith; religion has been to them the opinion of men, and not the revelation of God; the voice of their teacher faltered, and they doubted, and doubt ripened into unbelief. There are thousands who cannot tell what they believe or disbelieve. Why should it not be so? If men give up all that Christ has said of his Church—if they break down all barriers against heresy and schism—if they teach that it matters not what a man believes, if he is only honest—what could so plainly surrender them to the delusions of Satan, to be led captive at his will? We place ourselves in danger of falling when we turn aside to tamper with any error. It is a sad truth, that some of the darkest heresies which have desolated the Church have come from the sworn liegemen of the Cross, by tampering with the faith, and attempting to harmonise the truth of God with the doubts and cavils of sinful hearts. We have no right to falter about any truth of divine revelation. I believe in my heart that the time has come, of which Hooker spake, "when one word spoken in charity is better than a thousand spoken in disdainful sharpness of wit;" but it is also a day when we should remember the warning of the dying martyr, "Stand thou in the day of trial as an anvil when it is beaten."

We live in a humanitarian age. It is prolific of its plans to redeem men without a Christ and Saviour. It has its orders, its brotherhood and human priesthood; it grapples boldly with social evils, and claims the power to redeem the world. We feel a sympathy with that earnest spirit which urges men to do such work. It is the voice of humanity crying for deliverance; but when it takes the crown of glory from our Lord, we dare not take up its Shibboleth. The ministry of Christ cannot become the ministry of a godless people, save only to tell them that the only cure for sin is in the grace of God. We are often perplexed by the vaunting cry of Reform and Reformers. We wonder why the people should pass by the gospel and the Church to heed the cry of these social brotherhoods. In sorrow I say that

* The general line of thought pursued in this illustration, which first suggested itself to the writer among the scenes he has attempted to describe, has, he has recently discovered, been already given to the public by Professor Balfour, at the 110th, and on to the 114th page of his little volume, in the "Christian Athenæum." Doubtless, then, the readers of the *Treasury* will peruse the views above expressed with greater confidence when they are aware they are generally concurred in by the eminent Christian botanist just named.

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one reason is that we do not make the Church what Christ intended it to be—a refuge for the weary. The world is full of work—work to make the heart heavy and the hands faint. All around us are outstretched arms pleading for help. If God's children stand aloof—if the priest and the Levite pass by the wounded sufferer—shall we wonder if the world loves any one who offers to be the good Samaritan? While we may and ought to be afraid to join hands with infidel clubs, we must not forget that it was while we slept that the enemy sowed tares. Thank God that the Church is awakening to grapple with this misery and death, and is learning that a living, working Church—a Church united by a living faith to Christ—is the only defence against the lies and schemes of Satan.

Our encouragement is that our office is from the Lord. It is not a doubtful question where the victory shall fall; the battle goes on day by day in all lands; we shall ofttimes be weary, but we must never despair. Remember that the Lord of glory was once here upon earth, and how few believed in him. Remember how apostles, and martyrs, and confessors witnessed for Christ, and died before the triumph came. It is for us to work; the promise is true, "He that goeth forth bearing precious seed, and weeping, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." As it has been, so it shall be—the hour of doubt and of perplexity is to the believing heart the hour which heralds in the victory. We know not what shall be in the future; the work may be heavier or lighter than now; we do know that it is the Lord's work. It only needs that the Church lean upon Christ, and then men shall ask, in the words of the holy song, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved; fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" Our encouragement is in the presence of Christ with us; we are half afraid to claim the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." We do not grasp it as a truth to live by, that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—*Rev. H. B. Whipple.*

VARIETIES IN ANXIOUS INQUIRY.

BY THE REV. J. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

THERE are family traits in those who are born into the kingdom, but great diversity marks the individual features and expression. This may be profitably studied during a revival of religion. This sameness and diversity are in nothing more remarkable than in the way of coming from Satan to God; and even more particularly in the anxiety, fear, and grief of the approach. The malefactor on the cross and the Philippian jailor both had their convictions, but how unlike! Saul of Tarsus and the Ethiopian courtier of Queen Candace are aroused amidst unlike circumstances. Solitary Cornelius, and the thousands at Pentecost, have remarkable resemblances and differences. The same is true of Lydia, Timothy, and other subjects of conversion named in Scripture. Inexperience would have all converts to bear its own favourite stamp; but the Spirit of God works with a lavish, manifold, and magnificent variety, which it is our province devoutly to admire. So also it is in modern awakenings.

If we love to contemplate the unity in variety which beautifully illustrates divine skill, power, and bounty in the kinds and species of the animal kingdom, much more should we gaze with intensity of interest upon the strange but gracious examples of spiritual operation in the saving of souls. While what is said holds good of all such operations, we may profitably confine our view to the different aspects of anxiety among inquirers.

There are some things present in almost every case of awakening. In whatsoever place, time, or circumstances you were brought to consideration, you had a consciousness of being wrong, and of being wretched. You felt yourself in danger, and believed you must do something to escape. The thought of the glorious God overhung your path, and caused you to meditate on your sins. But the degrees of this solicitude vary exceedingly, from slight ruffling of the sensibilities to utter desperation.

The man may be named who went careless into a religious meeting, and came out with an arrow in his heart. Another has been deeply pierced by a question from a child's lips. The bare tidings of the conversion of such or such a person may bring sudden conviction to the hearer; and the report of great numbers seeking God in one place often stimulates attention, and so prostrates the sinner. Nothing is oftener blessed to this end than some sentence of the preached word. The opening of the Bible at an unexpected place may sting a man into anguish. The word ETERNITY, at the head of a tract, is said to have smitten a fashionable sinner. One of the most eminent and long-tried saints we ever knew was brought to serious consideration in a ball-room. The late eminently pious Francis Markoe was led, not to conviction only, but to salvation, on one and the same day, in his solitary apartment; having up to this time been without any religious impressions. The convictions of St. Augustine may be read in his "Confessions," or in Milner. Thousands have owed their awakening to the simplest accost of a loving friend, uttered with prayer and love.

The views taken by awakened souls are different. Some are struck down, as was Saul; others come gradually to a simple judgment, by no means strong at first, that they are in a wrong way of life. If a shaking, wavering conviction, the chronic trouble of common days, does not rise to acute distress in the time of revival, it will be likely to depart without good results.

It is a great error of ignorant and inexperienced persons, to predetermine how much or how little shall be the terror and grief of a convinced soul. To determine this, is the prerogative of God. He may come in the great and strong wind, the earthquake, the fire, or in the still small voice (1 Kings xix. 11, 12). "Some," says the venerable annalist of the "Great Revival," in New-England, "are from the beginning carried on with abundantly more encouragement and hope than others. Some have had ten times less trouble of mind than others, in whom yet the issue seems to be the same. Some have had such a sense of the displeasure of God, and the great danger they were in of damnation, that they could not sleep; and many have said that when they lay down, the thoughts of sleeping in such a condition have been frightful to them, and they have scarcely been free from terror while they have been asleep, and have awakened with fear, heaviness, and distress still abiding on their spirits. It has been very common, that

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the deep and fixed concern that has been on persons' minds has had a painful influence on their bodies, and given disturbance to animal nature."

The LAW OF GOD, applied to the mind and conscience, is that which works conviction. Hence the preaching of the law precedes the preaching of the gospel, and is indispensable. Views of the infinite justice of God are never wanting in sound convictions, although as to accessories and degree these views may differ. Many who are in truth brought very low by the convincing Spirit, are under an illusion, and go about lamenting that they cannot feel. In others, there is a silent, but profound and immovable self-judgment, in regard to the abiding state of sin and consequent anger of God.

If we examine the direction of that wind which "bloweth where it listeth," we shall find it uniformly setting towards *self-renunciation*. "I am in the hands of a sovereign God," is the language of the sinner. The blasts of the law are driving him away from self-dependence to reliance on God. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick" (Matt. ix. 12). He is becoming "sick" by the law; yea, he is becoming "dead" (Col. iii. 3; Rom. vii. 9). Hear the groaning of such a one in his secret chamber:—O Lord! help, or I perish! Without a Mediator, I am lost, lost for ever. By the beams of thy holy and immutable law I see myself depraved and guilty. The stirring up of enmity within me shows me to myself as worse, rather than better. Once I felt only my outward sins; now the rule is applied to my secret sins—my sins of purpose, sentiment, and thought; my habits and principles of sin; nay, my inmost *state of sin!* God be merciful to me a sinner!

While to some favoured souls the Lord Jesus is revealed in his plenitude of saving compassion from the very beginning of their inquiring state, to others he seems long inaccessible. The sufferer cries:—"Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" Renewed convictions lead to renewed struggles. There are prayers, tears, and groans, with abundant endeavours to make the heart better, which all the while seems to grow worse. Those exercises, in which perhaps there was a certain complacency at first, lose all power of quieting the conscience. They have no merit; they give no security. So far from thinking that they are in a better way on account of these impressions and struggles, convinced souls are deeply persuaded that every additional moment of unbelief adds to the aggregate of guilt. Never before, it may be, had they such self-abhorrence and despair of self-salvation as amidst the boiling corruptions and revealed impenitence which first precedes faith and rescue. "Once," says the sinner, "I thought I had a certain amount of guilt, and I tried to wash it away. Now I see my sins innumerable, and their turpitude immeasurable. Unfit to go to the fountain, I lie here on the earth, and cry, Unclean, unclean!" These are troubles out of which only Christ can deliver.

Anguish like this cannot be cured by any legal performances. Indeed, the chief misery of a convinced sinner is, that he finds himself culpably unable to do the works of the law. "I have seen many," says Luther, "who have painfully travailed, and under stress of mere conscience have done the utmost that was possible, in fasts, prayers, hair-shirts, vexing and punishing the body with sundry penances, sufficient at length to destroy a frame of iron; and all to this end, that they might gain quietness and peace of conscience. Nevertheless, the more they wrought, the more were they stricken down with dread. Especially on the approach of death, some such persons, though they had lived holily, have departed with less courage than I have seen many murderers and other criminals. Therefore, it is most true, that they which do the law, do it not." But despair of help by the law conducts to the free grace of the gospel.

The gross error of limiting the Holy Spirit to one or a few methods of working in impenitent hearts, is more common than some suppose. Among its evil consequences one is realized by inquirers themselves. Instead of following the intimations of Divine Wisdom in the word, in respect to what are proper views and affections, they not unfrequently prescribe some way in which they are to be converted. They will hear of no other. Their predilection for this way has been derived from tradition, from uninspired books, or from common talk. All such expectations God is able to disappoint. The paths by which he leads to the strait gate are numberless. He who looked to be struck dumb with terror, is melted all at once by love; while, perhaps, he who meant to advance rationally, deliberately, and gradually, is transported into paroxysms of terror, which make him tremble for his reason. But all the varieties of conviction leave the soul deeply impressed with the insufficiency of every sacrifice but *one*. "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt-offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Psalm li. 16, 17).

JESUS, LEAD THE WAY.

JESUS, lead the way,
So we shall not stray
From the path while here abiding,
But shall follow thy safe guiding:
Lead us by the hand
To the fatherland.

Should we fare but hard,
Stand we fast on guard;
Though the days be very dreary,
Never of our burden weary,
For through trouble's sea
Lies our road to thee.

Should some secret smart
Vex and wound the heart,
Or another's woe and weakness,
Grant us patience—grant us meekness.
Lift thou up our mind
To the end designed.

Lord, thy guidance lend
Through life to the end;
Though the way be rough and trying
Be thou needful help supplying;
And when all is o'er,
Open, Lord, thy door!

(From the German of Zinzendorf.)—J. D. B.

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HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"NOT YOUR OWN."

WHENCE comes it that, out of the comparatively large number of professed Christians, there is such a scanty proportion that can point to *one* duty which they are discharging purely in virtue of their avowed religion? It is because they have not felt that they are "*not their own.*" Whence comes it, that with many there is a manifest decay of zeal, that the sap of earnestness is drying up within them, and languor marks both their speech and action? It is because they are losing their grasp of the truth that they are "*not their own.*" Whence comes it, that in some churches all the vitality which is left seems to express itself in vigorous quarrelling? It is because they do not believe that they are "*not their own.*" Whence comes it, that the exchequers of nearly all our religious institutions are in a state of chronic exhaustion, and the cry of distress from those in office seldom ceases, and only ceases for a brief season to burst forth in more pitiful and piercing tones? It is because the truth is not deeply and widely felt that we are "*not our own.*" Whence comes it, that when the inadequacy of funds becomes known, instead of streams of wealth flowing in to the relief and release of societies thus embarrassed, the Church seems to groan beneath the effort, and utters significant warnings against the speedy repetition of the appeal? It is because with it, it is as yet little more than theory that they are "*not their own.*" Whence comes it, that so many spheres of Christian beneficence are kept in humbling restriction, and that the wail of misery comes from far and near, but is allowed to expend itself on the air, because the means are not at hand which would give progressive and rapid expansion to those spheres, and displace darkness with light, and put error to flight with the truth, and swallow up sorrow in consolation, and brighten the face of fear with the radiance of hope, and make despair itself to smile and sing, and fill with forms of spiritual life the valley of the shadow of death? It is because the heart has not yet surrendered itself to the truth that "*we are not our own.*"

Will it be denied by any observant man, that the normal condition of many of our religious societies, great and small, is that of ships in perpetual danger of being stranded for lack of an adequate tide of pecuniary means to float them? Occasionally they get aground, and after vast efforts they move freely again, but the water beneath them is still alarmingly shallow. And what can even Charity herself say in extenuation of such a complexion of affairs? Can she plead that the Church is too poor to sustain and enlarge the agencies she herself has created? Can she urge that the spiritual blessings, with which the efforts of the Church have been crowned, have embarrassed her with obligations which she has not the wealth fully to honour? Can she say that the Church's work has consumed the Church's wealth? that its piety has exhausted its purse? Say this! Charity can only turn her eyes away from the spectacle, and look through her tears to the cross, and mourn that, with such a Saviour as bled upon it, the Church has not yet learned that she is "not her own." Not one harsh word would I suffer to escape my lips against the Church which Christ purchased with his most precious blood, but the truth must not be concealed, nor even decorated with fictitious colours. The Christian world is not bankrupt. It has untold resources at its command. It is rich, very rich in material wealth. If there can be found men who stretch their liberality to the very circumference of their means, these are the rare exceptions. The rule is, that in their givings men hardly come within sight of the real extent of their resources. And it is no intrepid venture to affirm (without raising any ascetic standard of life), that if the stream of wealth which goes to the purchase of the most secondary and superficial delicacies were diverted into the institutions which a Christian philanthropy has established, there is not one that would not stand surprised at its sudden and complete deliverance from its difficulties. Each would lift up its head, and joy would glisten in its eye, and its youth would be renewed like the eagle's. Each, like a goodly vessel crowded with sail, would ride and bound along as a thing of life; each would feel its blood pulsing healthily to its remotest extremities; and instead of presenting the moribund aspect which now so often distresses us, they would all possess a surplus strength that would demand and occupy more extended fields of labour.

It would be the sheerest flattery to affirm that there is as yet in any section of the Church of Christ a practical faith in the truth, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and there is for mortals no surer way of learning men's real convictions, than by hearing their words and observing their actions. No Christian will formally deny that truth uttered by our Lord, and seen by the apostle floating on the stream of tradition, and snatched from oblivion as a fragment too precious to be lost. But non-denial is not faith, and may never become faith. What a reluctance there is to be *blessed!* What excuses men will frame in order to escape being *blessed!* What pettishness and anger they will show if you prosecute too earnestly the resolve that they shall be *blessed!* If an open and effectual door of usefulness presents itself, and you point the eye of some unemployed Christian to it, how often he turns away, as if you were tempting him to his ruin, instead of showing him the way to be *blessed. More blessed* it is; but with few exceptions, even Christians do not believe it. Then will they show that it has become a faith, and not a notion, when there shall be a hot and eager competition for every vacant sphere of self-denying work; when men shall be as ingenious in devising methods of Christian beneficence as they are now in declining them; when the treasuries of the Church shall be filled to the brim, and kept full;

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when the greatest offence one Christian can give to another, will be to neglect to call upon him for his pecuniary aid; and when that shall be accounted the happiest and the most prosperous day in a man's life, in which, proportionately to his means, he shall have given most for the service of the Lord. Till this shall be the case—till every avenue of usefulness shall be crowded with eager competitors—till men shall scatter their wealth in the furrows of holy work with as much, nay, with more delight, than now they hoard it—till they give *as much as they can spare for love, instead of as little as they dare for shame*, a practical denial will be given to the truth, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Rev. E. Mellor.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XX.—MESSAGE FROM JOHN THE BAPTIST—CHRIST'S TESTIMONY TO JOHN—UNREASONABLENESS OF THE PEOPLE—REPROOF OF THE CITIES OF GALILEE.

MATT. xi. 1–24.

Ver. 1. [The place where Christ gave instructions to the twelve is not mentioned. The cities in which he went to teach and preach were those of Galilee. He did not yet preach openly in Judea.]

Message from John the Baptist.—Ver. 2. By whom had John been imprisoned? and for what reason? Do we know where he was confined? [Josephus tells us, in Herod's castle of Machaerus, in the south of Perea, east of the Jordan.] What had John heard in prison? [Observe *the name* applied to Jesus here, "Christ," the anointed one. It is the only place in this gospel where that name stands alone. It seems to show that John firmly believed that Jesus was the Messiah.]

Ver. 3. Who was meant by "he that should come?" Where is the expression used in the Old Testament? Malachi iii. 1, 2, &c. Why may John have sent this message? [Not for his own satisfaction (see John i. 29), but perhaps for that of his disciples; or rather, to draw from Christ a direct, open declaration that he was the Messiah.]

Ver. 4. Did Christ make the open declaration that John seems to have wished? [The hour for that was not yet come.] What did he refer to as sufficient to answer John's question?

Ver. 5. What instances of these several miracles have we found in Matthew? Ch. ix. 27; ix. 2; viii. 2; ix. 32; ix. 18; v. 1. [What a glorious description this verse contains of the healing, blessing, life-giving functions of the Saviour! He who does all this must be the Prince of Life.]

Ver. 6. What is meant by not being offended in Christ? [Not being displeased with anything he does, so as to withdraw from him, or even be less cordial towards him.] Why did Jesus utter this warning? [It was a gentle reproof to the impatience which either John or some of his disciples had shown.]

Christ's testimony to John.—Ver. 7. [Christ now seeks to impress his hearers with the greatness of John the Baptist.] What wilderness is referred to here? Would any one go to the wilderness to see a reed shaken by the wind? [John the Baptist was no such object; he was no common man, otherwise he would not have been so eagerly sought after.]

Ver. 8. Would any one have gone to the wilderness to see a man clothed in soft raiment? What sort of raiment did John wear?

Ver. 9. What character did all admit that John bore? Matt. xxi. 26. How was John more than a prophet? [The next verse answers this question.]

Ver. 10. Where is this written? Mal. iii. 1. How did this prove John to be more than a prophet? [The prophets foretold that Christ was coming. John announced him as come. In the long and far-separated line of prophets, he stood next the person of the Redeemer himself.]

Ver. 11. What does this statement mean? [John is viewed in his official character; his privilege as forerunner was very glorious. But *in that capacity* he only stood at the door of the kingdom. The privileges of the least of those who have entered in are greater. The humblest believer who has come to Christ, and been united to the Bridegroom, has got more to be thankful for than all that characterized John as the forerunner of Christ. What a blessed thing it is to be "in the kingdom!"]

Ver. 12. What effect had John's preaching upon men? [It had made many exceedingly anxious to get into the kingdom of heaven.] How is this expressed in this verse? [The door of heaven was besieged, as it were, by a multitude, using violence in their efforts to get in.] Is this a common picture of the earnestness of men on that subject? [Alas! no; utter carelessness is the more common state.]

Ver. 13, 14. Where was it foretold that Elias or Elijah should re-appear? Why, then, did John deny that he was Elias? John i. 21. [He meant that he was not literally Elijah come back to earth. Christ meant that he had the spirit and power of Elijah.]

Ver. 15. What do these words commonly imply? [That there is some deeper meaning in what has been said than might at first appear; that it should be pondered well.]

The Unreasonableness of the People.—Ver. 16–19. [John and Jesus were of different temperaments,—John somewhat stern and distant, Jesus open and social; yet, as a whole, the people responded to neither.] Which of them—John or Jesus—is represented by the children who had piped? and by the children that had mourned? What was John's conduct ascribed to? And how was the more genial and social spirit of Jesus misrepresented? And what was the true reason in both cases? [Hatred to what John and Jesus taught. They reproved the people's sins; the people hated them for this, and misrepresented them both.] What is meant by "wisdom is justified of her children?" [The children of wisdom—*i. e.* those enlightened by God to understand somewhat of his ways—see that there is good reason for what he did in both cases.]

Reproof of the Cities of Galilee.—Ver. 20. Did Jesus reprove the cities because they did not listen to him? Why, then? What is the *true test* of our improving our privileges?

Ver. 21. Where were Chorazin and Bethsaida? [About the head of the Lake of Galilee.] Which of the apostles were natives of Bethsaida? John i. 44. Where were Tyre and Sidon? For what remarkable? What happened once when Jesus was there? Matt. xv. 21.

Ver. 22. What made the guilt of Tyre and Sidon less?

Ver. 23. In what respects had Capernaum been exalted to

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heaven? What mighty works of Christ's were done there? Matt. ix. 2; xvii. 24; Mark i. 21; v. 22; Luke iv. 38; vii. 1. What solemn and awful lesson do we, with all our religious privileges, receive from these verses? [Let us pray God to preserve us from the awful doom of Capernaum; and especially, for this end, to make us *truly penitent.*]

DOCTRINE.—Believers in Christ are adopted into God's Family.

John i. Rom. viii. 2 Cor. vi. Gal. iii. iv. 1 John iii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM XXIII. (No. II.)

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

WHAT does David here say that the Lord as his Shepherd does for him? Is not it always a shepherd's duty to provide food for his flock? What do they require? [Grass and water.] How does he provide these for them? [In a hilly country he looks out for the best feeding place, and brings the flock there; and, when it becomes bare, takes them to another.] Does God promise to do this for his people? Is. xl. 11; xlix. 9, 10; Ezek. xxxiv. 14, 15; John x. 9. What kind of picture does this verse of our Psalm bring before us? [A very peaceful and beautiful one. Describe it—The sheep and lambs resting in the green valley beside the stream, &c.]

When does God bring his people to green pastures, &c.? [When he gives them much joy and peace in their souls, and much *spiritual food.*] Where may we find food for our souls? [In the Bible, in prayer, the house of God, the Sabbath-school, &c.] Then are not these *our* "green pastures?" When do we enjoy food most? When shall we get most good from our Bible, church, &c.? [When we are feeling most desire to profit by them. Matt. v. 6.] Did David and other holy men of old feel in this way? Job xxiii. 12; Jer. xv. 16; Ps. xlii. 1, 2; lxiii. 1. Is there food for the lambs in God's "green pastures?" [Yes; though children cannot know or understand as much as grown people, they can get enough to feed and save their souls.]

What is it to *lie down* in the "green pastures?" [To rest in them, enjoy them, not wish to leave them.] When children dislike the Sabbath, the Bible, &c., what does that show? [They do not care for spiritual food, they are not lambs of Jesus' flock.] What should they do then? [Pray to Jesus to change their hearts, and give them love for himself and holy things.]

How does a shepherd lead his flock from one pasture to another? [In our country he drives them before him, but in the East he goes first, and calls them, and they follow him.] What does the Good Shepherd say about this? John x. 3-5, 27. What should this teach us? [To listen attentively to all Jesus says to us by his word and his ministers, and follow his commands.]

Should not we be very thankful for all our "green pastures?" Does a sheep or lamb like to feed in a field alone? [No; they like to keep together.] What may we learn from this? [To live as much as we can among God's people, and try to get others to join us there.] What can we do for the poor heathen, and others, who do not know about Jesus? [Pray for them, and help to send the Bible and missionaries to them.]

Where will the best "green pastures and still waters" be found? [In heaven. Rev. vii. 17; Ps. xlvi. 4.] How are they different from what we have now? [There is no sin or sorrow there, no temptation, no weariness; we shall understand and enjoy much more than we ever can on earth. Ps. xvi. 11; 1 Cor. xiii. 12.] But can those who do not care for the service and worship of God here expect to go to heaven? Would they be happy there if they could go?

"Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom, and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, bless'd.

And soon, their trials done,
His glory they behold;
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One Shepherd, and one fold."

Precept.—Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock. Song of Sol. i. 8.

Promise.—I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. Ezek. xxxiv. 15.

Prayer.—O Lord our God, we thank thee for our Bibles, our Sabbaths, our churches, our good ministers and teachers, and all the opportunities we have to pray to thee and to praise thee, and thus to get strength and comfort for our souls. We pray thee for thy dear Son's sake to forgive us, because we so often do not love and value these blessings as we ought, and grow cold and weary in thy service. O make us feel more and more pleasure in all these holy duties; let them become to us like green pastures, where we love to remain and to rest. And so bring us at last to the blessed home in heaven, where we shall love and serve thee in endless joy. Hear us, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE COVENANTER'S SABBATH.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. xxiii. 2.

GREEN pastures and quiet streams, and white flocks feeding beside them,—what a pretty picture this is! Some of you, my dear children, have lived in the country, and know what I mean. You can fancy a little valley with a gentle stream running through it, and high hills on each side, and the sun shining on the smooth green grass, where the sheep and lambs were reclining in the heat of the day.

About a hundred and ninety years ago, in our own Scotland, if you had looked into a valley like this, on a Sabbath forenoon, you would have seen it filled, not with flocks of sheep and lambs, but with men, and women, and children like yourselves. Why had they come there? They came to worship God, to seek the food for their souls, of which we have heard in our lesson. It was a time of trouble and persecution, when they dared not meet in any house or church, so they stole away to the quiet glen, where only God would see or hear them. They loved the green pastures of his word and ordinances so much, that they would come many a long mile over the mountains and through the bogs, in order to enjoy

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them, although they knew that if found out, they would be sent to prison and perhaps put to death. It is a serious question to ask,—Would *we* have courage and love enough to do like these good people now?

They sung the praises of God together, often in this 23d Psalm; they joined in earnest prayer; and the good ministers who had come there at the risk of their lives read aloud from the Bible, and explained it so as to give instruction and comfort. Then perhaps two or three men would stand up, with babies in their arms, and some of the "still water" was brought from the stream, and the little ones were baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as you have seen in church, or in your own house at your little brother's or sister's baptism.

But if you had looked up to the top of the hills above the valley, you would have noticed men there, too far off to hear the prayers or the sermon. What were they doing? They were *watchmen*, looking out to see if any soldiers were coming to disturb the meeting. And while they kept watch on the hill tops, their friends felt safe below.

Then, when the baptism was over, and the blessing given, the people would move slowly away. One who has written a good deal about the history of those days, says,—"It was a beautiful sight to see so great a crowd dispersing themselves in all directions,—some toiling up the mountains, ... others pursuing their course along the deep windings of the glen, and others crossing the broken surface of the heathery moss, and all departing in peace, no enemy having been allowed to come near them, God having blessed them with inward peace and outward tranquillity, 'making them to lie down in green pastures, and leading them beside the still waters.'"

But they did not always go away so quietly. Sometimes the men on the hill tops would see the enemy coming, and give the alarm to those below, and then all was haste and fear, as they tried to escape from the cruel soldiers. Many sad things happened there, but also many wonderful deliverances were given by the Good Shepherd to his faithful people. You must learn about these when you are old enough to read history for yourselves.

Oh, let us thank our God every peaceful Sabbath, when we meet together in our quiet churches, or in our Sabbath schools, that we are allowed to worship him in comfort, with no one to make us afraid. And let us pray that we may more and more feel as if these holy times and holy duties were like green pastures and still waters to our souls. So shall we be preparing for the better country above, where the Good Shepherd will make his people for ever blessed with himself and one another.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye,
Shall wipe off every tear.

II.—AN EARLY RISER.

And Joshua arose early in the morning, and they removed from Shittim (Josh. iii. 1). And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of the Lord (Josh. vi. 12). And Joshua rose up early in the morning, and brought Israel by their tribes (Josh. vii. 16). And Joshua rose up early in the morning, and numbered the people, and went up, he and the elders of Israel, before Ai (Josh. viii. 10). "This intimates," says Matthew Henry, "how little he loved his ease, how much he loved his business, and what care and pains he was willing to take in it. Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty."

III.—A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

One bright morning, when the yellow dandelions were shining out like so many golden guineas in the green grass, and the brooks were chattering and purling to each other, and small eyebrights were looking up from the turf like flocks of little white sheep, a boy, whom we shall call Jamie, found, all of a sudden, that his school had stopped, and he had come to the first day of his vacation.

So says Jamie to himself, "What shall I do all day long?" After a while he thought he would take a basket, and go over into a neighbouring field, and gather some eyebrights and violets, to dress flower-vases for his mamma.

Well, over the fence he went, and wandered far off into the field; and there he met two strange boys, larger than he, whose names were Will Drake and Charles Jones.

"Hollo!" said one of the boys to him; "come along with us—we are going to have fun. We have got our pockets full of stones, and we are going to kill birds with them; it's the best fun in the world."

Now, Jamie was a thoughtless little fellow, and when another boy asked him to do a thing, at it he went at once, without so much as thinking whether it was right or not; so he filled his pockets with stones, and began running and shouting with the other boys. "Hollo! there's a chirping bird," said one; "I'll hit him." "Look at that robin?" bawled another; "send a stone at him. Oh, there's a blue-bird! now for him!" I am happy to say that these boys missed their aim generally; for they had much worse intentions than they had skill to execute.

While they were thus running about, a nice white cat came stepping along the top of a fence, putting down her paws as daintily as any lady. "Hollo! there's a cat; now for fun," shouted Will Drake, as he let fly a stone, and then dashed after the cat. Puss was frightened, and scampered with all her might; and all three of the boys joined chase after her, and came tumbling, one after another, over the back-yard fence of the place where Jamie lived.

Now, Jamie's mother had been sitting at her window watching the whole affair; and she stood up, and called in a very quiet way, "Jamie, come up here; I have something to show you."

The two other boys slunk away a little. Jamie went up into his mother's room, all panting and hot, and began —"Mamma, what do you want to show me?" She washed his heated face and hands, and then took from a drawer a small black box, which she wound up with a key like a watch-key. As soon as the box was set down, it began to play a most beautiful tune, and Jamie was astonished and delighted.

"What a curious box!" said he. "Who did make it?"

"I do not know," said his mother; "but why do you think it is curious?"

"Why, it is curious to see a musical instrument shut up in such a little box. Why, I could carry this about in my pocket. I wish it was mine; I'd set it going, and put it in my pocket some day; and then I could make the boys stare."

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"But," said his mother, "if you think it strange to see a musical instrument put in a little box, what would you think if I could tell you of one which was put in a bird's throat?"

"In a bird's throat!" said Jamie; "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well," answered his mother, "there is a boy in this room who has been listening this morning to a little instrument which is inside of a bird's throat, and which can make sweeter music than this box, and yet he did not seem to wonder at it at all."

Jamie looked wondering at his mother. "When you went into the fields, did you not hear robins and blue-birds playing on little instruments in their throats, and making all sorts of sweet sounds? Look now at your little canary-bird hanging in the window, and see, when he sings, how his throat trembles."

"Oh, I know what you mean now," said Jamie; "you mean my little canary-bird is like a music-box. Well, but what sort of an instrument has he got in his throat? I'm sure I don't know."

"Why, he has a little, fine, soft flute, that can play as many notes as a piano."

"A flute in his throat!" said Jamie, laughing. "What a funny idea!"

"It is even so," said his mother. "The little pipe through which the canary-bird plays his tunes is more curiously made than any flutes which any instrument-maker ever formed—it is so small, yet so perfect. It fits into his throat so easily as never to interrupt his eating or breathing; and it turns whichever way he bends his head. Now, did you ever hear of any musical instrument that was as curious as this?"

"Well, it is strange," said Jamie. "I might have heard a bird sing a month, and never have thought of all this; but now I do think of it, it seems very curious. But, mother, what is this little flute made of?"

"It is made of little elastic rings."

"Elastic! what is that?" said Jamie.

"Why, like India-rubber—springy, and easily bent; and its being made of so many little elastic rings is the reason why he can turn and bend his throat without any inconvenience, which he could not do if it were a straight stiff pipe, like a flute."

"But," continued his mother, "these little bright eyes that your bird has, are more wonderful than anything I have yet told you of, though the contrivance is so very complicated that I do not think I can make you understand it."

"What is *complicated*?" said Jamie.

"The machinery in the inside of my watch is *complicated*; that is, it is made up of a great many parts which answer many different purposes. And there is a machinery inside of one of those little birds' eyes that is more complicated still."

"What! that little dot of an eye, not bigger than a pin's head?"

"Well, let me tell you; inside of that little eye is a contrivance by which, when the bird is looking at you, an exact picture of you is painted on the back of his eye."

"It must be a very *small* picture," said Jamie.

"Of course it is," said his mother; "but still it is a picture exactly like you; every line and every colour in your face are painted exactly on the back of that little eye."

"Pray how is it done?" said Jamie.

"That, my dear boy, is the machinery which I told you was so complicated that I cannot hope to make you understand it. There is a contrivance just like it in your own eye, and in the eye of every animal; but it is more curious in a bird's eye, because it is so very small."

"What! do we all have pictures painted on the back of our eyes? Is that the way we see?"

"Yes, that is the way; and when you are older, you will be able to understand the wonderful and beautiful contrivance by which this is done. It has cost learned men much study to find it out, and they have discovered that the way in which the eye of a bird is made is in some respects more curious than our own."

"Well, mamma," said Jamie, "you have convinced me of one thing; and that is, that there is a great deal more to be learned about a little bird than I ever supposed."

"But, Jamie, I have not yet told you half. Every bone in this little bird's body is as carefully made and finished as if that *bone* were the only thing the Creator had to make; and the joints of them are curiously contrived, so that the little fellow can hop, and spring, and turn all day, and yet nothing grates or gets out of order. They all move so springy and easily, that I doubt whether he ever thought that he had a joint in his body or not. Then he has contrivances in his little stomach for dissolving his food, and turning it into blood, and he has blood-vessels to carry it all over his body, and he has nerves to feel with, and muscles to move with."

"Now, mother, I don't know what nerves and muscles are," said Jamie.

"Nerves are what you feel with. You eat, and the nerves of your mouth give you your *taste*. The nerves of your nose give you *smell*. The nerves of your eyes *see*, and the nerves of your ears enable you to *hear*, and the nerves that cover your whole body enable you to *feel*. These nerves all come from a very large nerve that runs down through the middle of your back-bone, and which is commonly called the spinal marrow; and they go through the whole body, dividing and branching out, till they form a network covering over the whole of it, so that you cannot put the point of a pin anywhere without touching a nerve."

"Mother, has a bird just such nerves?"

"Very much the same."

"And what are muscles?"

"Did you never pull a piece of lean meat into little strings?" said his mother.

"Yes," said Jamie.

"Well, a muscle is a bundle of such little strings, and these strings generally end in a strong tough cord, called a tendon. This muscle has the power of shrinking up short, like India-rubber; and when it shrinks it pulls the tendon, and the tendon pulls whatever it is fastened to. I can show you some tendon in a moment. Pull the back of your hand; don't you find that there is a tough, hard cord runs down from every finger? These are tendons. Now take hold tight round your arm, and shut up your hand."

Jamie did so, and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, when I shut up my hand I feel something move up here by my elbow!"

"That is the muscle," said his mother. "You feel it drawing up short, and it pulls the tendons, and these tendons pull down your fingers."

Jamie amused himself some time with opening and shutting his hand, and then he said, "Well, are all the movements that we make done in the same way, by muscles and tendons?"

"Yes," said his mother; "and all the motions of the animals. There are dozens and dozens of muscles, shrink-

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ing, and stretching, and pulling about in little Cherry every few moments, and yet none of them wear out, or break, or get out of order, or give him the least trouble."

"I imagine Cherry don't think much about them," said Jamie, as he watched the little fellow hopping about in his cage.

"Poor little Cherry!" said his mother; "he cannot understand how much God has done for him, with what watchful care he has made his little body, how carefully he has guarded it from all kinds of suffering, and how many beautiful contrivances there are in it to make him happy."

"No, indeed," said Jamie; "if he did, he would love God."

"Well, Jamie," said his mother, "how should you feel, if you had contrived some curious and beautiful little plaything, and just as you had it all nicely finished off, some boy should come along with a great stick, and knock it all to pieces?"

"Feel!" said Jamie; "why I should be mad enough."

"And suppose that some gentleman should invite you and two or three other boys to his house, and should show you into a large hall full of most beautiful pictures, and looking-glasses, and flowers, and every kind of beautiful things, and you should amuse yourselves with breaking his looking-glasses, and beating down his flowers, and pulling to pieces all his curious and beautiful things; how do you think he would feel?"

"Why, I should think he would feel very angry, to be sure."

"Well, Jamie, when little boys go out into the woods and fields, which God has filled with beautiful trees and flowers, and with hundreds of little happy birds, all so curiously and beautifully made, and amuse themselves only with throwing stones at them, and killing them, must not God be displeased?"

"Certainly, I should think he must," said Jamie. After a few minutes, he added, "And it is a great deal worse to kill little birds than it is to break looking-glasses, and such things; because little birds can *feel*, you know."

"Yes," said his mother; "and the care with which God has made them shows how much he has thought about them, and how careful he has been to do all he can to make them happy. The Bible says, his *tender* mercies are over all his works; he is not merely good to everything, but he is tender and careful in all he does, as a mother is tender in taking care of a little helpless infant."

IV.—THE WORD HID IN THE HEART.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—Ps. cxix. 11.

THERE is something in almost every verse of this long psalm about the word of God, and the love and value of the writer for it. Although the name of David is not given, it is thought that he wrote the psalm. We know from other psalms as well as this how very greatly he loved and valued that part of the Bible which was written in his day,—how he thought it more precious than gold, and sweeter than the honeycomb.

David, like every child of God, knew and felt his own sinfulness, and was always seeking to fight against sin. In this verse he tells us what he found the best help: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." What was good for David must be good for us. Dear children, if you are wishing to get the better of sin, take David's plan—try to have the word of God hid in your hearts.

How is this to be done?

You must get well acquainted with your Bible. If you do not read easily yet, try to learn as fast as you can; and in the meantime listen attentively to all you hear from the Book of God,—to all your parents and teachers tell you about it. If you can read, you will have got a Bible of your own, and I hope you study it for yourselves every day. Pray, whenever you open it, that the Holy Spirit may make what you read get not into your *head* only, but into your *heart*, that you may not only understand, but *love* it.

Try not to *forget* what you read; and therefore it is well to have as much as possible in your *memory*. Begin to learn it by heart, asking your parents to direct you, if you are not sure what chapters will be best. But you will soon find out for yourselves, I hope, what will be most useful for you. Learn a verse every day at least, and go over them on the Sabbath. If you begin this *now*, in a few years you will have a great deal hid in your memory; and it will be learned much more easily now than afterwards, and not so soon forgot. I recollect quite well the chapters and psalms I learned when I was young like you; but if I learn new ones now, it is much more difficult, and I soon forget them again.

How will this help us not to sin?

Because, when we are tempted to what is wrong, we shall be able at once to remember that God has forbidden it. We shall recollect his warnings and threatenings against the sin, and also the sweet promises he gives to help and comfort us. The apostle calls the word of God the "sword of the Spirit," with which we must fight against the enemies of our souls. Jesus himself used this sword, as we read in Matt. iv. 1–11. It is a sword for the young Christian as well as for the old.

May you and I have more of this blessed word every day hid in our hearts!

Have you been seeking this yet? Have you more of it in your hearts to-day than you had last week, last year?

J. C. B.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"GOD RULES AND OVERRULES."

FEW things delight the child of God more than to see his hand and power so clearly that there can be no mistake. And, thanks be to God! to those who look for it, they seldom fail of that joy. How sweet to know that our poor, feeble prayers wing their way to God quick as thought, and *as swiftly*, at times, bring an answer down! Being lately at Lowestoft, on our eastern coast of Suffolk, I gathered the following instance of answered prayer from one who well knew the facts.

On Thursday the 7th of October, there was a heavy storm of wind, and many were the vessels passing from the north of England (from Newcastle), bound to various parts of the world. During this storm one was seen tossing about in a manner which at once told the sailors of Pakefield she was in danger of running on the sand-bank, called the Newcombe. They hastened home and manned the lifeboat. The bark called *Lemira* had, in the meanwhile, struck, and was fast disappearing. Shortly all was gone.

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Those in the life-boat had got near the sand-bank, when the helmsman said, "Is it prudent to risk our lives, which are dear to us, across these dangerous sands without the hope of saving a single life?" "Yes, let's go," said a young man on board; "for as I came running along hither, I saw two ladies behind a hedge kneeling and praying for us. There's work for us to do, and we shall be safe." Not another word passed, but onwards, boldly and silently, they pulled through the blowing winds and whitened surf, nerved by the words of the young man to courage. They cleared the sands, and the next minute a poor creature was seen, almost lifeless, clinging to a piece of the wreck. He was quickly drawn into the boat. Shortly another, and another—some so spent as to be unable to help themselves. No fewer than eight souls were thus saved from a watery grave. One had floated nearly two miles before he was rescued. They were poor Italians, and their vessel bound to Leghorn; five were lost—thirteen composing the crew.

The worldly man may praise the bravery of the men, and they deserve praise for thus nobly risking their lives for others. But how will each Christian view it,—that ladies should have been kneeling behind a hedge in prayer—that the young man should have come up at the moment—his eye should have rested upon them—that this should have been the turning-point just at the moment when the prudence and courage of the men began to waver? What shall we say? It was God who bowed the hearts and the knees of the ladies. It was God who caused it to be seen. They had honoured God, and God honoured their prayer. It was in secret, but the answer was made plain.

Oh, to be more earnest in prayer! We never shall know till in another world how we move God to help us by prayer. We shall never know till then how we help others when we come upon our bended knees, and with bowed hearts, before God through Christ. The Lord make us men of prayer! and then, wherever our lot may be, we shall not fail to be blessings.—*Churchman's Penny Magazine.*

II.—A DIFFICULT DISTINCTION.

"You need to be more sober and circumspect, in order to succeed in life," said one to a young man who at times exhibited more than the ordinary thoughtlessness of youth.

"I am very careful how I act in regard to all matters of importance," was the reply.

It is true that there is a distinction between the important and the unimportant, yet where human actions are concerned, it is very difficult to draw the line of distinction. An action which, at first view, would seem to all to belong to the class of unimportant actions, may be followed by consequences of amazing importance. If the importance of actions be determined by their consequences, then many actions, apparently trivial, are unspeakably important.

There was a revival of religion in a village in the State of New York. There were in the village a number of young men, who were strongly opposed to religion, and endeavoured to strengthen one another against the influence which was bringing to the Saviour's feet many who were hardened in sin. One evening they were together when the bell rang for meeting. The leader of the party turned to one whose parents were members of the church, and said to him jocosely, "You had better go to meeting; you were brought up religiously."

"Perhaps I had," said the young man, rising, with what seemed to his friends an affected gravity, and leaving the room.

His companions supposed he would be absent for a few moments only; but somewhat to their disappointment he did not return.

When he left the room he had no thought of going to the place of meeting; but he had scarce closed the door before he had formed the resolution to go. He hardly knew what led him to form the resolution. He was sure the idea of going would not have occurred to him but for the sportive remark above recorded.

He went to the meeting. He paid little or no attention to the introductory services, but the utterance of the text reached his heart. The text was that emphatic declaration of Christ, "Ye must be born again." He was ever after accustomed to speak of that text as one of the arrows of the Holy Ghost. He became a converted man and a zealous labourer in behalf of that cause which he had combined with others to oppose.

In this case a thoughtless, sportive remark was followed by consequences which eternity only can fully reveal.

In another revival a young man was awakened, but through false shame concealed the fact, even from his most intimate Christian friends. He knew that he was trifling with the Holy Spirit, and trembled lest he should lose his convictions. He at length resolved that he would go to the inquiry meeting, and thus confess that he desired to be saved. He waited for an acquaintance who would have to pass by his residence as he went to the meeting. That acquaintance was detained at home by a trifling accident. In consequence, the young man did not go to the inquiry meeting. He continued to conceal his conviction. In a few days he was called to take a journey to the Western States. His anxiety respecting his soul was soon at an end. The last state of that man was worse than the first.

Since such important consequences flow from apparently trifling acts, it is not strange that the Bible commands us to be sober and watchful, and unceasing in prayer; and informs us, that for every idle word an account must be given in the day of judgment.—*Sunday School Times.*

III.—NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

THINK of Christ's appointed work, the greatest that ever was to be done on the earth—so great, as to be a counteraction to all the sins of all the saved! and at an awful cost of endurance. What toils, what grievances, what terrors (as to his humanity) attended HIS mighty task! But if he had been "*wearied*," and left but one thing undone! If he had shrunk and failed, what sensation in heaven—hell—earth! Let his followers advert to that when tempted to shrink from service, and to say it is too much. When this repugnance arises, go, and look at Him! Even imagine as if any given Christian service had been to be performed *in his presence*—under his inspection; would you then be weary? He is the grand transcendent example, to show that a good work must be *gone through with*; to constitute it such, the conclusion is indispensable. "*He that endureth to the end shall be saved.*" "*He that looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God.*"—*John Foster.*

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THE SERAMPORE MISSION.

PART II.

THE cause of Christian Missions is well entitled to the use of the very best gifts and graces which the Church can command. Let not the Church at home take alarm when men of the highest mark enter on this field, but rather rejoice, as when the best disciplined battalions of an army embark on a campaign of arduous foreign service. The Serampore Mission supplies a noble example of the consecration of the highest talents and the most exalted piety to God. We have seen how men of humble origin went from this country with the fixed purpose of giving the Scriptures to the people of India in their native languages; and we have now to tell how, by God's blessing, they achieved their task. They had the gift of tongues, and with all their other labours in preaching the gospel—standing sometimes, they themselves say, like ballad-singers before a temple, and causing the praises of their God to be heard in the streets—they never neglected their linguistic work. When Carey was employed up the country in superintending the indigo factory, he was making preparations for printing the Bible in Bengalee, and all his spare hours were given to the work of translation. On settling at Serampore, the premises purchased contained a printing apartment, whilst the adjoining garden-ground gave him full scope for cultivating the taste for botany he had very early exhibited. A printing press had been bought at Calcutta for £40; the natives flocked to see it at work. They called it the European idol, little knowing that it was one of God's chosen instruments for scattering abroad the knowledge of His truth, and for overthrowing their idolatry, with its superstructure of falsehood, and vice, and horrid cruelty. Mr. Wilkins, a member of the civil service, who was deeply interested in Oriental literature, learned the art of punch-cutting, so that they were saved the expense of getting a fount of Bengalee types sent from England. He also gave lessons in the art to a native blacksmith, and thus was the means of its taking its place among the other handicrafts of India. After immense toil, the last sheet of the Bengalee New Testament was issued from the press in February 1801, the work of setting the types having been done to a great extent by Mr. Ward. When the first copy was completed and bound, it was laid on the communion table of the chapel; and in presence of the whole members of the mission, European and native, public thanks were rendered to God for crowning their labours thus far with success. This incident reminds us of the "Feast of the Translation of the Bible" in the days of the Reformation. The impression consisted of 2000 copies, and the cost was £612. Two years later, the missionaries were busy preparing a fount of the Deva Nagree types, that being the parent-language of India, and supposed to be the gift of the gods. It gives us an idea of the vastness of this work, when we are assured, that from the great number of compound letters in the Deva Nagree, no fewer than 700 separate punches were required.

Mr. Marshman, in 1805, published a memoir on the "Translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Languages of the East," arguing strongly that this was the true return to make for all the riches we had gotten from India. The proposal which was made by the missionaries was, that they should aim at translating the whole Bible, or parts of it, into seven of the leading languages of India, if they obtained aid to the extent of £1000 a-year. Andrew Fuller spared no pains in appealing for help to the British public, whilst he cautioned the missionaries against the risk of their energies being diverted from their main work of making known to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. So abundant were their literary labours, that at the close of 1809 the whole Bible had been printed in Bengalee in five volumes, as well as a third corrected translation of the New Testament. The Sanscrit Testament was completed, and the Pentateuch begun. Considerable progress was made as to other languages, especially the Hindostanee. At the same time, Marshman had undertaken the study of the Chinese language, and was gaining fresh triumphs in that hitherto unexplored field. The expense and difficulty of getting founts of Oriental types from England was so great, that the Persian fount alone cost £500; whereas by training native workmen, they saved the English Society in ten years a sum of about £2000. Carey's high literary excellencies soon came to be recognised in a public way. Lord Wellesley was thoroughly convinced of the inefficiency of the civil service as then existing, and of the necessity of making merit and not favour the standard of promotion, as is now at last being aimed at in our own day. He founded the College of Fort William in Calcutta, and appointed Carey professor of Oriental languages, as having claims indisputably higher than those of any other European in Bengal. Well he might, seeing that, at this early period, he had published grammars of the Bengalee, Sanscrit, and Mahratta languages, and was far advanced with the grammars of the Telinga, Punjabee, and Persic. He was also collecting vast materials for a Universal Dictionary of Oriental Languages derived from the Sanscrit, with the corresponding words in Greek and Hebrew. We pass over the details of the discreditable controversy between the Directors and Lord Wellesley as to the expediency of establishing this College, only remarking that the recent discussions on Indian affairs have completely confirmed the wisdom of his policy. It is gratifying to be able to state, that when so many in India were putting obstacles in the way of the missionaries, Lord Wellesley paid a handsome tribute to Carey at one

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of the annual exhibitions of this institution. A brilliant assembly of native princes and wealthy merchants were gathered together, along with the officials of the government. It fell to Carey's lot to deliver an address in Sanscrit, in which he eulogised the administrative ability of Lord Wellesley, whilst making pointed reference to his own position and work as a missionary. Many suspected that any allusion to Christianity before such an audience would not be tolerated; but the Governor-general declared that he did not wish a word of the speech to be altered, and that he attached higher value to the testimony of Mr. Carey than to the applause of courts and parliaments. Four years later than this, Carey and his brethren were assailed by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* as a "nest of consecrated cobblers." They soon found many defenders, one of the most ardent of whom, Robert Southey, declared in an article in the *Quarterly*, that in a few years "these low-bred mechanics had done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen, than had been accomplished or even attempted *by all the world besides!*" Thus does God ward off the blows of the enemy, and call forth witnesses to vindicate the work of His servants and the honour of His name. No men ever were or could be more blind to the charm of literary fame than they were. In their letters it is repeatedly affirmed, that no consideration could ever induce them to engage in this part of their work, unless under the conviction that they were thereby pulling down the strongholds of Satan's kingdom. So overjoyed was Carey on completing the Bengalee Testament, that he felt ready to exclaim, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"—little expecting that God had so much work in store for him in connection with many of the languages of India.

In the year 1811, an unexpected calamity destroyed the labours of the previous twelve years. The printing-house at Serampore took fire. Fire-engines were then unknown in India, and attempts were made to smother the flames by closing the windows and the doors. At midnight, however, the roof fell in, and the members of the mission could do nothing but adore God's sovereignty in all His providential dealings, and commit the missionary cause to Him anew by prayer. Very valuable manuscripts were lost which could not be replaced by money, four tons of melted metal were gathered from the ruins, and the total loss of property was estimated at £7000. Some of the printing-presses, the punches, and matrices were happily preserved; so that, amidst the very ashes of the building, they had to sing of mercy as well as of judgment. They were not disheartened; they did not despair; they laboured with new ardour; and the result was, that in a single year the office was in a more complete state than ever. New translations required to be executed, and these were more faithful than those which had served as fuel to the flames. Besides, God signally overruled this calamity for directing the mind of the Church to the work in which they were engaged, and calling forth liberality in a way hitherto unknown Andrew Fuller, who, we saw, had literally wept over the petty contributions made at the outset on behalf of the Redeemer's kingdom, declared that their enterprize had acquired thereby a factitious importance, and he trembled at the adulation which the missionaries received. He proved his admirable Christian sense in being more afraid of this sudden flush of prosperity, than of all the reproaches and discomfitures which they had undergone.

An event happened in the year 1806, which shook India to its centre, and which compelled the British public to take the deepest interest in Indian affairs; we allude to the mutiny at Vellore. When Tippoo Sultan was overthrown in 1799, the members of his family were allowed to reside in that fortress, seventy miles distant from Madras, and not more than forty miles from the Mysore country, which they regarded as their inheritance. The princes of the fallen house set themselves systematically to wean the native soldiery from their allegiance, and an occasion was soon found after the departure of Lord Wellesley, who held the reins of government in a steady hand. An order had been issued, recommending the sepoys to wear a particular kind of turban, which was considered a great innovation on the ancient usages of the country. Both Mohammedans and Hindoos took offence at this, particularly the former. Statements were freely circulated, to the effect that the government was wantonly interfering with their religion, and in a moment the flames of insurrection burst forth. The native troops rose up in the dead of night, and massacred Colonel Fancourt and thirteen officers, with ninety-nine non-commissioned officers and privates. Succour speedily came from the neighbourhood, the result being that three hundred and fifty of the insurgents were put to instant death. The enemies of missions promptly took advantage of this catastrophe for renewing their reproaches against Carey and his brethren. It came out in evidence, that the sepoys had been made to believe that the downfall of Tippoo's authority would be succeeded by the forcing upon them a foreign faith. How could this be reconciled with the fact that, during the hottest period of the previous war in the Carnatic, Swartz was at full liberty to prosecute his labours, and enjoyed the confidence of Hyder Ali to an extraordinary degree? However, in the fever and panic of the moment, men were unable to reason calmly, and their previous hostility to missions became now more intense, because the blood of their countrymen had been shed like water. The Directors recalled Lord William Bentinck. The labours of the missionaries at Serampore were greatly cramped. They were forbidden to step beyond the limits of the Danish district. New missionaries who had arrived were severely handled by the police, and were finally compelled to settle in Rangoon. At a ball given in honour of Lord Minto assuming the government, one of the characters represented was that of a pious missionary soliciting sub-

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scriptions—a contemptuous allusion to Dr. Marshman. An order was issued prohibiting all preaching in the native language in Calcutta, and requiring that the work of printing tracts at Serampore should cease, and that the press should be transferred to Calcutta, in order that all its publications might be strictly scrutinized by the government. The first part of this order pointed to the services conducted in a small chapel in the Bow Bazaar—one of the vilest localities in Calcutta—in which, for the first time, the gospel was preached to the natives in their own tongue. The second part of it aimed at cutting off the right hand of the mission, for without the aid of the press it lost its distinctive character, and could accomplish little. A long memorial was presented to Lord Minto, who cancelled the offensive order, and afterwards showed a deep interest in the literary work of the missionaries. They on their part again recognized the hand of God in making their enemies to be at peace with them.

Some pamphlets were published in England, in which the system of Hindooism was warmly eulogised, and the worst features of its mysteries spoken of as the veil of beautiful allegory under which eternal truth made itself known. Andrew Fuller bore the brunt of this controversy, and quenched these fiery darts on the shield of faith. At the very time when these discussions were going on, the government was engaged in the work of identifying itself with idolatry, by taking under its patronage the shrine of Juggernaut. Guards protected the temple,—the car was adorned at the public expense,—the pilgrim-tax was gathered by the hands of British officers,—the worship of the idol was publicly proclaimed and countenanced, and a stab given to the Christian character and name. The ark bowed to Dagon—not Dagon to the ark. In these days one British officer went so far as to copy the Hindoos in their ablutions in the Ganges, making use of flowers and sacrificial vessels as they did. He was laughed at both by the natives and the Europeans. This might be a very exceptional case, and yet the moral difference between that apostate and the government was exceedingly slight. The few friends of India were the missionaries. How humiliating the contrast between such proceedings, and the conduct of Carey, who (to take a single case) directed the attention of the government in 1805 to the custom of the immolation of widows! Ten agents were appointed at different stations along the river to report all cases of suttee, and in the brief period of six months they were found to number three hundred. He was the first to call the notice of the supreme council at Calcutta to the subject; but Lord Wellesley was then on the eve of leaving India, and for another quarter of a century the funeral pile cast its dismal light on the waters of the Ganges, and thousands of women perished, the devotees and the victims of that idolatry which is alike cruel to the body and the soul.

The last public struggle between the government of India and the cause of missions occurred in the case of Dr. Judson, of America, who landed in Calcutta in June 1812. He had the honour of leading the van of that noble army of missionaries, who have left the shores of the New World to bless the kingdoms of the Old World with the message of everlasting life—his attention having been called to the subject of missions by the perusal of Dr. Buchanan's sermon, "The Star in the East." Previous to his arrival, the officials of government had been again enforcing their power in an arbitrary way. Judson was ordered to return to America by the *Caravan* ship, the magistrate stating, that the missionary route to India had recently been by America, in consequence of the impossibility of using any of the Company's vessels. He was expecting the arrival of other missionaries, who, on being reported, were also immediately ordered away. Judson and his wife went by stealth down the river, having heard of a vessel ready to sail for the Isle of France. The ship was arrested by the magistrate; but Lord Minto suffered them to escape unmolested, after which they made the best of their way to Burmah. Five missionaries were thus driven from Bengal. At a later period Lord Minto was overborne by the fanatical violence of his subordinates, and signed the order for the expulsion of other three,—making eight evictions in about the same number of months. Such were the difficulties with which these first missionaries had to grapple! Let us thank God, that Christian public opinion has long since triumphed, and that the missionary is now as free in India as the merchant. Let us also see how God has brought good out of evil,—for it was mainly the violence of the authorities of Calcutta which compelled Chater and Judson to settle in Burmah. This was no accident—it was the hand of Providence, who was leading them by a way that they knew not, to a land, which at this moment is like a field that the Lord has blessed!

J. N.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD NAMES.

RICHARD BAXTER.

A MEMORABLE feature in Baxter's history is the manner in which he threw his mind into various channels without dissipating its strength. The peculiar circumstances of our age seem often to require this of pastors. Many and dissimilar employments must be mingled. Was it that his devotion gave tone and tension to his mind, such as no other discipline than that of the closet could have supplied, and that, basking on the loftiest heights of divine meditation, he came down to the strifes and toils of the plain beneath with a strength which could be obtained only in this near approach to the throne? In whatever mode we account for it, his name stands high among the few, who, in varied fields, have in most been eminent, and in none contemptible. Now engaged in preparing for the nursery the "Mother's Catechism," or putting on the shelf of the cottager the "Poor

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Man's Family Book," he was seen anon issuing some ponderous tome of theology or polemics, where the acuteness of a schoolman was sustained with no despicable stores of knowledge, and no vulgar eloquence. He blended qualities of mind and heart often deemed incompatible, because so seldom found in union. With much metaphysical subtlety, he used the simplest and most popular language, and retained his power of holding an audience spell-bound by appeals of stirring vigour and familiar illustrations. Bunyan, coming up from the shop, and the highway, and the market-place, into the pulpit, could not preach more plainly, or draw to his aid illustrations more apt or homely. Public spirit in him was united with personal watchfulness; and his continual labours for others had not relaxed his attention to his own heart and way. The life of the statesman, the traveller, and the merchant, is sometimes thought to excuse, from its peculiar embarrassments, a lower standard of holiness in the Christian who occupies such a place in society. But Baxter's cares, and correspondence, and labours, might have wearied many a merchant, and seemed too intricate for a cabinet minister, while oft he found himself with no certain dwelling-place, travelling per force now to regain health, and now to escape persecution; yet the retirement of the closet and the culture of the heart seem never neglected. He was like Daniel, who, with the cares of an empire resting on his shoulders, was still, in his chamber, the man greatly beloved of Heaven; and, like Nehemiah, when amid the luxury, and pomp, and honour of his station, his eye saw through the gilded lattices of Shushan, not the tufted palm, or the splendid pillar, or the fragrant garden, but one object still arose, dark and distant before his eye, the blackened walls of the distant Jerusalem.

It enhances yet more the value of his example and its singularity, that all these were the doings of an invalid. He belonged to that class from which some would expect little of energy or achievement, whose conversation is in some cases only of still recurring ailments, and their care is still some new remedy for the old disease. Scarce could this class produce, from their most extreme cases, one whose bodily disorders were so numerous, distressing, and long-continued, as the complicated maladies that had met in the shattered tabernacle which housed the spirit of Baxter. Like his illustrious contemporary, when remembering his blindness, he

> "Bates not a jot of heart or hope, but still
> Bears up and steers right onward."

Entering the ministry with what would now be termed the symptoms of a confirmed consumption, Baxter battled right manfully his way through languor and pain, until he had passed the usual bound of threescore-years-and-ten, allotted to our stay on the earth. When others would have quitted the field to occupy the hospital, and when many would have dwindled away into shivering and selfish valetudinarians, the impulse of high conscientiousness and sustaining faith carried this man on, to the last, an efficient labourer. And while, with Paul, he knew what it was to be "in deaths oft," with the apostle, also, could he claim to be "in labours more abundant."

He had his errors. Many he detected, and, like Augustine, in all candour, retracted. Others he knew not until he reached that land where all the followers of Christ will have so much to learn, as well as so much to enjoy. Among the imperfections of this excellent man, some may be palliated as the result of natural temperament or bodily weakness. Of ardent and irritable character, his vehemence became at times undue severity. His prejudices were strong, and his feelings perhaps often tinged with bitterness from the austerity of his life and his frequent sicknesses. With great metaphysical acuteness he refined and distinguished, until truth was perplexed, and error found shelter under heaps of ingenious distinctions. He confessed that he had an early and strong love of controversy, which he sought to restrain. But, even in his attempts to end, he sometimes created disputes, and added but a new term to the watch-words of theological strife already too numerous. His middle path became but the means of exciting new contentions, or forming one more sect. Thus Baxterianism, as others have called it, or the system by which he would harmonise the Calvinist and the Arminian, became, in his own and the subsequent generation, but the occasion of a new and embittered controversy. Hence he complained, late in life, that he had been making his bare hand a wedge to part the gnarly oaks of controversy, and the result was, where he would have separated contending parties, they closed upon the hand of the peace-maker—united in endeavouring to crush it, if disunited in all else. Writing rapidly, and on every theme, his expressions could not always have been duly weighed, and often clashed apparently with each other. This was a charge of his enemies, and was wittily urged against him by L'Estrange, who compiled what he supposed contradictions from Baxter's numerous books, and entitled the work, "The Casuist Uncased; or, a Dialogue betwixt Richard and Baxter, with a Moderator between for Quietness' Sake." He was also accused of egotism; and his great contemporary, Owen, has broadly charged him with this fault. But it seems rather the childlike openness of a mind that thought aloud, and knew no disguises, than the fruit of conceit.

Contrasted with the greatness of this world, how does the character of Baxter rise and tower in surpassing majesty, whether we consider the purity of his motives, or the high excellence of his private life, the nature of the influence he exerts, the labours accomplished by him, or the sufferings by which he was perfected. Voltaire, born the year after Baxter's death, resembled him in the quenchless fervour of his spirit, his promptitude, and his stirring restlessness, the versatility of his powers, and their continuous exercise through a long life. But when the effects produced on the human character, and on the happiness of the individual, and the family, and the nation, by the philosopher of Ferney, and the Kidderminster pastor, are brought into view together, how is the lustre of infidel genius rebuked! The gigantic sceptic dwindles and wilts before the holiness that inspired the genius of Baxter, like Satan, when touched by the spear of Ithuriel, cowering in deformity and shame. To sneer, to chatter, and to mock, were the favourite employments of the one, flinging filth and breathing venom on every side. The other was, indeed, imperfect; but still it is seen, that the mind which was in him was the mind that was in Christ; and beneficence, and truth, and purity, piety toward God, and justice and mercy toward mankind, streamed from his heart, his lips, and his eyes, over a world that was not worthy of him.—*Dr. W. R. Williams.*

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THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—THE SOWER.

The parable about sowing (Matt. xiii. 3–8) has here its illustration, even in its most minute details. *Behold, a sower* went forth *to sow*. There is a nice and close adherence to actual life in this form of expression. These people have actually *come forth* all the way from June to this place. The expression implies that the sower, in the days of our Saviour, lived in a hamlet, or village, as all these farmers now do; that he did not sow near his own house, or in a garden fenced or walled, for such a field does not furnish all the basis of the parable. There are neither *roads*, nor thorns, nor stony places in such lots. He must go forth into the open country as these have done, where there are no fences; where the path passes through the cultivated land; where thorns grow in clumps all around; where the rocks peep out in places through the scanty soil; and where also, hard by, are patches extremely fertile. Now here we have the whole four within a dozen rods of us. Our horses are actually trampling down some seeds which have fallen by this wayside, and larks and sparrows are busy picking them up. That man, with his mattock, is digging about places where the rock is too near the surface for the plough, and much that is sown there will wither away, because it has no deepness of earth. And not a few seeds have fallen among this *bellan*, and will be effectually choked by this most tangled of thorn bushes. But a large portion, after all, falls into really good ground, and four months hence will exhibit every variety of crop, up to the richest and heaviest that ever rejoices the heart even of an American farmer.

"Certainly nothing could be more to the point than this illustration. We doubtless are looking upon the very facts which suggested to Him who taught in parables the instructive lesson of the sower. May our hearts be like that good ground which brought forth fruit, some a hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold! But do you suppose that the enormous increase of a hundred-fold is ever gathered by the modern farmer?"

I was greatly surprised, when discussing this question on the fertile plain of Esdraelon, to hear not merely the peasants, but intelligent gentlemen, who had rented the district from government, stoutly maintain that they had themselves, and that very year, reaped more than a hundred-fold from part of that plain. I could not understand it, until by accident it came out that they had a peculiar mode of calculation. In sowing they allow one-third of the seed for the birds, particularly the crows, which settle down upon the fields in countless flocks. Another third is supposed to be destroyed by mice and insects, and only one-third of the seed sown actually comes to maturity. Thus a man sows three bushels, and if he reaps a hundred, it is a hundred-fold, according to his mode of calculation, but according to ours it would only be thirty-three. This latter rate is nearly the lowest mentioned in the parable as the yield of what he calls good ground, and that is really a first-rate crop for even such plains as Esdraelon, which, being directly below Nazareth, must have been perfectly familiar to our Lord; and, as cultivation was no doubt far more careful and skilful than it is now among these stupid fellahîn, it is not at all improbable that the numbers used are in strict accordance with actual experience. Indeed, He could not have erred in this matter. We may suppose, however, that the different rates of yield had reference to various kinds of grain. Barley and wheat are sown side by side in the same field, but the former gives a much heavier crop than the latter. There is a kind of durrah—white maize—sown in this same region, which often returns several hundred-fold. I have been assured by respectable farmers that they have gathered more than four hundred-fold of this corn.

In the time of Christ the country was densely peopled, and the fields protected from the depredations of birds, mice, and insects, and also from cattle and other animals which now trample under foot so much of the grain. It would then not be necessary to sow more than one-third as much seed as at present in order to secure an equally heavy crop, and thus there might be realized, in favourable circumstances, a hundred-fold. This is further confirmed by the fact, that an extraordinary number of stalks do actually spring from a single root. Here, on this plain of Sidon, I have seen more than a hundred, and each with a *head* bowing gracefully beneath the load of well-formed grains. The yield was more than a thousand-fold. The supposition in the parable is history in the case of Isaac, who reaped a hundred-fold in Gerar, and "in the same year" (Gen. xxvi. 12). There is a verbal accuracy in this statement worth noting. He received this large return the same year in which he sowed the seed. In our country—at least when I was a farmer—the seed is sown one year and the harvest reaped the next. But these now sowing before us will reap in less than four months; and this is the general result now, as it doubtless was in the time of the patriarchs.

"Have you noticed anything in this country which may have suggested the expressions in the 126th Psalm: *They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him?*"

I never saw people sowing in tears exactly, but have often known them to do it in fear and distress sufficient to draw them from any eye. In seasons of great scarcity, the poor peasants part in sorrow with every measure of precious seed cast into the ground. It is like taking bread out of the mouths of their children; and in such times many bitter tears are actually shed over it. The distress is frequently so great that government is obliged to furnish seed, or none would be sown. Ibrahim Pasha did this more than once within my remembrance, copying the example, perhaps, of his great predecessor in Egypt when the seven years' famine was ended.

The thoughts of this psalm may likewise have been suggested by the extreme danger which frequently attends the farmer in his ploughing and sowing. The calamity which fell upon the husbandmen of Job when *the oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them, and the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away, and slew the servants with the edge of the sword* (Job i. 14, 15), is often repeated in our day. To understand this, you must remember what I just told you about the situation of the arable lands in the open country; and here again we meet that verbal accuracy: the sower *goes forth*—that is, from the village. The people of Ibel and Khiem, in Merj 'Aiyûn, for example, have their best grain-growing fields down in the 'Ard Hûleh, six or eight miles from their homes, and just that much nearer the lawless border of the desert. When the country is disturbed, or the government weak, they cannot sow these lands except

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at the risk of their lives. Indeed, they always *go forth* in large companies, and completely armed, ready to drop the plough and seize the musket at a moment's warning; and yet, with all this care, many sad and fatal calamities overtake the men, who must thus sow in tears. And still another origin may be found for the thoughts of the psalm in the extreme difficulty of the work itself in many places. The soil is rocky, impracticable, overgrown with sharp thorns; and it costs much painful toil to break up and gather out the rocks, cut and burn the briers, and to subdue the stubborn soil, especially with their feeble oxen and insignificant ploughs. Join all these together, and the sentiment is very forcibly brought out, that he who labours hard, in cold and in rain, in fear and danger, in poverty and in want, casting his precious seed in the ground, will surely come again, at harvest-time, with rejoicing, and bearing his sheaves with him.

II.—THE OLIVE.

"I NOTICE that the branches of some trees have been cut off and then grafted; why is this done?"

Simply because the olive, in its natural wild state, bears no berries, or but few, and these small and destitute of oil.

"St. Paul has an extended reference to this matter. Stay till I turn to the passage, for there are some things in it which I have never understood. Here it is: *If some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a* wild *olive-tree, wert graffed in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-tree; boast not against the branches: but if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee* (Rom. xi. 17 and 18, 24). And then, in the 24th verse, *For if thou wert cut out of the olive-tree, which is wild by nature, and wert graffed* contrary to nature *into a good olive-tree*, &c. Now here is my difficulty, and the exact point of inquiry. The olive, you say (and so says the apostle), is wild by nature, and it must be grafted by the *good* before it will bear fruit; but here the apostle speaks of grafting the wild into the good, not the good *upon* the wild."

True, he does; but observe, he says expressly that this is *contrary* to nature, as it really is. I have made particular inquiries on this point, and find that in the *kingdom of nature* generally, certainly in the case of the olive, the process referred to by the apostle never succeeds. Graft the good upon the wild, and, as the Arabs say, it will *conquer* the wild, but you cannot reverse the process with success. If you insert a *wild* graft into a good tree, *it will conquer the* good. It is only in the *kingdom of grace* that a process thus contrary to nature can be successful; and it is this circumstance which the apostle has seized upon, and with admirable tact, to magnify the mercy shown to the Gentiles by grafting them, a wild race, *contrary to the nature* of such operations, into the good olive-tree of the Church, and causing them to flourish there, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. The apostle lived in the land of the olive, and was in no danger of falling into a blunder in founding his argument upon such a circumstance in its cultivation.

"But have all the trees in this vast grove been reclaimed from a wild state by grafting?"

Certainly not. The apostle himself speaks of the *root* of the good olive, implying that, by some means or other, it had been changed. The process by which this result is reached is quite simple. You observe certain knobs, or large warts, so to speak, on the body of this tree. Cut off one of these which has a branch growing out of it, *above* the place where it has been grafted; plant it in good soil, water it carefully, and it will strike out roots and grow. It is now a good tree from the root, and all scions taken from it are also "good by nature." But if the knob, or branch, be taken below the grafting, your tree comes wild again. The greater part of this grove is now "good" from the root. I am told, however, by olive-growers, that there is a tendency to degenerate, and that it is often a great improvement to graft even a good tree with one that is still better.

"Job says, *He shall cast off his flower as the olive* (Job xv. 33). What is there in the casting off of olive-flowers which can illustrate the rejection and ruin of those who trust in vanity, for which purpose the patriarch employs the figure?"

The olive is the most prodigal of all fruit-bearing trees in flowers. It literally bends under the load of them. But then not one in a hundred comes to maturity. The tree casts them off by millions, as if they were of no more value than flakes of snow, which they closely resemble. So it will be with those who put their trust in vanity. Cast off, they melt away, and no one takes the trouble to ask after such empty, useless things—just as our olive seems to throw off in contempt the myriads of flowers that signify nothing, and turns all her fatness to those which will mature into fruit.

This tree is of slow growth, and the husbandman must have long patience. Except under circumstances peculiarly favourable, it bears no berries until the seventh year, nor is the crop worth much until the tree is ten or fifteen years old; but then "the labour of the olive" is extremely profitable, and it will continue to yield its fruit to extreme old age, like the excellent of the earth. So long as there is a fragment remaining, though externally the tree looks dry as a post, yet does it continue to yield its load of oily berries, and for twenty generations the owners gather fruit from the faithful old patriarch. This tree also requires but little labour or care of any kind, and, if long neglected, will revive again when the ground is dug or ploughed, and begin afresh to yield as before. Vineyards forsaken die out almost immediately, and mulberry orchards neglected run rapidly to ruin, but not so the olive. I saw the desolate hills of Jebel-el-'Alâh, above Antioch, covered with these groves, although no one had paid attention to them for half a century. If the olive bore every year, its value would be incalculable; but, like most other trees, it yields only every other year. Even with this deduction it is the most valuable species of property in the country. Large trees, in a good season, will yield from ten to fifteen gallons of oil, and an acre of them gives a crop worth at least one hundred dollars. No wonder it is so highly prized.

The value of this tree is enhanced by the fact that its fruit is indispensable for the comfort, and even the existence of the mass of the community. The Biblical references to this matter are not at all exaggerated. The berry, pickled, forms the general relish to the farmer's dry bread. He goes forth to his work in the field at early dawn, or sets out on a journey, with no other provision than olives wrapped up in a quantity of his *paper-like* loaves, and with this he is contented. Then almost every kind of dish is cooked in oil, and without it the goodwife is utterly confounded; and when the oil fails, the lamp in the dwelling of the poor expires. Moreover, the entire supply of soap in this country is from the produce of the olive. Habakkuk, therefore, gives a very striking attestation of his faith in God when he says, *Although*

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the labour of the olive should fail, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation (Hab. iii. 17, 18).

"Isaiah refers to the *gathering* of the olive thus: *Yet gleaning grapes shall be in it, as the shaking of an olive-tree, two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outermost fruitful branches thereof* (Isa. xvii. 6). Have you noticed the circumstances alluded to by the prophet?"

Very often; and it is the language of familiar acquaintance with the subject. As you may never have an opportunity to watch the process, I will describe it as it occurs in such places as Hasbeiya, where I have studied it to best advantage. Early in autumn the berries begin to drop of themselves, or are shaken off by the wind. They are allowed to remain under the trees for some time, guarded by the watchman of the town—a very familiar Biblical character. Then a proclamation is made by the governor that all who have trees go out and pick what has fallen. Previous to this, not even the owners are allowed to gather olives in the groves. This proclamation is repeated once or twice, according to the season. In November comes the general and final summons, which sends forth all Hasbeiya. No olives are now safe unless the owner looks after them, for the watchmen are removed, and the orchards are alive with men, women, and children. It is a merry time, and the laugh and the song echo far and wide. Everywhere the people are in the trees "shaking" them with all their might to bring down the fruit. This is what the prophet had in mind. The effort is to make a clear sweep of all the crop; but, in spite of shaking and beating, there is always a gleaning left—two or three berries in the top of the uppermost boughs, four or five in the outermost fruitful branches. These are afterwards gleaned up by the very poor, who have no trees of their own (Deut. xxiv. 20); and by industry they gather enough to keep a lamp in their habitation during the dismal nights of winter, and to cook their mess of pottage and bitter herbs. I have often seen these miserable outcasts gleaning among the groves, and shivering in winter's biting cold. In fact, the "shaking of the olive" is the severest operation in Syrian husbandry, particularly in such mountainous regions as Hasbeiya. When the proclamation goes forth to "shake," there can be no postponement. The rainy season has already set in; the trees are dripping with the last shower, or bowing under a load of moist snow; but shake, shake you must, drenching yourself and those below in an artificial storm of rain, snow, and olives. No matter how piercing the wind, how biting the frost, this work must go on from early dawn to dark night; and then the weary labourer must carry on his aching back a heavy load of dripping berries two or three miles up the mountain to his home. To comprehend the necessity of all this, you must remember that the olive-groves are in common,—not owned in common, but planted on the same general tract of land, and are without fences, walls, or hedges of any kind, mingled together like the trees in a natural forest. This tree belongs to Zeid, that to 'Abeid, as they say, and so on through the whole plantation. Such, at least, is the case with the groves we are describing. This vast orchard of Schwoifat, through which we have been riding for the last hour, has a thousand owners, and in "shaking time" every one must look sharply after his own, or he loses all. There is an utter confounding of the *meum* and *tuum* in the general conscience of olive-gatherers.

HOW WOULD THE UNCONVERTED FEEL IN HEAVEN?

It was Sabbath evening, and a pleasant group were gathered round a cheerful fire. The day of sacred rest drew near its close, and the countenances of parents and children showed that it had not been to them a day of weariness.

"Come, George," said the father of the family to a fine boy of twelve years old, "can you give us any notes of what your teacher said in school this evening?"

"Well, father, he said one thing I would like to ask you about. Our lesson was in John iii., what Christ says to Nicodemus, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

"A most important subject, my boy; we cannot hear of it too often."

"But, father, here is what Mr. B—— said:—Not only we *cannot* get to heaven without a new heart, but that, even if we could, we would not be happy there. Now, that seems very strange. I thought everybody would like to be in heaven if they could. I am sure even poor old drunken Conolly, who died last week, would have wished to go there; and I do believe he expected it, poor ignorant man, after his priest gave him absolution."

"I daresay poor Conolly, like any one else, would wish to escape going to *hell;* but whether he would be happy in *heaven* is another question."

"Papa," said a little girl, "I thought every one was quite happy in heaven."

"So they are, Anne—all who *get* there; but who are they? Take your Bible and read Revelation xxi. 27."

"*And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.*"

"The question is, Would an unconverted person, a sinner without a new heart, feel happy in heaven? George, do you recollect what we heard about the poor Greenlanders at the last missionary meeting?"

"Oh, yes, the poor wretched creatures, how they have no sun for half the year, and live in small houses made of snow, and wear seal-skins for clothes, and eat so much fat and oil, and are so horribly dirty. Well, I do wonder how even missionaries can go *there.* I think I could go to preach in a warm country, or a pretty one, like India or Jamaica; but among the ice, and snow, and dirt in Greenland—it is astonishing!"

"George, true love for Christ and souls will carry a Christian *anywhere,* and I hope you will one day feel this. But that is not the point just now. Suppose, by some wonderful new steam-vessel, we could take one of these poor Greenlanders, and bring him in a few days to this country, and take him, just as he was, to live with ourselves"—

"Oh, papa," said Anne, "how can you speak of such a thing? The dirty creature! How could we ever live in the house with him?"

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"Hear me out, my dear; would *he* like to live *with us*? Would he be happy here?"

"Well, papa, I do not think he would."

"Why not, when everything would be so very different, so greatly better, than in his own country? George, what say you?"

George looked at a loss for a moment. "I do not know *why* very well, but I do not think he would be happy: he would not feel at home."

"Just so; the poor man would be quite out of his element,—a fish out of water, as the saying is. He would not understand a word we said; all our customs would be new and strange. He could not employ himself like us; he could not eat our food; the bright sun would hurt his eyes; even our large, airy rooms would feel almost *cold* to him; he would soon heartily wish himself back to his snow hut and supper of fat seals again. Now, may not this give us some idea of how a sinner unconverted would feel in heaven? *Could* he be happy there? A man whose whole pleasure on earth was in sin and folly; who knew nothing of *enjoyment* in prayer, or in the house of God; who thought the Sabbath a weariness, the Bible a tiresome book, the people of God dull and stupid companions,—what happiness could he find in heaven, if he did get there? What *pleasure* could he feel in the holy services and the holy society of that blessed place? Would not he be as little at home as the poor Greenlander with us? And, if not exactly wishing himself in hell, would not he soon wish to be out of heaven again?"

"Father," said George, "that is very true; I never thought of it before in this way."

"My dear children, the preparation, the meetness for heaven, must be begun on earth. Death will not be so great a change to us as some people seem to expect. The Shorter Catechism says, 'the souls of believers at death are'—not *made holy*, but—'made *perfect* in holiness.' The holiness without which no man can see the Lord must begin in life, and then at death the sin which now makes it so imperfect will be left behind. Heaven, it has been well said, is more a change of *place* than of *state*. The employments, the society, which the Christian most loves here, will just be continued and perfected there. Oh, what need we have of earnestness and diligence, in seeking to have the work of the Holy Spirit begun or carried on in our hearts, that we may be able to join the apostle in 'giving thanks to the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light!' Let us now pray for this."

They knelt down together, and the evening was closed with earnest prayer for the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Spirit of all grace and holiness.

H. L. L.

No past experience can enable you to bear a present trial. Prayer and praise live and die together.

Look above, live above, both your joys and sorrows.—*Watson.*

COMMERCIAL RESULTS OF THE AMERICAN REVIVAL —BUSINESS ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

THE character of a church in a mercantile community is to be gathered from the principles that rule its professed members on 'change. It is but one phase of the Christian man that is presented in the prayer or fellowship meeting, in the exercises of the Sabbath, in the work of the Sabbath school, or the District Visiting Association. A gift of prayer, a keen susceptibility of religious emotion, pleasure in devotional feeling, and even a taste for active Christian service, are no certain tests of Christian character. The man glowing with the fervours of the exciting fellowship meeting, may be sordid in heart, selfish in action, deceitful in dealing, ready to take advantage of every mean, unworthy expedient by which he may outrun his neighbours in the race of business, and, in disregard of their interests, advance his own. To be known, the professing Christian merchant must be seen where he is tried. His Sabbath, his prayer meeting life must be brought alongside of his trade practices, of his life on 'change. It is their harmony that is the proof of his Christianity. Discord between them is fatal to character. By their fruits ye shall know them.

Can the recent great *prayer* revival in America stand this test. Its noon day meetings have been pre-eminently of business men. They poured from the shop, the counting-house, the bank, the factory, the exchange, to pray. Their hearts seemed in the work, and a spirit higher than their own in their prayers. Unusual love, tenderness, humility, pervaded these meetings. Men already Christians experienced from them new quickening. The natural depravity of many hearts was broken down. Tears often moistened all eyes. The meetings seemed as gate-ways to heaven. Have their fruits been reaped on 'change? Fruits unquestionably they have yielded in brotherly love, in awakened religious convictions; they have clothed the church with new energy and power, added everywhere to her membership, increased the candidates for her ministry, and imparted a higher tone to the literature of the nation. But the question recurs, it will be everywhere asked, Have they, in a country so pre-eminently mercantile, told upon its trade practices? It would bring suspicion in the opinion of many on the entire revival if there were no fruits here. To gather these fruits in their fulness, we should need that knowledge of the transactions of men that belongs to Him before whom all things are open. Even the disclosure of the mercantile transactions of America, as they have their record in the books of the merchant, would not discover the change that may have passed on their character. Men do not record the deceits, the adulterations, the overreaching arts, the shifts they practise, or how and when they abandon them. It is but an incident here and there that can be caught up in exhibition of such fruits, and the American revival is not wanting in these. It was at least the subject of daily prayer at the prayer

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meetings, that none who came to pray should return to do business according to what was called the "laws of trade"—a phrase by which shrewd men who claimed to be honest, yet sought to shield their taking advantage of each other. The men of business who prayed, prayed specially that they might be enabled to do business on Christian principles, and that on leaving the prayer meeting they might carry out the principles of the gospel into daily life. Often the exhortation was heard in these meetings,—"Let business be done on Christian principles." Much that was done in business was confessed to be inconsistent with the laws of Christ, and many expressed the great trials they had had in their own minds in regard to their business. Some acknowledged that if they carried the gospel into all their business relations, they saw only for the future poverty before them, and that if scrupulously honest, they could not stand in the close, keen competition of their trade. In one of the Fulton Street prayer meetings, an extensive hardware merchant earnestly addressed his brother merchants on this subject. He appealed to them to set a holy example in business, to have the same religion for "down town" which they had for "up town," the same for the week day which they had for the Sabbath, the same for the counting-room as for the communion table. When the meeting closed, he was followed by a well-known manufacturer, with whom he had had dealings for many years, and of whom he had bought largely. "You did not know," said the manufacturer, "that I was at the meeting and heard your remarks. But I was there; and I have come to tell you that I have for the last five years been in the habit of charging you more for goods than other purchasers. I want you to take your book and charge back to me so much per cent. on every bill of goods you have had of me for the five past years." On the following day, the same merchant, at the prayer meeting, told what had transpired, and again renewed his exhortation to do business on Christian principles. In a few days, another incident occurred to him in his own business relations. "I have received to-day," he said at the prayer meeting, "the payment of a debt of several hundred dollars which had been due for twenty-eight years. The man who paid me was just as able to have paid me twenty-four years ago; but I had given the debt up, never expecting to receive it, and I cannot account for its being paid now, but on the supposition that the revival had reached his conscience, and that he could not rest without paying that honest debt." At a subsequent meeting, a merchant of large business, who had become a recent convert, said that he had learnt to give up all for Christ. He believed Christ meant just what he said: "Seek first the kingdom of God." And he did strive to seek it before his business, and everywhere—when he walked, when he talked, in his counting room, in the prayer meeting, at home, abroad. His smiling, happy, cheerful face, delivered from anxiety, freed from depressing cares, indicated as he spoke the peace that dwelt in his heart. This same merchant had a confidential clerk of a different stamp from himself. He had marked with some anxiety his employer's attendance at the prayer meetings, and his unusual occupation with religious interests, and he thought he must give him a warning:—"They are saying, sir, that you are neglecting your business, and that it must suffer." "Who says it?" said the employer. "All your neighbours along the street, sir." "Do any Christians say it?" "Well, I hardly know whether they be Christians or not. But I thought I ought to let you know what was said. Besides, there is a good deal of money to be paid, and I do not know where it is coming from." "How much are you short?" "About six hundred dollars to-day, and other bills mature to-morrow and next day, and I felt anxious to know how they are to be met." "Do you believe our Saviour," said his employer, "meant anything when he said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?'" "Certainly, I do." "Well, what do you suppose he meant?" "Oh, I do not know; I have never thought of it. Perhaps I should not be able to answer it if I should try. But I do not think that business is to be neglected." "Right; I do not neglect my business. I know what paper is maturing, but I do not give myself uneasiness about it; I use all proper diligence, and the rest I leave to God."

He had actually provided the money that was to meet the obligation due the following day. But, unexpectedly to him, a double provision came to hand. He had gone, as was his custom, to the noon day prayer meeting, notwithstanding the reflections of his neighbours and the warning of his clerk, and on coming home after one o'clock, inquired of his clerk the means to meet the bills of the day. "Oh," said he, "we are all right. Mr. B—— has been in, and has paid 1800 dollars, and some other money has come in." This 1800 dollars was a bad debt which he never expected to be paid. "So," said the merchant, as he narrated the circumstance, "the Lord took care of me while I took care of my soul and the souls of others, and sought first the kingdom of Heaven."

The spirit of prayer delivered many from the spirit of over carefulness, from that burden that weighs at once upon the springs of action and of spiritual life—which helps not business, but hinders all Christian faith and joy.

How a more delicate sense of justice sprung up in many hearts amidst these nearer, more frequent, daily approaches of the community to God, may be seen in such an incident as the following:—In one of the large wholesale houses of the city of New York, the salesman had reproved a young man of the establishment, who was more honest than himself—"You ought not to have said what you did to the buyer of these goods; I sold them to him at a good price, and now he will not take them." "He asked me," replied the young man, "about the goods, and I told him the truth that they were *damaged*. I cannot tell a lie for all the goods that are in the store, and I will not." "I am sorry, very

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sorry," said the salesman, "to say that I must report you to the firm. I feel it my duty to do it. I cannot be baulked in this way, when I have done a good thing for the employers,—to have it all upset by your squeamishness. I must go back to the counting-room and report you." "Very well," said the clerk, "I will go with you, and go *now*. I shall tell them honestly the whole transaction, and we will see what they have to say to your fleecing a customer in this way." The salesman's courage failed, for a few weeks before the leading member of the firm had come under the power of the revival, and he was afraid he might be disposed to do his business on Christian principles, so he did not risk the appeal and report. This clerk was a mere lad of nineteen, one of many pious youths who at that season had resolved to do honour to their Christian profession, and not compromise themselves by acting according to what was understood to be meant by the "laws of trade."

The power of the revival was felt in all departments of business. It infused itself into the modes of doing business. It controlled the public commercial conscience; it compelled men to do right. It is not insinuated that the tone of commercial transactions is lower in New York than elsewhere. As a class, the merchants of that city stand high for their uprightness and integrity. But there was a circle within which the power of this revival was intensely needed. All commerce needs from time to time to be breathed upon by a higher spirit than what belongs to its favourite and established principle, of "buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market." It needs to have its moral code revised and purified. Abuses, impositions, small deceits, equivocating modes of speech, creep into the manner of doing business, inconsistent with the highest truth, perilous and blunting to conscience, and calling for the re-adjustment of the practices and principles of trade to the unchangeable Word. Hundreds felt during the period of revival that they had been in the habit of suffering things to be done in their name, under the false assumption of necessity, or in accordance with the usage of trade, that could not bear the light of eternity, and that were condemned by conscience enlightened by the Spirit and word of God. These white frauds, little deceptions, concealments of truth, when exposed in the prayer meeting, startled many, and led to repentance and reformation. It was admitted, it was felt that doing business on Christian principles meant something—meant the upholding of the standard of commercial honour and honesty so high that the light of the gospel should not condemn it. False apologies for dubious courses gave way in the earnestness of revived religious convictions; the truth of heaven was made to shine on the transactions of earth; and, as if they had passed through a fire, the dealings of trade were purged of their dross. A higher evidence of the reality of the American revival cannot be given, than that it reached to the purifying of the intercourse of man with his fellow-man in the social and commercial relations of life—that it made merchants more honest, mechanics more truthful, tradesmen of every name more upright and conscientious in their engagements. The world, the more cautious and incredulous of Christians, would not have been satisfied with an inferior proof. The suspicion would have lingered that that season of prayer was but the result of an earth-born excitement—the effects of overwrought, indulged enthusiastic feeling, if it had had no fruits on 'change. But it will be felt that a revival cannot be a delusion which, in the midst of commercial communities proverbially hastening to be rich, aimed at impressing the truth—and in a wide circle succeeded in its aim—that *business should be done on Christian principles.* J. L.

OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

He who the rule to God hath yielded,
And evermore on him relies,
Will be in wondrous manner shielded
In straits and all adversities;
Who in the Highest makes his stand,
Builds not his hope upon the sand.

What are our heavy cares availing,
Why should we sigh our years away?
What profit is there in bewailing
Our lot with each returning day?
Such sorrow lends a sting to care,
And gives a heavier cross to bear.

Rest thou in God amid all changes,
Be pleased with all he may ordain—
Wait patient till what he arranges
For thy best welfare shall be plain:
God, who hath chosen us as his,
Knows best what our true welfare is.

He knows, if need be, how to measure
The hours of sunshine as of shade;
And when we wait on his good pleasure,
With heart sincere and spirit stayed,
He comes more quickly than we know,
And makes our cup to overflow.

Think not when sorrow sharply trieth,
That God hath left thee desolate;
That some one in his bosom lieth
Who may be prosperous and great—
The days to come bring changes on,
And that which seems is quickly gone.

To Him whose arm sways wide creation,
It is a light thing, at his will,
To bring the great to lowly station,
And make the lowly greater still—
'Tis He whose wondrous ways we know,
Who lifteth up and layeth low.

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Sing, pray, and onward still be pressing,
To thine appointed work be true:
Trust Him, and tarry for his blessing,
And it shall every day be new:
Whoe'er on God his hope hath cast,
Will find him faithful to the last.

(*From the German of Neumark.*)—J. D. B.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXI.—INVITATION TO THE HEAVY LADEN—HEALING ON THE SABBATH.

MATT. xi. 25–30; xii. 1–8.

Christ's Thanksgiving to the Father and Invitation to the Weary.—Ver. 25. By what name and title does Christ here address the Father? [This title leads us to think of *the boundless power and glory* of God.] Though God be high, to what class of men has he respect? Ps. cxxxviii. 6. What was usually the temper or spirit of those who *rejected* Christ? And of those who believed on him? If we would enter the kingdom of heaven, to whom must we become like? Matt. xviii. 3, 4. Where had Christ formerly shown his approval of a lowly spirit? Matt. v. 3.

Ver. 26. What is the ground on which Jesus expresses himself as satisfied with the arrangement just referred to? [Simply because it seemed good in God's sight.] Did he go into God's *reasons* for acting as he had done? What does this teach us? [To be satisfied with whatever God does, just because God does it. All that he does *must be* right, even when he suffers the things of salvation to be hid from the wise and prudent.] Is this spirit of perfect satisfaction with God's arrangements a common one? [Too often men criticise the doings of God; they will not rest satisfied with the simple decisions of his sovereign will, but must know his *reasons*, &c.]

Ver. 27. To whom are all the stores of salvation committed? [Christ is like Joseph in Egypt,—all the stores of food were committed to Joseph,—all the blessings of salvation are committed to Christ.] With whom, then, should we deal when we wish salvation? Who alone understands fully the great mystery of Christ's person and work? Who only have knowledge of the true grace and love of the Father? By whom is the Father revealed to men? Can we know God if we have not come to Christ? [His ways and doings will seem strange and perplexing to us; but when we come to Christ, we shall know that "God is love."]

Ver. 28. Whom does Christ here invite to him? [1. Those that *labour*,—those who are weary through what they *do*. 2. The *heavy laden*,—those who are weary through what they *suffer*.] Are we to understand these words chiefly in a literal or figurative sense? [Evidently in a figurative sense; the promise is to those "labouring" to get salvation, and "heavy laden" with the burden of guilt and sin. See John vi. 27; Heb. iv. 11; Ps. xxxviii. 4.] What kind of rest does Christ give? [1. The rest of *pardon*; 2. The rest of *adoption*; 3. The rest of *holiness*. Let us mark the glorious freeness and cordiality of this invitation and promise; it is one of the divinest sayings of Christ; it has proved a heavenly cordial to thousands upon thousands; "never man spake like this man!"]

Ver. 29. If we come to Christ may we expect liberty to please ourselves in everything? What, then, must we take on us? [His yoke; we must become his servants, submit our will to him, as he submitted his human will to the Father. The Christian motto is, "Not my will, but thine be done!"] What else must we be besides his servants? [His disciples,—"learn of me."] What features of Christ's character are we specially to copy? What will be the result?

Ver. 30. Would Christ's yoke be easy if our hearts were unconverted? What makes it easy? Ps. cx. 3; John xiv. 15. [Let us see here the blessedness of belonging to Christ. Out of Christ life will be toilsome and troubled; but "his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace."]

Ch. xii. The Disciples plucking Corn on the Sabbath.—Ver. 1. What sort of roads were those that passed through corn-fields? [Unfenced paths, in no way separated from the field; hence, in the parable of the sower, part of the seed would naturally fall "by the wayside."] Was it lawful to appropriate to themselves in this way the corn of others? [Yes; this was one of many humane regulations in the law of Moses designed chiefly for the benefit of the poor and needy. Deut. xxiii. 25.]

Ver. 2. Did the Pharisees find fault with the thing itself? What was their objection?

Vers. 3, 4. On what occasion were David and his companions an hungered? 1 Sam. xxi. Where was "the house of God" at this time? What was the shewbread? Lev. xxiv. 5–9. On what day did David eat the shewbread? [On the day when the old bread was removed, and fresh substituted—the Sabbath-day.] What justified David and his companions in eating the shewbread, contrary to the letter of the commandment? [The claims of necessity and mercy.]

Ver. 5. In what manner did the priests profane the Sabbath? [By slaughtering animals, bearing burdens, kindling the fire on the altar of incense, &c.] Why were they blameless? [Because the law of the Sabbath must bend to the claims of the temple service; it was more essential for the interests of holiness and truth that the service should go on as usual, than that the mere letter of the Sabbath should be observed.]

Ver. 6. To whom does this refer? How was Christ greater than the temple? [The temple was but a type of Christ; it was an emblem of Christ's human nature—the tabernacle in which the Godhead dwelt.]

Ver. 7. What is the meaning of the text Christ here quotes? See on ch. ix. 16. Why would this have kept the Pharisees from condemning the guiltless? [They would have had such a loving, kindly spirit, that they could not have passed this harsh and unjust judgment on persons innocent of crime.]

Ver. 8. Connect this statement with the first clause of ch. xi. 27. [The Sabbath is one of the "all things delivered unto Christ of the Father," therefore he has authority over the Sabbath.]

DOCTRINE.—Believers in Christ are Sanctified by the Holy Ghost.

Ezek. xxxvi. Gal. v. Phil. iii. 2 Thess. ii. Heb. xiii. 1 Pet. i.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM XXIII. (No. III.)

"He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

WHAT are sheep in danger of in a wild country? [Wandering, losing themselves.] Can they find their way back? Why not? [Because a sheep is rather a stupid animal, without the instinct of a dog, &c.] And in David's country what would become of a stray sheep? [It would be devoured by wolves or lions.] Could it not defend itself? Why not? [A sheep has no claws, or teeth, or large horns for defence.] Who are compared to stray sheep in the Bible? [Sinners who have wandered away from God. Isa. liii. 6; Ps. cxix. 176; 1 Pet. ii. 25.] Who is ready to seize hold of them? 1 Pet. v. 8.

What does David say here that God had done for his soul? What is the meaning of *restoring*? [Bringing back; as restored health, restored money, &c.] When do men's souls need to be restored? [When they have wandered like stray sheep from God.] When are they first restored? [When the Holy Spirit first brings them to Jesus.] And do they need it afterwards? [Yes, even God's own people often go astray and fall back.] How are children most ready to fall? [By neglecting prayer, disobedience, passion, &c.]

What does a good shepherd do when he finds some of his sheep are astray and in danger? Will he grudge trouble or even danger to himself to save them? How did David save his lamb from the lion and the bear? 1 Sam. xvii. 34–36. Does God promise to do the same for his people? Ezek. xxxiv. 12, 16. Whom does Jesus, the Good Shepherd, say he came to seek and to save? Luke xix. 10. What parable does he tell about the lost sheep? Luke xv. 1–7. What does this sweet parable teach us? [The great love and mercy of God for poor lost sinners.]

How does God restore the souls of his people when they have fallen back into sin? [He makes them bitterly feel their sin, and repent, and come to him through Jesus for pardon. Often also they are made to suffer punishment in various ways. Then he gives them back comfort and peace again. Jer. ii. 19; iii. 12.] How did Miriam fall into sin, and how was she restored? Num. xii. How was Peter restored? Luke xxii. 54–62. And Asaph? Ps. lxxiii. 2, 3, 16, 17. Did David ever go astray? [Yes, more than once.] Whom does Jesus send now to seek his stray sheep and lambs? [Faithful ministers and teachers, and every one who has found salvation in him.]

What does David say God had done for him besides restoring his soul? What is meant by the paths of righteousness? [The way of God's commandments; the way of holiness.] How should we feel when we are brought back to comfort after sin? [More anxious than ever to serve and please God.] Why had the Lord done all this? What is the meaning of "for his name's sake?" [On account of all his faithful promises through Christ. Exod. xxxiv. 5, 6; 1 Sam. xii. 20, 22.] What reason have we ever to hope that he will pity and pardon us? [Only for the sake of what Jesus has done and suffered.] What should we do when we feel we are going astray? [Call to the Good Shepherd for help, and hasten back to the right way.]

Where is a poor little lamb most safe? [When it is among the flock and near the shepherd.] What should this teach us? [To avoid bad companions, and keep near Jesus by faith and prayer.]

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controll'd;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice;
I love, I love the fold!

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice;
I love, I love his home!

Precept.—Return, ye backsliding children. Jer. iii. 22.

Promise.—The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Luke xix. 10.

Prayer.—O heavenly Father, thou knowest that we are like poor weak lambs, not able to save ourselves, and always ready to wander and go astray from thee. Be very merciful to us, we beseech thee. Forgive all our past sins; and do not allow Satan, or foolish companions, or our own evil tempers or sinful hearts, to lead us again out of Wisdom's ways. Make us more afraid of sin than of any sorrow or trial. Give us much love for Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who came to seek and save lost sinners. Hear us for his sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE APOSTLE JOHN AND THE ROBBER.

"He restoreth my soul."—Ps. xxiii. 3.

YOU have often read about John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," who leaned upon his bosom, and loved him so warmly as his God and Saviour. He lived to be a very old man, long after all the other apostles had gone to heaven. I think he must often have desired, like Paul, "to depart and to be with Christ" before his long life was ended. But God had much work for him to do on earth, and it was a very great blessing to the Christian world that he was spared to so great an age. He took a general charge of the churches in Asia, and used to travel from one place to another, teaching and directing both ministers and people.

In one of his journeys he was led to feel a strong interest and affection for a young man, whom he recommended to the particular care of the elders of the church in the place where he lived. For some time the youth behaved well, and seemed likely to be all that John had hoped and expected from him. But, alas! he was led astray by evil companions: and at last, when the apostle returned to the city, and inquired for his young friend, he heard the sad news that he had gone from one sin to another, and was now the leader of a band of robbers among the mountains.

John was greatly distressed. He asked where the robbers usually roamed about, and then, like the true disciple of the Good Shepherd who came to seek and save the lost, he went to the place alone. I suppose he told no one, for the good Christians would never have allowed their beloved father to run such a risk. The robbers soon came upon him, and took him prisoner. He made no resistance, but desired to be led to their captain.

The young robber captain knew his old friend at once. He was overcome with shame, his conscience was awakened, and he tried to escape by running away. John followed

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him. "My dear son," he said, "why do you fly from an old, unarmed man? Believe me, Christ has sent me to seek for you, and to bring you a message of mercy." The robber stood still, he trembled, he wept. John prayed with him, exhorted him, brought him back to his Christian friends, and did not leave him till he had reason to think that his soul was really restored by the grace of God.

This is a beautiful story, and we all feel, as we read it, that John did just what we would have expected *him* to do. How much the young man, in after years, must have loved the venerable friend who had willingly put his own life in danger to save his soul! But I hope he would love still more the Saviour who had filled the heart of John with such holy compassion. How much *we* should love him! If any of us are now within the fold, it was He who sought us and brought us there at first. And those of his people who have lived even a few years after their conversion, must remember the times when they were going astray, and when he brought them back again. So they sing thankfully with David, "He restoreth my soul."

"While I wandered, Jesus sought me;
This was love, was love indeed;
To his fold the Shepherd brought me,
With his sheep to live and feed.

While the Shepherd was pursuing,
Still the foolish sheep would fly,
Bent upon its own undoing,
And that foolish sheep was I.

Yet the Shepherd, constant ever,
Come and bore the sheep away;
Happy sheep! but never, never,
From the Shepherd henceforth stray."

II.—JESUS A GUEST.

What a glad day that must have been in the house of Zaccheus; the crowd outside saying, in their pride, that Jesus was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner, and the Lord saying inside, in his love, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

A glimpse of Jesus, such as he could get through the branches of the sycamore, on the roadside to Jericho—a look in the passing crowd, to print on his heart and to carry to his grave—was all Zaccheus hoped for. What would he feel to see the crowd turned to his own door, and Jesus go in!

Jesus loved to be the guest of men, else he might always have bid them out to the desert, and fed them in the green places, or among the rocks which his own hands had made, under the sky to which he gave its shining blue. He used to do that long ago by manna in the great desert. But now he would see his grace take root where it must live and grow; he would fill the home of Zaccheus with his presence, as well as his heart with his love. And so in the life of each child of the kingdom—there comes an hour when it is said in heaven that Jesus has gone to be guest in its young heart.

In the Highlands they tell that the Queen went one day into a poor cottage. The old woman did not know *who* was seated under her roof, and even when told, she did not say much of what she felt to see her Queen there. But when the Queen rose to go, she set aside the chair on which she had sat, and said, "None shall ever sit on that seat again." It was a loyal word.

In a way just as real as that, Jesus comes into the soul; and he has to bring as much with him before he can be guest in the richest home, and with the best loved of the sons of men, as when he comes to the poorest child's or to the vilest sinner's dwelling.

From each he must take old thoughts, old ways, old words away, and to each bring the blood, the white robe, the eye-salve, the new heart, a throne for himself which none but he shall ever fill. Each learns the same prayers, and one song, "To Him that loved us."

"I stand at *thy* door and knock," he says. That verse (Rev. iii. 20) was once given by a minister to a little child of four. Some days after, it was bid learn it, but it said, "I know it myself, *Who* knocketh at the door. We will open the door, and you will come in to us, and sup with us." That was the verse as heard from behind the door!

Try to live as those in the house of Zaccheus would spend the day when Jesus was there. Try to live as if Jesus were always staying in the house. Everything you do *is* done before him; whether you will or no he sees it; all one beneath his frown or beneath his smile. You should not read a book, or sing a song, or have a friend with you, that you would have to cast quick away if Jesus were to come beside you.

Ah! how these rules make us feel about the past; do they not make us feel as if we must hide our faces from him, and creep out of his sight to die for ever?

But then, Jesus *gives no one leave to hide anywhere* but in his own bosom.

"Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
Turn out the hateful monster, sin,
And let the lovely Stranger in.

But know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway,
Ev'n thoughts must die that disobey"

(Free Ch. Children's Record)—M. F. B.

III.—GOD'S CARE OVER HIS PEOPLE.

A pious minister went one day to visit a poor old woman, in whom he took much interest. She had often, he used to say, preached a better sermon to him upon the duty of Christian contentment, than he had ever been able to preach in the pulpit. She had been all her life in great poverty, though working hard to maintain herself in honest independence. Now she was very aged, upwards of eighty, and obliged to look to charity for support. But her faith and trust in God were never shaken.

She lived in a little cottage on a common, with no neighbours beside her. On the day I now speak of, the minister, after some pleasant and profitable talk with old Janet, said—

"Are you not afraid, Janet, to live so much alone? Suppose you should be taken ill during the night, with no one near you?"

"What!" she replied, quickly, "does not my Lord know that I am a poor old woman, and live by myself? I am not afraid; surely I may trust *Him* to take care of me."

The minister was much struck by this reply, and, indeed, it deserves to be remembered. Here was strong faith, and yet very simple, for she just took God at his word, and be-

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lieved he would do as he had promised. For he has expressly told us that he cares for us, for the poorest and weakest of his believing people. Read 1 Pet. v. 7; Luke xii. 6, 7, and you will see this, as well as in many other passages of Scripture. And therefore a child, who believes and trusts in Christ, has as good a right to this comfort as an aged Christian. Yes, my dear young reader, if you love and obey the Saviour, *you* may use old Janet's language, and share her happiness. You may say, "Does not my Lord know that I am a poor child, young and weak, with few or no friends to love me, and may not I trust him to take care of me, all through life and death?"

"Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ever watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, for me, for me he pleadeth,
At the mercy seat above;
Ever for me intercedeth
With a free, unchanging love.

Thus I watch for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
This the joyful song of morning,
This the tranquil song of even."

The Lord did not disappoint the faith and hope of his aged servant. Two kind ladies, hearing of her case, undertook to provide for her latter days. They removed her to a comfortable apartment in the house of a respectable family, who were engaged to watch over her and supply all her wants. One night they saw her go to bed, as well and cheerful as usual. Next morning when they called her, she did not reply. They went up to the bed; she was lying as if in a peaceful sleep, but her spirit was fled. The call had come during the night, when no one knew of it. But she needed not human help; there was no appearance of suffering on her placid face,—*the Lord had taken care of her.*

But, oh! how are those to be pitied, old or young, who go through such a world as this, where sorrow, danger, and death may come upon them at any moment, if they have *not* Jesus as a Friend! How sad is their condition now; how dreadful their end will be! "For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet" (1 Cor. xv. 25). And those who are not his *friends, must* be his *enemies.*

J. L. B.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.

The minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the world he can, and not meet the worldling's doom. The Christian who aims to have as little religion as he can without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning, and in the afternoon also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has headache from eating too much at dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very sensibly, sometimes to himself, oftener to his neighbours. He goes to the weekly lecture occasionally, more rarely to the prayer meeting, as the latter is very apt to be uninteresting. He is always, however, at the preparatory lecture, and at all the services of the communion Sabbath, and is frequently quite regular in his family prayers for a week or two after it.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sunday school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week, that he needs Sunday as a day of rest—nor does he think himself qualified to act as a teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty, that he must beg to be excused; still, he will do it if he must. He is in favour of tract distribution, and of visiting the poor; but he has no time to take part in those labours of love. He thinks it a good thing for laymen to assist at prayer meetings, and in social religious circles, but he has no gift for public prayer, or for making addresses, and he must leave it to others. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions, and gives his "mite." He thinks there are "too many appeals," but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it—at all events he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, perhaps the theatre and card-playing, and large fashionable parties, give him much trouble. He can't see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian, and dance, or go to the opera. He knows several excellent people who do. Why should not he?

In short, the minimum Christian knows that he cannot serve God and mammon—he would if he could—but he will come just as near to doing so as he can. He will give to himself and the world all that he may, and to God as little as he can, and yet not lose his soul. He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he actually is.

Ah, my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware, lest you find at last that in trying to get to heaven with as little religion as possible, you have missed it altogether—lest, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul. The true child of God does not say, "How little,"—but, "How much may I do for my God?" They thus judge, that if one died for all, he died that they which live should no more live for themselves, but for him that died for them. Leaving the things that are behind, they reach forth towards those that are before, ever exclaiming, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

Reader—Are you a minimum Christian? There is reason to fear that such are no Christians at all. "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—*Amer. Presb.*

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II.—A WORD FOR ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

It is the first step that costs. When the Israelites came up to the Red Sea, the command of God was, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." But how? the Jewish leader might well cry out,—we have no fleet to bear us over. Go forward! But, Lord! we cannot ford the gulf before us. Go *forward!* Wouldst thou have us, Lord, to perish in the billows? Still the same answer comes—"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." The command is peremptory. It admits of no delay. And just as soon as Israel goes forth in obedience to Jehovah's voice, lo! the waves part asunder, and the mighty cavalcade marches through, dry shod! Unhesitating obedience to God always ensures a blessing.

Here is a lesson for troubled inquirers. To you comes the command of God, "Go forward." Death is behind you. Hell followeth hard after you. There is no salvation in retreat. Heaven lies before you—not behind. No man ever saved his soul by relapsing into indifference. If you give up, you are lost.

1. Perhaps you say, "I have prayed many a time already, and no blessing has yet come." Will you cease to pray, then? Will that bring an answer? As well might a voyager to Liverpool, when one hundred miles from port, put about his helm, and steer back to New York; he is almost there; why does the foolish man retreat? How many a soul has quit praying when the door of mercy was just about opening to them! Go forward.

2. Another one is kept back by fear of ridicule. He cannot stand a laugh. There is a sneer waiting for him at his father's table, or a cutting sarcasm in his counting-room. He wavers before it. He winces under the slightest word, and *imagines* terrible things in store for himself. Go forward; the sea will open to you, and so will many a heart to cheer you on. You will inspire respect in the very quarters from which you now expect opposition. He is a weakling who is pushed back with a straw.

3. A third person complains, "I am in the dark; I cannot see my way." Then go forward, and get out of the dark. The determination to do your duty will be attended by a luminous discernment of the path of duty. God will show you the way; only go forward, *looking for the cross.*

4. Unbelief draws back a fourth. There is only one way to conquer doubt. It is—*to believe.* Then, instead of halting and shivering in an ague-fit of indecision, take a bold, decisive step. End the torturing uncertainty by going forward, "looking unto Jesus."

The only way to do a thing is *to do it.* God gives strength to the obedient. He has no promises for cowards, or double-minded, vacillating doubters. He bestows grace on those who try to do their duty. His grace is all-sufficient for you. The deepest sea of difficulties will divide its waters for your advancing footsteps, just as soon as you determine to obey that voice which says to you, *Go forward.—Intelligencer.*

III.—THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

The gospel is not abstract. I think it is Dr. Chalmers who says, that for a false doctrine men have died again and again, but for a false fact never. That which Peter and Andrew, and Stephen died for, was the perpetual persistence of their testimony that Joseph's grave in the garden, where Jesus of Nazareth once lay, was vacant—that they had seen the stone rolled away, the grave-clothes lying on the cool rock pavement, and the angel saying, "He is risen;" that they had looked upon himself, their Master, who to the witness of their own eyes had been crucified, and knew now that he was alive. This was no doctrine of belief with these men—it was what their eyes had seen and their hands handled; they bore their testimony with the force and weight of actual vision—not that all men should rise, but that Christ had risen—not an article of faith, but an event of personal and living certainty; and because it was true, and they had seen it, these witnesses took courage to die.

Throughout the whole record it is this fact which stirs into passion the slumbering rancour of the Jews. Of all the testimonies of the guilt of his murderers, none could be so terrible as this; and when Stephen, crying out, says that he sees the Son of man at the right hand of God, the maddened multitude, stopping their ears, ran upon him in a frenzy of rage and terror. From the same statement the priests turn away "cut to the heart." It is the burden of every oration made to the fathers and brethren of Israel by the apostles. "Him hath God raised up,"—they insist upon it with a triumphant repetition; and whereas the sermons of after ages abound most chiefly with the solemn truth that Jesus died, it is chiefly "He is risen again," which is the pæan of victory proclaimed by the apostles, the supreme glory of their teaching. This was not the "doctrine of the resurrection;" it was the actual testimony of the beholders of an event apparent to their very eyes and ears. And the gospel itself is altogether such as this. Instead of an excogitated system, it is a history, and its precepts and instructions verge all towards one person, whose words, and acts, and motives, lie before us—to be tested, if we choose it, by the highest standard which we can bring to bear upon a matter which concerns us so nearly. It is not a test which would answer very well with men; the greatest hero, the purest philanthropist in the world—take his own sayings and doings to judge him by—comes shorn and diminished out of the trial. This age of biography gives ample materials to decide upon—here are poets, over whose great fame comes a little cloud of self-revelation, making their own special champions smile or blush for the vanity, or the self-importance, or the pure foolishness of genius—here are social reformers, who live what looks a sublime life of universal beneficence, and in reality is so, yet who tell unlovely stories of themselves. In the Bible even, which is a succession of personal narratives, every man betrays himself; and from Moses and Abraham to Paul and Peter, not a personage in the whole Scriptures presents himself otherwise than we ourselves could do, with his errors open on his front—an undisguised man,—all save One.

Therefore the whole ground of the gospel is personal. It is not thoughts, but things which we are asked to believe in. All the imaginations, mystical, ethereal, and intellectual, which disembody the truth, and make it abstract, are put away from Christianity. Mysticism is essentially heathen. There is nothing akin to it in the clear, broad outline, rounded with God's exceeding sunshine, of that life which *is* the gospel. It is not to believe a certain set of dogmas, to receive certain maxims of conduct, to conform to certain rules, which is the essence of Christianity. Those who conclude so have still the very alphabet of religion to learn, and the first lesson is that of the little children,—the plain, simple look into

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some one's face who stands before us in an unquestionable identity—he who lives, and was dead, and is alive for evermore.—*Sundays, by Mrs. Oliphant.*

IV.—"FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST."

"FILLED with the Holy Ghost!" Thrice blessed word! thanks be to God, that ever the tongues of men were taught it! It declares not only that the Lord has returned to his temple in the human soul, but that he has filled the house with his glory—pervaded every chamber, every court, by his manifested presence.

"That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God," is a prayer at which we falter. Is it not too much to ask? Is it not a sublime flight after the impossible? Let us remember it is not, "That ye might contain all the fulness of God." That would be more impossible than that your chamber should contain all the light of the sun. But it can be filled with the light of the sun,—so filled that not a particle of unillumined air shall remain within it. When, therefore, the hand of the apostle leads you up toward the countenance of your Father,—when you approach to see the light which outshines all lights, "the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus," put away all thought of containing what the heavens cannot contain; but, humbly opening thy heart, say, "Infinite light, fill this little chamber!"

Reason says, "It may be;" Scripture says, "It may be;" but a shrinking of the heart says, "It cannot be; we can never 'be filled with all the fulness of God.'" When Paul had uttered that prayer, perhaps this same shrinking of heart had almost come over him: how does he meet it? Glancing down at his wonderful petition, and up at his Almighty King, he breaks out, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Yea, amen, ten thousand thousand times. The words of this doxology had been holy and blessed in any connection; but they are doubly blessed, closely following, as they do, the prayer, "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Nor should we forget that the power which Paul here adores is not some abstract and unmoved power of Deity, but "the power which *worketh in us.*" What is this power? The Holy Ghost,—"might by his Spirit in the inner man."—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

V.—IS THIS THE SUN?

SUPPOSE the case of a cripple who had spent his life in a room where the sun was never seen. He has heard of its existence, he believes in it, and, indeed, has seen enough of its light to give him high ideas of its glory. Wishing to see the sun, he is taken out at night into the streets of an illuminated city. At first he is delighted, dazzled; but, after he has had time to reflect, he finds darkness spread amid the lights, and he asks, "Is this the sun?" He is taken out under the starry sky, and is enraptured; but, on reflection, finds that night covers the earth, and again asks, "Is this the sun?" He is carried out some bright day at noontide, and no sooner does his eye open on the sky than all question is at an end. There is but one sun. His eye is content: it has seen its highest object, and feels that there is nothing brighter. So with the soul: it enjoys all lights; yet, amid those of art and nature, is still inquiring for something greater. But when it is led by the reconciling Christ into the presence of the Father, and he lifts up upon it the light of his countenance, all thought of anything greater disappears. As there is but one sun, so there is but one God. The soul which once discerns and knows Him, feels that greater or brighter there is none, and that the only possibility of ever beholding more glory is by drawing nearer.—*Ibid.*

VI.—PREACH CHRIST.

THE best sermon is that which is fullest of Christ. A Welsh minister who was preaching last Sabbath at the chapel of my dear brother, Jonathan George, was saying that Christ was the sum and substance of the gospel, and he broke out into this story:—A young man had been preaching in the presence of a venerable divine, and after he had done he went to the old minister, and said, "What do you think of my sermon?" "A very poor sermon indeed," said he. "A poor sermon!" said the young man, "it took me a long time to study it." "Ay, no doubt of it." "Why, did you not think my explanation of the text a very good one?" "Oh yes," said the old preacher, "very good indeed." "Well, then, why do you say it is a poor sermon? Didn't you think the metaphors were appropriate and the arguments conclusive?" "Yes, they were very good as far as that goes, but still it was a very poor sermon." "Will you tell me why you think it a poor sermon?" "Because," said he, "there was no Christ in it." "Well," said the young man, "Christ was not in the text; we are not to be preaching Christ always, we must preach what is in the text." So the old man said, "Don't you know, young man, that from every town, and every village, and every little hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to London?" "Yes," said the young man. "Ah!" said the old divine, "and so from every text in Scripture, there is a road to the metropolis of the Scriptures, that is Christ. And, my dear brother, your business is when you get to a text, to say, 'Now, what is the road to Christ!' and then preach a sermon, running along the road towards the great metropolis—Christ. And," said he, "I have never yet found a text that had not got a road to Christ in it, and if I ever do find one that has not a road to Christ in it, I will make one; I will go over hedge and ditch but I would get at my Master, for the sermon cannot do any good unless there is a savour of Christ in it."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

VII.—THE BLESSEDNESS OF PRAYER.

I OFTEN think how could I live without a throne of grace? It is a sure refuge, a resting-place to my soul, endeared by a thousand most tender, soul-humbling, soul-refreshing interviews with the God of heaven,—the God of love to me and mine. How sweet to draw near to him, and hear the whispers of the still, small voice of the Spirit reproving, counselling, and soothing the too often turbulent and excited feelings of the soul!.... Oh! trust him fully; open your whole heart to him; tell him all you wish, all you feel, all you fear. Keep nothing back. He will remove all that is wrong, set everything right, and keep you quietly resting in the embrace of his matchless love. It is a heaven below, to be passive in his hands and know no will but his, believing that his is best."—*Mrs. Winslow.*

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. VI.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER RALEIGH, CANONBURY, LONDON.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS," &c.

PSALM CXXI.

SOME have supposed that the warrior king penned this psalm before a battle, and sung it for solace and good cheer before the battle began, and hence they have called it the *soldier's* psalm. Some have supposed that he penned it before a journey, and took it with him to read in his chariot by the way, as the Ethiopian eunuch beguiled the loneliness of the desert by reading from the prophet Isaiah, and hence they have called it the *traveller's* psalm.

But it is much too comprehensive in its language and spirit to be assigned exclusively to any particular class; and it is far too precious to the Church as a whole, for any class, or any individual whatever, to give up the interest which *all* the good have in it. It *is* the soldier's psalm, for every one may sing it who wears the shield of faith, who grasps the sword of the Spirit, and has for an helmet the hope of salvation. It *is* the traveller's psalm, for every one may take it for his journey if he has turned his back on the city of Destruction, and is in quest of "a better country, even an heavenly."

The general doctrine of the psalm is plain enough. It is the doctrine of preservation, the providential and gracious preservation of the people of God, amid all the conflicts, distresses, labours, and changes of their mortal pilgrimage. Preservation, we say, of the people of God, because, while no doubt there is a preservation both providential and gracious of all men, there can be as little doubt that there is a *peculiar* divine care about some men—about the godly. To them there are special promises; with them there are more gracious dealings; between them and evil there is a broader shield; before their face is a plainer way; for their weariness there is a cooler shade; over their wanderings there is a more loving vigilance; their goings out and their comings in the Lord "shall preserve from this time forth, and even for evermore."

All this is only to say, that God deals with men according to their character, and as they deal with him. There is here no capricious restriction, except what is made by men themselves. This psalm belongs to any one who will take it—who will take it with *all* its conditions. Let any one (it may be for the first time, or for the thousandth time, it does not matter), let any one take up sincerely the first verse, and say, "*I* will lift up mine eyes," and then all the other verses will be his too; they will gather around him like armed soldiers for his defence, or like loving friends to give him companionship, or like ministering spirits to yield him a full supply. "The Lord shall preserve *his* going out and his coming in from henceforth, even for evermore."

I. The first thing we observe about this preservation is, that it is directly and properly *divine*. "The *Lord* shall preserve." He will not commit this work to another. He has instruments and agents without number, but to none of them does the Lord commit the sole keeping of his saints. "*He* will keep the feet of his saints;" "the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself; the Lord will hear when I call unto him." We do not say that he usually works without instruments. He gives his angels charge concerning his people, and they go forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation. All the fixed material laws of earth speak forth his will, and do their part in his people's preservation, keeping from mistake and suffering. The faculties and instincts of the mind are also his messengers and witnesses; "the breath of the Almighty giveth us understanding." The rules of Providence, and the maxims of ordinary life, and the principles of human philosophy, and the affection of friendship, and the example of the good—all these co-operate and combine in showing the way of life to a pious man. And then there is the written law, "a lamp of light in the dark night," showing, with a supernatural clearness, the path of safety and peace. All these are his instruments, and he works by them, and it is no proof at all of any man's spiritual preservation and security that he can speak slightingly of any of these. But he *does* work by these; they do not operate of themselves. Suppose they did. Suppose the Lord to have commissioned and appointed all those agents and instruments to their work, and then to have left them!—retiring away, as some of the Eastern deities are fabled to do, in dim and mysterious recession, from the pathway of his people,—what a chill and what cheerlessness would immediately be spread over the whole scene! Imagine men left to angels, and God far away! Angels were the first to fall; could they be trusted to raise a fallen race? to keep "the preserved of Israel?" Imagine men left to a system of laws. What can a law do to a man if he breaks it?—it can only smite; it cannot breathe a whisper of consolation, nor glance a look of pity. Or think of men left to seek guidance and preservation by following the opinion or the practice of their fellow-men, what bewildering confusion and hopeless obscurities would be the result.

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Or make the best supposition that could be made, short of the blessed truth which this psalm contains,—suppose the perfect Bible, streaming forth its celestial light, and opening up its "everlasting way," were cast down to the children of God by the Author of it, as his best and *last* gift, and with the assurance that nothing more need be expected from him, and that they must either hold themselves up in the conflict by that, or fall away into ruin, who then would stand? Ah! the Roman Catholics are right in saying that the Bible itself is not enough; their errors generally lie pretty close to great truths, and it is a truth that a printed Bible could no more deliver and keep a man to everlasting salvation than any other instrument whatever. The Lord uses all these instruments and means, but *he* is "the preserver of men." He marks the flight of every angel who goes forth on errand of mercy; but his own loving thought outstrips their swiftest pinion, and his universal presence is in the earthly spot to which they go, as properly as in the heaven they leave. Everywhere through space they feel the shadow of the Almighty. He has set up the great system of material law, but nature has no voice, nor look, nor movement which is not *his*. The sea floats us, but we are preserved by God; the earth feeds us, but we are nourished by God; the cloud shadows us, it is the outspread hand of God; the wind fans us, it is the breathing of God; the light shows us our way, it is the radiance which is shed out from the constant presence of God. He superintends, too, the great scheme of Providence, in such a manner, that when his people are taught and preserved by the experience of others, made wise by their thoughts, and good by their example, 'tis *He* who teaches the lessons to profit, and leadeth them in the way that they should go. And especially when the Bible glows as a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path, it is He, we may be sure, who lights it still with the living flame, and makes it glow and burn with guiding and cheering light, along the sometimes rugged, but always upward way. Whither shall we go from *His* presence? whither shall we flee from His Spirit? Flee from Him! No, we flee only from ourselves; we flee *to* him to hide and help us; and if we feel aright, we shall rejoice in thinking that every help we get is the touch of his hand,—that every good hope we cherish is the fruit of his inspiration, and that every step we take in a real progress, is taken in the ennobling companionship of his living presence. And surrounded though we be by all the instrumentalities of preservation, and by all the securities of life and progress, we still gladly say to each other, "The *Lord* is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand."

II. This preservation is minutely particular—it respects each person and all events.

"He will not suffer *thy* foot to be moved."

"He that keepeth *thee* will not slumber."

"The sun shall not smite *thee* by day, nor the moon by night."

"The Lord shall preserve *thee* from all evil, he shall preserve *thy* soul."

An earthly monarch, although animated by the most paternal and gracious dispositions, can do nothing for his people beyond that which is accomplished in general arrangements. He can make benign laws and appoint just governors, but he cannot practically know how it fares with one in a thousand among his people; he cannot adjust the little jarrings; he cannot touch the individual burden; he cannot be present to see how the law works, how the governor does his duty, how hardships and sufferings often come to the individual, in connection with what works well for the whole. But the heavenly King has a tender care for *each* of his people, guides each with his eye along his own separate and individual way, helps each one to bear his own burden, and will crown each with his individual crown at last. It must be so. It would require, indeed, but a short argument to show, that if there be a Providence at all regulated by intelligence, and proposing ultimate ends, it must be a particular Providence; for the entire system is so reticulated and interwoven, that if we suppose one part of it neglected or unknown, all the other parts would soon be thrown into confusion; just as in a large and complicated piece of machinery, the absence or the breakage of one little wheel will disturb all the motions and affect all the results; just as in some high and difficult calculation in mathematics, the neglect of the merest fraction, in the process of calculation, will bring out some enormous and damaging mistake in the issue. He who is not the author of confusion but of order, could as easily drop a planet from our solar system, and yet preserve all the former motions of the rest in consistency with the law of gravitation, as he could spare a saint from the Church, and yet continue to work out all those great purposes which lie awaiting fulfilment in the bosom of the future. Take one instance. There was a little boy long ago—at least he was a mere lad seventeen years old—who dreamed a dream; that simple lad on the plains of Canaan may dream his dream, and tell it to whomsoever he will, no appreciable effect will be produced by a boy's dream upon the great providence of God! On the contrary, that dream was one in a long series of means by which God formed and preserved his people,—it led, with other things, to the formation of mighty empires, to the preservation of the chosen people, and to the coming of the Saviour of the world. If it be said that Joseph was a great man, and well befitting special attention on the part of divine Providence, the answer is, he was not great when he dreamed his dream, nor when he was cast into the pit, nor when he was sold into Egypt, nor when he lay in prison there. But *say* that Providence is occupied principally with the great, let us see what this means—rather let us see how little meaning there is in it; for we shall soon perceive that in order to watch and control the life of any one distinguished person, prophet, king, or conqueror, the lives and actions of all around them and related to them must be watched and con-

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trolled as well, so as to secure the proper relationship to the distinguished person; and then the lives of such as are related again to them, and so on through widening circles, and along lengthening lines until the whole is embraced; and not *one* person, in crowded city street, or in lowly valley, rocked in obscure cradle, or sailing on farthest sea, is left out of the plan. There must either be a particular, complete, and perfect Providence, embracing every individual, or there can be no Providence at all.

Hagar is seen as she weeps in the tenantless wilderness of Beersheba. Jacob is seen as he lies prostrate in the night in the solitudes of Luz. David is seen while yet a ruddy shepherd-boy, watching his sheep leaping among the rocks of the uplands of Bethlehem. Jeremiah, before he came out of the womb, was ordained a prophet unto the nations; and Nathanael is known as he sits under his fig-tree, and Peter as he drags his net to shore, and John as he wanders out for evening meditation, and young Saul of Tarsus when he is learning his first lesson there, and every child who was brought by the mothers to be put into the Saviour's arms, and all who cried Hosannah, as he entered the temple. There can be no exception of persons; reason and Scripture alike declare that the Lord is *thy* keeper, that the Lord is *thy* shade upon thy right hand. Exception of persons! Why, the hairs of our head are all numbered, and a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our Father.

And as this providential preservation respects each person, so it respects all circumstances and events in each person's life. If we look at the psalm again, we shall see that the "footsteps" are to be secure, that the sleep is to be guarded, that shade is to be provided for the head, that the constant interchange of day and night will never witness intermission of divine vigilance, and, in fine, as the text assures us, that the "goings out" and the "comings in" are to be "preserved from this time forth, and even for evermore."

How numerous and how chequered in character are the "out-goings" and the "in-comings" of this mortal life, from the first out-going from the womb to the last in-coming to the grave! And the Lord himself "preserves" them all. The wondering child "goes out," his heart all tremblings and his eyes all tears, from the soleness and sufficiency of the home where hitherto he has been as a bird in the nest; and, although he is only going for the first time to school, he feels as if he were going from one world to another; and he "comes in" at night with vast experiences, and with openings made in the sphere of his life, which will never again be closed.

The young man "goes out" at early morn from his father's house, and looks back from the top of the hill, with unutterable sorrow and tenderness, to the scenes of his youth, and to the hallowed fireside which can never again be his only home; and late at night he "comes in" to the city lodging, and looks round, bewildered and sorrow-stricken, on the cheerless walls, and across the unknown street towards the chill houses which seem to cast their shadow over upon his heart, and down upon the moving crowd, where he knows there is not a thought of him, and the feeling that he has left all relationship, and sympathy, and loving-kindness behind, for the moment well-nigh breaks his heart. The maiden, in her ripeness and purity of affection, "goes out" also from the home where she has hardly known a serious care, but she goes more easily, for she goes not *alone*, and while memory lingers, and the heart clings, and there is the wrench of the parting, she goes bravely forth, for there is one by her side who has truly vowed to go with her step by step, until the hour of separating death; and so she "comes in" to the new home, with a serious and thankful gladness, and takes upon heart and hand those new cares and duties by which help and blessing are to come to those around her, and by which the earthly will become the portal of the heavenly house.

Look at that stately ship lagging heavily down to the sea, or spreading sail, like an ocean-bird on the wing. She has an emigrant company all "going out" from home and fatherland; and as we think of them, we instinctively take up the prophet's words, "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." And long it would take us to picture their several "comings in" to the homes they may find where they go; some in the bosom of the forest, some by the banks of the nameless river, some where the rocks and sands hide the gold.

But what going out and coming in there is even in one day! To-morrow morning, if you took your stand not far from the place where you are now seated, you would see a living stream of men, who have "gone out" from hundreds of homes or places of abode, passing into the city for the day, and in six or eight hours, standing at the same place, you would see the stream returning, the "coming in" at night; and surprised you would be if you could only know how much has happened in one day. In a day—between the "outgoing" of the morning, and the "in-coming" of the evening—sometimes a fortune is lost or won. In a day the first sin in business is committed, or the first victory is gained over the temptation to commit it; or the first heavy care comes upon the mind, or the first serious failure in health takes place, or for the thousandth time there has been to some of them a fulfilment of the promise, that "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be," or of this in the text, which is altogether similar, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore."

Now, when we think of these everchanging scenes and circumstances of human life, these "goings out" and "comings in" by land and sea, in city and country, in health and sickness, in hope and fear, and how many of them are sometimes put into *one* life, precious indeed, and helpful beyond all other consolations, is this assurance of a kind, protecting Providence over them all. Do

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I look up to the hills, from whence cometh my help, then I have no need to look around with any distressing fear, or on before me to the coming change or the coming sorrow; I shall be "preserved" in safety, "the Lord shall preserve my soul."

III. This preservation is spiritual; it is preservation of the soul. "The Lord shall preserve thee from all *evil*, he shall preserve thy *soul*."

This, indeed, is the very heart and essence of this preservation. The life, the health, the sleep, the shade, the day, the night, the going out, the coming in—these form, after all, but like the walls and fences of the house; the inhabitant is the soul, and if *it* were left to starve and perish within, the most perfect preservation of all without would only be like keeping a mausoleum in repair. But all dealings and dispensations with the godly have this end, the keeping and culture of the soul. "All things work together for good to them that love God," they are "preserved from all evil." It would not do to give a rigid and literal interpretation to this language. Evil does touch them, and it sometimes presses them hard; they suffer, they lose, they lack sleep. Nay, moral evil does not pass them harmless by; they often feel the withering breath of that evil on their affections, and the smart of it in their conscience, and the pollution of it lingering in their memory. Sometimes, instead of being preserved from any kind of contact with that evil, it comes to a life and death struggle with it—the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, until, from the stress and the soreness of the conflict, the cry of the beleaguered soul is heard ascending on high, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" But the soul *is* delivered; that is the grand peculiarity of the godly life, not that it is exempted from strait and struggle, but that it is always victorious; that there are no joints in the harness of its spiritual equipment through which the arrow of death may fly; that there is no vulnerable part from head to heel over which the baptism of grace has not been poured; that like Him who redeemed it, it goes forth "conquering and to conquer." And is it not a far more illustrious thing to have salvation evidenced and wrought out through strife and conflict, by the meeting and the subjugation of all providential events, than it would be to have it simply preserved in a state of jealous and sensitive seclusion, and turning in paleness from earth, while aspiring with hope to heaven. Better to have the torch waving and brightening in the breeze, and defying the darkness of midnight, than to have the gentle taper, however soft in light, burning low amid the damps and chills of its place of safety. Better to fight and conquer, and come home rejoicing, than to hide and escape, and come in safety. God's preservation is everywhere with his children, but nowhere does it operate more perfectly or more triumphantly than on the field of battle, while the hills re-echo to the sounds of the conflict, and the air is dark with the thick flying arrows of death. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." Could language more expressly set forth the victoriousness of divine grace? Amid tens of thousands of the wounded and the slain, the preserved of the Lord walk or war in safety. They have divine truth for shield and buckler; they have God himself for refuge and fortress; they are covered, if need be, by his feathers, and under his enfolding wings they trust. Thus, whether out in the field or hid in the refuge, they are safe—safe in their highest interests. To work out those highest interests, the world itself is preserved and continued, and the great economy of redemption is kept flowing still in all its springs; and God must change his eternal purpose, and grace must change its nature, and Christ vacate his priestly throne, and the world be turned upside down, before these highest interests can come to occupy a subsidiary place, or the spiritual salvation that is here promised fail of its accomplishment. So true is it that the Lord shall preserve thee, O believer, from *all evil*. He shall preserve *thy soul*.

IV. The fourth and last characteristic of this preservation is that it is *everlasting*. "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore."

We have already looked along the line from the cradle to the grave, and we have seen that the way is all protected, and the traveller preserved. But what is the grave? It is but a passage, leading the pilgrim away from all the steps and scenes of the journey we can behold, to other steps and wider scenes, through which the pilgrim will pass, up among the splendours, or down amid the glooms. We mostly speak of the grave as the end,—'tis in fact the beginning. Here we are but preparing to live, beyond the grave we shall live indeed. Ah! what an out-going is that of death, and what an in-coming will that be when the soul looks upon the first reachings and roundings of the everlasting journey. No company, friends all left behind, no dear world to cling to, and no familiar scenes on which the eye may rest. And yet, I check myself; for we do not *know* what death is. Some thoughtful writers have dwelt much on the loneliness of death, until one has felt intensely solitary in the very prospect. Those writers have fixed upon the fact that each must die alone, and can only know what death is when alone he meets it, and we picture to ourselves the disembodied spirit passing away into vast solitudes, and on to an awful tribunal beyond. But now, let us think; much of this can be nothing more than thoughtful conjecture. Those writers, in fact, violate their own principles: they try to describe the actual experience of death, while, at the same time, they acknowledge that we *can* know nothing of it experimentally until we die. If we must

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conjecture, I, for one, would rather take the other side, and suppose that since God gives us company here from the moment of birth to the moment of death, he will have other company awaiting us there, so that we shall take no step in loneliness and dread, but enter at once and easily into some higher fellowship, and go onwards with a cheerful confidence through the shadowy valley of transition into the boundless realms of immortality. Nay, we do not even know that the separation itself will be so great as we are apt to fancy; we know that we mortals are separated entirely from the immortals, but we do not know that they are so entirely separated from us. In fact, we know very little, and yet, in another sense, we know everything—we know everything when we know this, that "the Lord will preserve our going out and coming in, even for evermore." "Even for evermore." Let the going out by death be what it will, here is a shield that covers it all. Let the coming in to the world whither we are going be what it will, here we have absolute security for safety, and peace, and progress, and all that we understand by everlasting life. Let imagination take utmost wing, and soar away among the shining altitudes of that life, still above its loftiest flight will be seen the protective shadow of this assurance, "even for evermore." Let the pilgrim pass away until he shall vanish from the sight even of many of the glorified, as he pursues the higher reaches and roundings of the life without a period, of the journey without a goal,—still over his head, amid all the unimaginable splendours, will be the symbol of Jehovah's presence,—still on his ear will fall the sweet murmuring of the last words of this psalm, "even for evermore."

Such, then, is the preservation ensured to the godly.

A preservation properly and immediately divine, preservation by the Lord himself—

Minutely particular, extending to all persons and all conditions and events—

Essentially spiritual, being a preservation from all evil, a preservation *of the soul*—

And everlasting, for eternity as well as for time, "from this time forth, and even for evermore."

Then let us "lift up our eyes to the hills whence cometh our aid." Let us lift up our eyes in wonder, as we thus behold the amazing condescensions of God, in gratitude for loving-kindnesses so rich and free—in confidence that no evil shall happen to us, because he is with us—and with devout resolution to pursue the path where that protection will be the fullest, and to avoid those ways from which it would be altogether withdrawn. Are there ways of men over which there is no special presence of God? Ah! yes. God preserves every man in a natural sense, and there is much mercy even in that. But *this* preservation is that of the master over the servant—that of the father over the child; and *you* are not a servant, *you* are not a child. Oh! my fellow-man, you are but a lonely wanderer. You think you are in good company; I see you a solitary man—you are far more solitary than any dying Christian ever is; there is not a single tie or relationship that will not soon be broken or ended if you do not come to stand in reconciled relationship to God. Sin isolates, divides, gathers a whole sphere of outer darkness around each individual soul, and, unchecked and uncured, will launch you into individual solitude and despair. Grace repairs, renews, unites, gives company, gives all things in God. And oh! then, will you still pursue your separate and solitary way? Then I see you in a while—a little farther on, with bare bosom and failing strength, struggling against the storms; or at life's nightfall sitting down in haggard loneliness, and looking around in vain for vanished friends and lost company. Now again I offer you—for I am commissioned to do so—the company of God, the fellowship of saints, the securities of a gracious Providence, and all the hopes, and joys, and consolations of the gospel.

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

BY J. A. ALEXANDER, D.D., PRINCETON.

THE oldest known division of the Greek text, by Euthalius, who lived in the sixth century, was into forty chapters. The present division into twenty-eight was made by Cardinal Hugo, in the thirteenth century, to facilitate the use of his Concordance to the Latin Vulgate, and was not adopted in the copies of the Greek text till the fifteenth century. The division into verses first appears in the margin of Stephen's edition (1551), and is said to have been made by him during a journey between Paris and Lyons. The actual separation of the verses, by printing them in paragraphs, appears for the first time in Beza's edition (1565), and although discontinued in the latest publications of the Greek text, still prevails in most editions of the English Bible and of other modern versions. The history of these divisions should be clearly understood, not only to prevent their being thought original, or even ancient, but also to deprive them of an undue influence upon the exposition of the text itself. The distinction of the chapters in this book is often injudicious and unskilful, and at best, these conventional divisions are mere matters of mechanical convenience, like the paragraphs and pages of a modern book.

But while we make use of these mechanical contrivances for ease of reference and consultation, they must not be suffered to usurp the place of a more rational division growing out of the relations of the history itself, as a methodical and systematical whole, designed to answer a specific purpose.

It is not a general history of the apostolical period, as distinguished from the ministry of Christ himself; for many interesting facts belonging to that subject are omitted, some of which have been preserved in the Epistles. *But the book before us is a special history of the planting and extension of the Church, both among Jews and Gentiles, by the gradual establishment of radiating centres or sources of influence at certain salient points throughout a large part of the empire, beginning at Jerusalem and ending at Rome.* That this is really the theme and purpose of the history, any

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reader may satisfy himself by running through it with this general idea in his mind, observing how the prominent points answer to it, and that as soon as this idea is exhausted, the book closes in a way that would be otherwise abrupt and harsh. The same thing may be ascertained in more detail by using this description as a principle or method of division, without any forced or artificial process, simply letting the history divide and subdivide itself in reference to its subject and design, as these have been already stated.

The whole book naturally falls into two great parts, each of which may be grouped around a central figure. The subject of the first part is the planting and extension of the Church among the Jews by the ministry of Peter. The subject of the second is the planting and extension of the Church among the Gentiles by the ministry of Paul. It is not as individuals, nor merely as apostles, that these two men occupy so large a space, and a position so conspicuous, but as the chosen leaders in these two distinct but harmonious movements. We have, therefore, no details of their biography, except so far as these are needed to illustrate this important period of Church history. It may also be observed that neither is presented, even in his own sphere, to the absolute exclusion of the other; but the spheres themselves are so connected as to show that both belong to one great system. Peter, the Apostle of the Circumcision, introduces the first Gentile to the Christian Church. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, preaches always "to the Jew first" when he has the opportunity, not only in the opening of his ministry at Damascus and Jerusalem, but down to its very close at Rome. With this important qualification, the first part of the history (ch. i.–xii.) may be described as that of Peter and the Church among the Jews, and the last (ch. xiii.–xxviii.) as that of Paul and the Church among the Gentiles.

Looking now at the first of these divisions (ch. i.–xii.), in which Peter is the central figure, and the Church among the Jews his field of labour, we can almost see it subdivide itself into two successive processes or series of events, distinctly and successively exhibited. The first is the formation and maturing of a mother-church and model-church within the precincts of the Holy City, nurtured and trained by apostolic care to be not only the beginning or the germ, but for a time, and in a certain sense, the representative of all the other churches in the world, or rather of the one undivided body, to which all other churches are related, not as separable portions, but as living members. This original and normal Church is here presented in its unimpaired, undivided state, from its inception to its temporary dissolution and the wide dispersion of its members and materials on the death of Stephen (ch. i.–vii.) This affords a natural transition to the second process here recorded (ch. viii.–xii.), that of sudden, simultaneous radiation from the central point in various directions, spreading the light, which had been hitherto confined, to other regions, and accomplishing the purpose revealed centuries before, that the law should go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem (Isaiah ii. 3).

Let us now for a moment fix our eye upon the former of these subdivisions (ch. i.–vii.), and allow it, as it were, to fall apart, without mechanical contrivance or coercion, into topics or historical phenomena, precisely as they lie upon the surface, or succeed one another in the progress of the narrative. The whole book opens with two preliminary incidents, by which the way is prepared for the organization of the Church and the commencement of its history. The first is the ascension of our Lord, connecting this whole narrative with that of which it is the sequel (Luke xxiv. 51), and at the same time opening the way for the effusion of the Spirit, which was not to be expected till the Son had returned to the bosom of the Father (John xiv. 26; xv. 26; xvi. 7). The other is the choice of an apostle to supply the place of Judas, that the theocratical or patriarchal form of the new organization might be perfect when the Spirit came to give it life (ch. i.)

These preliminary incidents are followed by the great events of Pentecost, the birth-day of the Christian Church, the outpouring of the Spirit, and the gift of tongues, Peter's sermon and the baptism of three thousand, with a picture of the social and the spiritual state of the newly organized community (ch. ii.)

Then follows a succession of vicissitudes, by which the infant Church was purified and hardened, an alternate series of disturbances and trials from without and from within, which at the time of their occurrence may have seemed fortuitous, but which can now be seen to form a chain of disciplinary providences, all preparatory and conducive to intended changes (ch. iii.–vii.)

First, a miracle of healing gives occasion to another public exhibition of the gospel, and this to an attack upon the Church by the authorities, resulting in a triumph of the truth, increased zeal and boldness in its propagation, and more rapid growth of the new body both in numerical and spiritual strength (ch. iii.–iv.)

But to warn the Church of other dangers from a very different quarter, which had hitherto perhaps been unsuspected, God permits her purity and peace to be disturbed by a commotion from within,—the first appearance of hypocrisy and secular ambition in the infant body, but immediately disarmed of its pernicious influence on others by a signal indication of divine displeasure, which not only punished the original offenders, but deterred all like them from presumptuous imitation. By another alternation, too exact to be fortuitous, the next disturbance is again *ab extra*, a concerted movement of the high priest with the Sadducean party, to suppress the preaching of the resurrection, and by that means of the new religion,—a proceeding only saved from being murderous by Pharisaic policy or wisdom, and resulting, as before, in the triumphant propagation of the new faith, in defiance of the Jewish rulers (ch. v.)

The next vicissitude presents a second movement from within, but wholly different from the first, and owing, not to false profession or corrupt ambition, but to jealousy of races and administrative discontents, allayed by the erection of a new church-office, and the consequent appearance of a new and interesting character, whose preaching, miracles, and controversial triumphs over Jewish bigotry and prejudice, result in his arrest and accusation at the bar of the great national consistory, before which he concisely recapitulates the history of Israel as the chosen people, shows the temporary nature of their cherished institutions, and unmasks their national apostasy and treason, with a clearness and a pungency which rouses them to madness, and precipitates the terrible but glorious translation of the first Christian martyr (ch. vi.–vii.)

The death of Stephen is the signal for a general persecution, which at first appears to threaten the complete extinction of the Church, but, in fact, only changes its condition from a local and confined to an expansive and aggressive

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one. This great disaster, like a terrible explosion, served to scatter the materials and seeds of fire into distant regions, where they kindled many shining lights, and opened many sources of congenial heat, to warm and illuminate the nations. This radiating process is the subject of the second subdivision which, beginning where the other closes, with the martyrdom of Stephen, in a series of contemporaneous views, exhibits the extension of the Church in various directions, still returning at the close of each description to the point of original departure, thus disclosing at the same time the relation of the incidents themselves, and the peculiar structure of this portion of the history, as not consecutive but parallel (ch. viii.–xii.)

From the centre of the movement and the highest point of observation in Jerusalem, we first see Philip on his mission to Samaria, followed by two apostles, introducing to the Church the excommunicated heretics of that despised and hated region; then proceeding with a new commission to the south, receiving the first-fruits of Ethiopia, and acting as a pioneer until he reaches Cesarea, where the history leaves him for the present (ch. viii.)

Looking back to the scene of Stephen's martyrdom, we see the young man at whose feet the actors in the tragedy deposited their garments, setting out as a fanatical persecutor to Damascus, but arriving there an humble convert; then appearing as a champion of the faith which he had once sought to destroy; forced to flee for his life, but repeating the same process at Jerusalem; and, finally, returning to his native land and city, not now as a destroyer, but a founder and a builder of the Church there (ch. ix.)

Returning once more to the starting-point, the history exhibits Peter on an apostolic visitation of the churches, working miracles at Lydda and at Joppa, disabused by vision of his Jewish prepossessions in relation to the Gentiles, and then called to Cesarea, where he openly receives into the Church a Roman officer and his dependants, as the pledge and foretaste of a glorious harvest to be reaped by other hands, but as yet requiring to be justified before it can be sanctioned by the brethren in Judea (ch. ix.–xi.)

Looking forth for the last time from Jerusalem, we see a nameless company of Cyprians and Cyrenians preaching Christ, not only to the Jews, but to the Gentiles of the Syrian metropolis; their efforts seconded by Barnabas from Jerusalem, and Saul from Tarsus; the new name of Christian first applied at Antioch, destined now to be a secondary centre to the Gentile world, and yet maintaining its own filial relation to her mother at Jerusalem, by sending help for the approaching famine by the hands of her two most honoured ministers (ch. xi.)

The institution of this radiating centre for the heathen world concludes the first division of the history, the transition to the second being furnished by a narrative, connected equally with both, of what befell the mother Church while Barnabas and Saul were on their mission of mercy in Judea; the Herodian persecution at Jerusalem, the death of James the Elder, the imprisonment of Peter, his miraculous deliverance and departure from Jerusalem, the dreadful end of the persecuting Herod, the return of Barnabas and Saul to Antioch, in order to be ready for the opening of the second act of this grand drama, in which both for a time, and one of them throughout, had to act so conspicuous a part (ch. xii.)

(To be continued.)

II.—MOUNT TABOR, WAS IT THE SCENE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION?

Allusion has been made to the old tradition which assigned the transfiguration to Mount Tabor. The founders of that tradition seem to have taken for granted—first, that the event occurred in Galilee; and next, that in the form and position of Tabor there was something answering exactly to the statement about Jesus taking the three disciples, and bringing "them up into a high mountain apart;" because Tabor is the only mountain of Galilee that stands *apart* from the rest of the Galilean hills. This whole theory is founded on a double mistake. The event did not occur in Galilee; and the term *apart* is not meant to apply to the mountain, but to the disciples. *Apart*—that is, in a lonely, sequestered situation—they could not possibly have been on a little hill like Tabor, with a town on its summit and another at its base. The account of the transfiguration is found in three of the evangelists (Matt. xvii., Mark ix., Luke ix.) In all the three it is distinctly intimated in the preceding context, that immediately before the event, Jesus had gone over to the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee, apparently to be out of the way of the murderer of John the Baptist. By two of these evangelists, Matthew and Mark, it is expressly stated that on leaving that place he came, the one says, "into the coasts," the other, "into the towns" of "*Cesarea-Philippi.*" By these two evangelists it is said that the transfiguration took place "six days" after he came into that district. Luke, on the other hand,—whose narrative passes on at once to the event of the transfiguration, without introducing the circumstance of his having gone meanwhile to the country of Cesarea-Philippi,—says, that the transfiguration took place "about an *eight* days after" the occurrences he had just described as happening in the desert place beyond the Sea of Galilee. It is interesting to notice the minute accuracy of this incidental statement. Part of two days would probably be occupied in journeying northwards through Bashan before reaching the neighbourhood of Cesarea-Philippi; thus making Luke's account of the time at which the transfiguration happened, to correspond to the letter with that of Matthew and Mark. There is no hint in any of the three evangelists that he returned from the east side of the Jordan till after the transfiguration; and none in Matthew or Mark of his having left the district of Cesarea-Philippi till the transfiguration had taken place. Mark, indeed, plainly intimates that he did not leave it till that great event had happened; for, immediately after relating it, he says—"And they departed thence, and passed through Galilee."

These facts settle very conclusively these two points—*first*, that the transfiguration did not occur on Tabor; and next, that it did occur somewhere about Cesarea-Philippi. If so, where could it have happened but on some one or other of the heights of Hermon? The mountain of the transfiguration was a "high mountain," and a mountain where our Lord and the three chosen disciples could be quite alone. Nowhere in all Palestine could a mountain be found that so fully meets these conditions. It is the only really "*high* mountain" in the whole land; and it is of so vast a size—a pile of mountains rather than one solitary hill—that an army might be hidden in its ample bosom. It needs not to say what an additional charm these considerations lent to the magnificent scenery of Banias.—*Buchanan's Clerical Furlough.*

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III.—THE DEAD SEA.

One's first feeling on gaining the beach, and looking out on the vast expanse of its rippling waves dancing brightly in the sun, and reflecting the glorious blue of the cloudless heavens, is one of surprise at finding so little to distinguish it from any other lake or sea. There can be no doubt, however, that much of the pleasing impression thus produced is due to the fact, that after riding for hours beneath a broiling sky and over a burning soil, the very sight of water affords an enjoyment of the intensest kind. It is necessary only to stand for a little by the side of that sea, and to contemplate the depressing loneliness and desolation that reign around, in order to realize the character that truly belongs to it. Not one solitary skiff sails that sea—not one solitary fish swims in its waters—not one solitary human habitation, far as the eye or telescope can range, can be descried within sight of its shores—no sustenance for either man or beast, neither grass nor grain does the sterile region by which it is encircled yield. And yet this is the very region that was once the paradise of the land. Truly "Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities about them . . . are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." And yet sterile and dreary as is even this northern end of the lake, the aspect of the country around its southern shore is more repulsive still. It is, therefore, literally "all the plain," from the one extremity to the other, which God has overthrown.—*Ibid.*

ALL ARE NOT TAKEN.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living belovéds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a blessed thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so; if I could find
No love in all the world to answer me,
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly
Where "dust to dust," the love from life disjoined—
And if with parched lips, as in a dearth
Of water-springs the very deserts claim,
I uttered to those sepulchres unmoving
The bitter cry, "Where are ye, O my loving?"
I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM!
Can I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE SERAMPORE MISSION.

PART III.

The charter of the East India Company, which had been granted in 1793, fell to be renewed in 1813. The Christian public of Britain were fully alive to the issues of the question as regarded the future prosecution of the missionary enterprize. For eight weeks petitions poured in upon the House of Commons from public societies, from influential town congregations, from rural hamlets,—all claiming that the missionary should be free to live and labour in Christ's service among the heathen. Lord Castlereagh expressed his astonishment at the decided way in which the mind of the country had made itself known. Never had the silvery eloquence of William Wilberforce more persuasive power than when he unmasked the true character of Hindooism, and vindicated against all the aspersions of calumny the holy heroism of Carey and his friends, and besought the legislature to put no hindrance in the way of the glorious gospel. The motion for giving full facility to missionaries settling in India was carried by 54 to 32, and in the subsequent stages of the measure no effectual opposition was made to this proviso becoming law. But whilst the Christianity of the country had the main share in bringing about this result, there was also a secular element at work in the case. The prerogatives which Queen Elizabeth had granted to the Company, were those of a vast chartered monopoly for the benefit of a few privileged individuals. The period between 1793 and 1813 was marked by the rise of our manufacturing interests, and by the prevalence of sounder views of commercial policy. The manufacturers of Manchester demanded free access to India for their cottons. There was no resisting this appeal, by granting which, however, it was practically impossible to apply one rule to the merchant and another to the missionary. Thus commerce insensibly became the pioneer of the truth, by preparing the way of the Lord and making His paths straight. Even at that early day Lord Grenville proposed to govern India directly in the name of the crown, and entered his protest against the anomaly of a government combining the double character of sovereign and merchant. The Directors were confounded by the decision of the legislature for the opening up of India. They prophesied all manner of evil; but the power they had misused was wrested out of their hands by a higher power than their own, and a professedly Christian government no longer stood in opposition to the conversion of the heathen. The effects of the new policy were seen at once. Eustace Carey, nephew of the first missionary, received permission to go to Calcutta in one of the Company's vessels; and, by a singular coincidence, this vessel carried to the East the intelligence of the battle of Waterloo, and sailed up the Hooghly with the word "Peace" inscribed on her colours.

The charter of 1813, which thus marked the dawn of a new administrative era in India, made provision for giving a yearly grant of £10,000 for educational purposes. Since 1793, the only thing which the Company had done was to assist in the establishment of a college at Benares for the cultivation of the literature, and language, and mythology of the Hindoos. The design of selecting Benares was because it was the sacred city, around whose palaces and temples all their idolatrous associations were gathered. The Company were paying a new kind of homage to idolatry by this act. Their officers were required to report in what way they could best assist the ancient establishments of literature and religion in that city. They were building on a false

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foundation. Their desire was to strengthen the attachment of the natives to their ancient faith. They did not dream of permitting the light of divine truth and science to shine in upon the darkness that brooded over the land. How different the conduct of the Serampore missionaries as to education! Before the Court of Directors had taken any steps in the matter, Marshman had digested a scheme based on Christian principles. In 1816 his more matured views were published in a pamphlet, entitled, "Hints relative to Native Schools." At that period three different schemes were in vogue:—1. That of the "*Orientalists*," who wished the patronage of the state to be mainly given to the encouragement of Hindoo and Mahomedan literature, and this especially as a means of reconciling the natives to our sway. 2. That of the "*Anglicists*," who thought that the English language might become the medium of a liberal education in India, as the Latin tongue had been spread over the Roman empire. 3. That of the "*Vernacularists*," who thought that education could only be spread among the mass of the people through their own tongues. It was the last principle which Marshman and his coadjutors advocated, believing that the knowledge of English could only be acquired by a favoured few. Had Marshman lived to our day, he would have rejoiced to see the influence of the English language spreading far wider and deeper than he ever dreamed to be possible. We have not space to dwell on the details of his plan, nor is it necessary further than to claim for him the merit of first striving to secure the Christian education of the millions of India. For many years a Normal School has been established at Serampore. The villages round about were permitted to select a master to be sent to their seminary for training, and in a short time nineteen schools had been set up in the immediate neighbourhood at the request of the people themselves. So desirous were the natives to be instructed, that in some cases men of standing gave their own dwelling, and sometimes the family temple, for a school-house. From the very first the missionaries resolved to keep in view these three great means of evangelization—preaching the gospel, translating the Bible, and educating the young. They did all in faith, and the seed they sowed has long since sprung up and become a great tree, under whose shadow thousands of the youth of India rest, and whose leaves are for the healing of their souls. Besides these general efforts, the missionaries sought to supply an education of a higher order, in order that natives of Christian parentage, and native preachers and schoolmasters might be better trained for their work. Accordingly, in July 1818, they issued the prospectus of a College for the instruction of Asiatic, Christian, and other youth, in Eastern literature and European science. They desired their preachers to be well acquainted with the false systems which they had to contend against, and sought to familiarize them with the Sanscrit and Arabic, as the sacred languages of the Hindoo and the Mahomedan. The students were to be taken indiscriminately, without reference to caste or creed, and had to go through a full course of Christian theology. The study of the English tongue occupied a secondary place, for Marshman attached such value to the native languages, as to believe that the great British divines might yet be translated and become standard books among the people. The reports of this college from year to year attest its signal efficiency. At a later period, an Episcopal college was founded by Dr. Middleton, on substantially the same principles.

Lord Moira, afterwards Lord Hastings, succeeded Lord Minto, and from the first determined to act fairly to the missionaries. He quashed the proceedings which had been instituted against some of those, who had been expelled under his predecessor. He visited the missionary settlement at Serampore,—being the first governor-general who ever had done so,—and he recorded in his private journal his great surprise at the magnitude and variety of their operations, especially at seeing so many learned natives from different provinces of India employed in translating the Scriptures. He was free from many of the narrow prejudices of his predecessors; nor had he the morbid fear of offending the natives, which had so often paralyzed the right hand of British influence. He sought to signalize his administration by measures for the intellectual and moral improvement of the natives, and declared it a worthy ambition to be the source of blessings to the immense population of India. At the annual exhibition of the College of Fort William in 1817, he said that "the government would never be influenced by the erroneous position, that to spread information among men was to render them less tractable and less submissive to authority, and that it would be treason against British sentiment to imagine that it could ever be the principle of the government to perpetuate ignorance, in order to ensure paltry and dishonest advantages over the multitude!" He was frequently brought into contact with the missionaries, and, in the main, set the seal of his approval to their educational plans. So deeply was he interested in the subject, that he found time to correspond with Dr. Marshman during the harassments of the Pindaree and Mahratta wars, which he waged in person. The influence of his views was felt through the whole of Indian society, and gave the missionaries much cause to thank God and take courage. The native aristocracy of Calcutta began to express a strong desire for the education of their children in the English language and in European science. Lord Hastings became its president, and it continued in after years to diffuse sound knowledge among the better classes, and insensibly to sap the foundations of their idolatry. Under such auspices the plans of the Serampore missionaries became more varied, and were calculated in many ways to influence the public mind. In 1818 the censorship of the press was abolished, the governor-general nobly declaring, that, "while conscious of rectitude, authority

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can lose nothing of its strength by exposure to general comment—on the contrary, the government, which has nothing to disguise, wields the most powerful instrument which can appertain to sovereign rule!" Before the publication of these sentiments, Dr. Marshman resolved on issuing a kind of newspaper in Bengalee—the first which appeared in India—not for political discussion, but for stimulating the native mind by information on topics of general interest. The well-known name of Dwarkanath Tagore was the first in the list of subscribers. A monthly magazine was also started in English, under the familiar title, "The Friend of India,"—which in 1820 became a quarterly publication, and was the vehicle of discussion on subjects bearing on the best interests of India. Nor was this all. The first Savings' bank in India was established by Carey, and the first steam-engine was the one employed in their printing establishment at Serampore. Carey also was the founder of the Agricultural Society of Calcutta,—thus making good use of his knowledge of natural science, and giving an impulse to an association which from that day has done so much to develop the capabilities of the soil of Bengal. By schemes of large-hearted philanthropy like these, the missionaries showed that they were not neglectful of the claims of the life that now is, whilst ever giving the first place to the realities of the life to come.

THE BEST REMEMBRANCE.

"Oh, how I would like to write a book!" exclaimed George Stewart, laying down one which he had been reading. "Not one either, but many; to see my name upon the title-page, and on the book, to know *that* would be enough, like Macaulay's or Hugh Miller's, that everybody would say, How glad we are to see another of *his*, and to read it. Yes, that would be something worth living for!"

George was a fine boy of fourteen, with talents and energies above the usual average. His younger brother, Henry, a different character, looked up to him on this, as on every occasion, with admiring approval.

"I am sure you *will* write clever books, George, and I hope to read them. I know I cannot write, but I would wish to *do* something,—to make some great discovery, like the steam-engine, and then to feel sure that a book would be written about me afterwards. Jane, what do you say?"

Jane was older than her brothers, a girl of thought and feeling beyond her years. She looked up from her drawing, and sighed. "I should like to be a good author very much, but do not expect it. But, oh! I would fain live so as not to be soon *forgotten*. To be like Mrs. Fry, or Miss Nightingale, to know that long years after we were gone we would still be loved, and admired, and remembered in many lands, how delightful!"

A pleasing-looking, elderly lady now rose from a seat by the fire, and came towards the young people.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, we did not notice that you were in the room!"

"Or you would not have spoken so freely! But, indeed, my dears, you have said nothing to be ashamed of. I have listened to your conversation with much interest. I like to see young people aim at high things, and look forward to *life in earnest*. If God spares you, it is very possible some of you may write books, or have them written about you, for both are more easily and often done than when I was young. But there is one book in which all your names may, and I trust will be, written, which will last when all others have been destroyed. And if they are *there*, it matters little if they are in no other one. Can you tell me what that is?"

After a pause, Jane answered, "I suppose you mean, aunt, the book of God's remembrance.

"You are right." And she slowly repeated, "'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.' 'Help those women which laboured with me in the gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life.' My children, will not that be the best remembrance, the only one to be *very* earnestly sought after?"

"I know that is true, dear aunt," said Jane, with some hesitation; "and perhaps it is wrong or foolish to say so, but it does at times seem so very sad to think of falling into the grave like a leaf from the trees, and being almost as little noticed and as soon forgotten on earth. And yet is not this the case with thousands and millions, and will it be different with us?"

"I can well understand the feeling, my love; it is neither sinful nor foolish, but still not one which a Christian ought to encourage. When our minds are in a right state, and we are taking a right look at time and eternity, we shall not think in this way. But I have repeatedly felt it myself. It is not many years ago, since I was walking in the country with a dear and honoured friend, who has written many books, and whose name is likely to last as long as any of those you have mentioned. We had been visiting an interesting old churchyard, where the thoughts awakened were naturally of a serious kind. But after we parted, a strange, deep sadness came over me, just such as you have described. My companion, I thought, will be remembered with admiration and interest, while the language remains in which he has written so beautifully, or the fair scenes of nature with which his memory will be associated. But I must pass away, and be forgotten, like any of the nameless sleepers in that solitary place of graves. When a few years have gone by, and a few dear ones have followed me to the land of forgetfulness, none will recollect that such a being ever lived and died. The feeling was overpowering. I sat down on the heather beside the path, and could willingly have wept. Then there came into my mind the words, almost as if a voice from heaven had spoken, 'The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.' 'I will give them an everlasting name, which shall not be cut off.' 'Their names are in the book of life.' And I felt, since by the grace of God I have a good hope that these promises are mine, how ungrateful, how unworthy of a Christian, to repine, even for a moment, because my lot on earth may be obscure and unknown! I committed myself to the Lord in silent prayer, and then arose, humbled indeed, but the depression was gone, nor have I ever since that day yielded to the same temptation."

Aunt Mary had spoken warmly, and now checked herself. "I am perhaps talking in a way which you can hardly yet

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understand. May you, my dears, seek and obtain grace to 'covet earnestly the *best gifts*,' the gifts which will endure and remain, when all others must be left behind. Let your motto be, not so much Live to be *remembered*, but Live so as to be *missed*. As Dr. James Hamilton has beautifully said, seek to resemble not the bare pole, whose removal no one would notice, but the spreading tree, whose fall on a stormy night is lamented by the *many* who have long admired its beauty, and rejoiced under its shade. Here are some verses on the subject we have been speaking of, which I met with lately, and which pleased me much. They will do, Jane, for your Album :—

"'What shall I do lest life in silence pass?'
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue!
Remember aye, the ocean depths are mute,
The shallows roar.
Worth is the ocean—fame the brult
Along the shore.

'What shall I do to be for ever known?'
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who now sleep unknown.'
Oh, never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown,
Whom *thou* know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot."

H. L. L.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXII.—THE WITHERED HAND—PLOT AGAINST CHRIST'S LIFE—BLIND AND DUMB DEMONIAC—CHARGE OF LEAGUE WITH BEELZEBUB.

MATT. xii. 9–37

Man with Withered Hand.—Ver. 9, 10. What had probably caused the man's hand to be withered? [Some disease—such as palsy.] Did the Pharisees count it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? [The Pharisees and others carried their notions of Sabbath keeping to such a height, that at times, when attacked on the Sabbath, they refused to defend themselves. Oftener than once, in their wars with the Syrians, two hundred years before, the Jews suffered frightful massacres from this cause.]

Ver. 11, 12. What seems to have been the invariable custom in such a case as this? [Afterwards, however, the rabbins taught that the animal was not to be drawn out, but only planks laid for it to come out!] What inference did Christ draw from the case of the sheep? What sort of works are thus seen to be very appropriate to the Sabbath? [Of holy beneficence—kindness, charity.]

Ver. 13. Was it a reasonable command to the man to stretch out his hand? [It was the very thing the man could not do; but when Christ commanded, he made the effort, and got strength to comply. This is the spirit in which we should deal with the command to believe, or to come to Christ; we have no strength to do it, but if at Christ's call, and looking to him for power, we make the effort, we shall be strengthened, and enabled to come.]

The Pharisees take counsel to destroy Jesus.—Ver. 14. What was it that so exasperated the Pharisees against Jesus? What was the object of their council? [This is the first time we read of any attempt on the life of Christ; their wickedness now showed itself in all its horrible virulence.] What made them wish to destroy him? [He had silenced and humbled them in presence of the people: this their pride could not endure.]

Ver. 15. Did Christ withdraw out of *fear*? What maxim of his own would have preserved him from fear? See ch. x. 28. Why did he withdraw himself? See John vii. 8.

Ver. 16. Why did he give this charge? [Probably in case disturbance should be caused, and attempts against his life.]

Ver. 17, 18. Why was Christ called God's *servant*? ["He took on him the form of a servant," to execute the work of redemption.] If God be so well pleased in the Redeemer, may not we rest with all confidence in his redemption?

Ver. 19. Wherein was Christ a contrast to those who have established kingdoms in the world? [His kingdom is established by gentle influence,—theirs "with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood."] Mention some Scriptural emblems of the gentle influence of Christ. 2 Sam. xxiii. 4; Ps. lxxii. 6; Isa. lv. 10.

Ver. 20. This was a proverbial mode of expression, denoting what? [Gentleness and tenderness, especially towards persons bruised by a sense of sin, and beginning to seek after God.] What is it to "bring forth [the] judgment [or cause] unto victory?" [To conduct his cause to a triumphant issue.]

Ver. 21. Were there any Gentiles at this time among his hearers? And who? See Mark iii. 8.

Blind and Dumb Demoniac—Accusation of League with Beelzebub.—Ver. 22. Of what had the evil spirit deprived this poor man? [See the bitter malignity of the fallen angels; they would block up sight, hearing, every avenue of instruction and enjoyment to men. What a mercy it is that Satan is not absolute lord of earth! And how fearful must be that place where Satan's power is unchecked!]

Ver. 23. Why did this lead them to call him "the Son of David?" See on ch. ix. 27.

Ver. 24. Whence did these Pharisees come? See Mark iii. 22. Could they deny that the devils had been cast out? If they would not admit that this was done by the power of God, what was the only other conceivable explanation? What feeling or state of mind on their part did this charge imply? [Such blasphemous malignity could hardly have been believed possible. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."]

Ver. 25. Had Christ's enemies made the charge openly? How did Jesus know of it? Was his anger excited by the discovery? [His composure under so odious a charge was wonderful. What command he had of himself! "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again."]

Ver. 26. What made it impossible that Beelzebub should be helping Christ? [He would then have been helping to overthrow his own house.] Are there never internal divisions in the kingdom of Satan? [Often; but then the struggle of each party is to get more of the power of the house to itself; they never divide to destroy the house altogether.]

Ver. 27. Did the children of the Pharisees ever cast out devils? [Christ seems here to say that they really did; God sometimes interposing his mercy and giving effect to their attempts. But when they sought to do so, it was only by invoking the name and power of the true God. See Mark ix. 38.]

Ver. 29. Who is represented by the strong man? What is meant by the strong man's house? [That which he possesses

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and rules, as a man does his house; mankind, ourselves,—a terrible indication of the completeness of our subjection to Satan.] Who has bound this strong man?

Ver. 30. Into how many sections does Christ here (as always) divide men? Is there any *middle party* between Christ and his enemies? On whose side are the indifferent,—all who are not "gathering with" Christ? [What a solemn and searching truth is this in its relation to individuals! Alas! how many are there not gathering with Christ!]

Ver. 31, 32. What seems to be meant by the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost? [From the connection, it seems to mean, deliberately and knowingly ascribing to Satan the glorious works of the Holy Ghost,—doing so out of a settled, determined hatred to the Holy Ghost or his holy work.] Did Christ say the Pharisees had committed this sin? [Not quite; but they were at least very near committing it.]

Ver. 33. How had the Pharisees contradicted this rule? [They had represented Christ as a *corrupt* tree, yet bearing *good* fruit,—as in league with the Prince of *Evil*, yet doing *good* to men.]

Ver. 34, 35. [From *deeds* Christ passes to *words*; words also indicate the character.] Why did he call them *vipers*? [From their venom, malignity.] What made it impossible that *they* should speak good things? What must be changed before the words will be good?

Ver. 36, 37. What is meant by an *idle* word? [Trivial, heedless, unprofitable.] Is sufficient attention usually paid to the government of the tongue? What does James say of it? James iii. 6, &c. What is the Christian rule for our speech? Col. iv. 6. What was the psalmist's resolution on the subject? Ps. xxxix. 1. And his prayer? Ps. cxli. 3.

DOCTRINE.—Believers in Christ experience a conflict between the Flesh and the Spirit.

Ps. cxix. Matt. xxvi. Rom. vii. Gal. v.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM XXIII. (No. IV.)

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

WHAT does David now speak of? What does he mean by this valley? [It may mean any great distress, but especially the time when he must die.] What is it to die? [To have the soul separated from the body.] What becomes of the body? [It goes into the grave till the resurrection.] What becomes of the soul? [It goes either to heaven or hell.] Are men in general afraid to die? Why? [Partly because of the pain of dying, and sorrow to leave this world, but chiefly because they are not sure what will become of their souls.] What does Paul say is the sting of death? 1 Cor. xv. 56. What does that mean? [That it is our being sinners, which makes us afraid to die and meet a holy God.]

Was David afraid to walk through the valley? Why not? Would not you be afraid to walk in a dark, dreadful place *alone*? But if your father or dear friend were with you, would not that make a difference? Will God be with his people when they come to die? Ps. cxvi. 15; xlviii. 14; Heb. ii. 14. Will he take care of their bodies? Isa. xxvi. 19; Hos. xiii. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 42–44. And of their souls? Ps. xlix. 15; Luke xxiii. 43; Rev. xiv. 13. Then may not they all trust like David? Is it not a comfort in a dark passage to see light *at the end*? What brightness does a Christian see beyond the dark valley? Rev. xxi. 23; xxii. 5.

Was Job afraid to die? Job vii. 16. Was Simeon? Luke ii. 29, 30. What does Paul say about dying? Phil. i. 21, 23. And Peter? 2 Pet. i. 14. What took away all their fears? [Just believing, like David, that the Lord would be with them.] Are the children of God afraid now? [They need not be so, and in general they are not.] But are sinners afraid? [Yes, and they have great reason.] Is it wrong to wish to live longer? [Not at all, if it be the will of God.] Did David wish this? Ps. xxxix. 13. Did Hezekiah? Isa. xxxviii. 1–5. How should we pray to feel about this? [To be willing to live or die, as God sees best.]

What is the rod and staff that David speaks of? [They mean one thing; the staff which the shepherd carried was sometimes called a rod, or crook; it was a staff with a hooked end.] What does the eastern shepherd do with it? [He uses it to direct the sheep; to defend them; to chastise them when they go astray.] What does David mean by saying, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me?" [That everything gave him comfort, which made him feel that the Shepherd was near.]

Did ever any man get to heaven without going through the valley of death? Heb. xi. 5; 2 Kings ii. 11. Will ever any go like them again? [Yes, those that are alive on the earth when Christ comes to judgment. 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52.] Why did Jesus die? [That he might bear all our punishment, and take away the sting of death for his people.] Then is it not a great comfort to know that He who will be with us in the dark valley has gone through it himself?

> "O little child, when thou must die,
> Fear nothing then,
> But say, Amen,
> To God's command, and quiet lie
> In his kind hand,
> Till he shall say, 'Dear child, come fly
> To heaven's bright land.'"

Precept.—Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh. Matt. xxv. 13.

Promise.—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.

Prayer.—O Lord, our Father in heaven, we know it is thy will that we must one day die, and we do not know how soon that day may come. We are sometimes sorry and afraid when we think of leaving this world. O take away all these fears, and give us such love for thee, and such trust in thee, as will make us say with David, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." O blessed Jesus, we thank thee that thou hast died, and so taken the sting of death away for all who believe in thee. Make us ready to go, whenever it is thy will to call us. Forgive all our sins, O God, and be merciful to us in life and in death, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

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CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—LIGHT IN THE DARK VALLEY.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

When Christian missionaries first went to Greenland, many years ago, to teach the Greenlanders about Jesus and the way to heaven, they found them in a state of great wretchedness of every kind, often dying of cold and starvation. And yet, although their lot in this life was so sad, it seemed to be a marked point in their character, that they had a great *fear of death*. The dark valley was all darkness to them, and they saw no cheering light beyond it. How sad and dreary their dying hours must have been!

But when, after the good missionaries had laboured among them for many years, the Holy Spirit opened the hearts of these poor people, and first Kajarnak, and then many others, believed in Jesus, immediately there was a delightful change in their feelings. Now the dying Greenlander could say as cheerfully as David, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Kajarnak, the first who trusted in Christ, was, I think, also the first who departed to be with him. He died in great peace, telling his wife and friends to follow him to heaven. And the missionaries said, that nothing appeared to make more impression on the minds of those who were still heathens, than the joyful deaths of their believing brethren; it was so different from what they had been accustomed to see. I was much struck by this fact when I read the history of the Greenland mission.

But it is the same in every country. Faith in Jesus, and that alone, will take away the fear of death. And the young believer will be just as ready to leave this world as the old, often even more so. I daresay some of you have read the beautiful story of "Little Jane, the young cottager," written by her minister, Mr. Legh Richmond. Do you recollect how happily and peacefully she died, and what the reason was?

"I said, 'My child, are you resigned to die?'

"'Quite.'

"'Where is your hope?'

"She lifted up her finger, pointing to heaven, and then directed the same downward to her own heart, saying, as she did so, 'Christ *there*, and Christ *here*.'"

Her last words were to Mr. Richmond, "God bless and reward you; give thanks for me to him; my soul is saved, Christ is everything to me. Sir, we shall meet in heaven, shall we not? Oh, yes, yes; then all will be peace, peace."

"She sunk back on the bed, and spoke no more, gave a deep sigh, smiled, and died."

Perhaps some one will say, "Ah! Jane was a poor child, with bad parents and an uncomfortable home, no wonder she was not sorry to go." But by the grace of God, even those who have had everything delightful upon earth, have yet felt that to depart and be with Christ was "far better" than to remain. I was reading lately about the eldest son of one of our Scottish noblemen, who died young. He was a pious youth, and feared no evil in the dark valley. Just before his death, calling his brother to his side, he spoke to him with much affection, ending with these remarkable words, "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a *duke*, but I shall be a *king*." I suppose he was thinking of those beautiful promises in which the happiness of God's people above is spoken of under the emblem of a kingdom, and of reigning with Christ for ever and ever.

Dear children, even the youngest of you who reads this, knows that you must one day die. You have all seen a funeral pass, and you have looked into a churchyard; and, perhaps, though you have said little about it, you have often thought of what death must be. Do not put away the subject from your minds, but pray that it may become not a terrible, but a pleasing thought. It is natural that you should wish, if it please God, to live to grow up, and be useful in the world. But how happy those who have no fear, no anxiety, as to how or when they may die. And how shall you come to feel in this way? Just by hearing the voice of the Good Shepherd, and walking with him in the way of holiness. So you will feel sure that the Friend who has been with you through life, will take care of you in death, and make you blessed with himself for ever.

"Do you ask me for pleasure? come lean on His breast,
'Tis there that the weary and laden have rest;
In the valley of death, you may triumphing cry,
'If this be called dying, 'tis pleasant to die.'"

J. L. B.

II.—"OUR DAILY BREAD."

Frank sat in his little chair by the fire, looking quite thoughtful for such a curly-headed little fellow as he was. "What puzzles your little brain now?" asked his mother.

"Why, mother," said he, "I have been thinking how it is God gives me bread; it seems to me as if *you* made it and gave it to me, and every time I say, 'Give me this day my daily bread,' I can't make out how it is, and it troubles me."

"Why, Frankie," exclaimed Emma, "what a naughty question! The Bible says so, and that is enough."

Frank looked a little frightened; but his mother gave him a pleasant smile, and said, "I am glad you inquired; I like to explain whatever I can to you. There are many things we cannot understand, and those we must believe because the Bible asserts them. But I think I can show my little doubter how it is that while I make the bread, it also comes from God. What is bread made of, Frank?"

"Flour, mamma."

"And where does the flour come from?"

"I know," said little Susie, who had drawn up to hear what was saying; "it came from Ames' store; I saw his man bring it in a barrel in a great wagon yesterday."

"So he did, my dear; and where did Mr. Ames get it?"

"From Rochester," answered Frank; "for I saw, Rochester mills, marked on it in real letters."

"Yes, but where did the Rochester miller get it?"

"He ground it from wheat."

"And where did he get the wheat?"

"He bought it from some farmer, I suppose," said Emma, the oldest of the group.

"Yes, and where did the farmer get it?"

"Why, it *growed*," said little Susie very briskly, at which they all laughed.

"So it did, my child," said their mother; "and now, who will tell me *how* it grew?"

Frank looked a little doubtful, and Emma replied, "Why, some farmer ploughed his field, sowed the seed, and when it was grown and ripened, he cut it with a sickle, dried, and threshed it."

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"Yes," said her mother, "so far all seems to have been done by man; but could man do the whole?"

"He couldn't make the ground," said Frank, after a long pause.

"No, God made the earth; but will wheat grow in every part of it?"

"Yes, I suppose it will," said Frank.

"No," said Emma, "it wont grow up where Dr. Kane went, it is so cold there."

"No, nor under the equator," added her mother, "for there it is too hot. God made the earth, and caused it to move round the sun in such a way that some portions of it should be neither very hot nor very cold, but just right for grain to grow and ripen. He also made the right kind of soil; if the seed had been sown in a bed of soft clay or mud, or in dry sand, or on a rock, it could not have flourished and borne a crop. But the soil being provided, could man do all the rest?"

"Yes," said Emma, "he could cultivate and gather it."

"Then if God had quite forgotten it from spring to autumn, would it have grown just as well?"

"No, it wouldn't," said Frank; "he had to keep the sun shining on it all day long."

"Yes," answered Emma, "and he had to send rain, or it would have all withered and died."

"Oh yes, so he did," said Frank; "I didn't think of that."

"You see," continued his mother, "that though man does a part, God also does a very large and important part. If he had not made the right kind of soil, and given the right degree of warmth, if he had not shed over the field the beautiful sunlight, the refreshing rain, and the gentle dew, there could never have been one single stalk of wheat. Man alone could never create a foot of ground, a ray of sunlight, or a drop of dew; for all these he is dependent on the kindness of our heavenly Father, and without these we could none of us have our daily bread. Does my little Frank see how it is God gives him bread?"

"Yes, I do; and he made you too, mother, or else you could not do your part in making the bread."

"I think," said Emma, "it takes a great many to make our bread. There is the farmer, the miller, the merchant, and the cook; each has a part to do in it: your part, Frankie, seems to be to eat it."

"Yes, and to be thankful for it. I am glad I asked you, mother, because now I see how it all is, as clear as can be, and when I say my prayer I shall know what it means."

"Yes, always tell me when anything perplexes you. I like to have you think for yourself, and inquire the meaning of things, and not merely repeat words without connecting any ideas with them."—*American Messenger.*

III.—"WAS SUBJECT TO THEM."

"And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."—LUKE ii. 51.

My dear children, are you ever tempted to be disobedient to your father and mother, or to those whom God has set over you in their place? Do you ever feel it hard when they tell you not to do something you would wish, or to do something you do not like? Have you got vexed and angry, and gone on doing what you were forbid, or refused to do what you were told? Ah, I am afraid every one who reads this will recollect some time when he or she sinned in this way! For Satan is ever tempting us all to commit sin, and *disobedience* is one of the sins he gets children most easily to fall into. And it is a great sin in the sight of God, who says so often in his own word, "Honour thy father and thy mother,"—"Children, obey your parents in all things."

But if you recollect your own faults, I hope you also remember how sorry you were afterwards, how you asked forgiveness of papa and mamma, and then on your knees asked God to pardon you for Jesus' sake. And now, if you are ever tempted to disobey again, I wish you to think of my text, Jesus was subject to his parents. Is it not a wonderful thought that He, the Son of God, who was God himself as well as man, became obedient, subject to his mother, a mortal woman, and to Joseph, who stood in the place of an earthly father to him? He gave up his own will to obey them in all things. And he did this for two reasons:—

1. He was to obey all the law of God perfectly for poor sinners, as well as to bear the punishment of sin for them. And so he became a child that he might obey for children; and this is one of the great laws of God for them, "Children, obey your parents." So when the little ones who love and believe in Jesus confess their sins before the Father, he looks not at their sinfulness, but at the perfect obedience of Christ, and is satisfied.

2. He also was subject to his parents for an example to us. It is the duty of all who believe in him to follow his example, to walk in his steps, and try to be like him in all things. It is a good rule, when we are not quite sure if anything is right for us to do, just to stop and consider, Would Jesus have done this? Now, little children cannot follow his example in many things which he did when he grew up to be a man, but they can all try to be like *the child Jesus.* And here is one thing,—to be gladly subject and obedient to all that their dear parents or kind teachers desire.

Think of this, whenever you feel your own little wills rising up against the will of those older and wiser than yourselves, who have the right from God to direct you. And ask the Saviour every day to make you more gentle, more loving, more like himself. J.

IV.—"WHO BARE OUR SINS."

One sunny autumn day little Frank was sauntering home from school, when, as he neared his own home, he saw Eliza, the wife of one of his father's servants, dragging along a large branch of a tree, which the winds a few days before had thrown down.

"Let me help you, Eliza," said the kind-hearted boy; and thereupon he lifted up the other end of the bough, thus lightening the burden for her.

"Thank you, Master Frank," said the woman. "Ah, if you could help me to bear my burden of sins, that would be a comfort. But here I go dragging them about day after day, and every day they grow heavier."

"But, Eliza," said the child, "mamma says we don't need to carry one end of our burden of sin; *Jesus Christ carries it all for us,* if we allow him to do so."

"Ah," said Eliza, as she related the story, "that minute I saw it all. I had been trying to bear my own sins, when the Bible says, 'He hath borne our sins.' I went home and gave my load of sin to Jesus to carry, and I have been happy ever since."—*Messenger.*

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THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—TEMPER AND TEMPERAMENT.

One of the most obvious and impressive features in the Saviour's character was his meekness. In a patience which ingenious or sudden provocation could not upset; in a magnanimity which insult could not ruffle; in a gentleness from which no folly could extract an unadvised word, men saw what they could scarcely understand, but that which made them marvel. Though disciples were strangely dull, he never lost temper with them; though Judas was very dishonest, he did not bring any railing accusation against him; though Philip had been so long time with him, and had not understood him, he did not dismiss him from his company. When Peter denied him, it was not a frown that withered him, but a glance of affection that melted him. And so with his enemies; it was not by lightning from heaven, but by love from his pierced heart, that he subdued them.

But many Christians lack this beauty of their Master's holiness; they are afflicted with evil tempers; they cannot rule their spirits, or rather they do not try. Some indulge occasional fits of anger, and others are haunted by habitual, daily life-long fretfulness. The one sort is generally calm and pellucid as an Alpine lake, but on some special provocation is tossed up into a magnificent tempest; the other is like the Bosphorus, in a continual stir, and even when not a breath is moving, by the contrariety of its internal currents, vexing itself into a ceaseless whirl and eddy. The one is Hecla—for long intervals silent as a granite peak, and suffering the snow flakes to fall on its cold crater, till you forget that it is a burning mountain; and then on some sudden and unlooked-for disturbance, hurling the hollow truce into the clouds, and pouring forth in one noisy night the stifled mischief of many a year. The other is Stromboli, a perpetual volcano, seldom indulging in any disastrous eruption; but muttering and quaking, steaming and hissing, night and day, in a way which makes strangers nervous; and ever and anon spinning through the air a red-hot rock, or a spirt of molten metal, to remind the heedless natives of their angry neighbour. But either form—the paroxysmal fury, and the perennial fretfulness—is inconsistent with the wisdom from above, which is peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated. Worldly men can perceive the inconsistency, but instead of ascribing it to its proper causes, they are more likely to attribute it to the insincerity of Christians, or the insufficiency of the gospel; and even the more willing sort of worldlings, those who have some predisposition in favour of the truth, are very apt to be shocked and driven off by the unhallowed ebullitions of religious men.

Akin to these infirmities of temper, are some other inconsistencies as inconvenient to their Christian brethren, as they are likely to stumble a scoffing world. Some professors are so whimsical and impracticable, that it needs continual stratagem to enlist them in any labour of usefulness; and after they are once fairly engaged in it, nothing but perpetual watchfulness and the most tender management can keep them in it. In all your dealings with them, like a man walking over a galvanic pavement, you tread uneasily, wondering when the next shock is to come off, and every moment expecting some paradox to spring under your feet. In the Christian societies, of which they are members, they constitute non-conformable materials of which it is difficult to dispose. They are irregular solids, for which it is not easy to find a place in rearing the temple. They are the polyhedrons of the Church, each punctilio of their own forming a several face, and each making it a hard problem to fix them where they will not mar the structure. Apostolical magnanimity they deem subserviency or sinful contrivance, and simultaneous movements of Christian co-operation they deem lawful only when all conform to them. Like those individuals whose bodies are non-conductors, and who can stop an electric circuit after it has travelled through a mile of other men, sectarian professors are so positively charged with their own peculiarities, that the influence which has been transmitted through consenting myriads stops short as soon as it reaches them.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

II.—LIGHTNING AND LIGHT.

A spiritually merry heart is a continual feast, saith Solomon, whereas the joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment, Job xx. 5. Carnal joy is like lightning; spiritual, like the light of the sun. While the play lasts, then the sensualist laughs; but how dull when all is done! The drunkard is merry whilst he revels it amongst his pot-companions in the alehouse; but when he comes home, there is many times woeful work. Whilst the gamester is at play, he is well enough pleased; but when he hath made away all, he is ready to make away himself also. A cunning and prosperous worldling, I confess, by God's permission, may patch together his pleasures all his life-long; but at furthest, at death comes the deadly and everlasting damp. Whereas he that walks with God is contented and comfortable all the day, and death is the day-break to him of everlasting brightness. Carnal joy, I say, is like lightning—a flash and away; leaves the mind in more extreme and deeper darkness; blasts the heart and affections with all spiritual deadness and desolations, with many boiling distempers, much raging wildfire, and unquenchable thirst after sensuality and earthliness; and, first or last, it is ever certainly followed with renting of the spirit, spiritual terrors, thunders, darkness, and damnation. But godly joy is like the light of the sun, which, though it may for a time be overcast with clouds of temptations, mists of troubles, persecutions, and darkness of melancholy, yet it ordinarily breaks out again with more sweetness and splendour when the storm is over; but howsoever, it hath ever the Sun of righteousness and Fountain of all comfort, so resident and rooted in the heart, that not all the darkness and gates of hell shall ever be able to displant or distain it, no more than a mortal man can pull the sun out of his sphere, or put out his glorious eye.—*Bolton.*

III.—A DEATH-GRIP.

A sea-captain related at a prayer meeting in Boston a short time ago a thrilling incident in his own experience. "A few years ago," said he, "I was sailing by the island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard!' It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it as for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and making a slip noose of it, attached it

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to the other, and slid it down to the struggling sailor, and directed him to pass it over his shoulders and under his arms, and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped that rope with such firmness, with such a death-grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed, and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him, that the strands of the rope became imbedded in the flesh of his hands!"

Reader! has not God let down from heaven a rope to every sinner on the earth, is not every strand a precious promise, and ought we not to lay hold on it as for our very life?

IV.—THE EXCELLENCY OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

Oh, come, ye poor ignorant worldlings that know not this "Pearl of great price!" Come ye and buy without money and without price! What avail all your possessions if ye possess not salvation? What benefit will ye derive at last from all your friendships, if ye enjoy not the friendship of a Saviour? Will the sun enlighten you in the way to heaven, or the moon disclose to you the road to hell? Will the stars reveal to your eyes the contents of eternity, or can the lightnings make known to you a judgment to come? Will science justify you? Can business sanctify you? Has the world died for you? Ye must leave this world as naked as ye entered it; what then will avail all that ye must leave behind you, or all that which worms shall speedily devour? Be wise, my fellow-men, be wise; sell all that ye have, rise up and follow Christ. Behold Him that will lead you out from the curse, from sin, from death, from all evil. Behold Him that will even now receive you as a Saviour—receive you as you now are, and make you to be what now you are not. Behold Him who waits to receive your guilt, and to give you his own righteousness—who will give himself to you, whilst you give yourself to him. Are you a persecutor? come, for so was Paul. Are you injurious? come, so was Paul. Are you a blasphemer? come, so was Paul. Whatever you be, come—leave all that heap of vain dross, and come—and you will know "the Christ," the Son of the living God! He will introduce you to the Father, and he will send you the Holy Spirit. Happy then shalt thou be, O sinner! haste thee, haste thee, lose not a day, or an hour of such bliss—haste thee, and the Lord be with thee!—*Rev. J. Macdonald.*

V.—"WORK TOGETHER."

What admiration is due to the wisdom and power that *can*, and to the goodness that *will*, make all "*work together for good!*" Sometimes, in the result, it has become evident of what essential importance, in the process, was some apparently very little or trifling thing in the combined number of things. And then it may have occurred to a devout man to reflect, on the supposition that, during the process, he might have been permitted a sovereign discretion to throw out that one little circumstance, as trifling, needless, and impertinent, what the consequence would have been!

"*Work together.*" Taking a narrower view, we may observe, that sometimes we have seen one thing operating, and another, and another,—each in some sort of reference and tendency to an end, but still with little effect, or apparent coincidence,—till at length one thing more, unthought of, has come in, and *that* has instantly brought them all into combination, and thrown all their forces, in conjunction, directly upon the object, the effect.

It is not impossible, even, that in some instances, a concurrence of different and opposite temptations may have been made to work the safety of a good man, who would have been deeply endangered by any one of them coming separately. God can bring the required causes to "*work together.*" If the secret designs of Providence, for a certain space of time forward, might be revealed to us, it would be seen, that many good things, intended for one and another of God's servants now living, depend on a co-operation of causes that are at this hour widely asunder,—perhaps depend, for example, on the meeting of several persons, who are at this time in several and distant parts of the world, and entire strangers to one another, possibly even in name. But they are certain to meet, and in co-operation perform the appointed service to him that God intends it for. And often both he and they may hereafter wonder at that strange management of Providence which so brought it to pass. In short, in ways beyond number, that declaration is continually in the process of being verified, "*All things are yours; the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours,*" and this is because they "*are Christ's, and Christ is God's.*"—*Foster.*

VI.—"HE PERCEIVED THEIR THOUGHTS."

It should be a daily and habitual reflection with us, that we can keep nothing secret from Christ. To him apply the words of St. Paul, "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do" (Heb. iv. 13). To him belong the solemn expressions of the 139th Psalm—the psalm which every Christian should often study. There is not a word in our mouths, nor an imagination in our hearts, but Jesus knows it altogether (Ps. cxxxix. 4).

How many searchings of heart this mighty truth ought to awaken within us! Christ ever sees us! Christ always knows us! Christ daily reads and observes our acts, words, and thoughts! The recollection of this should alarm the wicked and drive them from their sins. Their wickedness is not hid, and will one day be fearfully exposed, except they repent!—It should frighten hypocrites out of their hypocrisy. They may deceive man, but they are not deceiving Christ!—It should quicken and comfort all sincere believers. They should remember that a loving Master is looking at them, and should do all as in his sight. Above all, they should feel that, however mocked and slandered by the world, they are fairly and justly measured by their Saviour's eye. They can say, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee" (John xxi. 17).—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. VII.

BY R. S. CANDLISH, D.D.

"FAITHFUL IS HE THAT CALLETH YOU."

COR. I. 9.

THE faithfulness of God is here asserted as the reason why you may be sure that he will make good to you all that is involved in his having called you. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." He will perform whatever plan, or purpose, or promise, your being called by him may be fairly held to comprehend. What that is must be learned chiefly from a consideration of the nature and end of this calling. How he calleth you?—and unto what?—these are the two questions thus raised; to both of which, and in particular to the latter, an answer is found in the statement of the text.

PART FIRST.

As to the first question raised—How God, who is faithful, calleth you, and how his faithfulness is concerned in his calling you—the answer is rather implied than expressed. It is not, however, on that account at all equivocal.

If it be unto the fellowship of Christ that you are called, the calling must be such as to fulfil the condition of that fellowship. But the indispensable condition of all fellowship, when intelligent beings are the parties, is faith;—intelligent assent, intelligent consent. Understanding by fellowship communion, or joint participation with Christ in all that is his, we may say that this communion can only come through union; and in the case of intelligent parties, the union is by assent and consent. Union with Christ, then, or faith uniting to Christ, is the indispensable preliminary to communion with him;—the condition of it—the cause of it. And your being called unto the fellowship of Christ is your being united to him—becoming one with him by faith.

Consider how God deals with you, in so calling you as to unite you to his Son. Faithfully throughout; in all his dealings with you for this end, God is faithful.

I. He is faithful in discovering to you your case. He tells you that you need his Son—that without him you perish. In telling you this, is he not faithful? Your sin he brings before you—your guilt, your ruin. He does so in very faithfulness. His word is no prophet of smooth things; his Spirit is no giver of false peace. His faithfulness you may at first dislike and resent. It may seem to you like harshness and severity. For a long time you may persevere in questioning the truth and fairness of the representations which he gives, and the convictions which he would force upon you, as to your state and character before him. You cannot feel your condition to be absolutely hopeless—your hearts to be altogether wrong towards God. You think it hard to be told that you can do nothing to right or reform yourselves. But you try. In earnest you try to become what you now own you ought to be, and ought always to have been—pure, holy, happy, loving, in your intercourse with God. It will not do. You cannot rid yourself of a growing apprehension of failure and defeat, of bondage and wrath. The hurt is not be healed as you hoped. The plague is deep. The past cannot be undone. You cannot answer for the future. And alas for the evil that is ever present with you! The testimony of God, you find, is true. The discovery which he makes to you of your criminality and corruption, your sin and death, may not be welcome. But in calling you to the knowledge of it, God is faithful.

II. God is faithful in commending to you his Son, Jesus Christ. He commends him as the object of his own confidence and esteem, and therefore worthy to be the object of yours. Hear the voice of prophecy: "Behold my servant, whom I have chosen; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth." Hear the voice from heaven: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." So he introduces to you his Son. "Look," he cries, "ye lost ones! behold the ransom I have found for you—the Redeemer, the Saviour—possessed of all the qualifications, perfect in all the conditions, needful for meeting your miserable case; near to me as my fellow, near to you also as yours; having all the fulness of the Godhead dwelling in him bodily; grace poured into his lips, glory crowning his head, love burning in his heart."

In this testimony concerning his Son, God is faithful. You did not always feel this. Once you gave no heed, you gave no credit, to his testimony. Christ and his gospel were indifferent to you. Or they presented to you a repulsive, gloomy aspect. You saw no beauty in him why you should desire him. His cross offended you, his sayings were hard, his service grievous, himself austere. Or you formed a notion of him all your own. You made him out to be a mere indulgent pleader for pardon—an apologist of your errors; and, as such, you thought that you could love him. But now God discovers to you yourselves and his Son. God shows you what you are, and what he is whose mediation you have been abusing. You look on him whom he is revealing as his Son from heaven. You see his Son in a new light. His excellency and beauty, his suitableness and suffi-

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ciency, the transcendent worth of his righteousness, the exhaustless efficacy of his blood—all that is attractive in his person, as Emmanuel, God with us—all that is satisfying to the divine law and the human conscience in his work, his obedience, sufferings, and death—all that is of power to save in his resurrection, his ascension, his receiving of the Father the promise of the Spirit, his being Head over all things to the Church, his coming again to receive his people to himself—all that is gracious, all that is glorious, in Him who is precious to them that believe—the Spirit of God enables you more and more spiritually to discern. And you feel that in calling you to the knowledge of his Son Jesus Christ, and commending him to you as the very Saviour you need, God is faithful.

III. In presenting to you his Son Jesus Christ, God presents him to you, in free gift, as yours—yours if you will but have him to be yours. He gives you the fullest assurance that if you will but venture yourselves upon this Christ, all will be well.

Alas for your prolonged hesitation and endless doubting here! Beforehand, it is, as it were, a leap in the dark that you are required to make. You are trembling on the highest pinnacle of a tottering tower. You hear a voice bidding you cast yourself into unseen arms ready to receive you at its base. No doubt have you as to your own perilous position—the last stone on which you can for a moment plant your precarious foot is crumbling and giving way. No doubt have you as to the love that thrills the voice to which you listen, or as to the strength that nerves the arms opened to embrace you. But the plunge!—Your letting go your last hold of what you stand on, and casting yourself, as it were, on the viewless air—this gives you pause. You shrink, you recoil, you shudder.

Call after call is addressed to you, assuring you that you have nothing to fear—that all is ready for you—that now is the time. Will you not take heart of grace at last? You will assuredly find that He who has been calling you is faithful.

Something of this sort of adventurous self-abandonment there often is—perhaps always more or less—in the experience of those whom the Holy Spirit is shutting up into Christ;—who are called by God unto union with his Son. It is the critical hour, the time of decision, the last agony of old death, the birth-throe of the new life. It is eye meeting eye in a quick glance of mutual intelligence; it is heart meeting heart in a throb of mutual sympathy; and Christ and you are for ever one!

You have been standing for a time—it may be, a long time—face to face; you, a perishing sinner, face to face with Christ, a loving Saviour; you, all alive to your need of him; he, yearning over you as needing you. You have been fairly driven from all the strongholds of your natural confidence. All refuge fails you. Naked and alone you sink self-condemned into the pit. It is not any morbid melancholy that seizes you, but a real apprehension of guilt and wrath. You are doomed, you are lost. Beside you, over against you, very near to you, is that Holy One whose blood cleanseth from all sin. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!" is his own earnest cry. "This is my beloved Son; hear him," is his Father's gracious call. Oh! wherefore should your heart fail you now? Why these tremblings, misgivings, hesitations, long delays? "Taste and see that God is good." Prove him. Venture your soul, yourself, your all, once for all, on Christ. God is faithful, by whom you are called to do so.

IV. And this calling of God is without repentance. There is no change of mind—no change of heart with him in regard to it. The union, the oneness with his Son Jesus Christ, to which he calls you is permanent and abiding. It is union, it is oneness with Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In this also he who hath called you is faithful.

"Abide in me, and I in you," says the Lord himself. You are his and he is yours—not once only, or for a time, or at intervals, but once for all and always. For God is faithful.

Try his faithfulness—put it to the proof. Be ever trying it; be ever putting it to the proof.

And how? Not surely by raising the old doubts and questions again;—but by continually repeated exercises, continually renewed acts, of the very faith by which you embraced Christ, or suffered him to embrace you at the first. And, as at the first, so still to the very last, this faith will partake of the nature of a venture,—the venturing of yourselves upon Christ. It is a continued, prolonged casting of yourselves into his open arms,—his open bosom.

There may, alas! be interruptions,—seasons of dark unbelief, of grievous backsliding, of shameful sin. But, "Return, O backsliding Israel" is the call; and he is faithful who calleth.

And it is as to the doing of your first works that he calleth you—to a new day of espousals, that in very faithfulness he may anew betroth you to himself in his Son.

You are to consider God as always calling you; calling you to be one with his Son Jesus Christ. And you are to consent, you are to comply now;—not because you have consented and complied before, but because God is faithful by whom you are called now. It is a new venture every moment; the same always, and yet ever new. Or if former instances, in past experience, come in at all, it is but to nerve the soul for the new—shall I say, the last venture of all, when a new, when the last, sore trial comes:—"I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my shield, he also is become my salvation." "Though he slay me I will trust in him." "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed to him against that day."

Such then is the calling of God, and such his faithfulness as brought out in his calling you. 1. He calls

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you to the knowledge of yourselves—of your alienation from him, your enmity against him, your desperate case, as guilty in his sight. And, however the testimony may offend your natural self-complacency, yet, the Spirit convincing you, you are made to own its truth, and confess that in this God is faithful. 2. He calls you to the knowledge of his Son, the Son of his own love, whom he commends to your love as a brother. And, however the humiliation of his cross may mortify your natural pride of self-righteousness, yet, the Spirit enlightening you, you are made to see how, hanging on that very cross, he is the very brother you need—a brother born for your adversity; and you feel that in commending him to you in that character, God is faithful. 3. He calls you to close with this Christ, to receive him, to embrace him—to let his Son deal with you as a loving elder brother,—to let him clasp you to his heart, and take you home. And, however you may hang back long, from whatever cause—suspicion, distrust, disaffection, dislike—yet, the Spirit making you willing in the day of his power, you venture yourself in the arms of the beloved One, and find, and are blessed in finding, that when he calls you to believe and live, God is faithful. 4. He calls you to abide in his Son, to prolong, to perpetuate your union with him, by continually renewed acts and exercises of the same faith by which you appropriate him at the first. And, however through your manifold infirmities and falls you may too often lose your hold of him, or your sense of the hold he has of you, yet, the Spirit reviving you, you make trial again, and ever again and again, of the old faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom," you cry, "I am chief." And as you feel that that saying will bear the weight of your soul's heaviest burden of guilt and woe, in your darkest hour, you venture once more to hope to rejoice with trembling. And so throughout you give thanks for the assurance that God is faithful by whom you are called to be one with his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

PART SECOND.

The end of this calling of God, and his faithfulness in connection with it, fall now to be considered. You are called unto the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord;—unto a joint participation with him in what is his. In your being called by God, you are united to his Son. And the union infers communion. You are one with him in such a sense, and to such an effect, as to have all things in common:—I. Common interests; II. A common character; III. A common history.

I. Your interests are in common, Christ's and yours; your joint interests in the righteous government—the high and holy moral administration of God.

Now, his interests here are twofold: the interests which he has originally as the Son of God, and the interests which he has in his mediatorial character, as his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

1. As to the first, the interests which he has originally, as the Son, in the vast scheme of God's universal empire,—these are and must be essentially identical with those of the Father. And yet, in an important view, they are to be regarded as distinct. He is the Son whom God hath appointed heir of all things. Hence all beings were created by him and for him, and he upholdeth all things by the word of his power. The design of the whole work of creation, and of the works of providence, is to carry into effect that eternal purpose and decree of God, the appointment of his Son to be heir of all things. This is his ultimate glory, as the Son, which is to be the manifestation of the love wherewith the Father loved him from everlasting, before the world was.

Looked at in the light of his appointment to be the heir of all things, the interests which he has in the unfolding of the great volume of the universe may be summed up in this one petition, which once he offered on earth, which he may be regarded as offering from the beginning in heaven, "Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." In this petition of his, in that appointment to be heir of all things on which it proceeds, you are to be partakers with him. You are heirs of God, and joint heirs with him. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

2. But you reach this inheritance, this participation with Christ in the interests which he has originally as his Son in the plan of God's universal government, through your participation with him in the interests which he has in it in his mediatorial character, as his Son, Jesus Christ. These are the interests which he has, not as Son, and Lord, and heir merely, but as a subject. In his case, however, they cannot be separated from the others. The concern which he has in the moral administration of God, now that, being made of a woman, made under the law, he becomes himself amenable to it, cannot supersede the concern which he has in it originally, as the Son appointed to be heir of all things. He is still interested and concerned as much as ever in the stability of that throne which he is himself to occupy; in the upholding of that authority which he is himself to wield; in the magnifying and making honourable of that law according to whose unerring standard of holiness, according to whose unchanging principles of order, loyalty, and love, he is himself to rule among his holy ones, throughout eternal ages.

But this is not all. Not only does he become a subject, he is held to become a criminal. He takes the plea of subjects who have offended, and their guilt is imputed to him. He is made sin. Sin, in its exceeding sinfulness, its righteous condemnation, its inevitable doom of death, is laid upon him to bear.

Are there not conflicting interests now? Is the loud cry, "Father, save me from this hour,"—is the prayer of agony, "Father, if it be possible let the cup pass from me," an indication that there are? Is he distracted between the interests which, as a subject and reputed criminal, he has in God's administration, and the interests

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which he has in it as the Son appointed to be heir of all things?

No, but the reconciling of them, their harmonious adjustment, is to cost him much—not less than the fulfilment of all that the subject owes, and the endurance of all that the criminal deserves. He is one in interest and concern with God, as his Son, whom he has appointed heir of all things. He is one in interest and concern with you, whose nature he shares, whose place he assumes, whose debt he undertakes, whose sin he bears. And the glory of his cross is this;—that in it, as the consummation of his meritorious obedience, and the crisis of his atoning sufferings, the seemingly opposite interests are identified; and the criminal, the subject,—the criminal expiating crime, the subject fulfilling all righteousness—is identically the same in person, mind, and purpose, with the Son whom God has appointed heir of all things.

Now, in all this you are called by God unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ. You are called to be partakers with him in his sufferings, as a criminal, to expiate crime—in his obedience, as a subject, to fulfil all righteousness—and in his title, as the Son, to be heir of all things. The removal of guilt, acceptance, adoption, are thus yours—yours, in an order the reverse of that in which He in whom they are yours is presented to you.

The Son, the subject, the criminal; the Son appointed heir of all things, the subject bound to obey, the criminal laden with the guilt of disobedience—these are the successive aspects or positions, in which he unto whose fellowship you are called, appears. You are called to joint participation with him in these three positions,—as the criminal, the subject, the Son; the criminal taking your condemnation on himself, the subject rendering all obedience in your stead, the Son appointed to be heir of all things. And God is faithful, by whom ye are called unto his fellowship; faithful to cancel all your guilt, faithful to justify you freely and fully, faithful to receive you into his family as children, in his Son—to love you as he loveth him, to glorify you with the glory which he giveth him.

All throughout God is faithful to recognize and own your community of interests with his Son Jesus Christ. He treats you, he is faithful in treating you, as one with Him unto whose fellowship you are called. He cleanses you, as Jesus was cleansed when sin, being atoned for, was imputed to him no more. He accepts you, as Jesus was accepted when, having brought in an everlasting righteousness, he was raised from the dead. He makes you his sons as Jesus is his Son;—whose freedom in the house you now receive, whose Spirit is in you, crying, "Abba, Father," whose rank you are one day to share. Your pardon, your peace, your inheritance of all things, are all secure to you. For God is faithful by whom ye are called unto the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. And that fellowship is a fellowship of interests. Hence "all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

II. The fellowship with his Son Jesus Christ, unto which you are called by God, is a fellowship of character. It includes not only common interests, but a common mind; community of interests, community of mind. It implies that you are partakers of the same moral nature. If you are to have common interests with Christ, you must have a common character, a common mind, a common nature with him also. His interests never can be yours, unless his character, his mind, his nature, is also yours. For what are his interests? The same as yours in one view; for he takes your place as subjects under the law, as criminals under the curse. He has a common interest with you, to have the claims of law relaxed, that obedience may be the easier, to have the penalty of sin remitted, that atonement may be the lighter. But no. Subject as he is, criminal as he must be reckoned to be for you, his interests are still the interests of the Son appointed to be heir of all things. And your sympathies must be with him. You must have a fellow-feeling with him. An eye to see, a heart to feel, what the interests you have in common with him really are, must be yours. And what eye can that be but the very eye which he fixed so steadfastly on his Father's glory? What heart but the very heart which in him beat so high, and strong, and true, in unison with his Father's will?

Thus communion of nature and character with him is indispensable, if you are to have community of interests. Unto that accordingly you are called, when you are called by God unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ. And he by whom you are called is faithful. His faithfulness is pledged for your being made partakers in his Son, Jesus Christ, of the divine nature. For this end, he has given you exceeding great and precious promises; and he is faithful to fulfil them all. These are the promises of a new heart and a right spirit; promises of complete renewal to accompany complete acceptance; the Spirit of adoption, the Spirit of his Son, to go along with and bring out your adoption as sons; a growing likeness to the Son, through your growing acquaintance with him, as the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person.

Thus, by such promises as these, God calls you to communion in holiness with his Son Jesus Christ; and he is faithful in calling you. On his faithfulness you may confidently rely, both for the first beginning, and for the subsequent progress, of this great work of sanctification. For both, he calls you unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ. Your holiness, in its germ and in its growth, depends upon his faithfulness. In making you one, and keeping you one, with Christ. Becoming one with Christ, you are renewed in the whole man after his image. Continuing one with Christ, you grow in grace as you grow in the knowledge of him: beholding as in a glass his glory, you are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Be ye then shut up in

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Christ. Be ye always abiding in Christ. Be ye shut up into Christ, in whom you are new creatures, seeing all things in a new light,—in the light of God, who hath reconciled you to himself by him. Be ye always abiding in Christ, drinking into his Spirit, drawing your life from him, and learning more and more to think and feel as he did, in all that touches the glory of his Father, in all that concerns the doing of his will. Be ye thus faithful on your part, for God is faithful, and will more and more bring you into the fellowship of a common character with his Son, as you more and more grow up into him. The assimilation will become more and more complete, in respect of all the graces of his holy nature; his devotedness to God, his benignity to men; his meekness, gentleness, patience, love. In all things pertaining to the beauty of holiness, you are called by God unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ: and faithful is he who calleth you, who also will do it. "Wherefore work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

III. Having common interests and a common character, you may expect to be called by God unto the fellowship of a common history with his Son Jesus Christ.

His history may be drawn out at length; but it may be compressed also under these five leading heads,—a birth, a baptism, a work, a cross, a crown. In respect of all the five, you are called by God unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ, and in calling you unto this fellowship, God is faithful.

1. God is faithful, by whom you are called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ, in his birth. Your new birth is your fellowship, your participation in the birth of the Saviour. Both are by the Spirit; both are new entrances into the kingdom of God. And in both his faithfulness appears.

In the birth of Christ God is seen to be faithful,—faithful to his word of promise, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel,"—faithful to the song which, by anticipation, he puts into the Church's mouth, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

Nor is God less faithful in calling you unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ in this birth of his. For it is by the same Spirit by whom he was born that you are born again. God undertakes that it shall be so: "I will put my Spirit within you." And God faithfully makes good what he undertakes. Born of the Spirit, you enter into the kingdom of God as he, the Son, did, when, being in the form of God, he became man. You are ushered into a new state; you receive a new life; you are before God as he was when he lay a new-born babe in the manger of Bethlehem; accounted blameless, righteous, acceptable to God and well-pleasing in his sight, as that holy child was, when he, for you, born of the Spirit, entered as a subject into the kingdom of which he is the Lord. Thus faithfully does God deal with you when he makes you one with his Son, Jesus Christ, in his wondrous birth.

2. In his baptism also you are called by God unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ. You receive the Holy Ghost. You receive that blessed Spirit as the witness with your own spirits that you are the sons of God. In this also you are partakers with his Son Jesus Christ. He, while he sojourned here below, was baptized with the Holy Ghost. God gave not the Spirit by measure unto him. The Holy Spirit, descending upon him like a dove, marked him out as the beloved Son, in whom the Father is well pleased; and strengthened him for the work which, as the Son and servant of the Father, he had to do. In this, the faithfulness of God appeared; for it had been written, "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him;" "I have put my Spirit upon him." And the faithfulness of God equally appears in his baptizing you, as he baptized him, with the Holy Ghost. You are partakers with him in his baptism by the Holy Ghost. The Spirit is promised to seal your acceptance as he sealed Christ's; to attest your sonship as he attested Christ's; to fit you, as he fitted Christ, for all your warfare and service as the children of God in the world. And "God is faithful, by whom" in this particular also "you are called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

3. In Christ's history, his being born of the Spirit and his being baptized with the Spirit, were preparatory to his work; a lifelong work; the work to which he referred when at the age of twelve he put the question to Mary and Joseph, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—the work which he had in his mind when he appealed to his Father at the last: "I have glorified thee upon the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." You are called by God unto fellowship with his Son Jesus Christ in this work of his.

A fellowship of worth or merit in it, you cannot and you would not challenge; but a fellowship of consent and sympathy it is your privilege to claim. Born of the Spirit, baptized with the Spirit, you would fain be partakers with Christ in what constituted the real excellency and essential virtue of his whole work,—his entire surrender and dedication of himself to do the will of God. And so you are, and so you ought to be. For "God is faithful, by whom," in this very grace of willing and unreserved submission to him, "you are called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

4. The history of Christ, besides a birth, a baptism, a work,—has a cross; and his own emphatic words are, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." You suffer with him. You fill up in your persons the measure of the sufferings of Christ. You are partakers of his sufferings.

"Count it not strange, brethren, that ye fall into divers temptations. There hath no temptation befallen you but such as is common to man. And God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape, that

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ye may be able to bear it." "There hath no temptation befallen you but such as is common to man." Nay, we may say, there is no temptation, no trial, no suffering, or shame, or sorrow that can befall you, which is not common to Christ and you together. You suffer with Christ. You go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach. And he is with you in your suffering. The reproaches of them that reproach you fall on him. In all your affliction he is afflicted.

This fellowship of suffering with his Son Jesus Christ unto which you are called by God may be very painful often; but it is very precious, very blessed. A common misery makes men wondrous kind. Any two of you, thrown together in heavy grief, or in a fiery trial, find your hearts marvellously knit together. The little flock, persecuted on every side, forced to leave fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, become all fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers to one another. So in the fellowship of his sufferings, in the fellowship of his cross, Christ and you are like two metals in the furnace, more and more thoroughly welded into one—into one body, into one spirit. Then doubt not that it is in very faithfulness that God afflicts you. Doubt not that God is faithful when in much tribulation he calls you unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ.

5. As the history of Christ, in respect of which you are called by God unto his fellowship, has a birth, a baptism, a work, a cross,—so also it has a crown. It issues and ends in glory. And in the glory, as in the toil, and suffering, and shame, you have fellowship with him. For God is faithful; and having called you to be partakers of the sufferings of his Son, he will not fail to make you partakers of his glory also.

What that glory is we may partly learn from the Lord's own prayer: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." It is the manifestation of the Father's love to him—that love which from everlasting prompted the decree by which the Son is appointed heir of all things. In the full blaze of that glory of the Father's manifested love, he would have you to be with him. And he shall. For God is faithful, by whom you are called unto his fellowship. He will leave nothing in it or about it incomplete. If you suffer with his Son, God will see to it, in very faithfulness, that you are also glorified together.

This is the hope set before you. This is your recompense of reward. This is the prize of your high calling in Christ Jesus your Lord.

Mark two of its most distinctive characteristics:—

(1.) It is not glory given to you by Christ; it is not glory given to you through Christ;—it is participation with him in his glory. The husbandmen to whom, when they had stoned and beaten messenger after messenger, the owner of the vineyard at last resolves to send his son—"it may be they will reverence him"—cry with one voice as he draws near to them, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." No such inheritance, got in such a way, could ever satisfy you. What foretaste you have of the inheritance here is welcome only because in it you have fellowship with the Son. It is the Spirit of the Son that is sent forth, crying in you, Abba, Father. "My peace I give unto you;" "My joy is to remain in you;" are the Lord's own precious words. And so it is as to the glory of the inheritance itself. To be joint heirs with Christ is your desire; to be with him where he is; to be at home with him among the many mansions of his Father's house; to be at home with him in the deep affections of his Father's heart; to behold how the Father loveth him; and to have fellowship with him in the love wherewith the Father loveth him; that is your glory.

(2.) And when that glory comes, will you not cast your crowns at the feet of him whose crown you share, and testify that he who has called you unto such a fellowship with his Son is indeed faithful?

Yes! In that day his faithfulness will fully appear; then, and not till then.

Ah! how in that day will you look back on all the way by which God has led you, from his first commending of his Son to you and shutting you up to embrace him, forward through the whole course of your fellowship with Christ here below. "Often, often I was tempted," you will say, "to doubt, to distrust his faithfulness. Many a misgiving, many a questioning, many a fear had I. But all is clear now. I see it all. He has been leading me forth by the right way, that I might go to a city of habitation. Yes; God is faithful by whom I was called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ."

CATHERINE:

A YOUNG DISCIPLE'S LAST DAYS.*

NEVER before had it fallen to my lot to bear that message to one who was sick, "The master is come, and calleth for thee." In previous cases of deep, personal interest, this had been unnecessary. But in the present case there was a confident expectation of recovery, till within a week of dissolution; and, on our part, a belief that life might still be lengthened. Such cases involve nice questions of duty. Where the patient has evidently made timely preparation to die, it is needless to dispel that half-illusion which seems to be one feature of consumption—an illusion which is so thin that we feel persuaded the patient sees through it, while, nevertheless, it serves all the purposes of hope. To take away that hope where no beneficial end is to be secured, is cruel. A mistaken, and somewhat morbid, sense of duty to tell the whole truth, and a conscientious but unenlightened fear of practising deception, sometimes lead friends to remove, from a sick person, that power which hope gives in sustaining the sickness, in prolonging comfort, and in helping the gradual descent into the grave. When a sick person is re-

* From a new volume under this title by the Author of "Agnes and the Lost Key."

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solute and hopeful, it is surprising to see how many annoyances of sickness are prevented or easily borne, and how life, and even cheerfulness, may be indefinitely extended. But when hope is taken away, or rather, when, instead of looking towards life with that instinctive love of it which God has implanted, we turn from "the warm precincts of the cheerful day," and look into the grave, it is affecting to see how the disease takes advantage of it, and sufferings ensue which would have been prevented by keeping up even the ambiguous thoughts of recovery. Sick people have reflections and feelings which exert an influence upon them beyond our discernment, and which frequently need not our literal interpretations of symptoms, and our exhortations, to make them more effectual. But where there is evidently no preparedness for death, and the patient, we fear, is deceiving himself, no one who has suitable views of Christian duty will fail to impress him with the necessity of attending to the things which belong to his peace, even at considerable risk of abridging life.

Waiting, therefore, for medical discernment to signify when the last possible effort to lengthen out the days of the sufferer had been made, one morning I received the intimation that those days would, in all probability, be but very few. After the physician had left the house, and I had sought help and strength from God, I lost no time, but took my place at the dear patient's side, to make the announcement.

God help those on whom he lays such a duty! The hour had virtually come in which father and child must part, and the father was to break that message to his child. But how could mortal strength endure the effort?

Before I left my room for hers, there came to my mind these words—"But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Trusting in that promise, I sat down, as it were, over against the sepulchre, to prepare my child for her entrance into it,—nay, for her departure into heaven.

The gradual arrival of the truth to her apprehension, through questions which she began to ask, and my answers to them, finally led her to inquire if I supposed she could not live long. I told her that the physician thought that she was extremely weak, and that we must not be surprised at any sudden event in her case. She said, without any change of countenance, "Why, father, you surprise me; I thought that I might get well; is it possible that I cannot live long? I have thought of recovering much more than of dying. . . . . It seems a long space to pass over between this and heaven, in so short a time. I wonder how I can so suddenly obtain all the feelings which I need for such a change." These expressions I wrote down immediately after the interview. I told her, in reply, that she had been living at peace with God through his Son; that it had hitherto been her duty to live, and to strive for it; but now God had indicated his will concerning her, and she might be sure that God will always give us feelings suited to every condition in which he sees fit to place us.

On seeing her again towards evening, I found that the expression of her sick face—the weary, exhausted look of one grappling with a stronger power—had passed away, and, in exchange, there was peace, and even happiness. She began herself to say, "When you told me this forenoon that I could not live, it surprised me; but I have come to it now, and it is all right. Everything is settled. I have nothing to do—no fear, no anxiety about anything. More passages of Scripture and verses of hymns have come to my mind to-day, than in all my sickness hitherto." Wishes respecting some family arrangements were then expressed, particularly with reference to the younger children, and these wishes were uttered in about the same tone and manner as though we were parting for a temporary absence from each other. The mother of my youngest child had, at her death, given her in special charge to this daughter, and the latter wished to live that she might educate her. She made the transfer of her little trust with calmness, and then her "Good night" was uttered with a gentle playfulness, like that of her early days.

Nor was her frame of mind an excitement, or a fictitious experience, to end with sleep. The next forenoon she renewed the conversation. She said, "In the night I awoke many times, and always with this thought—I am not going to live. Instead of fear and dread, peace came with it. Names of Christ flowed in upon my mind; and once I awoke with these words in my thoughts—'And there shall be no night there.' Now I know that I am to die, I feel less nervous. I have a calm, unruffled feeling." She expressed some natural apprehensions, only, about the possibility of dissolution not having occurred when we should suppose that she was no more. I told her how kindly God had ordered it that we do not all die together, but one by one, the survivors doing all that the departed would desire—which satisfied her, and removed her only fear.

She asked leave to make a request respecting her grave: that, if any device were placed upon the stone, it might be in the form of flowers, which had been such a joy and consolation to her in her sickness. She named the lily-of-the-valley and rosebuds. "I love the white flowers," she said. "If you think best, let them be represented in some simple way. . . . . One great desire which I have had was to assort some leaves of flowers into forms for you. As my bouquets fell to pieces, I gathered the best petals, and leaves, and sprigs, and I have them in a book;" which, at her request, I then reached for her. I turned the pages. The book was full of beautiful relics from tokens of remembrance which kind friends had sent to her, and among them were some curiously-mottled, green and rose-coloured petals, which she had designed for a wreath, on the first page of the little herbarium, which it was her intention to prepare; and then, with great hesitancy, and protesting their unworthiness, she repeated these simple lines, which she had composed for an inscription within the wreath. I wrote them down from her lips:—

"TO MY FATHER.

"These flowers, which gave me such comfort and hope,
I pressed, in my sickness, for you;
Accept them, though faded; they never will droop;
And believe that my heart is there too."

They who showered these tokens of their regard upon her, will be pleased to know that their gifts did not wholly perish, but that they will constitute an abiding memorial of her friends, as well as of her.

"I know," she continued, "that I am a great sinner; but I also believe that my sins are washed away by the blood of Christ." The way of justification by faith was clear to her

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mind. She knew whom she believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which she had committed to him against that day.

In her whispering voice, which disease had for some time so nearly hushed, she said, "I shall sing in heaven." Her voice had been the charm of many a pleasant circle. But she added, "I shall no more sing—

> 'I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
> I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.'"

And in a moment she added,—

> "Of that country to which I am going,
> My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light."

"Some people," she said, "wish to die in order to get rid of pain. What a motive! I am afraid that sometimes they get rid of it, only to renew it. There was—" And here she checked herself, saying, "But I will not mention any name;" a feeling of charitableness and tenderness coming over her, as though she might be thought to have judged a dying person harshly.

The day before she died, as I was spending the Sabbath forenoon by her, she breathed out these words:—

> "Oh, how soft that bed must be,
> Made in sickness, Lord, by thee!
> And that rest, how soft and sweet,
> Where Jesus and the sufferer meet!"

In almost the same breath, she said, "Oh, see that beautiful yellow,"—directing my attention to a sprig of acacia in a bunch of flowers, all showing that her religious feelings were not raptures, but flowed along upon a level with her natural delight at beautiful objects. To illustrate this, I have mentioned several of the incidents already related.

She spoke of a young friend who has much that the world gives its votaries to enhance her prospects in this life. I said, "Would you exchange conditions with her?" "Not for ten thousand worlds," was her energetic reply. "No!" she added; "I fear she has not chosen the good part."

On Sabbath afternoon the mortal conflict was upon her. The restlessness of death, the craving for some change of posture, the cold sweats, the laboured respiration, all had the effect merely to make her ask, "How long do you think I must suffer?" That laboured breathing tired her; she wished that I could regulate it for her. "How long," said she, "will it probably continue?"

I told her that heaven was a free gift at the last as well as at first; that we could not pass within the gate at will, but must wait God's time; that there were sufferings yet necessary to her complete preparation for heaven, of which she would see the use hereafter, but not now. This made her wholly quiet; and after that she rode at anchor many hours, hard by the inner lighthouse, waiting for the Pilot.

The last words which she uttered to me, an hour before she died, were, "I am going to get my crown." I wondered at her in my thoughts (oh, help my unbelief!) to hear a dying sinner so confident. I said to myself, "O woman, great is thy faith." She knew that her crown was a free gift, purchased at infinite expense; a crown, instead of deserved chains, under darkness. All unmerited, and more than forfeited, yet she spoke of her crown, because she believed with a simple faith, taking Christ at his word, and being willing to receive rewards and honours from him without projecting her own sense of unworthiness to stay the overflowings of infinite love and grace towards her. So that, in her own esteem as undeserving as the chief of sinners, thinking as little as possible of her own righteousness, and being among the last to claim anything of God, she could say with one who would not admit that any sinner was chief above him, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Between two and three o'clock on Monday afternoon, January 19, she was quietly receiving some food from the nurse, when suddenly she said, "The room seems dark." She then made a surprising effort, such as she had been incapable of for some time, and reached forward from her pillow, saying, "Who is that at the door?" The nurse was with her alone, and at her side, the family being at table. Coming to her room, we found that she was apparently sinking into a deep sleep, as though it were only a sleep, profound and quiet.

I asked her if she knew me.

She made no answer.

I said, "You know Jesus." A smile played about her mouth. We rejoiced, and wept for joy.

I then said, "If you know father, press my hand." She gave me no sign—that smile being her last intelligent act. And so she passed within the veil.

She who was the sweet singer of my little Israel is no more. The child whose sense of beauty made her the swiftest herald to me of every fair discovery and new household joy, will never greet me again with her surprises of gladness. She who, leaning upon my arm as we walked, silently conveyed to me such a sense of evenness, firmness, dignity; she whose child-like love was turning into the womanly affection for a father; she who was complete in herself, as every good child is, not suggesting to your thoughts what you would have a child be, but filling out the orb of your ideal beauty, still partly in outline; her seat, her place at the table, at prayers, at the piano, at church; the sight of her going out and coming in; her tones of speech, her helpful spirit and hands, and all the unfinished creations of her skill, everything that made her that which the growing associations with her name had built up in our hearts,—all is gone, for this life; it is removed like a tree; it is departed like a shepherd's tent.

And all this, too, is saved. It survives, or I would not. I could not, write thus. There comes to my sorrowing heart some such message as the sons of Jacob brought to their father, when they said, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt."

Jesus of Nazareth has been in my dwelling, and has done a great work of healing. He has saved my child; saved her to be a happy spirit; for ever saved her for himself, to employ her powers of mind and heart in his blissful service; saved her for the joyful welcome and embraces of her mother, and of a second mother, who laid deep and strong foundations in her character for goodness and knowledge. He has saved her for me, through all eternity. She will be my sweet singer again; she will have in store for me all the wonderful discoveries which her intense love of beauty will have made her treasure up, to impart, when the child becomes, as it were, parent, for a little while, to the soul of the parent in heaven, new-born.

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We sometimes think that they miss great good who depart from us in early years; that one who has arrived at the entrance to the world's great feast must be sadly disappointed to be led away, never to go in. Now, it is true that we must not shrink from the battle of life; we must take upon ourselves, if God ordains it, the great jeopardy of disappointment and sorrow, and the chance of life's joys; we must each stand in his lot; we must send children forth into the harvest of the earth for sheaves, and whether they faint and die under their load, or deck themselves with garlands—still, let them be labourers together with God, and let us not seek exemption for them. But if God ordains their early translation to heaven, what can earth afford them in the way of pleasure, granting the cup to be full and unalloyed, to be compared with fulness of joy? Fair maidens in heaven—and oh, how many of them has consumption gathered in!—fair maidens there are like the white flowers, which are sacred to peculiar times and scenes. How goodly must be their array! What a perpetual spring-tide of vivacious joy and delight do they create in heaven! It is pleasant to have a child among them.

It has been my privilege to see, in this child, an example of true preparation for death, which begins before the expectation of dying brings the least discredit, or breath of suspicion, upon our motives in attending to the subject of religion. Preparation for death consists in justification by faith, extending its influence into the whole character to bring us under the rule of Christ. The fruit of this is friendship with God, the confidence of love, knowing whom we have believed, with the persuasion of our having committed to him an infinite trust, and that he will keep it with covenant faithfulness. So when death comes and knocks at the door, it is true the heart beats quicker, as it is apt to do whoever knocks there; for, to give up one's hold on life, to turn and look eternal things full in the face, to think of meeting God, and of having your endless condition fixed, summons the whole of natural and acquired fortitude; and only they who have an unseen arm to lean upon at such a time, endure in that trial. Then past experience comes in with her powerful aid:—"I have fought a good fight;" "The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps;" "Remember, O Lord, how I have walked before thee." There is something to make you feel that your justification, by free grace, has the evidence afforded by its fruits; and the preparation to die may be likened to that of which the Saviour speaks when he says, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." I have seen it, have watched it, have studied it, in the dying scenes of this child. Hers was not the experience of the sinner pulled suddenly from the waves by a hand which he had for a long time, nay, always, spurned; but her dying was an arrival at the end of a voyage, the coming home of a good child to long-expecting hearts and arms.

"WHO ARE THESE BEFORE GOD'S THRONE!"

Who are these before God's throne,
What the countless gathering there?
Every forehead wears a crown,
All, like stars, are shining fair;
Halleluia! thus they sing,
With loud voices worshipping.

Who are these who palms so green
Wave, like warriors marching home
From the field where they have seen
Foes for ever overcome?
What the warfare, what the pain
That so proud a triumph gain?

Who are these in linen white,
Type of innocence, arrayed,
Raiment pure and dazzling bright,
Robes which never more shall fade,
Never more shall know a stain,—
Whence hath come the glorious train?

These are they who have fought well
For the honour of their God,—
Foiled the world, and death, and hell,—
Kept the rough and narrow road;
And have thus, through heavenly might,
Been victorious in the fight.

These are branches of the stem
Which Salvation's fruit hath borne,—
These are followers of the Lamb
Who have passed through grief and scorn:
Now the cross no more they bear,
Now the festive dress they wear.

These are they who ever paid
Priestly service to the Lord,—
Who upon the altar laid
Soul and body at His word:
Now they stand the throne around,
In His presence princes crowned.

As the hart for waters cool
Pants at noontide in the chase,
So they thirsted for the full,
Ever-flowing springs of grace;
Now from thirst for ever free,
For with Jesus Christ they be.

Thither I, too, lift mine eyes,—
Lord, my care on Thee I cast
Unto Thee my spirit cries
While these days of warfare last:
Help me, make me at the close
More than conqueror o'er my foes.

May my calling and my lot
Be with those who serve Thee here;
That at length, my labour wrought,
At Thy throne I may appear
As Thy faithful servant, Lord,
To receive the great reward.

Oh, what rapture will be mine,
When, with saints that sinless are,

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I in Thy pure light shall shine
With the brightness of a star,
Praise and glory, Lord, to Thee
Singing through eternity!

(*From the German of Schenk.*)
J. D. B.

THE INDWELLING WORD.

THE Saviour desires our love. He desires to live in our grateful affection. And just as whatever we do in remembrance of him helps to endear him to us, so the more richly that his word dwells in us, the dearer are we to himself.

Wherever such a word is acted out, the soul is at once made happier and stronger. It is instantly brought nearer to that Divine Friend whose promise is thus trusted, or whose wishes are thus fulfilled: and, as an inevitable consequence, it receives an augmentation of spiritual vigour, and is better able to believe the next true saying, or to do the next right thing.

A little girl, ten years of age, who had long been nursing a sick sister, and whose mother was in feeble health, was getting quite worn out. One morning as she trudged along to procure medicine,—as she thought how hard it was to be always waiting on the invalid when other children were at play: and then, when she thought how likely it was that her sister would die,—betwixt weariness and grief she began to weep bitterly. But a sudden thought crossed her mind. Her tears were dried and her step grew light and nimble. After she returned, noticing how cheerfully she went about her work, and how briskly and easily she did it, her mother asked the reason. It turned out that the verse had come into her memory, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Day and night thenceforward she never wearied in her attendance on the invalid. Her cheerful countenance did more good than any medicine. And ere long she had her reward, for her sister recovered.

Mr. Simeon of Cambridge was at one time an object of much contempt for Christ's sake and the gospel's. And though usually he bore up bravely, it was very trying to know that nobody liked to be seen in his company: and one day as he walked along with his little Testament in his hand, he prayed that God would send him some cordial in his word. Opening the book, his eye alighted on the text, "They found a man of Cyrene, Simon (or Simeon) by name; him they compelled to bear Jesus' cross." "And when I read that," he tells us, "I exclaimed, 'Lord, lay it on me: lay it on me; I will gladly bear the cross for thy sake.' And I henceforth bound persecution as a wreath of glory round my brow."

In the Tower of London you have read the verse inscribed by one of the bloody Mary's prisoners, "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." And you remember how it is related of the Nonconformist, Mr. Lawrence of Baschurch, that when some one reminded him that he had eleven good arguments against giving up his living, and asked him how he meant to maintain his wife and ten children, he answered, "They must all live on the 6th of Matthew, 'Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'" And countless instances might be quoted where, to every range of intellect, from the little child up to the learned philosopher, and in all emergencies, from a matter of daily routine up to a question of life or death, the all-fitting and all-foreseeing word of Christ has been the antidote of temptation, the incentive to duty, the joy in tribulation. On its nail fastened in a sure place thousands have suspended their earthly future as well as their eternal all; and they have not been confounded. With its sword turning either way, they have put to flight armies of doubts and fears, and whole legions of Satanic suggestions. Times without number on the guilty conscience or the troubled spirit has a healing leaf descended, fresh from the Tree of Life, and charmed into the evening's ecstasy the morning's anguish. None of that word shall return to the great Speaker "void;" for according to their various faith or susceptibility, absorbed into the soul of disciples, it will outlive the most enduring of tablets, and outshine the most brilliant of transcripts; and although every Bible should perish, the whole of Christ's sayings might be recovered in his living epistles. They might all be collected again in the hearts of Christ's friends.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

"WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?"

"WELL, I shall decide on taking *this* dress. What does it signify though *it is* five or ten shillings dearer than the other? And this ribbon!—I cannot resist it, it is so pretty, and will look so well with the dress. I won't grudge it, although it is really too expensive. I must have gloves to match, too. I wonder how long these are to be three shillings a-pair?—but one can't do without clean gloves, you know."

"Is it really time for another subscription? I could not have believed it was a year since I gave the last. I see most of the other ladies only give half-a-crown. I don't know why I should give five shillings. Besides, I cannot afford it. I daresay it is a very worthy object, but there are so many of them. I will give you another half-crown for the dying woman you were speaking to me about; and then you must not ask me for any more, for indeed I can't afford it."

"It rains, does it? Well, of course I shall have a cab. Stay at home!—certainly not. I promised to go, and my friends expect me; and what does rain or cab-hire signify compared to disappointing myself and them?"

"Well, friend, pardon me. You know it was only last night you declined going to the prayer-meeting because it was a wet evening. Our minister expected you and many others who were not present, and your

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vacant places, instead of a full congregation, saddened and disappointed him. Your fellow-worshippers also were chilled by your absence, and their social feelings depressed by the sight of so many empty pews; and, above all, you were missed by One who has engaged to be present in every meeting of his people. Was He not wounded last night, think you, in the house of his friends, when so many slighted and despised his presence and blessing, by suffering such a trifling matter to hinder them from gathering together in his name?"

"How late it is!—nearly midnight! Never mind; what does it signify now and then? What with good music and agreeable society, the evening has passed away so quickly, I could not have believed it was much past ten."

"It is too bad of our minister to have kept us so long to-night. He promised not to detain us more than an hour, and it is very often nearly an hour and a half before we are dismissed. Half-past nine is far too late to be out! I believe I shall cease to attend if this is to be the way of it. I cannot afford to have an evening so broken up, especially when I am so much engaged as at present."

Reader! these are true, literal speeches, of so-called Christian people. Have you never heard any similar? Have you ever yourself spoken such? *What do they signify?* Much, very much. Are they not fearfully significant of a heart loving the world and the things of the world, far, far more than the things of God? Are they not significant of money, time, affections, freely bestowed on carnal self, the world's things and company, and grudgingly withheld, or more grudgingly given to God and to the cause of God? Are they not like little straws floating on the surface of the stream, deeply significant of the direction in which the current of the heart is flowing,—*away from* God, not *towards* him? On-lookers clearly perceive this; the children of God with pain and grief—the world's children, quick to see through vain profession, with a sneer. What do such think of themselves? Are they never struck by the inconsistent nature of their own valuations—one value affixed to the world's things, another to the things of the sanctuary? Does it never give them a glimpse into the true state of their heart and affections? If their fellow-creatures see through them, how much more does the heart-searching God! They are trying to do an impossible thing—to serve God and Mammon; and when the heart is so divided, we know it is really cleaving to *idols;* for the Lord will have nothing short of the *whole* heart. "Where the treasure is, there will the *heart* be also;" and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth" unconsciously "speaketh." "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "Purify your hearts, ye double minded."

C.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXIII.—SEEKING A SIGN—THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT—CHRIST'S MOTHER AND BRETHREN.

MATT. xii. 38–50.

Seeking a Sign.—Ver. 38. What sort of sign did these persons wish to obtain from Christ? See Luke xi. 16. What did they mean by "a sign from heaven?" [Some appearance in the firmament—quite beyond the sphere of man's control.] Why was it unreasonable to ask such a sign? [The signs or miracles Christ wrought were sufficient.] Had there not already been "a sign from heaven?" When and where? Matt. ii. 2.

Ver. 39, 40. Why did Christ call them "an evil and adulterous generation?" [*Evil*, to denote their general character; *adulterous*, to denote their special sin—namely, forsaking God, their husband, and rejecting the glorious provision made by him for them.] What sign did Christ promise them? From what quarter did the sign of Jonah come? [Not from *above*, but from *beneath*—not from *heaven*, but the *bowels of the earth*. Christ virtually said, "You are not to be humoured; if you will not discern that I am the Messiah from my resemblance to Jonah *in his humiliation*, you shall have no sign of the kind you ask." It is a mistake to suppose that Christ refers here to his *resurrection*. He refers to his humiliation, and rebukes the spirit that demanded a great display of splendour.] Is outward splendour necessary to indicate connection with heaven? [God's best and greatest servants on earth have, like Christ himself, much oftener been distinguished for their lowliness, and we should beware greatly of the love of outward or worldly glory; it is more the characteristic of Satan's kingdom than of Christ's.]

Ver. 41. Mention the circumstances connected with the mission of Jonah to Nineveh? Where was Nineveh, and what sort of place was it?* Are there any others, besides that generation, whom the men of Nineveh shall condemn? Who are they? [All neglecters of the gospel, and of Christ whose gospel it is—*all who will not repent of their sins.* With what earnestness should we then seek the spirit of repentance!]

Ver. 42. Who was "the queen of the south?" Where was her kingdom?* Are there people now who will be condemned by the Queen of Sheba? Who are they? [How awful the danger and the sin of neglecting Christ! Let us study his infinite excellences, and pray much for a right view of his glory.]

The Unclean Spirit.—Ver. 43. What led Christ at this time to speak of "the unclean spirit?" [The Pharisees had been accusing him of being in league with Satan; but in truth it was *they* that were so; their souls were possessed by an evil spirit.] What are the three stages in the history of the unclean spirit? Can the evil spirit be at rest when *doing nothing?* What sort of work *must* he be ever engaged in? What lessons may we draw from this ceaseless activity in evil-doing?

* For answer to this question, reference may be made to Blaikie's "Bible History." This work will be found to illustrate many points touched on in the Home Lessons.

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Ver. 44. What is meant by "the house" whence he came out? [The heart of man.] What by its being "empty?" [Not tenanted by any rival—not dwelt in by the Holy Ghost.] And by its being "swept and garnished?" [Outwardly reformed and in order.]

Ver. 45. Why should the evil spirit be led to bring more spirits, by his finding the house "swept and garnished?" [Probably because such a house affords more opportunity for the work of *destruction* and *pollution* in which these spirits delight.] What is the final result? How does Christ apply this parable? Explain this. [1. The evil spirit in the Jewish nation had first moved them, in their early history, to *idolatry*. 2. That spirit had been driven out under the Babylonish captivity—the nation had been cured of idolatry. 3. But the nation, though "swept and garnished," or outwardly reformed, was yet "empty" of real goodness—empty of the Holy Spirit. 4. The evil spirit returned, and brought the spirit of hypocrisy, formality, self-righteousness, and other evil spirits, which entered into the people, and made them so much worse than before, that at last they crucified the Lord of glory himself.] Does anything similar ever take place now? [When sinners forsake outward sin for a time, but are not really converted—are not "filled with the Holy Ghost"—they often become worse than ever in the end.] What should this lead us earnestly to seek? Ezek. xxxvii. 9.

Christ's Mother and Brethren.—Ver. 46. How many brethren had Christ? Mark vi. 3. Why did they wish to speak to him? See Mark iii. 20, 21.

Ver. 48. Did Christ admit that his mother had a right to interfere with his work as Messiah? What gross error of the Church of Rome does this overturn?

Ver. 49. What did the stretching forth of his hands imply? [It was the symbol of embracing them, or clasping them to his heart, as his dearly-loved children.]

Ver. 50. Whom had he called his mother and brethren in the former verse? How does he here explain the word "disciples?" What, then, is the practical evidence of a true Christian? And what may every such person know to be Christ's feelings towards him? [What a delightful view of Christian discipleship! Who will not hasten to become a member of a family so highly privileged?]

DOCTRINE.—Peace a Fruit of Christian Faith.

John xiv. Rom. v. Gal. v. Eph. ii. Phil. iv. Col. iii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM XXIII. (No. V.)

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."*

What was David's feeling towards God when he wrote this psalm? [Love and gratitude.] In this verse he speaks of three proofs of the Lord's goodness to him; what is the first? Does a man ever think of sitting down to eat when he is surrounded by enemies? What does he rather wish to do? [Either to fight them, or to run away, and so escape.] What would his "preparing a table" at such a time show? [That he was not at all afraid.] What does David mean by this expression? [That God wonderfully preserved and provided for him in all dangers.] Had he many enemies? Who was the first great enemy whom he conquered? 1 Sam. xvii. Who was long his bitter enemy? 1 Sam. xix. 1, &c. Who was a sad enemy to him in his old age? 2 Sam. xv. 1-14. Was he sometimes afraid? 1 Sam. xx. 3; xxi. 12; xxvii. 1. Why? [Because his faith failed at these times.] What does he say when his faith is strong? Ps. xxvii. 1-3; iii. 6; iv. 8.

May a child of God now say the same as David? Who are our great enemies? [Satan and our evil hearts.] Does God promise to save us from these? Rom. vi. 14; xvi. 20.

What is the second blessing from God which David here speaks of? Who were publicly anointed with oil in the times of old? [Prophets, priests, and kings. 1 Kings xix. 16; Exod. xl. 13-15; 1 Kings i. 34, 39.] What did it mean? [Their being appointed by God to the office.] What was anointing used for besides? [It was a mark of joy, and also of respect. Eccles. ix. 8; Luke vii. 46.] What does David mean by this expression? [He may both mean God's having chosen and set him apart for his service, and also having given him holy joy.] Who anointed David when he was a young shepherd? 1 Sam. xvi. 13. When was he anointed afterwards? 2 Sam. v. 3.

Which of our Saviour's names means *the Anointed*? [Messiah, Christ.] Where is this prophesied of Jesus? Isa. lxi. 1; Ps. xlv. 7. What was he anointed to be? [Prophet, priest, and king to the Church.] Who anointed the head of Jesus when he was on earth? Matt. xxvi. 6, 7. Was he pleased with this? Matt. xxvi. 10-13. Who anointed his feet? Luke vii. 37, 38. Was he kind to this poor sinner? Luke vii. 46-48.

What is the third thing David says of God's goodness to him? What does he mean by his cup running over? [That his mercies were so many, even more than enough.]

What lessons may we learn from this verse? [To think often of all the mercies God gives us, and bless him for them.] Have we more than we deserve?

> "Let us with a gladsome mind
> Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
> For his mercies still endure,
> Ever faithful, ever sure."

Precept.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Ps. ciii. 2.

Promise.—The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. Ps. cxxi. 7.

Prayer.—Heavenly Father, we thank and praise thee for all thy great goodness to us, thy poor sinful children. We have new mercies every morning and every night we live to thank thee for. O let us never forget that all the good things we enjoy come from thee. Give us new hearts, full of love and gratitude to our God and Saviour. And help us to show our love by obeying all thy commandments. Forgive our sins, and hear our prayers for Jesus' sake. Amen.

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* It must be understood in regard to these Lessons, that young children are not supposed to be able to look out the references to Scripture, which are intended as helps for the teacher; who should also vary, simplify, or omit some questions, according to the age or intelligence of the pupils.

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THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—DAME CROSS.

"Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."—Ps. xxiii. 5.

To say with a grateful heart, "My cup runneth over," when we are well and happy, and have plenty of all we wish, is surely an easy thing. But it is not so easy to be truly content and thankful, when we are poor and afflicted. And yet, a true Christian who trusts in God as his Father and Shepherd, should always desire to feel thus.

I have been reading an interesting account of a good old woman, given by an excellent minister, Mr. John Newton, who knew and visited her. One story of her you may have read already in the *Family Treasury*. (See p. 309.) She was a remarkable example of true contentment, and of the happiness it gives.

You will not forget her name, it was a curious one, and not at all like her character, for she was called *Dame Cross*. She lived in a small cottage by herself, and when Mr. Newton knew her, she was very old and very poor. She had been poor all her life, but from the time she believed in Jesus, was always happy and contented. She tried to teach a little school, and when the poor people round her had to take their children away because they could not pay any money for them, she begged them still to come, and she would teach them for nothing, in the hope of doing them good.

One day Mr. Newton found her sitting down to a little tea and dry bread. "Dame," he said, "do you not like butter?" "Yes," she replied, "but it is dear, and I cannot afford it. My Lord takes care that I never want bread, and I thank him for that; it is enough." Another time she said, "I believe my Lord will never allow me to die for want of food, but even if this should be his will, perhaps it would not be so painful a death as many rich people suffer who have plenty of all good things. He will do whatever is right for me."

Her trust in God was as remarkable as her thankfulness. One day, after she was past eighty, Mr. Newton said to her, "Dame, are you not afraid to live alone now, when you are so old? If you should be taken very ill in the night, you have nobody to help you." She replied, "Do you think my Lord does not know that I am an old woman, and live by myself? I am not afraid, I know he will take care of me."

And so he did. Some kind ladies agreed together that they would give what would make her comfortable for the rest of her days on earth. They came and asked how much she would require, and she said if they would take a room for her in the house of a respectable family, and give her £5 a year, it would be quite enough. They wished her to take at least £10, but she refused.

Not long after her removal to her new lodging, she went to bed one night as usual, and when some one came into her room next morning, she was still lying as if quietly asleep; but they soon saw that her soul was gone. The Lord had called her home. He had taken care of her, and she needed no help from man.

Let us all pray for a spirit of true thankfulness, a true trust in God, like that of good Dame Cross. And let us watch against the first beginnings of *discontent*, for it is a sin to which all, even children, are often tempted. If we have true cause to say, "The Lord is my shepherd," then surely when we think over all the many blessings he has given us already, and the still better things he has promised, we shall almost always feel able to add with a thankful heart, "My cup runneth over."

J. L. B.

II.—THREE STEPS.

"If I *do* right, it is nobody's business how I feel," said Arthur.

"But you ought to *think* right," said his brother; "*thinking* wrong is just as bad as *doing* wrong."

"No, no," cried Arthur; "shooting a man, and only *wanting* to shoot him, I take to be very different—very different indeed."

"Yes, different," said his brother; "but one commonly grows out of the other; so they have the same root."

"I don't understand you," said Arthur. "I may hate my boss as much as I please; but if I treat him well, it is nobody's business but my own; nobody can complain. I *do* hate him."

"'Whosoever *hateth* his brother is a murderer,' the Bible says."

"Nobody is *hung* for his feelings," said Arthur.

The boys were not likely to convince each other, therefore we took up the thread of their talk; and as other boys may be interested, and we hope profited, we will give it to them.

There are commonly *three steps* in guilt. Have you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible? I daresay you are familiar with it. It illustrates very clearly each of these three steps.

The first is *wrong feelings*. Joseph's brothers, you know, were envious of him; they were jealous of their father's partiality for him; and, lovely as he was, the Bible says, "They hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him." There might still have been kind treatment at home, and no one might have seen by their manner the feelings which lurked in their hearts; but their hearts *had* gone astray, and, on the principles of God's law, they had committed sin. There was guilt, not of action indeed, but of *feeling*. And the worst of it is, the wrong does not usually stop here. This is the danger.

It takes the next, the second step—*planning* to do wrong, *meaning* to do wrong. A great many things may hinder a person from *carrying out* his wicked feelings. The providence of God may restrain him from inflicting injury, however he may wish to do it. Did Joseph's brethren *lay plans* to do him harm? You remember his father sent him into the fields to see how his brothers and their flocks were getting along; and when "they saw him coming, they conspired against him to slay him." They said one to another, "Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say some evil beast hath devoured him." Here you see the *guilty purpose*, when the mind in opposition to duty and conscience, *decides to do* wrong.

The *third* step—the outward act—is the last step. Did Joseph's brothers *carry out* their wicked project? On his arriving, they seized the poor unoffending boy, and threw him down into a deep pit, and left him there to die of hunger and grief. Shortly after, some travelling traders coming along that way, they concluded to pull him up from the pit and sell him into slavery. This they did; and then killing a kid,

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they dipped the poor boy's coat in the blood, and carried it home to his father, as a proof that he had been eaten by wild beasts. This is the guilty *act*, and it is guilty actions only which the laws of men punish. Human laws are designed to *protect society*, and they punish according to the injury done. God's laws go a great way *behind* the act; they would *stop wrong in the beginning*. God looks at the heart as the real seat of right and wrong, and he would have everything clean and pure *there*. Therefore it is *sinful feelings* by which he judges people. He says, "Whosoever *hateth* his brother is a murderer." The *root* of all evil is in the feeling.

So you see the danger of harbouring *sinful thoughts*. They may ruin all your prospects for this world; and if not quite as bad as that, they always damage a person in some way. But the solemn consideration is, *God judges you by them*. Arthur said, "If he *did* right, it was nobody's business how he *felt*." It is true we look at the *conduct* of people, and are thankful for all good behaviour; but it is Arthur's, it is every boy's, and every man's and woman's most important, most serious business, to look after *the state of his own heart;* for while man looketh at the outward appearance, *God* looketh at the heart.

Yes, boys, have your *hearts right, clean, pure;* there is the real seat of principles. And how can you have them thus, but by seeking God's Spirit to come and dwell in them? "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—*Child's Paper.*

III.—A CHILD DOING GOOD.

A LITTLE girl who had a heart to do good, once became very much discouraged because, as she said, she was nothing but a little girl. If she were only a *woman* and had *plenty of money*, she could do a great deal of good in the world, she thought; but as it was, there was little she could do.

But when she went away alone to pray, God met her, as he meets all who pray sincerely to him, and he taught her how she might serve him.

She rose one morning with a new purpose in her heart—a purpose to make every one about her as happy as she possibly could. She soon found her hands full of work. She ran on errands for her mother, and she helped her little brothers and sisters, and gave every one a smile and a pleasant word, and all the house was full of the sunshine of the little girl's love. She began to see that love can accomplish a great deal; and when night came she was very happy, as she reviewed the day, and counted all the little things she had been able to do to assist and comfort others.

"I know now," she said, "why I have done more to-day than I've ever done in any one day before. I *wanted* to do a great deal, and I *watched for the opportunities.*" The well-spent day convinced her that she had *influence* and *talents* too.

In all these efforts of the little girl she did indeed work many good works. She found that she had influence, and talents, and money—all she needed to work with. She learned, too, that a *loving heart* always finds a great many ways of doing good, and that those who love God will always find work enough to do in the world.

The old man whose hair is white, and who walks with trembling steps, has often felt the power of a child, and been made better by it.

The strong, stout infidel, who says the Bible is not true, has been led by the simple words of a child to read the Bible and love it, and pray to God for the forgiveness of his sins.

The profane swearer, who dares to use the name of God lightly, has been induced by the gentle pleading of a child to give up his profanity, and revere and worship God.

There are innumerable instances, showing that children have done what others seemed unable to do. No one, my reader, is too small and unnoticed to do good.—*Ibid.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—CONVERSION OF ALBERT BARNES.

I BEGAN life a sceptic in religion, and I early *fortified* and *poisoned* my mind by reading all the books to which I could find access, that were adapted to foster and sustain my native scepticism. Up to the age of nineteen, though outwardly moral, and though, in the main, respectful in my treatment of religion, I had no belief in the Bible as a revelation from God, nor was I willing to be convinced that it was such a revelation.

Circumstances which need not now be adverted to, but which related rather to the choice of a profession than to any question about the truth of religion, led me to some reflection on the general subject of the future, and to the course which I should pursue in the world. I should have shrunk at that time from its being understood that I read the Bible, and I should equally have avoided any book that would be understood by my associates to suggest the thought that I was a serious inquirer in regard to my salvation. Among them, however, I was not ashamed to be seen reading a book which was in all our hands—the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia—then in a course of publication. One of the numbers of that work had an article by Dr. Chalmers, entitled *Christianity*. I read it. The argument to me was new. It fixed my attention. It commanded my assent. It convinced me, intellectually, of the divine origin of the Christian religion. At this day, that article seems to me to be among the most able of the productions of that great man, and to be the best defence of the truth of Christianity which has been published.

But with this intellectual conviction I paused. I formed a purpose on the subject of religion which I then intended should regulate my future course in this world. It was to lead henceforward a strictly moral life; to say nothing against religion; not to be found on any occasion among its opposers; but to yield to its claims no further. I resolved, to express all my purpose at that time in one word, to frame my life, in this respect, on what I understood to be the character and views of Dr. Franklin.

A year afterwards a revival of religion commenced in the college of which I was then a member, and affected particularly the class with which I was connected. I resolved to carry out at this time, and in reference to the existing religious movement, the resolution which I had previously formed. I determined to say nothing *against* the revival, but to stand aloof from it, and in no respect to yield to its influence. I supposed that I was sufficiently guarded in reference to this, and that no appeal which could be made to me would affect me. A class-mate, recently converted, stated to me in simple

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words, and with no appeal to me personally, his own feelings on the subject of religion, described the change which had occurred in his mind, and left me. His words went to my heart, led me to reflect on my own condition, and were the means, under God, of that great change which has so materially affected all my plans in this life, and which I anticipate and hope will affect my condition for ever.—*Life at Threescore.*

II.—HE DON'T LIKE CHILDREN.

"Our minister does not like children," said Mrs. Moore, who was by no means unfriendly to her pastor.

"He is not like his Master, then," said Mr. Lee.

"I don't think he dislikes children," said Mrs. Woods; "but he is not used to them."

"He never says anything to them," said Mrs. Moore, "and that leads me to think he is not fond of children. I don't suppose he is capable of disliking anybody. No one believes in his goodness more than I do."

"He can do more good among children," said Mr. Lee, "than he can among any other class. A part of one's preparation for the ministry should be to know how to deal with children—how to feed the lambs. There is not much attention paid to that kind of preparation in our theological halls, I am afraid."

Mr. Lambert, the minister in question, was an able, learned, godly man. He had been a hard student from his youth. He had devoted himself wholly to the ministry, and desired to make full proof of the same. No one doubted that he desired to spend and be spent in doing good. And yet, it was felt that he was not doing what was desirable for the good of the children of his charge. His grave, reserved manners made them afraid of him. It was said of him, that "he had nothing to say to children."

This was not owing to any want of interest in the young. They were often in his thoughts, and he often wished he had, what he regarded as a peculiar gift, the gift of interesting children. He had, as was intimated above, been a hard student from his youth. He had spent four years within the walls of a college, and three years within the walls of a theological seminary, having in the meantime very little intercourse with the world without. He was, moreover, a diffident man, and it is often harder for a diffident man to speak to children than to adults. He felt conscious that they avoided his presence, and that increased the difficulty of approaching them.

There was another reason. He desired the affections of his people, but he did not desire to be a seeker of popularity. He knew that the way to please parents was to notice their children. He had seen men make use of a professed interest in children as a means of acquiring popularity. He shrank from the appearance of such a course, and fell into the opposite extreme. He failed to express the interest which he felt. He thus lessened his means of influence very seriously.

"Feed my lambs," is a very solemn and engaging command of Christ, from which no minister can excuse himself. He must prepare himself for that work, as well as for preaching the gospel and setting things in order in the house of God. The Sunday-school teacher will give him most efficient aid, but he must do his own work in this, as well as in every other department of duty.

The affections of children are very easily won by those who really feel an interest in their welfare. The natural expression of Mr. Lambert's feelings toward them would have led them to hail his appearance with joy.—*Sunday School Times.*

III.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM "THE LORD'S SUPPER EXPLAINED," BY THE REV. WILLIAM GRANT, AYR.

THE RITUAL SIGNS OR SHADOW.	THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OR SUBSTANCE.
1. *The Prefatory Words*—"On that night in which He was betrayed."	1. The tender love of Jesus in instituting such a feast at such a time.
2. *The First Action*—He took bread, "This is my body."	2. The voluntary incarnation of the Son of God.
3. *The Second Action*—He gave thanks.	3. Intimating that He was a *commissioned* and *willing* messenger.
4. *The Third Action*—He brake the bread, "My body which is broken for you."	4. His sufferings, especially in death, when He was bruised and forsaken by God, as the substitute of sinners.
5. In like manner, *the cup*, saying, "My blood is shed for the remission of sins."	5. In like manner, repeating the same doctrine of *justification* in another form, confirming its truth, and urging its importance.
6. *The Elements*, namely, bread and wine, provided by His death. His broken body—bread; His shed blood—wine.	6. Food (nourishment and quickening) to strengthen us for the service of God; or, in other words, SANCTIFICATION or PURIFYING through the Holy Ghost, shed on us through the death of the Lord Jesus.
7. *The Fourth Action*—He gave the broken bread to his disciples, saying, "Take, eat;" and in like manner with the cup, saying, "Drink ye all of it."	7. By a repeated act He proclaimed the full and free *gift* of the salvation which he had won.
8. *The Fifth Action*—The disciples took the symbols from His hand, ate, and drank.	8. Proclaiming their instant, unreserved, and unhesitating *acceptance* of His gift.
9. *The Visible Agent*, who dispenses the material signs to professing disciples.	9. *The Invisible Saviour*, who dispenses the spiritual reality to true disciples.
10. *The Concluding Words*—"As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death *till he come.*"	10. "Do this," and do it "in remembrance of *Me*," remembering that it is only by availing ourselves of the *past* and of the *present* work of Christ that we can be prepared for his *future* coming.
	This is needed:
	This is enough:
	This is the lesson of the Supper.

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IV.—A CHEERFUL GIVER.

"I HAVE an unpleasant work to perform this morning," said Mrs. W——, "I have to call on Mr. L—— for aid for our Sabbath school."

"Why do you call it an unpleasant work? The cause is a good one," said Mrs. Adam.

"The cause may be a good and pleasant one, while the instruments which we may be compelled to use in its promotion may not be pleasant."

"I hope you don't refer to Mr. L—— as an unpleasant instrument; he seems to be a grave, gentlemanly man, who is deeply interested in matters pertaining to religion."

"I believe he is truly interested in all matters affecting the prosperity of the cause of Christ. Still, it is unpleasant to ask him for money."

"He contributes liberally to objects of benevolence; at least, I should judge so, from seeing his name so frequently on subscription papers."

"He gives liberally, but he does not seem to give *cheerfully*. One has to wait a great while before he will intimate whether it is his purpose to give or not; and when he gives, there is a deliberation about it which makes one feel that the money is parted with very reluctantly. However, I am sure of receiving something from him, and must be thankful for it, even if it might be given more graciously."

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Some men are givers, but not cheerful givers. They give *grudgingly* from a sense of duty, and not from a spontaneous impulse of love. Gifts of *affection* are what men value. The gifts bestowed upon a child from a cold sense of parental obligation, are far less highly prized than those which are prompted by love. Gifts of affection are what God values. The intrinsic value of the gifts bestowed is nothing to him, except as they are exponents of affection.

The fault in Mr. L——'s case was more in manner than in substance. He had a grave, deliberate way of doing things—originally contracted, perhaps, from some supposed connection of such a manner with dignity of bearing. It was a very unfortunate manner. It took away from the apparent cheerfulness of giving. It rendered his influence less efficacious for good.

In reality he was a more liberal man than his neighbour, Mr. C——. He parted with his money more readily. But Mr. C—— made an impression of much greater liberality. He gave to fewer objects, and in smaller sums than Mr. L——; but then, when he did give he was prompt and pleasant. He scarcely allowed the applicant to state his object, when he would ask for the subscription paper, and receive and return it with the air of one receiving a favour. There may have been a little acting in this; but it must be confessed that it was very pleasant acting, and that he appeared much more like a cheerful giver than Mr. L—— did. Our duty is both to be, and to appear to be, cheerful givers.

What is true of giving, is true of other acts of kindness. It is said that he gives twice who gives promptly. So it may be said that the effect of a benevolent action is doubled, when it is performed in a benevolent, loving manner. Christ's gentle manner is to be imitated as well as his devotion to truth and benevolence. Christian courteousness, as exemplified in the model man of the race, is sometimes undervalued as a duty and a means of usefulness.

V.—LEAVING IT IN GOD'S HANDS.

"FATHER, I will leave the matter in your hands, and will give myself no further trouble about it."

"Very well, I will attend to it."

Thus spoke a dutiful son to a loving father. The matter alluded to was one which had caused the son great anxiety. The adjustment of it was within the father's power. The son was about to set out on a journey. He therefore very properly committed the matter into his father's hands. Having done so, he felt no further anxiety about it."

"My son," said Mr. G., "I wish you to take this package to the river. Take it to the corner, and I will join you there, and help you to carry it."

The son had a desire to go in another direction. The request or command of his father interfered with his plans. He could not refuse to obey, but he obeyed with a sullen spirit. He took the package to the corner as directed. It was heavy, and he bore it with great difficulty. When his father offered to take it, he held on to it and said, "I can carry it alone."

"You had better let me relieve you," said the kind father.

"I can carry it alone," said the son. The father noticed the unpleasant tones of his voice, and thought it wise to let him bear his unnecessary burden.

Not a few Christians seem to act towards God just as that son acted towards his father. God in his wise providence imposes burdens. He does not wish to have his people crushed under them. He offers to relieve them—to bear their burdens for them; but they often obstinately cling to them, and say they can bear them alone. What wonder is it that God lets such bear their unnecessary burdens!

Reader, there is no burden, nor care, nor sorrow, which Christ wishes you to bear alone. He wishes you to cast it on him; or if that be impossible, he will share it with you. What a view this gives us of the love of Christ! and what a view does our conduct in clinging to our burdens and bearing our sorrows alone, give us of our own folly and sin!

A godly man was once the object of persecution and slander. His good name was taken away. Those who had before treated him with confidence, shunned him. His burden was a heavy one. That which greatly increased its weight was the fact, that for the time his power of doing good was almost wholly destroyed.

He entered upon no laboured defence of his character. He suffered in silence, and prayed for his slanderers. He sought the sympathy of a few Christian friends whose confidence in him could not be shaken.

"I have not seen you for some time," said a friend as they met; "you look better than when I saw you last."

"I am out of trouble," was the reply. "I have laid the matter down at the feet of the Lord, and said, 'Lord, I roll that trouble off upon thee—I'll have nothing more to do with it.'"

In so doing he was obeying the command to "cast your care upon Him." The depression of sorrow was removed, and his energy revived for the service of God. We have no right to exhaust in burden-bearing the strength which ought to be employed in God's service.

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WILL OUR EARTHLY CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIPS BE CONTINUED IN HEAVEN?

THERE are many circumstances which throw much indistinctness and uncertainty over our views of what the social condition of heaven will be. Such as these, which I can only just name:—

From the language of Scripture, it is quite certain that heaven is a real place, a material abode, and not a mere state, as many are pleased to assert. But whether it be a vast and splendid cluster of worlds, or one spacious, magnificent, and almost unlimited continent of light and beauty, we are not informed. Yet our intercourse must considerably depend upon this.

Then, even if the saved of mankind were the only people there, is it likely that, amidst the numberless myriads of our own race alone, each individual will be able to find his own "familiar friend?" But these will not be the only inhabitants of heaven. There are its nobler and more ancient nations. More than this, from its being the highest part of the creation of God, and the scene of his visible presence, we may justly infer that it is the common home and Paradise of all holy creatures, and that its society will be increasingly composed of races and families from various worlds of the universe. Does it not look as if each of us would find himself among a heaven of strangers?

Were we to be removed to heaven with our present nature only refined and made immortal, we could easily anticipate how we should feel and act; but not so. Our nature is to be dissolved to its very rudiments at death. Now, all that pertains to us simply as beings of this world, all the instincts of the body, many of our sensibilities, perhaps many of the properties which now influence the mode of our social intercourse, will be dropped, to be resumed no more. Our ignorance of what we shall be, when deprived of all these, gives much uncertainty to our conceptions of heaven.

We have scarcely any revelation of the glorified state but as a scene of divine glory and devotional felicity. The heaven of the New Testament is strictly a devotional heaven,—perhaps to impress upon us the conviction that to be fitted for it we must be devotional. Now, we know that when the heart is deeply devotional to the blessed God, social wishes and considerations almost disappear. You have felt this in public worship. You have had scarcely a wish or a thought of those around you. The inferior affection was absorbed and displaced by the greater and the holier. Will not the visible presence of God displayed in ineffable holiness, beauty, and effulgence all over the regions of heaven, meeting us wherever we turn, surrounding us every moment—will it not produce in us an indifference to the presence and regard of creatures—an oblivion of social affections and delight? So we may be apt to imagine at first.

The Scriptures speak of peculiar rewards of grace that will be conferred in heaven on those who have possessed peculiar grace on earth. The present differences in piety are immense—so will be the rewards. Now, will not a superior position of these rewards—which may well be supposed to consist in transcendent dignity of rank, station, employment, nearness to the throne, the performance of high commissions in heaven and abroad in the universe—put a wide separation betwixt many who have been closely united on earth, and who would wish to preserve their friendship and intercourse for ever? Will a dignified personage, high in honour through the celestial realms, descend from his lofty sphere and society to visit and converse with his former friend, who, far below him in piety, dwells in one of the remote celestial villages among the common people of heaven?

The Scriptures themselves give us no direct information respecting the social constitution of heaven. The whole system of life there, apart from devotion, is left to be imagined with dim uncertainty. And although they speak of it sometimes as a family, sometimes as a festal assembly, suggesting the delightful fancy that all its members will be easily observed and known, as in such spectacles on earth, a little reflection assures us that these are but images, teaching us indeed what the spirit of heaven will be, but not intended to afford us precise and definite information respecting the laws of its intercourse.

It is well to see the difficulties of a great subject: they awaken curiosity; they set the mind to work; they break up the fancies of ignorance, and prepare us to welcome with more delight the certainty that may be attained.

We are, however, acquainted with two or three facts, distinctly established, by the aid of which we may work out with luminous certainty many large and beautiful problems respecting our social prospects in heaven. Such facts as these—the permanent properties of our nature, the certain assurance we have that heaven is the world of perfection, and those inspired declarations respecting heaven which, although they assert nothing directly of our future mutual recognition, or of the mode of celestial intercourse, speak of heaven as a social state. *Memory* is one of the permanent properties of our nature. Memory will be plainly essential for the holy purposes of grateful adoration; for gratitude is, in its very nature, a sentiment inspired by memory. It will be essential to enable us to perceive the rectitude of the final judgment. Suppose the memory of human actions to be lost, the judgment of our race will appear to be a mere act of sovereign despotism. It will also be essential to the existence of conscious identity or continuous

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being. That memory is a permanent property of our nature is therefore certain. Now, as our friends are closely identified with ourselves, and their words and acts constitute a great part, and sometimes are among the most important parts of our own history, if we remember our own history, if we remember our own past selves, *we must remember our friends* in heaven.

A second property of our lives which we know will be permanent, is *holy love*. There needs no proof that our moral affections will be continued. The present graces of piety will be the graces of heaven. They will go with us wherever we go, and form the temper and felicity of our existence. "Love is of God; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "Charity never faileth." Against this there is no law to condemn it to death. We have seen that our present companions in Christ must always be remembered; we also see that *they must always be loved;* and, in heaven as on earth, it is in the nature of love to seek intercourse with its object.

Another established fact that will aid us in this inquiry, is the *perfection* of the heavenly state. It is true that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be;" but we know that we shall not be less perfect than we now are. In our instrumental existence, as well as in our character, we shall "be made perfect." When Paul writes, "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away," his plain meaning is, that the present *imperfections* of our communication and acquirement of knowledge shall vanish. Our knowledge of *individuals* as well as of things and truths will no longer be defective, in consequence of an imperfect medium of perception. "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Do not these words imply a perfection of means and facilities for the attainment of all that knowledge which tends to the promotion of holy happiness—the knowledge not only of God, but of his glorified creatures?

The glimpses of the society of the blessed afforded by Scripture tend to the same conclusion: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "And these shall go away into life eternal." "And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Paul anticipates in his converts his "joy and crown." "Every man" shall be "*presented* perfect in Christ Jesus," by him who "warned and taught him in all wisdom." In anticipation of Christ's appearance, the most touching appeal of Christian affection is, "By our gathering together unto him." Each of these passages supplies a beautiful social image; with each of them the notion of nonrecognition is at least very discordant, while that of recognition agrees with all. Why is the hope held out to us of joint recognition, joint abode, and mutual social delights, if we are to be alike "unknowing and unknown?" Recognition of some kind is implied in all these instances; and can it be a merely *collective* recognition? Where, then, would be the consoling force of the language?

Before these fixed lights of fact and truth, difficulties fade almost to nothing. The difficulty, for instance, arising from the difference of rewards amongst those who were the nearest friends when on earth—we cannot conceive it to have any other effect than frequent separation. It may possibly impede the constancy of their intercourse, but not by any means totally prevent it. * * * * I am fully convinced, by long and large meditations upon it, that, notwithstanding its transcendent superiority and happiness, the society of heaven will, in its social arrangements and conduct, bear a much nearer resemblance to that of the present world than is generally imagined. Suppose that of two friends who are now most closely united, and wishing to be so for ever, one shall be greatly raised above the other in the future kingdom; this cannot touch in the least the ardour of their friendship. The inferior person will feel a just and pleasurable exultation in the dignity of his friend, and of course be always ready to meet him with joy; while, on the other side, celestial dignity will delight to condescend, and to impart his lustre and felicity to the object of his ancient regard. True piety will always be the same. The best Christians, whatever be their station or their mental accomplishments, are the most simple, benignant, and condescending, simply because they *are* the best, because they have most of the temper of their Saviour.

Though no doubt heaven will be a state of activity in endless forms of service and achievement, there will also be a large portion of repose: "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." Whatever will be the employments of the state, the long leisure of immortality will afford ample time for the indulgence of friendship wherever the affections may lead.

And may we not also be permitted to suppose that the benignant Saviour, who has felt the affections and

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preferences of friendship on earth, and who will probably retain them for ever, and who will preside over the arrangements of eternity—may we not suppose that he will show peculiar indulgence to this most felicitous affection, and so dispose of friends through his celestial empire as to allow them free and delightful intercourse for ever? I have no doubt that he will do this.

Thus, you perceive, there is solid and ample ground for cherishing this most soothing anticipation. But to what extent may this anticipation be indulged? Will our intercourse be continued with all pious friends, or only with some of them? I believe the answer of the heart to this question will be the true answer. Where you wish it to be continued, there it will be. The friendship of heaven will, from the very nature of friendship, be a matter of choice, or rather, an adherence to our present choice.

The affectionate veneration for wise and excellent parents, and the love of their society which nature inspires and piety confirms, will continue for ever. The relation betwixt them and us can never be dissolved, never forgotten. And as the relation itself is immortal, the tender instincts and attachments resulting from it will also be immortal. Your parents will be as much your parents a hundred millions of long ages hence, in fact and in feeling, as they are at this hour. Their care and love in training us to wisdom and piety, when the supreme value of these results shall be fully perceived, will indefinitely enlarge the sum of our obligations, and render them more precious and venerable for ever. Then, children in their turn become parents. This gives rise to a new affection, which also, from the nature of the case, must continue through eternity. This opens a beautiful view of the richness and variety of celestial love—love for glorified parents, love for glorified children—in all who are thus blest on both sides of their being.

Whether the tenderness of personal attachment shall be continued in the world to come, when the constitution of our nature shall be changed, seems at first sight the most difficult point to determine in the whole inquiry. The difficulty arises from its being a *mixed* affection. The inferior ingredients of the tender affections, and the alliances to which they lead, having answered their purpose, will be finally extinguished in death; but it appears to me certain that the mental affinity, the tenderness of spirit, the intercourse of soul with soul, which are more or less experienced in all happy cases of this sort, will remain as some of the finest elements of the life, and will form a high and everlasting endearment betwixt those who were united in the days of time. Milton was as great a philosopher as a poet. His views of human nature and the social affections were the most exalted that ever were formed. To any one who delights to study the social constitution of our race, what eloquent wisdom there is in the following lines:—

> "Hail, wedded love * * *
> * * * by thee,
> Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
> Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

And can it be supposed that an affection which produces a measureless flow of good on earth will lose all its charms with the extinction of life, and do nothing to augment the happiness of eternity? It is commanded to those who bear this relation, at least on one side, to love each other "as Christ has loved his Church." The love of the Saviour is an immortal love; and this seems to convey an intimation that the other will also be immortal.

How infinitely solemn are these friendships of personal tenderness! They are frequently so slight and inscrutable in their commencement that no human thought is fine enough to trace them to their origin. The original fountain lies remote and concealed, among the shades and mysteries of our wonderful nature; no intellectual Bruce has ever penetrated to their source. But, like the Nile, they flow on and bless, and sometimes desolate. They may flow to bless or desolate for ever.

Do you put this final question of the whole subject, —"Who, among all the friends I have ever possessed, will have most of my regard through eternity?" The answer is certain. It will be the person who has done you most *religious* good, who has most drawn down the divine benedictions upon you by his prayers, and who has added most to the riches of your being, whoever that may prove to be. Yes, this is certain, all persons and things will then be estimated by this reference to the sovereign Lord of out immortality. Let us adopt this standard of estimate *now!*

BIOGRAPHY.

BARTHOLOMEW ZIEGENBALG.

Go with us to the Danish court of Copenhagen, in the year 1705. Frederick IV. is then king of Denmark; and one of his pious chaplains, Dr. Lutkins, suggests to him the duty of establishing a Protestant Mission in Tranquebar, and adjacent territories in the East Indies, then, and we believe for nearly a century afterwards, subject to the Danish crown. The proposal meets with the king's approval. Professor Franke, of Halle, is requested to select from the list of his numerous students two qualified and willing youths, who shall initiate the evangelic enterprise, which it is determined, in the first instance, to support out of funds from the royal treasury, until it shall have sufficient root in the Christian sympathies of the people. The fact is worthy of notice, that the earliest Protestant Mission to the East Indies was from Denmark, which afterwards afforded friendly refuge in its eastern dominions to some of the earliest missionaries from England, and that a Danish monarch was its nursing father. And that this was no fitful and transient ebullition of kingly zeal, owing its existence more to the influence of a favourite

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chaplain than to the operation of principle in the monarch's own breast, appears from the fact, that it continued to be so steadily sustained, and that, in 1715, we find Frederick instituting a missionary college at Copenhagen, consisting of leading ecclesiastics and councillors of state, for the purpose of consolidating and extending the Tranquebar Mission, and of carrying the same benefits to other destitute parts of the Danish dependencies.

Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, a young man of promising gifts and earnest piety, was chosen as the pioneer of this Danish Mission; and there was given him, as his congenial associate, also from the university at Halle, Henry Plutscho; and, on the 29th November 1705, the two youths set sail from Copenhagen in a Danish ship for India. It was a long and tedious voyage, with its usual accompaniments of broken mast and shattered sails, and with none of the mitigating comforts with which ingenuity and enterprise have, during a century and a half, diminished the troubles of doubling the Cape. They reached Tranquebar on 9th July 1706, and entered on the great labours of their untried mission. They had lofty barriers to overpass, ere they could hope effectively to bring themselves into contact with the native mind. The only language known by them was high Dutch, while the native population either spoke a corrupt form of the Portuguese, which had been inherited from earlier settlers and masters, or the aboriginal language of the region—the Tamul or Malabarese. The first aim of these devoted men was to master one or other of these tongues; for they rightly judged, with no missionary experience to guide them, that much of the finer and more subtle element of conversation evaporates in the hands of an interpreter; and that, when he succeeds in conveying ideas, he fails in conveying, and therefore in inspiring, sympathies. The Portuguese patois was first industriously acquired, which, in its Indian mould, bore a remote and scarcely discernible resemblance to the language of Camoens; but, on finding that it was mainly spoken by the more worthless part of the people only, it was resolved that one or other of them should aim at an equal proficiency in the Tamul tongue. Lots were cast to determine who should undertake this new labour, and the lot fell upon Plutscho; but Ziegenbalg soon followed, and, sustained by an enthusiasm for the good of others which nothing but Christianity has ever inspired, composed a grammar and a dictionary, the latter of which contained more than twenty thousand words, and to this hour is treated with respect and confidence by Oriental scholars.

These merely lingual difficulties were such as could be conquered in no long period by the simple industry of these heroic men; but there were others which they found, in common with missionaries of later times, to be far more formidable, and which it required other and rarer appliances and virtues than industry to meet. The European residents, by their grossly immoral lives, in which the vices of a false civilization were too often beheld in monstrous conjunction with those of heathenism, raised a mountain barrier between the lessons of the missionaries and the native mind, and often drove these noble men to tears when it could not tempt them to despair. It was, indeed, a bitter trial, when reasoning with the heathen on the superiority of the Christian religion, to find their half-convinced hearers point to the lives of many who bore the Christian name, and to be asked if these were the fruits by which they hoped to commend their argument. Nearly a century before, Sir Thomas Roe, at the court of the Great Mogul, had mourned over these parricidal wounds. "It is a most sad and horrible thing," said he, "to consider what scandal there is brought upon the Christian religion by the looseness and remissness, by the exorbitances of many which come amongst them, who profess themselves Christians; of whom I have often heard the natives (who live near the port where our ships arrive) say thus, in broken English which they have gotten:—'Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drunk; Christian much do wrong, much beat, much abuse others.'" A century later, Carey had still to weep in secret over this most humbling of all obstructions. Alas! even then it was no new trial to the faithful heralds of the Cross. Seventeen centuries before, an apostle, from whom no bodily suffering or worldly loss could wring even a complaint, who interpreted suffering as only the higher and more honourable form of service, dropped many tears upon his parchment, as he told the Philippian Christians of "some whose god was their belly, whose glory was in their shame, and who minded earthly things."

And only second to this in mischievously obstructive operation, were the measures of Romanist missionaries who were first in the field, and who were not slow to claim right of occupancy from their connection with its earlier Portuguese possessors. These Protestant Danes, who recognised Christianity only where they beheld conversion, had to cope from the beginning with an unscrupulous proselytism, which was mainly ambitious of names. Men were claimed as trophies to Romanism who ignorantly submitted to be sprinkled with water under the name of baptism; and, worse than this, in times of famine, when many of the poorer natives sold themselves as slaves in order to procure food, the priests were the readiest purchasers; and these slaves were sometimes marched in bands of hundreds to receive the baptismal rite, and to be triumphantly enrolled as Christian converts! With the immoral lives and grinding oppression of Europeans, on the one hand, and with the false Christianity of Rome on the other, the Christian religion seemed to undergo the same treatment as its divine Founder, and to be crucified between two thieves! It was an ordeal which made it difficult even for good men "in patience to possess their souls." But they persevered in the simple use of their spiritual weapons. They began to preach even to the "twice dead" and case-hardened European residents, not without impression; while they aimed by the sanctity, benevolence, and self-denial of their own lives, to show to even the most obtuse and stolid among the native heathen, that the truth of Christ in the "transformation of apostate man from base to pure, from earthly to divine," which it effects in every heart into which it finds entrance, exhibits as its constantly-renewing credential the mightiest and best of all miracles.

One of the most remarkable features in this mission of Ziegenbalg and his associate is, that while they were thus prosecuting an untried experiment, and while the entire period of their labour only extended over sixteen years, their Christian sagacity and energy anticipated and realized, in successful action, nearly every movement and measure that has been set in operation by missionaries in India during the century and a quarter that have elapsed since. Most wisely, as we think, in the circumstances of a first mission like theirs, they had not been trammelled by cumbrous directions from home, and much more was left to practical wisdom than

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to theory, to heroism of purpose than to minute elaboration of plan.

Though preaching after the occidental type was practised by them from the first, it was found in some instances to remove them too far from the native mind, and to give them too much of an air of authority before their Brahminical hearers; they, therefore, had recourse to friendly conferences and conversational teaching,—more after the model of our Lord in his intercourse with the Pharisees and Sadducees. In the case of the adult population, there was often found a singular stolidity of mind, which could not be aroused even by the most direct addresses; and so the missionaries betook themselves to catechising, in which advantage was taken of turns in the conversation and of individuality of character, attention kept on the alert, and truth questioned into the mind, when it failed to penetrate by a more rhetorical instrumentality.

Nor had they grappled long with the native religion, until they found in it something far more formidable than, in their simplicity and inexperience, they had at first dreamed of. It might have been said of it as Paul had said of the great Antichristian apostasy, that it was "*a man* of sin," with form, articulation, life, will, and energy about it, and not to be extinguished by a breath. With incredible labour they set themselves to the study of the whole system of Hindoo superstition, as it was to be found in the writings of their poets and in their sacred books, that they might discover in it the material of its own confutation, and that their arguments might not be found to be an ignorant and mischievous beating of the air. The whole of the New Testament, and a large portion of the Old, were translated into the Tamil language, and innumerable leaves from this tree of life were scattered abroad in the form of tracts. In the first instance these needed to be written by laborious and expensive manipulation on palm leaves. But, in the course of time, a printing-press was obtained from the Christians of England, and even a paper manufactory was erected—half the expense of which was borne by the Danish governor of Malabar. Christian schools were formed, which, in addition to their immediate influence, often helped the missionaries to reach the parents through the medium of the children. Seminaries for higher education were instituted, in which hopeful youths should be trained as teachers and ministers, after the manner that has been attempted in our own times, with so much success, by Dr. Duff; and evangelistic itinerations into remote towns and villages were undertaken, as has since been done in other parts of India, by the veteran Lacroix and many others. Manufactories of cotton were also established for the employment of converts, who were cast out of bread on the first hour after they professed Christianity.

Even estimated by its immediate and visible result,—which, however, is a palpably unjust mode of estimating a pioneer-enterprise,—this Danish Mission was singularly successful. We must not go out to the vintage in the early spring, or become impatient while the seed is silently germinating beneath the surface; and although these men had been unable to count one convert when they were able to count hundreds, we should not have described their mission as a failure. But in seven years after their arrival, the number of baptized persons in their Malabarese and Portuguese churches was reported to be two hundred and forty-six; and this was the prelude to a general commotion in the whole Malabarian paganism. Among these converts they could count a native prince, who, in his renunciation of rank and wealth, showed that he "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures" of India; and a native poet and pundit, into whose hearts some seeds of God had fallen and rooted themselves, while assisting the missionaries in their translations.

If we would know the spirit in which these two evangelists laboured, their own words will best express it. "If," said they in the earlier part of their toils, "the Lord shall be pleased to grant us the conversion but of one soul among the heathens, we shall think our voyage sufficiently rewarded." And at a later period, when they had begun to bring back the precious sheaves: "We cannot express what a tender love we bear toward our new-planted congregations. Nay, our love is arrived to that degree, and our forwardness to serve this nation is come to that pitch, that we are resolved to live and to die with them." And the measure of their labour is equally remarkable. "From six in the morning to ten at night," we are told, "every hour was statedly and fixedly apportioned to missionary operations of some kind, direct or indirect, with the exception of one interval, from noon to two o'clock, and another from eight to nine in the evening, which they devoted to refreshment and relaxation. But such was their economy of time, that even during meals, one was appointed for the express purpose of reading to them all the while out of the Bible. And in this course they persevered to the end, though experience extorted from them the confession, that a country so hot as this did not permit too fervent an application of the head."

Some may perhaps suggest, that this last fact is to be used more as a warning than as a stimulant, and that there was an overstraining of mental and physical strength, which, in any country, but especially in a sultry climate like that of Malabar, must cut human life prematurely short. It was so in Ziegenbalg, the master-spirit of the mission, who died at the early age of thirty-six. Would it not have been better and wiser to labour less with the prospect of labouring longer? Perhaps this *is* one of the lessons that ought to be gathered at the early graves of these devoted Danes. At the same time, there is a possibility of our at times applying these prudential laws with too little discrimination. For there are cases in which the laws of health must be violated in deference to yet higher laws. The soldier who shivered a few winters ago in Crimean trenches did violence to those laws at the call of patriotism; the explorers in many an arctic voyage have, with full knowledge, sacrificed some portion of health, and, if not shortened life, at least impaired its comforts at the call of science. And we must not, at the instance of some modern philosophers, who are small bigots in their own circle, allow men like Ziegenbalg to have their zeal praised at the expense of their prudence. Like the men who first mount the breach in storming a fortress, these pioneers of the world's illumination have needed to place their lives in jeopardy; and, shaking hands with death, to be willing to make their dead bodies the stepping-stones on which others shall advance to victory.* A. T.

* We are indebted for the facts in these notices of Ziegenbalg, to an article in an early Number of the *Calcutta Review*, which seems to bear internal evidence of being from the prolific and eloquent pen of Dr. Duff.

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BIBLE CITIES.

TYRE.

THE history of Tyre, long the capital of Phœnicia, the first commercial city of the ancient world, and the founder of many colonies, is full of instruction to a nation like our own, which calls itself, as Tyre once did, mistress of the seas. As if to connect Christian Britain with Pagan Tyre by a still closer link, the first trading ships that ever visited our shores were Tyrian galleys, which, long before Isaiah and Ezekiel lived, drew wealthy freights of lead and tin from the mines of Cornwall. Such a name as Perran-Zabuloe, a village on the Cornish sea-coast, is one of the footprints left on the shores of England by the old Phœnician sailors.

Isaiah speaks of Tyre as a city "whose antiquity was of ancient days" (xxiii. 7). He calls it "daughter of Zidon" (ver. 12), as it was founded by settlers from that city. Standing on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the centre of the great highway of ancient commerce, it drew into its harbours and bazaars the riches of the East and West. From its position on the northern border of Israel, we find it mentioned so early as Joshua's time as "the strong city Tyre" (xix. 29), and later, in David's days, as a "stronghold" (2 Sam. xxiv. 7) —a city whose treasures were locked up within iron gates and granite walls. Hiram, king of Tyre, sent cedar wood and skilful workmen to assist in building David's palace (2 Sam. v. 11). Between this king's grandson and Solomon a still closer alliance was formed. The Tyrian woodcutters felled cedars in Lebanon for the temple. The wood was floated in Tyrian ships to Joppa (1 Kings v. 1–9). The ornamental brass-work of the temple was executed by a Tyrian craftsman (vii. 14).

At this time Tyre was rapidly rising to that greatness and splendour which had reached its zenith in Ezekiel's days. Her merchants were known in every mart—her vessels traversed every sea. Every wind wafted to her harbour fleets whose masts were of cedar, and benches of ivory, laden with spices from Arabia and gold from Ophir, jewels and purple from Damascus, wheat and oil from India, and precious minerals from Tarshish (western Europe and the British Isles). Her merchants were princes; her builders had perfected her beauty. She was made very glorious in the midst of the seas (Ezek. xxvii).

Tyre at first stood on the mainland; but as its commerce increased, an island about half a mile from the shore was occupied, and in time became the principal city. The first town sunk into a suburb under the name of Old Tyre. In this position, throned like Venice on the waters, the merchant-city exulted in her strength and security. Her prosperity led to pride, and pride marked her out for judgment. She was doomed for her selfish rejoicing over the calamities of Israel, and assisting their enemies by selling them into slavery (Ezek. xxvi. 2; Joel iii. 4–8). And the predictions which speak of her downfall are among the most remarkable in God's holy word, from the minuteness with which they foretell the particulars of her ruin. Ezekiel's description of Tyre as it was to be, has all the sharpness and clearness of a photographic picture of Tyre as it is.

A heathen prince was chosen to execute the judgment of God on Tyre. He was to besiege the city, and reduce it to the greatest distress; but after an appointed period, it was to revive and flourish previous to its utter ruin. This was fulfilled in the siege of Nebuchadnezzar (Ezek. xxvi. 7), which lasted thirteen years. The city on the mainland was destroyed, and the pride of the mistress of the isles humbled for a time. For seventy years Tyre was forgotten (Isaiah xxiii. 15). But these disasters were but the first drops of the thunder shower. The city rose prouder from its fall; and the tide of its prosperity again flowed to the full. Tyre was as great and famous as it had ever been, when, about 332 B.C., it was again besieged by Alexander the Great. For a time the island city defied his efforts, till, by immense labour, a causeway was formed out of the ruins of Old Tyre, which gave his armies access to it from the mainland, and led, after a siege of seven months, to its final overthrow. To this daring expedient the words of Ezekiel referred —"They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust in the midst of the water" (xxvi. 12). The very ruins of the earlier city were swept from the face of the earth, and buried in the deep. "Thou shalt be no more: though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God" (ver. 21).

In later ages, the position of Tyre gave it importance as a stronghold to the successive conquerors of Syria. At times it seemed to enjoy a gleam of prosperity; but its glory had departed. We find a Christian church planted there in the days of Paul (Acts xxi. 4). In the time of the Crusades, it was twice besieged and stormed; and it was the last place in Syria wrested (A.D. 1291) from the Christian arms by the Saracens. Thus nation after nation had come up like waves of the sea, and dashed themselves against the devoted city (Ezek. xxvi. 3).

In our own days we witness the literal fulfilment of the prediction. No trace of Old Tyre is left. As the traveller crosses the mole of Alexander, washed on both sides by the waters, he may see how the dust has been "scraped" from her, and her site made smooth and naked, "like the top of a rock" (Ezek. xxvi. 4, 5). The waves break on her sunken fragments, and the nets of fishermen are spread on the sand or stones. The port in which the merchant-navies of the old world rode at anchor is now choked up, and can scarcely float a few fishing-boats.

Dr. Robinson writes in 1838:—"I wandered out alone towards the south end of the peninsula, beyond the city, where all is now forlorn and lonely like the desert, and mused upon the pomp and glory, the pride and fall of ancient Tyre. Here was the little isle, once

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covered by her palaces, and surrounded by her fleets; but, alas! *thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and all thy men of war, even with all thy company*, where are they? Tyre has indeed become *like the top of a rock*—a place *to spread nets upon*. The sole remaining tokens of her more ancient splendour lie strewed beneath the waves, in the midst of the sea; and the hovels which now nestle upon a portion of her site, present no contradiction of the dread decree—*Thou shalt be built no more.*"

Dr. Keith tells us, that on reaching the south-western extremity of the mound, he "came suddenly on five or six fishermen sitting on some prostrate columns, with their nets spread on the sand, upon the side of the mole *in the midst of the sea.*"

Such is the desolation which has come upon the old mistress of the seas. And if God has raised our own country to higher influence and fame than Tyre attained in the days of her glory, does not his hand point to her as a warning to us? If Britain sits a queen on the waters, rejoicing in the power of her fleets, girdled with a belt of colonies, and stretching her sceptre over an empire on which the sun never sets, let her not despise the lesson which the stones of Tyre cry out. We have the gospel, which Tyre never had. Let us value it; let us extend it. As a Christian nation, may we feel our responsibility, and seek to plant the cross of Christ wherever the red cross flag of Britain waves; otherwise, "it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for us."

The waters, Tyre, once hailed thee queen,
A crown was on thy brow;
On every sea thy ships were seen
Where is thy glory now?

Where once thou wast in splendour set,
Thy place is known no more,
And the poor fisher spreads his net
Upon thy silent shore.

Yet in thy silence we may hear
A warning sent abroad,
And on thy shattered rocks see clear
The finger-marks of God.

On us has dawned a glorious light,
Which never shone on thee;
May we to those who dwell in night
Its willing heralds be.

May our swift ships of Tarshish bear
The gospel o'er the wave,
Till every land and people hear
That Jesus died to save.

J. D. B.

THE PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

The pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,—
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And, as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them,
From height to height
The white roofs of discrown'd Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strew'd with garments once and palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst, calm,
On to Thy cross.

The waves have wash'd fresh sands upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But chisell'd in the hill-sides evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumb'ring land,
Nor time effaced:
Where Thy feet trod to bless we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these:
Where'er the poor, and tried, and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace;—
Thou art not dead!
Our path is onward, till we see Thy face,
And hear thy tread.

And now, wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land,—
Thou, Thou, art there!

*The Three Wakings.**

THE ALPINE GENTIAN.

She 'mid ice mountains vast
Long had lain sleeping,
When she look'd forth at last
Timidly peeping.

Trembling she gazed around:
All round her slept;
O'er the dead icy ground
Cold shadows crept.

Wide fields of silent snow,—
Still, frozen seas:
What could her young life do
'Mid such as these?

London: James Nisbet and Co.

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Not a voice came to her,
Not a warm breath:
What hope lay there for her,
Living 'midst death?

Mournfully pondering
Gazed she on high;
White clouds were wandering
Through the blue sky.

There smiled the kindly sun,
Gentle beams kissed her;
On her the mild moon shone
Like a saint sister.

There twinkled many a star,
Danced in sweet mirth;
The warm heavens seem'd nearer far
Than the cold earth.

So she gazed steadfastly
Loving on high,
Till she grew heavenly
Blue as the sky.

And the cold icicles
Near which she grew,
Thaw'd in her skyey bells,
Fed her with dew.

And the tired traveller
Gazing abroad,
Fixing his eyes on her,
Thinking of God,

Thinks how, 'mid life's cold snow,
Hearts to God given
Breathe out, where'er they go,
Summer and heaven.

Ibid.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—THE CONVERSION OF PAUL.

[In Vol. xvii. of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" we find the following admirable summary of Lord Lyttleton's famous argument on this subject. It forms part of the article "Paul," from the pen of Dr. W. L. Alexander.]

THE conversion of such a man, at such a time, and by such means, furnishes one of the most complete proofs that have ever been given of the divine origin of our holy religion. That Saul, from being a zealous persecutor of the disciples of Christ, became all at once a disciple himself, is a fact which cannot be controverted without overturning the credit of all history. He must therefore have been converted in the miraculous manner in which he himself said he was, and of course the Christian religion be a Divine revelation; or he must have been either an impostor, an enthusiast, or a dupe to the fraud of others. There is not another alternative possible. The following is the substance of Lord Lyttleton's argument on this subject.

If he was an impostor, who declared what he knew to be false, he must have been induced to act that part by some motive. But the only conceivable motives for religious imposture are, the hopes of advancing one's temporal interest, credit, or power; or the prospect of gratifying some passion or appetite under the authority of the new religion. That none of these could be St. Paul's motive for professing the faith of Christ crucified, is plain from the state of Judaism and Christianity at the period of his forsaking the former and embracing the latter faith. Those whom he left were the disposers of wealth, of dignity, of power in Judea; those to whom he went were indigent men, oppressed, destitute of all means of improving their fortunes. The certain consequence, therefore, of his taking the part of Christianity was the loss not only of all he possessed, but of all hopes of acquiring more; whereas, by continuing to persecute the Christians, he had hopes, rising almost to a certainty, of making his fortune by the favour of those who were at the head of the Jewish state, to whom nothing could so much recommend him as the zeal which he had shown in that persecution. As to credit or reputation, could the scholar of Gamaliel hope to gain either by becoming a teacher in a college of fishermen? Could he flatter himself that the doctrines which he taught would, either in or out of Judea, do him honour, when he knew that "they were to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness?" Was it, then, the love of power that induced him to make this great change? Power! over whom? over a flock of sheep whom he himself had assisted to destroy, and whose very Shepherd had lately been murdered? Perhaps it was with the view of gratifying some licentious passion, under the authority of the new religion, that he commenced a teacher of that religion. This cannot be alleged; for his writings breathe nothing but the strictest morality, obedience to magistrates, order, and government, with the utmost abhorrence of all licentiousness, idleness, or loose behaviour, under the cloak of religion. We nowhere read in his works that saints are above moral ordinances; that dominion is founded in grace; that monarchy is despotism which ought to be abolished; that the fortunes of the rich ought to be divided amongst the poor; that there is no difference in moral actions; that any impulses of the mind are to direct us, against the light of our reason and the laws of nature; or any of those wicked tenets by which the peace of society has been often disturbed, and the rules of morality often broken, by men pretending to act under the sanction of divine revelation. He makes no distinctions, like the impostor of Arabia, in favour of himself; nor does any part of his life, either before or after his conversion to Christianity, bear any mark of a libertine disposition. As amongst the Jews, so amongst the Christians, his conversation and manners were blameless. It has been sometimes objected to the other apostles, by those who were resolved not to credit their testimony, that having been deeply engaged with Jesus during his life, they were obliged, for the support of their own credit, and from having gone too far to return, to continue the same professions after his death; but this can by no means be said of St. Paul. On the contrary, whatever force there may be in that way of reasoning, it all tends to convince us that St. Paul must *naturally* have continued a Jew and an enemy of Christ Jesus. If *they* were engaged on one side, *he* was as strongly engaged on the other. If shame withheld them from changing sides, much more ought it to have stopped him, who, from his superior educa-

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tion, must have been vastly more sensible to that kind of shame than the mean and illiterate fishermen of Galilee. The only difference was, that *they*, by quitting their Master after his death, might have preserved themselves; whereas *he*, by quitting the Jews, and taking up the cross of Christ, certainly brought on his own destruction.

As St. Paul was not an impostor, so it is plain he was not an enthusiast. Heat of temper, melancholy, ignorance, and vanity, are the ingredients of which enthusiasm is composed; but from all these, except the first, the apostle appears to have been wholly free. That he had great fervour of zeal, both when a Jew and when a Christian, in maintaining what he thought to be right, cannot be denied; but he was at all times so much master of his temper as, in matters of indifference, to "become all things to all men," with the most pliant condescension bending his notions and manners to theirs as far as his duty to God would permit; a conduct compatible neither with the stiffness of a bigot nor with the violent impulses of fanatical delusion. That he was not melancholy, is plain from his conduct in embracing every method which prudence could suggest to escape danger and shun persecution, when he could do it without betraying the duty of his office or the honour of his God. A melancholy enthusiast courts persecution, and when he cannot obtain it, afflicts himself with absurd penances; but the holiness of St. Paul consisted only in the simplicity of a godly life, and in the unwearied performance of his apostolical duties. That he was ignorant, no man will allege who is not grossly ignorant himself; for he appears to have been master not only of the Jewish learning, but also of the Greek philosophy, and to have been very conversant even with the Greek poets. That he was not credulous, is plain from his having resisted the evidence of all the miracles performed on earth by Christ, as well as those that were afterwards worked by the apostles; to the fame of which, as he lived in Jerusalem, he could not possibly have been a stranger. And that he was as free from vanity as any man that ever lived, may be gathered from all that we see in his writings or know of his life. He represents himself as the least of the apostles, and not meet to be called an apostle. He says that he is the chief of sinners; and he prefers, in the strongest terms, universal benevolence to faith, and prophecy, and miracles, and all the gifts and graces with which he could be endowed. Is this the language of vanity or enthusiasm? Did ever fanatic prefer virtue to his own religious opinions, to illuminations of the Spirit, and even to the merit of martyrdom?

Having thus shown that St. Paul was neither an impostor nor an enthusiast, it remains only to be inquired whether he was deceived by the fraud of others; but this inquiry needs not be long, for who was to deceive him? A few illiterate fishermen of Galilee? It was *morally* impossible for such men to conceive the thought of turning the most enlightened of their opponents and the most cruel of their persecutors into an apostle, and to do this by a fraud in the very instant of his greatest fury against them and their Lord. But could they have been so extravagant as to conceive such a thought, it was *physically* impossible for them to execute it in the manner in which we find his conversion has been effected. Could they produce a light in the air which at mid-day was brighter than the sun? Could they make Saul hear words from out of that light which were not heard by the rest of the company? Could they make him blind for three days after that vision, and then make scales fall off from his eyes, and restore him to sight by a word? Or could they make him, and those who travelled with him, believe that all these things had happened, if they had not happened? Most unquestionably no fraud was equal to all this.

Since, then, St. Paul was neither an impostor, an enthusiast, nor deceived by the fraud of others, it follows that his conversion was miraculous, and that the Christian religion is a divine revelation.

[In another article in the same volume, Mr. Rogers (author of the "Eclipse of Faith") thus adverts to the absurd rationalistic theories by which it is attempted to explain away the miraculous character of the apostle's conversion.]

Let us hear how a rationalist, by no means the wildest of them, proposes to account for the history of the conversion of St. Paul.

According to his account, Saul, the persecutor, must be supposed to have left Jerusalem with all the bigotry, and in the savage mood, imputed to him in the history and acknowledged by himself; with the conscientious self-approval of that pious work in which he was engaged, and which he accounted an honour,—a zeal, no doubt, as in all like cases, inflamed by recent excesses, and chafed by opposition. As he is journeying along, he is led, quite as a natural thing, and in the way of self-dialogue, into a train of reflection on the enormity of his conduct,—that conduct which he deemed but the moment before so honourable;—on the innocence of the Christians, whom he deemed but yesterday traitors, apostates, and rebels, to the ancient theocracy; and finally on the excellence of Christ, whose image to Saul must have been that of a man who had suffered on the gallows,—for such was the cross to the imagination then, however hallowed now—the just reward of his blasphemous presumption! But this is not all, or rather it is a small part of what must be admitted, if we resolve on getting rid of the supernatural, and yet leaving St. Paul a man in his senses. Just then, at this fortunate nick of time, and while the mind of the apostle is spontaneously softening towards Christianity, a thunder-storm occurs,—one of those signal blessings, without which a *rational* interpreter of the New Testament cannot get on for more than a few pages together; and the apostle strangely imagines that it lightens revelations, and thunders in Syriac or Hebrew; and though very much frightened indeed, answers the Syriac or Hebrew thunder, in Syriac or Hebrew as grammatical as its own; and is again replied to in another well articulated clap of three or four sentences, directing him where to go and what to do, in the coolest and most comprehensible way. Surely if the lightning left Paul blind, it must have made his hearing uncommonly acute!

Such is the *natural* way in which rationalists propose to account for the apostle's conversion, and yet leave him a sincere and honest man; but it surely leaves him not only bereft of the light of his eyes, but of the light of his understanding also,—as very an approach to downright idiocy as any fanatic that ever lived. Can this be he who has led the world astray, and turned it upside down? Can this subject of weak hallucinations be the man on whose words so many intelligent, wise, and learned men of different ages and countries have hung as the accents of genuine inspiration? Can this be he whose writings and conduct everywhere proclaim zeal indeed, but a very masculine understanding

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also,—great prudence, self-control, and discretion? Can this be he who is one of the closest reasoners, and who, in the treatment of all practical questions, exhibits a sobriety and justness of thinking which have been the admiration of the world?

Is it possible for a man to go on interpreting thus? No wonder that the rationalist hypothesis has become a thing to point at.

II.—THE BIBLE THE SEED-PLOT OF PROGRESS.

The Bible is, in truth, the seed-plot of all real progress. It does not contain all knowledge, but it contains that quickening truth, and there is connected with it that spirit and principle of life, which fit and discipline the soul for acquiring knowledge most surely and effectually, and which give the ability to use aright the knowledge acquired. It teaches the master-truth, by means of which the heart is regenerated, and thereby the mind and soul is filled with a divine fire and replenished with an undying and heavenly energy. It reveals to earthly men a sublime moral and spiritual world, and thus enlarges and exalts their being. It hallows all human relations; deepens, refines, and sanctifies the affections, and suffuses the whole soul with divine love and immortal faith. It inculcates grand principles of truth and righteousness, the meaning and glory of which are illustrated and developed by time and experience. It brings home to each man the all-quickening sense of his individual responsibility to God, and unites the races and nations in brotherhood, by its fundamental doctrines of a common sin and a common Saviour, by its revelation of "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." It provides beforehand regulative principles by which all conditions of society, all voluntary communities, and all national polities, should be ordered. All time is a commentary on its meaning, which comes out more gloriously from age to age.

The Bible has already, so far as regards a considerable portion of the world, "renewed the face of the earth." What a work has been accomplished! Let us recall the picture on which we lately gazed of Europe, as it was after the downfall of the Roman Empire. Those "ages" were "dark" indeed. There was "no open vision." An all but rayless night lay upon the face of Europe. The light of the Bible, which, even during the worst period of the Roman Empire, had never ceased to shine within the limits of professedly Christian communities, now suffered a long and disastrous eclipse. If it gave light at all, it was but within the precincts of a secluded monastery. Few, even among priests or monks, could read; and none but they had the opportunity to read the Bible. Even the services of the Church were performed in a dead language.

Nevertheless, at this very time, society was preparing for the freedom and life of coming ages. The new and virgin soil which the barbarian flood had brought upon the face of the earth, was receiving the seeds, and being impregnated with the life, of the Christian civilisation. Christian doctrines, it is true, were little known. Christian worship was grossly paganized. But a few mighty Christian principles, which, even in the absence of the Bible, could not be forgotten or unfelt, had entered into the life of the world. Nor were there wanting, here and there, men who, like Boniface in one sort, and Bernard in another, lived in the faith of the Bible, diffused, with whatever perversions and admixtures, its great doctrines, and moved the world by their spiritual forces more mightily than all its conquerors. Under such influences as these, heathen nations were annexed to the pale of Christendom; lessons of justice and mercy were taught to princes and potentates; the blessedness of self-denial and charity was magnified; peaceful and civilising arts were cultivated and diffused; the harshness of feudalism was mitigated, and its virtues were exalted; serfdom was first alleviated, and then done away. A sure foundation was thus laid for civil and social advancement. By a necessary consequence, intelligence was quickened, and learning began to revive. The revived energies of intellect reacted upon the knowledge of Christianity; mighty masters of logical and theological science arose; and the general mind of Europe began to stir and awake. There appeared great precursors of the Reformation; then came the general revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the Reformation itself. Thus the spirit of Christianity moulded anew the life of the nations and the polities of the world—impregnated the whole soil of society with its principles, and the world's atmosphere with its influences; and created a civilisation as truly and predominantly Christian—notwithstanding many lamentable exceptions and drawbacks—as that of Greece or Rome was pagan. At the time of the Reformation, the sun came clearly out from behind the long-intercepting darkness. The Bible was again brought into immediate contact with the souls of men. And, though clouds and darkness still linger in many parts, and nowhere is the air perfectly transparent, yet we know that the truth will shine more and more unto the perfect day.

I expect a long day for the world. I believe that as yet the sun is but a few hours above the horizon. These things shall be rectified. Mighty, indeed, are the adversaries. Selfishness in all its forms is mighty; and all the forms of selfishness combine their forces against Christianity. She contends against "the world, the flesh, and the devil." But she is mightier than all put together. The Spirit of God is the strongest power in the world; it will outwear, outdare, outdo all others. Christian men are the strongest and highest men in the world; nothing can stifle, slay, or drown them. Associated Christian men can vanquish all others in a free land. A Christian nation is mightier than all others, stands higher, is more prosperous, and they must follow her. The past triumphs of Christianity have been its hardest, and are the pledges of its future triumphs. Those to come shall be its grandest and most glorious. What a nation will this be when a Bible shall be the treasure of every home, and when its principles rule in every department; when it shall be the "Statesman's Manual," as Coleridge said; when it shall be the tradesman's code of principle, and the cottager's comfort and companion; when it supplies the rule of every family, and brings peace into every house; then what a country shall this be! No need of the priest in such a land either for consolation or to hear confession; the woman in her sorrow will go to her Bible for the one, and to her God to make the other. What preachers then should we have in our pulpits, preaching to such a people, and what hearers in the pew! How would rich and poor, high and low, meet together in the presence of that God who is the Maker of them all!

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Am I wrong in believing that thus it shall be not in one land only, but in all lands? The sun shall rise to his meridian height, and from that glorious and unchanging zenith shall pour his rays into every hidden corner, and down each remotest valley of this wide earth. The treasures of the darkness shall be brought forth; the capabilities of the earth shall all be called into requisition: a Bible civilisation shall unite into one all nations and all lands. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord."—*Exeter Hall Lecture by Rev. J. H. Rigg.*

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

An old poet has strongly, though quaintly, said, in reference to anxieties for days or years to come, "Stir not the mud of future depths." And the highest of all authority thus enjoins us: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Yet who has not experienced the difficulty of obeying this most merciful command? Who has not felt at times bowed down under an oppressive weight on heart and spirit, which, when closely examined, is found to consist not so much of the real present burdens of to-day as the anticipated ones of to-morrow? It is the shadows of clouds yet distant that are cast before upon the path. "How," the weary heart will ask, "how am I to face the tempests now gathering in yon darkening horizon? How shall the trial be borne in reality, which even in prospect seems more than I can bear?" Or if without excuse for such dark forebodings, still, "How am I to get through so many duties, resist so many temptations, fulfil so many engagements? How shall one, already wearied in 'running with the footmen,' be able to 'contend with the horses?' If the cares of to-day are so oppressive, where am I to find strength for those of to-morrow?"

There are doubtless some light-hearted, buoyant spirits, and some calm, unimaginative ones, to whom such a state of feeling may be almost unknown. But the greater number of reflecting minds, if they have travelled for any length of time "through the wilderness," will but too easily recognize and sympathize with it. And such, if they know the Lord, will also know how suddenly and wonderfully he can throw light upon the darkness, and, by perhaps trifling instruments, fulfil his own promise, and "sustain," under the burdens which a weak and trembling faith has sought to bring to his feet.

It was under the influence of feelings such as I have described that I set out on a country walk one summer morning. I knew by experience the reviving effects of fresh air and exercise, of the sweet sights and sounds of nature; but that day they all were powerless to cheer, and I could but adopt the poet's desponding language—

> "I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The Spirit and the life, whose fountains are within."

I had as companion a gentle child, whose lively prattle I was accustomed on such occasions to encourage. This morning the effort seemed impossible. I was abstracted and silent; and my young friend, after a few vain attempts at sociability, amused herself by silently gathering the flowers and chasing the butterflies of the wayside. In order to take a circuit home, it was necessary to cross a stream, which, though shallow, was of considerable breadth. There was no bridge, and the water, deepened by late rains, now dashed noisily against the stepping-stones, and, in some cases, almost covered them. I began abstractedly to cross over, till I perceived that my young companion stood still on the side I had left, evidently fearing to follow.

"What, Jane! why are you not coming?"

"Oh, aunt, I dare not; I am afraid."

"Afraid! do you not see how firm the stones are?"

"Oh, there are so *many;* and the water is so deep! I shall never get over. I cannot, I dare not!" and the poor little thing, naturally timid, now burst into tears.

I passed rapidly to the other side, and then returned to her. "Come, silly child," I said, half angry, half amused, "do not be so foolish; you see how easily I have done it. I am not bidding you leap over the whole at once."

"Oh, aunt! who could do that?"

"Well, neither you nor I have to do it. We have only to take one step at a time; and *you* are not even alone; nor would the water drown you if you were to slip. Come, here is my hand; you will find each stone in itself quite firm, as you stand upon it."

Trembling and weeping, yet fearing to disobey, she began the perilous passage. The first few steps were the worst. Her courage rose when they were over; and at last we both stood safely on the opposite bank. Little Jane sank down on the grass, as if to recover from her agitation. I seated myself beside her, and for some minutes neither of us spoke. At last she said—

"Aunt, you were quite right; *one step at a time* was not difficult."

"Yes, my dear," I replied; "and remember *that* in your future life, when you have more difficult undertakings to get through than crossing the Avon."

The words of the child, and my almost involuntary answer, went at once to my own heart. "Oh," I thought, "is not this a lesson for myself! Have not I been sinking under the anticipation of to-morrow's burdens, instead of simply attending to the duties of to-day? Have not I been looking to the stormy waters, rather than to the Saviour who walks upon their waves? Where is my confidence in the Wisdom that cannot err, the Love that cannot deal unkindly, the strength that is made perfect in weakness? Lord, pardon thy sinful servant; and as regards things to come, let this henceforth be my only prayer,—'Not my will, but thine be done. Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'"

The spell of despondency was broken, the clouds dispelled. Little Jane and I both talked cheerfully, as we walked home together; and often since that day has the remembrance of the ford on the Avon acted as a reproof and a charm, when fears and forebodings have again assailed my faithless heart. "One step at a time," I have repeated to myself, as I lay down at night; "one step at a time," as I commenced the first duties of a new day. And faith and hope, though too feebly in exercise, have never been disappointed. "The thing that I greatly feared" has often *not* "come upon me," or if it has, there have been with it alleviations and comfort such as I could not have foreseen or imagined. The tasks which at a distance seemed overwhelming, patient and prayerful effort has been enabled steadily to fulfil. Never has the promise failed, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." J.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXIV.—PARABLE OF THE SOWER—REASONS FOR USE OF PARABLES—PARABLE OF SOWER EXPLAINED.

MATT. xiii. 1–23.

Parable of the Sower.—Ver. 1, 2. By what sea did this happen? Was it convenient for this purpose? [Near a place called Tell Hûm (believed by him to be Capernaum), Dr. Thomson "found small creeks or inlets where the ship could ride in safety only a few feet from the shore, and where the multitude, seated on both sides, and before the boat, could listen without distraction or fatigue."]

Ver. 3. What is the meaning of a parable? [A similitude,—a picture, in which *real* truths are set forth by means of *supposed* events that have a likeness to them.] What is "a sower?" What is meant by "going forth" to sow? [Going out of town,—forth into the country; very often the fields were at a considerable distance from the house, for the Jewish farmers did not live in houses standing alone, but in villages and hamlets; and even yet the field is sometimes as far as six or eight miles from the house. The sower might live in Capernaum, the field might be a mile or two off in the plain of Gennesaret.]

Ver. 4. Where did the first seeds fall? What sort of paths were there through the fields? [The paths usually went right through the fields, without any hedge or fence.] What happened to these seeds?

Ver. 5, 6. Where did the next seeds fall? How might this easily happen? [The rocks with which the district abounds might project here and there into the field.] What happened to these seeds?

Ver. 7. Where did the next seeds fall? How should there be thorns in the field? [Thickets of thorns are and were very abundant near the Lake of Galilee.] What befel these seeds?

Ver. 8. Where else did the seed fall? What amount of increase had this seed? Is this not a very large increase? [The plains are very fertile. Even yet, in the plain of Esdraelon, with wretched farming, upwards of thirty-fold is sometimes reaped; were it not for mice and birds a hundred-fold might be obtained. In the days of our Lord, with better farming, and more precautions against vermin, &c., the amount of increase specified was quite possible.]

Mr. Stanley gives the following account of a spot near the Lake of Galilee, realizing all the features of this parable:—"There was the undulating corn-field, descending to the water's edge. There was the trodden pathway, running through the midst of it, with no fence or edge to protect the seed from falling here and there on either side of it, or upon it; itself hard with the constant tramp of horse and mule, and human feet. There was the "good" rich soil, which distinguishes the whole of that plain and its neighbourhood from the bare hills elsewhere descending into the lake, and which, where there is no interruption, produces one vast mass of corn. There was the rocky ground of the hill-side protruding here and there through the corn-fields, as elsewhere through the grassy slopes. There were the large bushes of thorn—the 'nabk,' that kind of which tradition says that the crown of thorns was woven—springing up, like the fruit trees of the more inland parts, in the very midst of the waving wheat."

Ver. 9. What did the use of these words denote? See on ch. xi. 15.

Reasons for the Use of Parables. [We shall more readily understand this passage if we observe that Christ alludes to *two* reasons which he had for using parables: first, that by means of them humble, earnest disciples might get more insight into heavenly doctrine; and second, that careless, worldly persons, who took no pains in searching out truth, and whose notions the parables only made more confused and dark than before, might thereby be shown more clearly to deserve condemnation. See extract from "Fairbairn's Exegetical Manual"—*Family Treasury*, p. 40, § 3 and 4.]

Ver. 10. Had Jesus made use of parables before? [As long as his lessons were received without opposition he spoke plainly, and without regular or systematic parables.] What change had lately begun to take place in the reception given to Christ's lessons? [See ch. x. 25; xii. 24. Hence, probably, the systematic adoption of parables.]

Ver. 11. What is meant by "mysteries" here? [Things requiring to be explained—the doctrines of salvation.] Are we capable, by our own powers, of understanding these? To whom must we apply for this power? Is it given to all to understand them? [If it has been given to us to understand them, how grateful should we be! If it has not, how earnestly should we seek the gift!]

Ver. 12, 13. What is meant by "whosoever hath" [Whosoever hath *a measure of spiritual knowledge, accompanied by a desire for more.*] What would be the effect of Christ's parables on him? What is meant by "whosoever hath not?" and what would be the effect on him? [The darkness of his soul would become greater; taking no pains about the matter, his own erroneous notions about salvation would get mixed up with Christ's lessons, and the confusion would become greater than ever. See the danger of carelessness in religion!]

Ver. 14, 15. Where is this prophecy? Isa. vi. 9. Is this a literal quotation? [Not from the Hebrew, but from the Greek version of the Old Testament.] What is the general meaning of the prophecy? [That as a punishment for past carelessness and opposition to the truth, the hearts of the Jews were to become so hard and blind that nothing would impress them. This is usually called "judicial blindness"—an awful state of things. If we would shun it, let us beware of opposing the truth, or resisting the Holy Spirit in a single instance.]

Ver. 16, 17. For what was it the disciples were blessed? What did they see that others saw not? See John i. 14. Are those blessed still who see this? Had the prophets seen it *in any degree?* Wherein was the disciples' view of it better than theirs?

Parable of Sower Explained.—Ver. 18. What does the word "hear" denote in this place? [Hear in the heart,—understand, realize, ponder.]

Ver. 19. What does *the seed* represent? See Luke viii. 11. What is meant by "understandeth it not?" [Does not see its application to himself; does not lay it to heart; does not reflect on it; does not feel "thou art the man!"] Who is the wicked one? What does James say of this class of hearers? James i. 23, 24.

Ver. 20, 21. Is it always a sign of grace to receive the gospel "with joy?" If we truly love Christ, what effect will persecution have on us? Rom. viii. 35–39. If we really decide for Christ, what must we be willing for, as to the

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world and worldly things? Can we do this of ourselves? What then should we do?

Ver. 22. What two things do the thorns represent? To which of these are the poor most liable? And the rich? Give an instance of the latter? 2 Tim. iv. 10.

Ver. 23. Are all fruitful hearers equally fruitful? What makes some more fruitful than others? [Greater grace, leading to more earnestness, zeal, faith, watchfulness, and prayer. Let the young aim at "the hundred-fold," following the noble resolution of Edward Bickersteth:—"I will sincerely endeavour to obtain the greatest possible height of piety, and never to stop short, or to think I have obtained, till death crowns me with victory. To reach this, I must be the best Christian, the best friend, the best servant, the best master, the best housekeeper, the best son, the best brother, the best labourer; in short, I must strive to be perfect in my state of life, as my heavenly Father is perfect. It would be vain to attempt to be this by my own strength; but here is my hope, I have promise of a better strength; and this very night I will implore the aid, not of man, but of God."—*Life of Bickersteth.*]

DOCTRINE.—Joy a fruit of Christian Faith.

Rom. xiv. Gal. v. Phil. iv. 1 Thess. v. 1 Peter i. 1 John i. Jude.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM XXIII. (No. VI.)

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

What does David now look forward to? [The part of his life which was yet to come.] What does he say he is sure of? Why did he feel this? [Because he knew that the Lord, his Shepherd, who had taken such care of him already, would never forsake him.] But would not he know that sickness and afflictions might come? [Yes, but he felt sure there would be goodness and mercy even in these.] Does God promise always to care for his children? Isa. xlvi. 4; Heb. xiii. 5. Then may not a child of God now say what David said? What should he feel about the time to come? [Trustful and hopeful, not anxious and afraid.]

Where does David say he should dwell for ever? What did he mean by this? [That he would always belong to the household or family of God, on earth and in heaven.] What do we call those who live together in one house? [A family or household.] Are they not often called in the Bible a *house*? Josh. xxiv. 15; 2 Sam. vii. 18; Heb. xi. 7. Are not believers called the household of faith, or of God? Gal. vi. 10; Eph. ii. 19.

What do we generally mean by the house of God? What was the outward house of God in David's time? [The tabernacle. 2 Sam. vii. 2, 5, 6.] Did David and other holy men love to worship there, and wish to be there often? Ps. xxvi. 8; xxvii. 4; lxxxiv. 1–4, 10; 2 Sam. xv. 25. What did he wish to build to the Lord? Was he allowed to do this? 1 Chron. xxii. 7, 8. Who did build the temple? 1 Kings vi. 14, 37, 38. How did David expect to dwell in the house of the Lord *for ever*? [In the heavenly house, or temple. Rev. vii. 15.] Who may feel sure of this now? [Only those who love the house of the Lord on earth, and are the children of his family.]

Will not all true children of God still love his house and its worship? What holy prophet and judge of Israel was brought when a little child to live in the tabernacle? 1 Sam. i. 24; ii. 18. Which of the kings was hid six years in the temple to save his life, when he was very young? 2 Chron. xxii. 11, 12. When did Jesus remain behind in the temple, after his mother and Joseph went home? Luke ii. 41–46.

What two great lessons are to be learned from this beautiful psalm? [The goodness of God, and the happiness of his children.] What ought we to be very desirous of and concerned about? [To make sure that we are really in the Good Shepherd's fold.] What will the Good Shepherd do at the end of this world? Matt. xxv. 32, 33. What will become then of those who are *not* his sheep? But what will he give to all his true flock? John x. 16, 28.

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

Precept.—In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths. Prov. iii. 6.

Promise.—The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. Ps. cxxi. 8.

Prayer.—O Lord our God, we pray that we may all be true children of thy family, and lambs of thy flock. Teach us more and more to love thy house, thy worship, and everything that is holy. We thank thee for all the goodness and mercy thou hast made to follow us during the short time we have been in this world. O let us never be tempted to wander from the narrow way, but let thy goodness still follow us there; and may we, and all whom we love, stand at the right hand of the Judge at last, and dwell in thy house above for ever, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE JOURNEY HOME.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—Ps. xxiii. 6.

Five years ago, a happy party travelled in a railway carriage to Manchester. There were a papa and mamma, a little baby girl with her nurse, and two dear boys of four and six years old. They were going to see new places, and visit dear relations, and their young hearts were full of hope and joy.

But these children had been early taught to know and love the Lord, and even on their journey they were not forgetful of Jesus and heavenly things. When they came near Manchester, they repeated some psalms and texts, and then their papa said, "Now give us one psalm more, the 23d, and say it together." So they stood up and repeated together the beautiful psalm which we have been learning so much from lately.

If you had heard them then, and been asked to tell which verse was most suited to them at that moment, would not you have thought of the fifth, "My cup runneth over?" Ah, but it was another, which none of us would have thought of

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just then,—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Only a few minutes after the boys had repeated their psalm, a dreadful accident took place; the carriage was driven off the rails, and dashed to pieces by the engine, and those who had been so well and happy just before, were left all wounded, bleeding, dying, or dead.

In one moment the spirit of the youngest boy was caught up to heaven. There was no dark valley for him to go through; "it seemed as though death had not time to grasp him." His brother lived till the second day after the accident. He had been so terribly scalded by the hot steam of the engine, that the feeling of pain was almost taken away. He complained very little, but the doctors soon saw that he could not recover. They did not tell him that his little brother was dead, or that he himself was dying. If he had not come to Jesus before for salvation, he would have had no time then. He was insensible at last, and when carried into the room where his father and mother lay, he did not know them.

But there was no darkness in the valley of death for him: he lay quiet and peaceful, praying and repeating hymns and verses of that Bible which he loved so well. And among his last words was the last verse of our psalm,—

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

Three times he repeated these lines, the night before he died. And were they not *true* even then? Yes, his short life had been a very happy one, and now the Good Shepherd was calling the little lamb out of earth's green pastures, to dwell above, "in the house of the Lord for ever." Even his poor parents felt, through their deep sorrow, that God had answered all their most earnest prayers for him.

How blessed those little ones are whom God calls early home to himself, before they have known much of the sins and sorrows of this world! Yes; but I think *they* are even more blessed, and surely more honoured, whom he appoints to remain a longer time on earth, to fight his battles, to be his good soldiers and servants, and, by their example, their prayers, their labours, to bring many stray sheep into the Good Shepherd's fold. I would desire this for you, dear young readers. May God grant it. May you early seek and find the happiness of being able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. I am ready either to serve him long on earth, or to go to him soon above, as he shall please."

The sure provisions of my God,
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

There let me find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

J. L. B.

II.—LOVEST THOU ME.

"So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?"—JOHN xxi. 15.

We should all feel as if our Lord were asking us the same question He asked Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" these earthly friends, these earthly blessings? We should often ask it of ourselves, "Do I love my Saviour?" Dear children, if Jesus were now asking each of you, "Lovest thou me?" what answer would you make?

He has the best right to ask and expect such love, for none of our dearest friends ever did or could do for us what he has done. They never died for us; they never gave themselves to suffering and death for the sake of our souls being saved. Even if they were willing to do this, it could do us no good. Only Jesus, the Son of God, can save sinners; and no love was ever so patient, so unwearied as his. The sins and backslidings of the very best of Christians, which only God fully knows of, would weary out any love and patience except his own. But he loves them "to the end." He does not give them up, he will not leave them, till he has brought them to his own heavenly home, where they shall love him perfectly and for ever.

Yes; the love of your own dear mother, of your own kind father, is not so great, so tender, so patient, as the love of your Saviour. Oh! will not you love him in return? It is right to love dear parents and friends very much, but we must pray to be taught to love Christ best of all.

How may you know that you love him?

How do you *feel* that you love your father and mother, or any dear friend? Do not you like to be near them, to speak to them, to look at them; and if you must leave them, or they must leave you, is not your heart sad, and do not you find comfort in still thinking and speaking of them? And if you heard any person speaking evil or unkindly of them, would not it grieve your heart? Then how do you *show* your love? Is it not by trying to do what will please them, and by keeping away from anything they have forbidden, and doing everything they desire you? Now, you may judge of your love to Jesus just in the same way. Do you love to think of him, to pray to him? Do you love his word, his house, his holy day, everything that is his? Do you love all those best who love him? And if you hear wicked people taking his name in vain, or speaking evil of him, does it give you pain and grief? Above all, do you hate the sins which displease him, and seek to do what is pleasing in his sight? For he has said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and that is always the *surest* proof of love.

Happy are they who can say with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." Ah! my dear children, you and I have all cause to be grieved and ashamed that we love our Lord and Saviour so little. Let us go to himself every day, and ask him to pardon all our coldness and unbelief, and teach us to love him better and serve him more. J.

III.—THE GOOD RED HAND.

While residing in Ireland, Charlotte Elizabeth was brought to the knowledge of Christ; and as his love was shed abroad in her heart abundantly, she sought the salvation of others. The deplorable condition of some poor street children excited her sympathies, and set her to work. Among those she endeavoured to instruct was "Poor Jack," a dumb boy of some eight or ten years of age; a puny little fellow of heavy aspect, and wholly destitute of the life and animation that generally characterize that class who are obliged to use looks and gestures as a substitute for words. Here was a difficult case; but the more insurmountable the obstacle appeared to be, the more earnestly did Christian love give itself to its noble work.

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By a sudden brush, the boy's mind broke its prison, and looked around on every object as though never before beheld. All seemed to appear in so new a light to him; curiosity, in which he had been very strangely deficient, became an eagerly active principle, and nothing that was portable did he fail to bring to his teacher, with an inquiring shake of the head, and the word "What?" spelled by the fingers. By a gradual and interesting process he was led into the recognition of a supreme Being, and into the reception of the gospel. As his mental faculties developed, he became animated and happy, and would come to his teacher each morning with a budget of new thoughts. Some of these were expressed in a way at once original and beautiful; such as the idea of the lightning, that it was produced by a sudden opening and shutting of God's eye; and the rainbow, that it was the reflection of God's smile.

The most remarkable of these conceptions was, perhaps, the following: He said that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud, "Jack!" and he would start and say, "Yes, me Jack." Then he would rise and see multitudes standing together, and God sitting on a cloud with a very large book in his hand—he called it "Bible book,"—and would beckon him to stand before him, while he opened the book, and looked at the top of the page till he came to the name of John B——.

In that page, he said, God had written all his "bads"—every sin he had ever done; and the page was full. So God would look, and strive to read it, and hold it to the sun for light, but it was all, "No, no, nothing, none;" for when he had first given his heart to Jesus Christ, *he* had taken the book out of God's hand, and found that page, and pulling from his palm something which filled up the hole made by the nail, had allowed the wound to bleed, and passed his hand down the page, so that God could see none of Jack's bads, only Jesus Christ's blood. Nothing being thus found against him, God would shut the book, and then he would remain standing before him till the Lord Jesus came, and saying to God, "My Jack," would put his arms around him, and bid him stand with the angels till the rest were judged.

And is it not written, "The iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found?" And again, "I, even I, am he who blotteth out thy transgressions?" How could the plan of a sinner's salvation be set forth more clearly than in this thought of poor Jack's?

During his last illness he frequently recurred to this idea, and would say to his friends with a look of infinite satisfaction, "Good red hand!" His view of Christ's all-sufficiency was realizing, and it was quite evident that the gospel was his sole and solid support. Truly "he giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

IV.—CANDLE LIGHT.

Did you ever think what a great blessing *candle light* is, and what a sad thing it would be to be without it? Did you ever consider, on a winter's evening, when the gas or the candles are lit, and you all gather with books and work round the table so cheerfully, how dismal it would be to have nothing of what we call *artificial light*, and to be obliged to sit idle, or sleep, all the long hours after the sun went down, till the morning came again? No, I daresay most of you never did; for these kind of mercies, which we enjoy every day, although themselves so very precious, are just the ones which we get accustomed to, and forget to be thankful for.

But I have been led to think of this, dear children, when reading a book written by Mr. Moffat, the great and good missionary to South Africa. He says that when he first went there, to tell the poor Bechuanas about Jesus, he found that, besides their great ignorance of other more important things, they had no candles or artificial lights of any kind. He describes the darkness of a Bechuana village, on the nights when there was no moon, as something very striking and sad. I suppose the climate is too warm there for them to have much fire in the houses, and so they really, as the Bible says, "sit in darkness." Mr. Moffat was something of a doctor as well as a missionary, and the people were fond of him; though they did not care for what he told them about their souls, they were very glad to get him to cure their bodily illnesses. Sometimes, he tells us, he would be sent for in the night, and then he would have great difficulty in finding his way, and in groping out the sick person from among others in the hut. What a dismal kind of scene this is to think of,—all dark within and without the village, and the terrible lions and hyenas roaring ever at hand!

But now, as the Holy Spirit foretold hundreds of years ago, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light" (Is. ix. 2). Many of the poor Bechuanas now believe in and love our dear Saviour; they have all *our* precious hopes for the world beyond the grave, and they have also got many of our comforts and blessings which belong to this world. For, as the apostle says, godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Now they have learned to make candles, and prepare oil for lamps; and their houses are bright and cheerful in the dark evenings, as well as our own.

When I read about this, I felt that I might learn two good lessons, and I wish to teach you them also. One was, to be more thankful to God for all my daily mercies, and for candle light among the rest. And the other was, to say and do more to help in sending the gospel to those poor heathens who are still without it, and who, though they may not be in outward darkness like the Bechuanas, yet know nothing of Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, and all the light and joy he can give. Oh! let us pray more for them, and for the good missionaries who have gone to teach them; and let us try to find out how by a little pains, or a little self-denial, we may *do* something, as well as pray, in order to show our love for their souls.

J. L. B.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—LIE QUIET IN GOD'S HAND.

I know how ready the heart of a believer is to faint, and how busy Satan is in suggesting doubts and questionings, when the body of a Christian is weak. I have seen something of the depression and melancholy which sometimes comes upon the children of God when they are suddenly laid aside by disease, and obliged to sit still. I have marked how prone some good people are to torment themselves with morbid thoughts at such seasons, and to say in their heart, "God has forsaken me; I am cast out of his sight."

I earnestly entreat all sick believers to remember that

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they may honour God as much by patient suffering as they can by active work. It often shows more grace to sit still, than it does to go to and fro and perform great exploits. I entreat them to remember that Christ cares for them as much when they are sick as he does when they are well, and that the very chastisement they feel so acutely is sent in love, and not in anger. Above all, I entreat them to recollect the sympathy of Jesus for all his weak members. They are always tenderly cared for by him, but never so much as in their time of need. Christ has had great experience of sickness. He knows the heart of a sick man. He used to see "all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease" when he was upon earth. He felt specially for the sick in the days of his flesh. He feels for them specially still. Sickness and suffering, I often think, make believers more like their Lord in experience, than health. "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses" (Isa. liii. 3; Matt. viii. 17). The Lord Jesus was a "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." None have such an opportunity of learning the mind of a suffering Saviour as suffering disciples.—*J. C. Ryle.*

II.—ENCHANTED GROUND.

It is to be feared that God and holy angels, as they see us walking to heaven in the bright and peaceful sunshine, may judge us, for that very reason, encompassed with greater peril than those who found their way thither under cloud and tempest. The storms of affliction made our fathers gird that mantle about them which the summer sun may entice us to throw aside. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death and in Vanity Fair, the Christian of honest John Bunyan "played the man;" it was when he trod "the drowsy enchanted ground," that he felt the access of that fatal lethargy. Sad to think that many a poor ignoramus may have made a better use of a tattered leaf or two of the Bible, which perchance he could scarcely spell, than we who can have it not only in every house, but in our memories; and may have more securely groped his way to heaven by the bye-paths of dungeon and martyrdom, than we to whom the portals of God's temple stand invitingly open day and night.—*Henry Rogers.*

III.—SEEK ASSURANCE.

Let it be thy chief care to have thy interest in, and right to the promises cleared up. This is the hinge on which the great dispute between thee and Satan will move in the day of trouble. Oh, it is sad for a poor Christian to stand at the door of the promise in the dark night of affliction, afraid to draw the latch, whereas he should then come as boldly for shelter as a child into his father's house. "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast" (Isa. xxvi. 20). He that hath his title to the promise proved from the word to his own conscience, will not be wrangled easily out of his comfort.—*Gurnal.*

IV.—CHANGELESS LOVE.

The Lord be praised for all his tender mercies and loving-kindnesses—unceasing and unwearying as his love. My continual shortcomings, and oft coming for forgiveness again and again, does not exhaust him. I should have wearied out the whole host of heaven before this; but Jesus is never wearied with hearing the cries of his poor, tried, and tempted saints. Always are they welcome; and I think the oftener I go, the more welcome I am. Not a frown upon that countenance towards one who really feels his need of him. A smiling welcome, fraught with mighty blessings, which, while it gladdens the heart, fills the soul with a humbling sense of its own vileness,—humbled in self, exalted in Christ.—*Mrs. Winslow.*

V.—"I WILL DO IT."

Some twenty years ago, there was a shopboy in Dublin, known at first as Johnny Morgan, but afterwards called "Perpetual Motion." He had learned the worth of his own soul, and so had learned the worth of other souls. Every Sabbath morning, therefore, he was to be seen running from door to door in Mountjoy Square, that he might collect the members of an adult Bible class. He never stopped, till, like a shepherd's dog, he had found all his stray sheep, and brought them once more under the Shepherd's watch and care.

What became of that boy? Did he cease at length to labour for the salvation of men? Having begun to run well, did he faint in the race? No. That same "Perpetual Motion" was afterwards transferred to a missionary field. His activity was first seen in the humbler efforts of a catechist. And when the catechist had purchased a "good degree," it was exhibited in the labours of a successful missionary.

What was the secret of his usefulness? Just this, and nothing more: whenever the question arose, in respect to any service which he could perform, "Who will do it?" he said, "I will do it." Reader! would you learn how you can do much for Christ and for precious souls? Be always ready to say, when any service in your power is needed, "*I* will do it."

VI.—"I HAVE TRIED BOTH."

"I know, with Newton, what the world can do, and what it cannot do," said Hedley Vicars. "It cannot give or take away the peace of God in the soul. It cannot soothe the wounded conscience, or enable us to meet death with comfort. I have tried both services. For twenty-four years I lived under the yoke of sin. The retrospect of my past life is now miserable to me; yet, before I was taught by the Spirit of God, I thought and called it a life of *pleasure*. The very name, when applied to sin, now makes my heart sicken. Even then I could never enjoy reviewing the occupations of a single day; and think you my conscience was quiet? No, no. Bitter experience has taught me that there is 'no peace for the wicked.' Blessed be God, now I am pardoned and reconciled through the death of his Son. How happy is the Christian's life when he has this assurance!"

VII.—"O YE OF LITTLE FAITH."

If we have a faithful servant, who we believe will look to our business as carefully as ourselves, this makes us go forth with a quiet spirit, and not trouble ourselves with what is done at home. Oh, then, let us be ashamed if our faith on God's providence be not much more able to ease us of the burden of distracting cares.

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

ARE we doing as much as we should do, as much as we might do, to enlarge his kingdom, and advance his glory? Or are we rather trying how little we can do, and yet retain the name and reputation of his disciples? Judging by their actions, this would seem to be the ignoble aim of some of his professed adherents. They are not willing to do anything which is not positively required of them. They inquire, "Is this necessary? Cannot I be a Christian without that? How much shall I be expected to give?" What unworthy questions! what miserable calculations!

In conversing with a friend to foreign missions, he said, "I have often asked myself what I ought *to give* to the missionary society; but I have recently been thinking and asking myself, WHAT OUGHT I TO KEEP?"

Ah, the latter interrogation was the right one. A Christian is not his own; he has been bought with a price, and ought therefore to glorify God in his body and in his spirit, which are God's (1 Cor. vi. 20). The "reasonable service" now demanded from him is, that he should consecrate himself as a living, holy, and acceptable sacrifice to God (Rom. xii. 1). His time and his talents are to be unreservedly devoted to his Master's use. But how frequently is this enrolled in our creed, and contradicted in our practice! How often, alas! we bring our possessions to lay them at the Saviour's feet, when, like Ananias and Sapphira, we are keeping back part of the price!

Have you ever felt, dear reader, the happiness which springs from a loving and beneficent spirit? Can you sympathize with Henry Martyn, who, after carrying some grapes to allay the feverish thirst of a dying sailor, exclaimed, "How great the pleasure of doing good, even to the bodies of men!" . . . . .

Then you will gladly seize every opportunity of usefulness that you meet with. You will strive to help others as much as you can. You will be desirous to add fresh jewels to the Redeemer's crown; and to succour those poor and suffering disciples of his, about whom he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

What, then, are you doing for Jesus? DOING. Yes, true compassion does not end in words or terminate in feeling, but it leads to prompt and bounteous deeds. If you see a brother or sister naked, and destitute of daily food, you will not merely say to them, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," but you will give them those things which are needful. You will assist them, as well as pray for them.

There was a poor Christian man, who depended for support upon his daily labour. His wife became ill, and not being able to pay for a nurse, he was obliged to stay at home to attend to her, and was thus deprived of his weekly earnings. Having a wealthy neighbour near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay so soon as his wife was sufficiently recovered for him to return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbour's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers. As he waited, he heard the father praying very earnestly that God would feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourned. The prayer concluded, the poor man made known his business, and promised to pay with the proceeds of his first labours. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, for he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he had no doubt that somebody else would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he had left the house, the farmer's little boy went to him and said, "Father, didn't you pray just now that God would feed the hungry, and take care of the poor?"

"Yes; why?"

"Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer."

The boy's father called back his suffering neighbour, and gave him as much as he needed.

Now, are your prayers *practical* prayers, dear reader? Is your charity that which expresses itself in kind actions as well as in kind wishes? Do you love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth? Are you asking—earnestly asking—from day to day, "Lord, what wilt thou have me *to do?*"

Do you reply, "Oh, it is so little that I can do for Jesus! With such poor abilities, and such limited means, I can never hope to be of much use in the world?"

Well, you are not asked to do some great thing; you are asked only to do what you can. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

A labourer was returning home from his work. He stooped and picked up a stone that lay in the way of passing wheels, and cast it out of the road. That stone might have been struck by somebody's wheel, to the discomfort of the traveller, and perhaps the injury of his vehicle. It was kind and thoughtful in the man to remove it.

Now, are there not some stones that *you* might pick up in the world; some stumbling-blocks in the way of duty that you ought to remove out of a brother's road; some impediment to peace and joy that you could take away from the home of a sorrowful neighbour? There is a young friend of yours, perhaps, who is hindered from becoming a Christian by some mistaken ideas which he has conceived respecting the way of salvation, or the doctrines of the gospel; is it not possible that you might,

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if you were to try, change those wrong conceptions of his, and clear his pathway to the cross? Or there is a timid believer who worships in the same sanctuary with you, whose peace of mind is often disturbed by the apprehension of trouble, or the fear of death; could not you, by telling of God's faithfulness, and encouraging him or her to trust more simply to Jesus, help such a one to get rid of these distressing thoughts?

Never mind how small the stone is which annoys your fellow-pilgrim; if you can push it out of the way, be sure to stop and do so. Think not the time or trouble misspent which makes his journey pleasanter to him in future, although you may even wonder to yourself that he should ever have fretted his spirit over such a trifle. Troubles, after all, are as they are felt; so that difficulties which appear very minute to one person, may look much greater to another. Besides, the tiniest pebble that gets into your shoe may cause considerable irritation, especially if you have to walk far with it.

"A lady of middle age, and by no means deficient in understanding," writes a venerable clergyman, "once consulted me on a strange subject;—she doubted whether women had souls. Her distress affected me; I saw and pitied poor human nature in its ruins. Most of her friends smiled at this conceit, and regarded it as too absurd for grave examination. But it *troubled*—which the scratch of a pin may do, no less than a violent blow. I went to the Bible at once, and produced eighteen direct proofs. There was an end of her difficulty, and her mind regained its peace." How wise and considerate was that minister's conduct! He did not think it beneath him to pick up so diminutive a stone as this, but gladly attempted to displace the object of her annoyance. He felt with the apostle, that those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves (Rom. xv. 1). If you will follow him, as he thus followed Christ, you will find plenty of opportunities for usefulness in this vexed and discomforted world of ours; plenty of stones which you may gather out of rough and troublous paths.

Every one may, if they choose, do something for Jesus—something to make others better and happier. A traveller in Asia Minor, in a time of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shed by the road side for the refreshment of weary travellers. A man in the neighbourhood was in the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, and filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He had no motive to do this but a kind regard for the comfort of thirsty travellers, for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money. His was true benevolence.

Could not you sometimes refresh the mentally weary and heavy laden ones around you, by speaking to them "a word in season?" Good news is as reviving to the harassed or desponding spirit as cold water to a thirsty soul. And with the gospel of the grace of God and the sweet promises of a Saviour's love in your possession, can you ever be in want of glad tidings for the sorrowful? A kind remark, or even a sympathizing look, may cheer some drooping spirit, and renew its failing strength. It is related of Dr. Doddridge that he was one day walking much depressed, his heart desolate within him. But passing an open cottage door, he heard a childish voice reading these words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." The effect upon his mind, he says, was indescribable; it was like life from the dead. Is there no troubled Christian near you, dear reader, into whose listening ear you might pour some invigorating promise, and send him on his way with his countenance no more sad?

It is very evident that great talents or great resources are not the indispensable adjuncts of great usefulness. The humblest Christian may be one of the most successful labourers for Christ. God often blesses the simplest instrumentalities to the conversion of sinners and the instruction of his own people. "One word," said a pious man to a friend, "was the means of my conversion." "What word was it?" "It was the word ETERNITY. A young Christian friend who was anxious for my salvation, came up to me at a meeting, and, with great solemnity and tenderness, simply whispered 'Eternity' in my ear. That word made me think, and I found no peace till I came to the cross."

And it is said to have been a single remark of Charles Simeon's, in regard to the blessings which had resulted from the labours of Dr. Carey in India, that first arrested the attention of Henry Martyn to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought; and a perusal of the Life of Brainerd fixed him in his resolution to give himself to his Redeemer, in the service of preaching the gospel to the heathen.

A youthful minister, now a missionary, was once at the close of a funeral service sitting next to a young lady who was apparently altogether careless about religion. He inquired of the stranger if she were a Christian. She replied, "No, I am not." Deeply interested in her spiritual welfare, he again asked, "*Why not?*" That question was the arrow of conviction to her heart. "A still small voice" in her thoughtful moments repeated, with startling earnestness, "*Why not?*" She had thought that there might be reasons for her becoming a Christian; what reasons there were for her continuing *impenitent* she had never considered. She gave herself up a "living sacrifice" to her Saviour, and is now telling in a foreign land the story of his love.

Oh, if young Christians were but faithful in *little things* to their Redeemer and Lord, how many stars might they add to his crown!

Dear reader, what are you doing for Jesus? For *Jesus*. Yes, it is in his service and for his glory that you are asked to labour. How sweet the thought, and how animating the motive, "I am working for my Saviour!" A missionary sister in Armenia, in writing about one of their female converts, says: "—— has undertaken to teach about forty children gratuitously in

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her own house, besides supplying them with books to some extent. In addition to this, she is very active in going about doing good. She is one of the five who have engaged to help us in going from house to house, and out into the byways and hedges to compel them to come in. I said to her, 'Perhaps you will not be able to undertake this; you have your school, and other duties to attend to.' She replied, '*It is for Jesus;* I can do it; I have nobody but Jesus to live for. I have no children, and my husband does not hinder me. I want to do it for Jesus.' And her face glowed, and her eyes suffused with tears, at the mention of that beloved name."*

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"PAST FEELING."

EPH. iv. 19.

MARKS OF RELIGIOUS INSENSIBILITY.

The Entire Pre-occupancy of the Mind by Feelings purely Secular.—If a field is covered with briers and thorns, we may look in vain for the blossoms that will ripen into fruit; and thus, if a man's heart is filled with worldly thoughts and aspirings, it becomes poor and most unpromising soil for the introduction of the spiritual seed-grain. The farmer might as well sow his seed by the way-side, where the fowls of the air would devour it up, or in stony places, where there is not much earth, or amid overmastering thorns, as for the spiritual husbandman to scatter broadcast the word of the kingdom among a people who are all absorbed with the interests and objects of this present world. As often as he retires from his labours will he be constrained, with the prophet, to exclaim, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" His people are preoccupied with other matters, the schemings and workings of trade, the show and masquerade of life, and the fret and weariness of a realized or *disappointed* ambition. Much toiling for mere worldly advancement, much popularity, much intercourse in the usages of fashionable society, or much time devoted to the refinements of a soft and luxurious life, do steel the heart against all religious impressions, and leave it totally estranged from God. They come and thrust themselves between a man's soul and the realities unseen; they drop like a veil over the faint outlines of the invisible world and hide it from his eyes. They ring too loudly in his ear, and throw too strong an attraction over his heart, to suffer him either to apprehend or *feel* the spiritual embassies of peace and love. Any ruling worldly affection—be it a love of display, a love of money, or a love of fame—becomes a source of powerful temptation, and a primal cause of serious deterioration of character. It soon stifles the voice of conscience; and when that divine monitor is laid to sleep, to preach is as powerless as to prophesy over the bones of Ezekiel's vision. The world has eaten its way into the soul, and the ruling passion, whatever it is, so predominates over all the emotions and affections, and so draws the whole mind to itself, as to make the man a helpless victim to his besetting sin, and impervious to all the gospel appeals to a spiritual life. It may be said of him, it may be said of *you*, my fellow-men, if this is *your* portraiture, that you are "past feeling, dark monuments of a mind hopelessly abandoned to its idols."

Does not the apostle's view harmonize with this, when, speaking of the greed of gain, he says, "But they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition? For the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

The Absence of Feeling at Particular Periods in a Man's Life.—There are special seasons in every one's history which favour his introduction into the kingdom of God—blessed epochs, when religious feeling would seem to be the most natural and the most inevitable thing in his experience. Sorrow, of whatever kind, is doubtless an original consequence of sin; but under the gracious and redemptive economy, it is a means of discipline and growth in grace. To the impenitent and such as will not obey the truth, it is still, as ever, a dark mystery: to the contrite and obedient, it is as the refiner's fire and the fuller's soap, purging out the imperfections of a fallen nature. To such, "all things work together for good." To them, every providence has a meaning and a voice. To them, all events and all changes, the open volumes of Nature and Revelation, the Sabbath and the Sacrament, stand in the relation of teachers uttering great words of wisdom and counsel. No less instructive is the voice of providential bereavement. When pain searches into the body or the spirit, when the objects of our earthly love are severed from our embrace, we often feel as though God were speaking to us with peculiar emphasis, awakening deep and tender responses in the heart. When his hand is upon us, we hear with a quickened sense, and obey with a readier will. Hence, many can say with the psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I learned thy statutes;" or with Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee." Suffering in its effects will be either for good or evil, and if it do not sanctify and win, it will harden and alienate. And when we see you passing through scenes of personal trial, through the furnace of affliction, through bodily suffering, with the hand of God heavy upon you, and you still unmoved, your heart like the burned and barren heath, we do fear lest that which was designed as a savour of life shall prove only a savour of death unto death. Some of you *have* suffered, but you have not learned obedience by the things which

* From "Life's Morning:" London, Religious Tract Society.

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you have suffered. You have seen your earthly hopes crumbling to dust and ashes before your eyes, and yet you have turned with a more clinging fondness to the world. You have gone from the chamber of sickness, or the house of mourning, or the burial of a friend, only to mingle in the great strife for gain. And when the affliction has come nearer home, and the shadows have deepened in your own dwelling, and a child or a beloved companion has been the victim, how speedily have you emerged from the depression, and cast off fear, and restrained prayer! You were not moved by the lighter trial, and then came the sharper and the heavier. You were not affected by the *ordinary* means of grace, and then God sent the *extraordinary;* and if under this latter dispensation of suffering you remain hardened and impenitent, surely you must be "past feeling," and we can only weep and regret that that which was designed as a blessing should prove only a curse.

The Absence of Restraint in Pursuing a Life of Sin.—We live in a world of warnings and restraints. They gather around us from our earliest childhood,—in a mother's prayers, in a father's counsels, in the clustering and blessed influence of the Sabbath-school, the sanctuary, the pulpit, and in all the sacred rites of our holy religion. They are heard and felt in the alarm-bells of conscience, in the voice of Providence, and in the foreshadowings of eternal retribution. These restraints are not easily broken. They hold us at anchorage, and keep us from drifting out into a dark and unknown sea. They are worn as amulets, to charm away from us the spirits of evil, and not until we divest ourselves of their potent influence can we go to great lengths in sin. Even those far advanced in a career of wrong-doing will feel their power drawing them back from the verge of peril and perdition.

Now and then you see a man apparently divested of all restraint, and he "sins as it were with a cart rope." The hallowed memories of home, the dying echoes of a mother's prayers, the tender reminiscences of earlier days, stir no tumult in his heart and awaken no earnest longings to return to a better life. He seems spell-bound, perfectly infatuated by the sorceress of evil; and just at this point Infidelity often comes in to mingle her drugs in the Circean cup, and the work of ruin is consummated. To reason with him, is to attempt to reason with the fool, who "says in his heart There is no God." He is "past feeling, given over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness."

Lest, my hearers, you should feel that you are not at all included in this description, inasmuch as your outer life is moral and free from the grosser forms of vice, permit me to say, that crime, in the estimation of God, is not confined to specific deeds of villany, such as debauch and degrade humanity. According to the Scriptural standard, impenitence is a crime; unbelief is a crime; neglect of prayer is a crime; ingratitude is a crime; indifference to the claims of the gospel is a crime; and if you can commit these high offences without remorse and without restraint, it shows that the process of moral hardening is very far advanced. If you can retire from the sanctuary without emotion, after a powerful appeal from the word of God; if you can go away from a communion season unaffected by its touching and irresistible eloquence, you carry with you manifest proofs of the profoundest moral insensibility. You see a manly form prostrate and powerless—the pulse still, the eye sunken and closed, the ear deaf to the calls of affection, and you do not hesitate to affirm that the insensibility of death is there. To the eye of spiritual discernment there are certain signs which indicate the more dreadful insensibility of moral death.

This religious insensibility is not natural, but the result of a gradual and hardening process.—Nature has made us full of tenderness, with hearts susceptible to the impressions of truth. You have not always been as you now are—thus cold, thus indifferent. Time was when your emotions were easily stirred; when a mother's tender appeal touched you; when you could weep under an affecting discourse; when you could not turn away from the communion-table without a struggle to keep down feeling and hide the tear just starting to the eye. But these blossoms never ripened into fruit. The spring-time was full of freshness and promise; but "the summer is ended, and the harvest is past, and you are not saved." The process of moral hardening is slow, oftentimes insensible. Little by little the insensibility creeps on, marked by no great changes,—much as the dimness of the natural sight, which must reach to an advanced point before it is detected to be more than a passing film. The mind has been impressed from time to time, and you have suffered the impression to wear away; and this constant annealing and cooling process has changed the nature of the original material, and left the heart unchangeably hard—*hard as a nether millstone.* Oh, what a change from the warm and sensitive nature of youth!—a change wrought by your own voluntary rejection of urgent and repeated calls; by saying to God's messenger of mercy, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee;" by doing what you are now doing,—postponing the settlement of moral issues to an uncertain future. Will you now pause and bring this whole matter to a summary and speedy conclusion?—*S. D. Burchard, D.D.*

BORDERERS.

Let us look in on a Sabbath evening at the family group round Mr. Burton's tea-table. The light falls on smiling, happy faces, and we hear the sound of cheerful conversation. Here is none of the gloomy moroseness which some modern writers have so eloquently depicted. *These* young people, at all events, will have no dismal associations with the Sabbaths of their early days.

"Anne has given us all her news of the class," said Mrs. Burton, "but we have had nothing yet from you, George. Have you nothing to tell us?"

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"The lesson was very interesting to-night, mother, and I have been thinking about it since I came home. It was about the young ruler who came to Jesus, and then went away sorrowful. It does seem so sad, almost hard, to think of his going away after all,— after having come so far and done so much."

"*Hard*, George!" said his father; "whose fault was it?"

"Oh, I know that very well! still I always grudge to think of it. He was such a well-behaved young man, he had kept the commandments so well; and then he seemed so in earnest, *running* to meet Jesus,—and he believed so much."

"Ah, my boy! belief alone will not do; faith without works is dead. Had his faith been of the right sort, he would have been ready to obey Christ at any cost, and to give up all at his word. But the story is a very sad and striking one, and teaches us how no *half measures* will do in religion,—how Christ must have the whole heart. I am sure Mr. Carmichael would tell you this."

"Oh, yes! and he showed us how the chief faults of the young ruler were self-righteousness, and want of a right sense of sin, and of decision of character. He did speak very solemnly, and then said just at the end, in his off-hand way, 'Boys, for your own sakes, even if it were but for this world, be open and manly on the Lord's side. Remember Amalek smote the hindermost, and *borderers* have a troubled life of it, in times of war.' We all looked and gaped, but he did not stop to explain, only said, 'Let us pray.' So I thought I would ask you when we came home. What did he mean about Amalek?"

"Anne, you shall read it for us, here."

"Remember what Amalek did unto thee by the way, when ye were come forth out of Egypt; how he met thee by the way, and smote the hindmost of thee, even all that were feeble behind thee, when thou wast faint and weary; and he feared not God" (Deut. xxv. 17, 18).

"You see we are here told that Amalek smote the hindmost, those that had fallen behind the rest. And I suppose Mr. Carmichael, in referring to this, meant to teach you that those who lag behind in the Christian army, who have not courage to keep the ranks and boldly to face the enemy in front, are always in danger of being surprised and taken captive in the rear. Satan easily gets hold of these loiterers. Our best way with *him*, as with many other foes, is just to show a bold face, to be decided, as Mr. Carmichael said, for our own sakes, if for nothing else. I have heard a good sermon on this passage in Deuteronomy, taking this view of it."

"I never noticed these verses before, father, but I see the meaning now. Then what about the *borderers?*

"Surely you know what borderers means, George?—those who live on the borders of a country, or rather between two countries, on the confines of both."

"Oh!" said Anne, "I have been reading about them just now, in the History of Scotland."

"Yes, those were the borderers between our own country and England. Do you remember the old ruin, Anne, close to Uncle Robert's farm in Roxburghshire?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed George, "the old castle! I know it well,—and the other one, two miles off, which the people used to come and sketch."

"The border countries of Scotland are full of these old buildings, sometimes called castles, sometimes towers or *keeps*. What is the difference, Anne, between a castle and a common house?"

"It is bigger."

"No, Anne," said her brother, with some importance, "it is *fortified*, a place of defence."

"Well! what times those must have been, and what a state of the country, when so many places of defence were needed! Most of them have dark, dismal dungeons, where the prisoners taken in war were confined; and every one has its own wild legends of siege and battle, fire and sword."

"I am sure," observed Mrs. Burton, "I never passed those old ruins without shuddering to think of the poor wives and mothers who must have once lived within them. If the men had a troubled life, what must the women's have been?"

"Oh," said George, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him, "I see now what Mr. Carmichael meant about the borderers! He was thinking of those not decided in religion, halting between two opinions."

"Just so, my boy; he referred to the two kingdoms which can never be united, and are always at war,—the kingdom of this world, and the kingdom of Christ. Those who live *between them* are much to be pitied. The times have not improved yet for *these* borderers. They are never safe, never at rest. They can neither enjoy the peace which Jesus gives, nor yet be satisfied with the false peace of Satan. They are restless and uneasy, even in quiet days; and when the "cry at midnight" comes, what alarm! what trepidation! It is strange, indeed, that men should willingly remain in a situation like this. I have been in it myself, and know what I am speaking of. Oh, my children, for your own sakes, for the sake of happiness even in this world only, be open, be decided on the side of Jesus! Take your stand at once, and show your colours; you will much sooner get over the worst of the conflict. Men will know at once what they have to expect from you; worldly companions will soon get tired of ridiculing and opposing, they will leave you to your choice, and the people of God will come forward with support and welcome. And the Lord himself has said, 'Them that honour me, I will honour.'"

"Father," said George, "I will never be a borderer."

"It is time then to inquire what you are *now*, my son. But beware of self-confidence. Who was it that said, 'Though all men should be offended, yet will not I. I am ready to go with thee, both unto prison and to death?'"

George looked down, and was silent.

"Yes," said his father, "we have need to keep ever

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sensible of our own weakness, and readiness to fall. While we say, in humble earnestness, 'As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord,' we must never forget to pray, 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' Now let us read together, before we pray, the last chapter of the book of Joshua, that noble servant of God who followed the Lord fully in early life, and could say at its close, that not one good thing had failed of all that He had promised. And may God give you grace to follow his example of faith and devotedness." H. L. L.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

FOUNDED CHIEFLY ON REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL INDIA.

PART IV.—ANIMALS.

SCORPIONS.

"Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water."—DEUT. viii. 15.

"The ascent of Akrabbim" (*i. e.* of scorpions).—NUM. xxxiv. 4; JOSHUA xv. 3; JUDGES i. 36.

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power. . . . . And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. . . . . And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt men five months."—REV. ix. 3, 5, 6, 10.

THERE are other passages of Scripture in which scorpions are spoken of, but we shall limit ourselves to these. The first points out that the chosen habitat of the scorpion is a wilderness among drought, and its appropriate companion the fiery serpent. The ascent of Akrabbim, or of Scorpions, if we may judge from its situation, to the south-west of the Dead Sea, must have been a bare and arid ridge, on the very margin of the desert. The mission garden at Nagpore was situated on the acclivity of a rocky and generally arid hill, not unlike what we may suppose Akrabbim to have been; and in a little uncultivated corner of it, where the round nodules of trap that had rolled down from the hill were allowed to lie, scorpions used to lurk under the stones, just as beetles and other insects are wont to do in this country. When some labourers were engaged to dig for antiquities in a similar locality about 20 miles south of Nagpore, they had to take the utmost care not to be stung by the scorpions, which they were frequently turning up. It is worthy of remark, too, that around the excavation on nearly every side was low thorny brushwood, of a kind obviously well fitted to afford cover to serpents. Though scorpions are frequently found in houses, especially when driven in by long-continued stormy weather, yet localities like those described above are really their proper haunts, so that a naturalist would almost venture to depict the ascent of Akrabbim with no other guide to assist him than its name.

The structure of the scorpion and the effects of its sting are also very truthfully depicted in the pages of holy writ. Kitto, in his "Physical History of Palestine," classes scorpions with serpents,—probably to avoid multiplying subdivisions, for so well-informed a writer could not have mistaken its real place. It is, in fact, a spider, with which it agrees in the essential character of having eight legs. The chief modifications of the ordinary spider form are in the lobster-like claw so apparent among the organs of the mouth, and the long tail, terminated by a conspicuous poison bag and sting. Thus, in Revelation ix. 10, we read of the apocalyptic locusts: "And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails." When irritated, the animals we have been attempting to describe curl up the hinder part of their bodies, and then dart their sting at the aggressor, much as one might throw a javelin. So, at verse 5, it is said, "And their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he STRIKETH a man." Again, no better word could have been selected than TORMENT. You will see in the East, boys naturally of firm character, and who would think little of the sting of one of our bees or wasps, copiously shedding tears, and even writhing in pain, when stung by a scorpion. In no instance, however, that met our observation, did fatal consequences ensue. In the case of a brother missionary's infant daughter, we were under great apprehensions; but, after she had exhausted all her strength in crying, she was got asleep, and before next morning had to a great extent recovered. When adults were the sufferers, and no remedies were used, the pain generally continued about twenty-four hours; but various appliances were known for cutting this lengthened period short. The following method was found very successful: Supposing the wound was in the hand, first a bandage was bound tightly around the arm, to prevent the poison from passing up into the body, which in ordinary circumstances it would very speedily have done. Next, the minute wound being enlarged with the point of a penknife, a drop of chloroform was placed upon it. The bandage might now be removed, the passage of the poison upward being completely arrested. As the first drop evaporated, another and another was supplied. The pain now slowly descended, becoming, we were told, if anything, more and more intense, as the part affected gradually diminished in extent. At the end of twenty-five minutes, nothing remained in the hand but a sensation of great heat. How accurately do the passages in Revelation describe the effects of the poison! Ver. 3: "And unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power." Ver. 5: "And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months." Ver. 6: "And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." Writhing in agony under the scorpion stings, they shall wish death would come and relieve them from their sufferings; but the injury they have sustained not being really mortal, they shall call on death in vain. It would lead us too far from our immediate subject to inquire into the fulfilment of this striking prophecy. We shall therefore conclude with the simple remark, that while the judgments threatened under the first and second woe-trumpets in many respects resemble each other, there are also important differences; and, in general, wherever this is the case, the second is the severer infliction. Thus, while the first called from beneath flights of locusts,—insects whose heads, as is well known, approach in form to those of horses,—the second let loose actual war-steeds with their riders. While the locusts were armed with scorpion stings, it is said of the horses, "Their tails were like unto serpents, and had heads, and with them they do

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hurt." Finally, in strict proportion to the relative power for evil possessed by the natural weapons used, the scorpion stings did not kill, but only wounded, and that for a limited period of time; while it was the mission of the serpent-fangs, envenomed, and as if they darted forth sulphureous fire, "to slay the third part of men."

THE SPIDERS OF SCRIPTURE.

"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."—PROV. XXX. 28.

The spider is three times mentioned in Scripture. In two of the places this is done in connection with webs, and therefore the rendering is in all likelihood correct. In the third passage—that prefixed to these remarks—the word is not the ordinary Hebrew one for spider; and the ancient versions, and Bochart, and subsequent modern writers, direct us for the animal we are in quest of to the reptile class. It is not without reason that they do this; indeed, there would probably be a unanimous concurrence among residents in the East as to the precise species meant. To answer the description in the text it must be small and feeble, but nevertheless possess some surprising power of "taking hold with its hands." It must, moreover, with a certain successful audacity, manage to fix its abode "in kings' palaces." The gecko-lizards of the East in all respects answer to this description. They are the smallest specimens of the order we have ever seen. Like other members of the reptile class, their organs of locomotion have a certain resemblance to the human hand. These are, besides, furnished with broad conspicuous flaps or suckers, enabling them to exhaust the air; geckos have consequently the power, like the domestic fly, of walking along perpendicular walls or up and down panes of glass. It was on account of the ease with which they could perform this feat, that Agur, the inspired writer of the chapter, classed them with those animals which, though "little upon earth," are yet "exceeding wise." Next, regarding the localities they inhabit. When the two British engineers of the Cagliari were confined in the Neapolitan prison, they regarded it as no slight addition to the repulsiveness of their cell that flat reptiles ran up and down the walls. One acquainted with the East can scarce repress a smile on coming to this item in their complaint, for the geckos are perfectly harmless; there is no bungalow in the East where they may not frequently be seen running up the walls or the glass; and if we were to search over the palaces of the 200 kings that still remain after all our annexations in India, there is probably not one in which we should not find the little animal which Agur noticed "taking hold with its hands."

BEES.

"And the Amorites, which dwelt in that mountain, came out against you, and chased you, as bees do, and destroyed you in Seir, even unto Hormah."—DEUT. I. 44.

"They compassed me about like bees."—PS. CXVIII. 12.

There is a bee in India, at once more irritable in temper, armed more formidably, and living together in larger societies, than the wild bees we find in this country. Europeans who have been on the upper part of the Nerbudda speak of a place where the river runs with rapidity between white marble rocks, the summits of which are said to be quite a metropolis of these troublesome insects. A story is current through Central India of two officers, who, having provoked the bees, if I remember rightly, by the firing of a musket, were attacked, and compelled to immerse the greater part of their bodies in the water. In adopting this mode of defence, they had miscalculated the strength of the current, which swept them away, and they were drowned. Once when visiting some old Boodhist temples at a place called Mookhtagherry, north of Ellichpore, wishing to remain a longer time at the interesting spot, I proposed that our food should be prepared where we were, instead of some distance off at our camp; but was told, by a European gentleman with me, the smoke of any fire that might be kindled would be apt to bring down the bees. That this supposition was not so wild as it might seem, will be evident from an incident which occurred some years ago in the west of India. A missionary party having visited the island of Salsette, adjacent to Bombay, the bees furiously assaulted first Professor Henderson, and afterwards, when Dr. Wilson ran to the assistance of his friend, the doctor himself, inflicting such injuries that both gentlemen were laid up for some time; indeed, Dr. Wilson believes that the untoward occurrence of that day was one remote cause of the lamented Professor's death. It is important to note that Dr. Wilson identified the species of bee which attacked him with one he had seen during his travels in Palestine. We should not omit to state, that all the Indian localities now mentioned are rocky and precipitous; and it is perhaps in allusion to the nature of the fastness from which they sallied forth, no less than to the fury of their assault, that we read in one of the passages prefixed to this paragraph, "And the Amorites which dwelt in that MOUNTAIN came out against you, and chased you as bees do, and destroyed you even unto Hormah." The propheteess who stirred up Israel against the host of Sisera was named Deborah, signifying "a bee,"—evidently with prophetic reference to the slaughter she was to inflict on the enemies of God; and, like the apparently harmless, but really formidable little animal after which she was called, she dwelt, we are told, in MOUNT EPHRAIM.

HORNETS.

"And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee."—EXOD. XXIII. 28.

"Moreover, the Lord thy God will send the hornet among them, until they that are left, and hide themselves from thee, be destroyed."—DEUT. VII. 20.

"And I sent the hornet before you, which drave them out from before you, even the two kings of the Amorites; but not with thy sword, nor with thy bow."—JOSHUA XXIV. 12.

The ancient versions agree in rendering the Hebrew word in these three verses, a hornet or wasp. A very common solitary wasp in India, builds a long mud nest among books in our libraries and such like places, storing up for its future progeny bundles of green caterpillars, stung half dead, and, therefore, not putrefying as they would if they had actually expired. With its solitary habits, however, it never could become troublesome. Social wasps, of which the hornet is one, and which alone exist in numbers enough to be formidable, really obtrude themselves much less than we should expect on the public notice in the East. In these circumstances, is there not, to say the least, a possibility that the hornet of Scripture may be nothing but another name for the bee found in the mountains of Palestine and India? in which case one could well conceive of the Canaanitish tribes, troubled beyond measure by the abundance of these insects in their vicinity, and by no means dead to the charms of a nomad life, adopting the extreme measure of seeking new settlements in a more peaceful land. R. H.

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OLD MILES.

One has met now and then with characters as distinct from all that surround them as those lichen-covered boulders which are scattered over our hills and valleys. They seem to belong to a race separate from the people among whom their lot is cast; they speak a different language; their mental structure differs, even as on the clayey or shallow alluvial you find the close-grained granite. They are separate bearers of testimony, as if citizens of another country; strange, and little understood, yet not unwelcome guests. For if Wordsworth's peasant rejoiced with reason over his rocky domain, because of the sweet pieces which such boulders nurtured, such men are of great worth, as keeping alive the freshness of the moral soil around them, and as bearing witness of that higher region from whence they deduced their peculiar qualities of heart and mind.

Such a one was old Miles. He lived and died in a northern border-town. He was only a poor working man in the days of health, and when sickness came, he was in no way distinguished from other receivers of daily alms, except by those peculiar gifts of mind and soul, which draw others within the sphere of their influence. From a heavenly source come both the talent and the opportunities for its exercise.

I know not what early training had given such uncommon force to his powers of thought, such keen discernment, such deep tenderness, even taste, to his nature; but one thing was very evident,—that the whole had passed through the strange, untraceable, yet not less real process of regenerating grace. There, in his poor chamber, supported by pillows on his bed, or propped up painfully in a so-called easy chair, he occupied for years a position of honourable distinction among his fellow-beings. Few were the rays of natural sunshine which could find their way down the narrow alley, and through the small casement window, yet one could never leave that half-lighted chamber without feeling that life and light were dwellers there. His eye searched out, as if by a glance, the characters of his visitors; and the gift of spiritual discernment enabled him rightly to divide the word of life. Gone, as he now has been for several years, to the higher temple above, he does not regret the service rendered to the souls of fellow-mortals, and to the Saviour of them all, in that lowly Bethel where he was the prisoner of the Lord in his long days and nights of weariness and pain.

Let us recall some of those scenes as they actually occurred.

A young man enters. He is pale, earnest, highly strung. Religion has lately become his all in all. He has made the great sacrifice, and resolved to sell all that he has for the hidden treasure. He has diligently dug after it, and has found many precious grains of the true gold of the sanctuary, that true faith in the Saviour, and desire for the "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." But the work is difficult, and he sits down to count up what he has got, and he begins to think he has done well; that now he may be satisfied with himself,—not, indeed, for his own deservings, but because of the good he has found in the gospel of Christ.

He calls on old Miles. The eye of kindness and truth meets his, and they talk together on their common faith. That quick eye detects the nascent Pharisee. He hears the whisper in that earnest young heart, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." He takes him, as it were into the presence of Jesus. He leads him about with the meek and lowly one, the perfect and only good, the meek and enduring Saviour; shows him tenderly, yet clearly, wherein that perfect walk differs from his own, so faulty in comparison, so earthly in design, so selfish in object. He prepares him thus for the lesson of caution, and sends him home with the watchword—"Be not high-minded, but fear;"—the disciple must be like his Master, meek and lowly in heart.

At another time, the low-roofed chamber receives another visitor. He, too, is young. There is an expression of wistful inquiry, of timid self-distrust. Why did he come there? Not to boast himself of anything good. He knows full well that there is no good thing in him. Rather, he hopes that the experienced Christian may be able to help a trembling, sinking spirit. Of him it might have been said, as of the disciples tossed on the stormy lake of Gennesaret, "And it was dark, and Jesus had not yet come to them." The old man reads the character before him. Does he lecture him on the weakness of his faith, on the certainty of the promise, not felt, not rested on, yet seen "afar off," and tremblingly embraced? Not so. He asks him to pray—to pray audibly for him. He leads the fearful soul to the mercy-seat on behalf of another, a suffering brother; and there he learns to trust the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer, for himself. "That young man went away," said Miles, "much happier in mind. That young man will do very well."

There was another, and very different scene. A beautiful young lady is with Miles; she was often there. Bright in all that is blooming and winning for this world, she has caught sight of a better glory, and she longs to bend her course thitherward. She has not much to say about heavenly things, but she can sympathize, and she can sing. Old Miles sees how good it is for her to be exercised in the ministry of kindness. "Who knows (he thinks) to what extent of good it may lead in the (he hopes) long life opening before her; so young to choose the better part; so lovely to adorn it; so full of life and energy to carry out its mission upon earth?" And so he uses the endowment which has been bestowed. He asks no sermonizing, no vocal expression of prayer, no premature declaration of her young faith; but encourages her work of sympathy and kindness; shows her plainly that her visits do him "good;" thanks her for her pleasant gift of sunshine across his dark chamber, and asks her to sing to him. He was far out of hearing of the glad voices of the birds, of the soothing tones of the brook, of the wave-like murmurings of the forest-trees; and he had an ear refined in that best school of taste, the religion of Christ, wherein God's children learn that the beautiful in nature is the work of Him who first created, then redeemed the world. Accordingly she used many a day to sing to him. That was her ministry. "She has been here again," he used to say, "singing to me; and she is very like an angel." Did not that young lady draw encouragement there to go on, and to be, through life, a help to the sorrowful, a cheerer to the desolate?

Another visit, not by one this time, always two, a mother and child. The child says little beyond the simple repeating of some hymn, but the old man sees in that thoughtful young face meanings in harmony with that sublime declaration, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength." They met then, the aged and the child, as children of one Father in heaven. They have met now in their

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Father's house above. Nor did Miles forget, when the two came no more as one to visit him, to recall to the sorrowful parent the teaching of the child. As if he read and understood her great need of such a lesson, he said, "You told me once that she said, when she had been in a fault, 'I've not forgot to pray, but I've forgot to watch.' Ah! that has been a watchword to me ever since." And is it not a word for all? Easy, in comparison, to read, to talk, to sing, even to pray,—how hard it is "to watch!"

The nights were very sleepless and wearisome, and latterly poor old Miles needed constant attendance during their dark and slow hours; and in this he was comforted by a companion who found it joy to break the silence with words of Scripture, and with talk with him about the country to which the aged pilgrim was bound. They used to turn food into lessons of divine provision, and refreshing fruits into symbols of that "true vine" beneath whose shadow he loved to "abide."

Thus, in pruning the too-redundant branch, or binding up the drooping one, or shedding drops of encouragement on the opening flower, or looking upward with the first blossom of spring, or moistening the heavy, clay-bound spirit, passed the closing days of this good old man. And I have sometimes thought, how glorious must have been the awakening of that chastened, uneducated, yet deeply-taught mind in the kingdom of intelligence, love, and light. Then would he see the reason why he had been detained so many years in his prison chamber; for what happy ends, though unable to go out and seek them, souls had been brought to him there; and how blessed a thing it is, after many a seed-sowing of pains and tears, to return with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.—*Tract Magazine.*

QUEEN MARIA OF HUNGARY'S SONG.

Composed most probably in 1526, when she was compelled to flee from Buda on account of her adherence to the Reformed doctrine, after the battle of Mohacz; in which her husband and the flower of the Hungarian nobility fell in defending their country against the Turks.

Can I my fate no more withstand,
Nor 'scape the hand
That for my faith would grieve me?
This is my strength, that well I know
In weal or woe
God's love the world must leave me.
God is not far, though hidden now,
He soon shall rise and make them bow
Who of his word bereave me.

Judge as ye will my cause this hour,
Yours is the power,
God bids me strive no longer;
I know what mightiest seems to-day
Shall pass away,
Time than your rule is stronger.
The Eternal Good I rather choose,
And fearless all for this I lose;
God help me thus to conquer!

All has its day, the proverb saith:
This is my faith,
Thou, Christ, wilt be beside me,
And look on all this pain of mine
As were it thine,
When sharpest woes betide me;
Must I then tread this path?—I yield;
World, as thou wilt, God is my shield,
And he will rightly guide me!

Lyra Germanica.

"ARE THERE NOT TWELVE HOURS IN THE DAY?"

Such was once the reply of a Christian friend, to whom I regretted my want of leisure for some duty of benevolence which he wished me to undertake. "I think," he said, "you might surely manage to accomplish it. 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?'"

The answer impressed me at the time, and I have often thought of it since. I had been accustomed to regard this expression of our Lord in a somewhat different light—to consider it as reminding us of the *shortness* of our earthly day. My friend wished me rather to feel its *length*—the day long enough for every duty which the Master calls us to perform.

"Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Yes; the time, though limited, has yet had space enough for much more work, of the highest kind, than we have ever filled it with. Must not the conscience of every Christian bear witness to this? While thankfully acknowledging, to the praise of divine grace, that we are not what once we were, must not each still sorrowfully confess that we are not what we might have been—that we have not "done what we could?" We *might* have lived far more to the glory of God and the good of our fellow-men—we might have learned more from Christ ourselves, and taught more to others—we might have accomplished more in every department, whether in the labour or the warfare of faith. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Ah, how feebly and imperfectly have we acted out this blessed rule! Lost opportunities, duties neglected, privileges only half improved—how long and sad the catalogue which memory recalls in reviewing such a stage of our earthly journey as has just ended to us all! And we must confess that the fault has been our own. The Lord did not fail in *his* engagements. He gave us "twelve hours in the day."

But though to be humbled is good, there is never benefit in despondency. Let us stop short at the boundary-line between them. Let not regrets for the past make us forgetful of the hopes and claims of the future. We are spared to enter upon a new period of probation, let us seek grace now to improve it to the uttermost. "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Yes; and to the diligent, literally speaking, more than twelve. Let us jealously watch against whatever would shorten the precious number—against the useless sleep, useless visiting, useless reading, the numberless trifles

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and day-dreams which have already robbed us of so much of our treasure. Let us lay out what remains to the best advantage. He who wisely trades with his talents may even double them. Much may be done, by the help of God, to retrieve lost ground, to repair past mistakes, to make up arrears; while yet at the end the most faithful can only say, "We are unprofitable servants, we have done (so far) that which was our duty to do."

"The night cometh"—the working-day of time will soon be over. And surely, when its evening shadows begin to close around, the prospect of the "rest that remaineth," although received by all as the free gift of a Saviour's love, must be felt *most sweet* by those who shall then indeed "rest from their labours," and whose "works will follow them."

I have done at length with dreaming!
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, earnest victory!
Wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn?

O how many a glorious record
Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done, instead of doubted,
Had I warred, instead of wept!

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee!
Thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toil of the present
Overarch the crumbled past.

Build thy great acts high and higher,
Build them on the conquered sod,
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God!

B.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

WHAT a glow of family heartiness runs through the New Testament! Instead of stiff souls always either dressed for the public eye, or shut up in solitude, you have brothers, sisters, friends, lovers, who cling to each other by mutual attraction, and between whom the common talk often runs on their conversion, their conflicts, and their glorious foretaste of eternal joy. In writing to them, the apostles are manifestly addressing persons to whom one great event has occurred, the surpassing interest of which keeps it in continual remembrance. Once they were foolish, dark, wicked; carried away by evil passions, without God, and without hope. But a wonderful change has passed upon them—a deliverance from the power of darkness, and a translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son; a change as if from being aliens to be of the household of God; as from darkness to light, as from life to death. To this great salvation, accomplished for and in them, the allusions made by their apostolic teachers are so free, incidental, and frequent, as clearly to show that it was a theme of unreserved and joyful thanksgiving and wonder in their communications with one another. The dignity of the apostolic office does not prevent frank and touching allusions to personal conversion and to previous character, as also to present attainments; and on the other hand, even the babe in Christ is one whose happy experience is matter of open congratulation: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you, for his name's sake."

Some defend a plain departure from scriptural religion, by openly questioning the utility of Christian fellowship. One writer of note is so bold as to say, that the spiritual experience of believers is "better never spoken about." Though this sentiment is completely alien to the spirit of both Old and New Testament piety, it is the natural fruit of the constitution of too many of our Protestant churches. In them the social element of religion has been wofully overlooked. Provision is made for doctrine, for prayers, for breaking of bread; but none for fellowship. A Christian may be a member of a church, and yet walk all his way alone, no one knowing or caring to know of his conflicts or his joys. If he is tempted, he may stand; if overcome, he may get restored; if happy, he may hide his peace among his secrets, and ask no one to rejoice with him; if he had lost his pearl, and has found it again, he may be silent, for his neighbours are not wont to be called together to take share in another's cares and joys. There is something fearfully chilling in a state of things, of which this is too fair a description. Religion is a life to be lived in fellowship; a conflict to be sustained, not singly, but in bands; a redemption, of which we are to impart the joy; a hope, an anticipation, of which the comforts are to be gladly told to those who "fear the Lord." We once heard a contrite inquirer after spiritual comfort say, "It is ten years since I was received a member of such a church, and during all that time no one has ever said a word to me about my soul." And this is the case with tens of thousands who are members of churches which provide only for public instruction and ordinances, not for the social fellowship of saints. It is a mournful example of the effect of overlooking any one of the essential features of vital Christianity, and a fair comment on the ungenial notion that religious experience had better never been spoken about.

How would the Psalms be altered, could we reconstruct them on the principle that all about the state of the soul, its joys, sorrows, temptations, wanderings, and deliverances, had better be kept in prudent reserve from the knowledge of our brethren! How would the apostolic letters lose in dignity, tenderness, and power, as well as in instruction, could this frigid law of isolation once stiffen them!

If we turn from Religion in her own person, as viewed in Holy Writ, to look at a reflection of her in one of the best mirrors, the "Pilgrim's Progress," how would Bunyan have handled pilgrims who would stiffly or prudently close up their bosom? A Christian, a Faithful, a Hopeful, who had nothing to say "one to another,"

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as they travelled on, respecting the beginning of God's work in their heart, their escapes, solaces, temptations, and slips; a Christiana, a Mercy, a Great-Heart, an Honest, a Ready-to-Halt, who would interchange no experience; holy damsels and genial Gaiuses who would have no questions to ask on such matters—would be a set of people whom Bunyan would not know, and whom, we suspect, he would castigate with good will. Indeed, he has given such some cutting stripes, as it is, in the person of Mr. Talkative, who, though fluent on doctrines and such points, was very reserved on experimental religion. Faithful, wishing to know how he was to bring him to a point, said to Christian, "What would you have me to do?"

"Why, go to him, and enter into some serious discourse on the power of religion; and ask him plainly, when he has approved of it (for that he will), whether this thing be set up in his heart, house, or conversation?"

Faithful, having described how a work of grace "discovers itself when it is in the heart of a man," puts the plain question, "Do you experience this first part of the description of it?"

Talkative at first began to blush, but, recovering himself, thus replied:—"You come now to experience to conscience, and God; and to appeal to him for justification of what is spoken. This kind of discourse I did not expect; nor am I disposed to give an answer to such questions: because I count not myself bound thereto, unless you take upon you to be a catechizer; and though you should do so, yet I may refuse to make you my judge." How many professedly religious men, who think themselves very different people from Mr. Talkative, and in many respects are so, would, nevertheless, feel much as he did, if any Faithful came as abruptly close home on the question of personal experience!—*Rev. William Arthur.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXV.—PARABLES OF THE TARES, THE MUSTARD SEED, AND THE LEAVEN.

MATT. xiii. 24–43.

Parable of the Tares.—Ver. 24, and 37, 38. What is meant here by the kingdom of heaven? Who is represented by the sower? Who are meant by "the good seed?" What is represented by the field? To whom does the field belong? What does he desire to see growing over all that field? Does Christ sow the seed in person? By whom does he sow it? Whose work should all Christ's servants feel that they are doing? Is it not fitted greatly to encourage all who are trying to labour for Christ, that they are working in *his* field, sowing that seed which he delights to see flourishing? May not the young take part in this blessed work?

Ver. 25 and 38. What was done in the field after it had been sown? For what purpose was this done? Does not this give us a hideous picture of the spirit of selfishness, malignity, and revenge? Is the thing ever done literally? [Dr. Thomson says, "It must have been done in the time of our Saviour; but I have never found a person in Palestine who had either known or heard of such an act." We do not, however, need to go so far as Palestine for instances. Mr. Alford mentions that a field belonging to him in Leicestershire was maliciously sown, a few years ago, with *charlock* over the wheat.] Who is represented by "the enemy?" and who by "the tares?" Whenever Christ is bringing real believers into the Church, what will the devil be trying to do? And, generally, wherever saving good is resulting from the labours of Christ's servants, what is the devil sure to be plotting? At what time were the tares sown? ["While men slept." This implies that the work of Satan is carried on quietly,—"in the night, as it were, when men cannot see the mischief-maker or his deeds, but can only tell that the mischief is done from the results."] What should be our spirit and attitude, seeing the devil is so cunning and malignant? 1 Peter v. 8.

Ver. 26. Could the difference between the tares and the wheat be perceived at first? When did the tares "appear," or "become apparent?" ["When the tares have *headed out*, a child cannot mistake them for wheat or barley; but when both are less developed, the closest scrutiny will often fail to detect them. Even the farmers, who in this country generally weed their fields, do not attempt to separate the one from the other. They would not only mistake good grain for them, but very commonly the roots of the two are so entertwined that it is impossible to separate them without plucking up both. Both, therefore, must be left to grow together until the time of the harvest."—*Land and Book.*] What are represented by the tares in the same field as the wheat? [Persons not really Christians in the Church along with believers.] Give an instance in Christ's own time. John xvii. 12. Give an instance in the Apostolic Church. Acts v. Is it, then, enough to belong even to the purest church on earth? The purer the church, what will Satan be the more eager to do? What is the true evidence of real Christianity?

Ver. 27. Who are represented by "the servants of the householder?" [Ministers and others.] What feelings on their part do their questions imply? [Disappointment, surprise, grief, that it should be so. It is sadly distressing to the servants of Christ to see so good a work thus marred and injured.]

Ver. 28. What were the servants eager to do? Do you remember an instance of this among the apostles? Luke ix. 54.

Ver. 29. Is it allowed to the servants to attempt a complete separation of good and bad in the Church? Why is it not? [Mark here a proof of the extreme tenderness of Christ's care for his people. Rather than that any of his own should through mistake be cast out of the visible Church, he allows many a pretender to remain in her communion.] Does this mean that all and sundry should be allowed the privileges of the Church? [Other passages show that this is not to be. *Open* and *scandalous sinners* are to be cast out. See 1 Cor. v. 7.)

Ver. 30, 39–42. What does "the harvest" denote? Who are meant by the reapers? Who will give directions as to the proceedings of the day of judgment? What section of men shall be first disposed of? By what two terms are they denoted? Ver. 41. Who are meant by "all that offend?" [Rather, all that cause offence,—seducers, perverters of

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others.] What shall their fate be? Why were the tares *burned*? [To prevent the seed from sowing itself again, and thus obviate the reproduction of evil.] What is the end of the wicked? Heb. vi. 8. The destruction that will come on them will prevent them from spreading sin; hell is a place where sin is at last to be shut up, confined as in a prison, and prevented from spreading.]

Ver. 43. What will happen in the case of the righteous? [They shall shine forth in glory, like the sun after being hid by a cloud.] Is the true lustre and glory of the righteous seen clearly in this life? Mention some points of resemblance between the righteous (hereafter) and the sun.

Parable of the Mustard Seed.—[In the parable of the sower, Christ had shown that much of the seed sown by his servants is unproductive; next, in the parable of the tares, that even the portion that is productive is often marred by the introduction of the enemy's seed. He now proceeds to show that, notwithstanding these drawbacks, his kingdom is a growing and advancing one.]

Ver. 31, 32. What is meant by "the least of all seeds?" [Not the least in existence, but the smallest which the gardener was accustomed to sow.] And by "the greatest among herbs?" [Larger than any other herb in the garden. Dr. Thomson says, "I have seen wild mustard as tall as the horse and his rider.] What is taught here regarding the history of Christ's kingdom—(1.) As to its *beginnings*? How large was the Church of Jerusalem at first? Acts i. 15. (2.) As to its progress and final glory? What should this teach us not to despise? Zech. iv. 10. What is meant by "the day of small things?" What encouragement do we find here to labour for Christ, even though we can do but little? [Our little, like the mustard seed—a single word, text, or counsel—may, if owned and blessed by God, lead to the greatest and most wonderful results.]

Parable of the Leaven.—Ver. 33. [This parable resembles the last, as illustrating the progress and final completeness of Christ's Church; but while the former shows chiefly how Christ's *visible* kingdom advances, this illustrates the unseen, silent progress of the Christian *spirit*.] What is leaven? How does it work? What is denoted by the whole lump? [Either (1.) The *whole nature* of every believer: Christ's Spirit must at last pervade soul, body, spirit, temper, speech, life, habits, everything; or (2.) The whole human family,—ultimately all men, in all their capacities, relations, and duties, shall be guided by the Spirit of Christ. How glorious the consummation!] In what words of the Lord's Prayer do we pray for this?

DOCTRINE.—Believers make progress in holiness.

Ps. lxxxiv. Prov. iv. Rom. vi. 2 Cor. iii. Eph. iv. Heb. xii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM CXXI. (No. VII.)

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

Who wrote this psalm? [No name is given; it must have been some holy man taught by the Holy Ghost. This and some others are thought to have been sung by the Jews on their way to the feasts at Jerusalem.] What does the Psalmist say he will do? What hills are meant? [Probably those on which Jerusalem and the temple were built.] Can you tell me the names of any of them? [Moriah, Zion, Mount of Olives.]

What does the Psalmist say was to come from the hills? Could *they* help him? Jer. iii. 23. What does he mean then? [This is either intended to be a question, answered in the next verse, or else he means that the holy temple and city were emblems of the presence and power of God.]

When do we need help? Is it very often in this world? Do not little children need it very much? Can we do much to help one another? Should we be always ready to do so? But can we always get help from each other? [No; the dearest parent or friend may not be able to help us out of trouble, or they may be far away from us, &c.] Ps. lx. 11; cxlvi. 3. What must a true helper be? [Able and willing.] When little Moses was in the ark, if a crocodile had got hold of him, could his little sister have helped him? Why not, since she loved him so well? When Absalom was hanging by his hair in the oak, could Joab have helped him? Why did he not?

But who does the Psalmist say will really help him? Was this the best help? Is the Lord always able to help his children? Jer. xxxii. 27. Gen. xvii. 1. Is he always willing? Ps. lv. 22. 1 Peter v. 7. Why then are they sometimes left in sorrow and trial? [To correct them for sin, and to make them more holy and happy in the end.]

What great work of God is spoken of here? Ps. xxxiii. 6. Heb. xi. 3. How long is it since this world was made as it is now? [About 6000 years.] How long are we told God took in making it? What did he do on the seventh day? What kind of world was it then? Gen. i. 31. Why is it not very good now? Is this world always to last as it is? 2 Pet. iii. 10. What should this teach us? 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12, 14.

What is meant by God making heaven? Gen. i. 14–18. Are the sun, moon, and stars, only shining spots in the sky? [Explain here as much as a child can comprehend about the size and nature of the heavenly bodies.] Can we count the stars? Does God know them all? Ps. cxlvii. 4.

What comfort was it to the Psalmist to think of God having made heaven and earth? [It made him feel how great the *power* of his God must be, and how able he was to help him.] May a real Christian feel the same now? Ps. cxlvi. 5, 6. Will God help the young and feeble? Is. xl. 29.

> "I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
> From whence doth come mine aid;
> My safety cometh from the Lord,
> Who heaven and earth hath made."

Precept.—Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. Ps. cxlvi. 3.

Promise.—They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. Ps. cxxv. 1.

Prayer.—O God, our Father in heaven, thou knowest how weak thy poor children are, and how much we need thy help. We need thee to pardon our sin, and to give us grace to strive against it. We need thee to give us new hearts, so that we may love and obey all thy commandments. We need thee to help and comfort us in all our sorrows and trials.

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O do thou help us indeed, and teach us to put our trust in thee. We thank thee for all the kind friends and helpers thou hast given us; but we would desire to love and trust in thee more than in any earthly friend. Forgive our sins, and bless us, for our Saviour's sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi. 1.

Do you know the meaning of *a siege*? It is when an army of soldiers come to a town or castle, and place themselves round it, so as to let no one go out or in. The enemies outside are called the besiegers, the soldiers in the town are the garrison. The besiegers try either to take the place *by storm*, that is, by a sudden attack, or to shut it up till the people within are obliged to yield for want of food. If the garrison are brave men, and have provisions enough, they may be able to defend themselves a long time, till some friendly army can come and drive away the besiegers. So it was with our brave countrymen lately, in the Indian war, at the siege of Lucknow, of which I daresay some of you have heard. And at the siege of Sebastopol, in the Crimea, the Russian garrison defended themselves so well, that it was many months before we took the city. But in every siege many sad things happen, and there is often great suffering, especially among the peaceable men, women, and children, who are shut up along with the garrison.

In the year 1683, we read in history that there was a famous siege of Vienna, the capital of Austria. Vienna is a large fine city, built in a plain, with high mountains beyond. It was besieged by a great army of Turks, who at that time were often making war with the nations of Europe. They were Mohammedans, and hated the Christians. When it was known that they were near Vienna, the emperor of Austria fled from the city, and the poor people in it were left in sad fear and distress. The only person they thought likely to save them was the king of Poland, John Sobieski, and they sent entreating him to come to their help. He was a very brave man; you must read more about him when you are older.

It was July when the siege began, and many a sad week followed to the poor Viennese. I hope many of them would cry to the Lord himself for help, but still they were always hoping for their earthly deliverer.

They knew that Sobieski would come to them over the northern mountains, and day after day they lifted their eyes to the hills from whence their help was to come. They would rise early, and watch for the first morning light, in the hope of seeing the Polish army on the mountains. I suppose the words of the psalm were never more exactly fulfilled.

At last September came, and by that time the poor besieged people were so worn out, that they felt they must very soon yield to their cruel, unbelieving enemies. But on the morning of the 11th September, when some weary watchers looked out from the ramparts to the mountain of the Kalemberg—oh, delightful sight!—the first rays of the rising sun flashed back from something bright on its side, and they knew this to be the lances and armour of the brave Poles, marching down to deliver them. That very day Sobieski fought a bloody battle, defeated the Turks, and set Vienna free.

Think what the people would feel, and how they would thank and bless their deliverer. But the story may make us remember a greater danger and a greater Saviour—He who came down from heaven itself to suffer and die, that poor sinners might be set free from the bondage of sin and Satan. He was God as well as man, so that we can truly say, "Our help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." Let us lift up our hearts to him every day, and tell him all that we need. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

II.—THE INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN.

WHO are these?

First, GOD IS THERE. It is his palace; "*I dwell*," he says, "*in the high and holy place!*" (Isaiah lvii. 15). Indeed, he is everywhere—he moves about the starry universe as he walked in the garden of Eden in the cool of the day. But heaven is his throne—his residence. Jesus teaches us to pray, "Our Father which *art in heaven!*" and in John xiv. 2, he calls heaven "*My Father's house.*"

Think, dear children, of living in God's palace,—in the PALACE OF JEHOVAH! Moses thought it a high honour to have but a glimpse of his glory, and to hear him proclaimed to be what he is. What must it be, then, to *stand in his presence!*

Again, JESUS IS THERE.

Dear children, have you never longed to see him?—to see him, not as the people of Palestine saw him, "a man of sorrows," in a robe dusty with travel; but as Peter and John saw him on the mount, where his face shone like the sun, and his garments were white and glistening; or as Mary and the other women saw him after he was raised from the dead, when he said to them, "All hail!" and they kissed his blessed feet; or as he is at this moment, KING OF KINGS, "the altogether lovely one"—with "many crowns" on his head! Oh, to see him face to face!—to see the goodness, the grace, the majesty of his countenance!—to press the very hand which has the scar of the nail in it!—to look at the very temples which were torn with the cruel thorns!—to hear him speak!—to be led by him to fountains of living waters!—to follow him whithersoever he goeth: *This is heaven*—and this is what all in heaven enjoy!

Again, THE HOLY ANGELS ARE THERE.

Of course, we have never seen an angel; but many people have, and they have told us how bright and beautiful they are. They are different creatures to us: they have never been children: God made them just as they are, to be his messengers, and to do his pleasure: And he sends them forth on errands of love to this world. He could easily make them visible to us if he chose, for they are frequently on earth in our streets and houses and churches, but he does not—and it is best.

But, dear children, we shall be acquainted with them in heaven. We shall see them—"*ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands*" (Rev. v. 11),—bright as flames of fire, in snow-white robes, with golden harps in their hands! And they seem to love those for whom Jesus died, and to have them in great honour, and to forget, as Christ

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himself does, that they were once rebels, "alienated in their minds by wicked works."

Again, all the SAINTS OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT ARE THERE.

We are apt to forget this—at any rate, we do not *realize* that any day we may be called to join "*the general assembly and church of the firstborn*"—"*the spirits of just men made perfect*" (Heb. xii. 23). I am serious in saying that *you*, dear children, have walked and talked with those who are *now walking and talking* with our first parents, Adam and Eve—with Abraham, who saw the smoke "of the cities of the plain going up like the smoke of a furnace"—with Joseph, who told Pharaoh his dreams—with Moses, who marched through the Red Sea on dry ground—with David, who slew Goliath of Gath—with Solomon, who wrote the Book of Proverbs—with Daniel, who spent a whole night unharmed in a den of lions!

A few years more, and you and I—I trust, will have conversed at our leisure with John the Baptist, Christ's great forerunner—with Mary, his highly-favoured mother—with the disciple who leaned on his bosom at supper—with Lazarus, at whose grave he "wept!" We *hear* now of the patriarchs—the prophets,—the apostles,—but soon we shall have *seen* them, and be praising God with them!

Again, all the GOOD AND GREAT OF THE LAST EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS ARE GATHERED THERE.

You have read of the Roman martyrs, who would rather be torn to pieces by wild beasts than deny Christ. You have read of the Waldenses, who lived with the wild goats in the rugged rocks that they might "keep the faith." You have read of Rogers and Ridley, and Latimer and Bradford, who were burned alive here in England, because they would hold fast to the Bible. You have read of Martin Luther, the great light of the sixteenth century—of good Dr. Watts, whose hymns are the first we learn at our mother's knee, and the last we shall sing on our deathbeds,—of Whitfield, whose trumpet voice stirred up the sleeping churches a hundred years ago,—of Heber, Martyn, Carey, Williams, and Judson, the devoted missionaries,—of Hannah More and William Cowper,—of Howard, the friend of the prisoner, and Wilberforce, the friend of the slave,—of Romaine, and Cecil, and Legh Richmond, and the long array of such like "whose praise" is still "in the churches."—You have read of these and others, and have you ever thought whilst reading of them, that they are all in heaven, waiting till the morning of the resurrection gives them back the bodies which they wore out or laid down in Christ's service?

Once more, many of our BELOVED RELATIVES AND FRIENDS ARE THERE.

There "conversation was in heaven" whilst they were on earth: "They declared plainly that they sought" that new and better home: They said, *they would be glad to stay with us a while longer, if it pleased God*, but, *if otherwise, they were willing to go:* And, one by one, they "were not, for God took" them! And now we speak of them as dead; and, indeed, their "outward man has decayed," and we have buried it out of our sight, but "*I heard a voice from heaven saying, write,* BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD!" BLESSED, for they have done with death now! BLESSED, for they have done with sin now! BLESSED, for they rest from their labours! BLESSED, for they are present with the Lord! Yes, dear children, they are as truly in heaven to-day as they were here in England any day you remember! And they are far happier than we are. They used to listen to sermons about Jesus, but now they are WITH HIM. They used to talk about the "many mansions," but now they are in them! They used to go with us to the house of God, and kneel by our side, and sing from the same book with us, but now they are before the throne singing, "*Glory! Glory! Glory!*" Oh yes, there they are—fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters! There they are really enjoying all that I have endeavoured to describe,—all the delights of the NEW JERUSALEM! There they are often thinking about us, we may be sure, wondering what we are doing, and when we shall be announced as in sight of the glittering battlements,—expecting us every hour—ready to give us *such* embraces, and to tell us *such* wonders!

"They shall not return to us"—who would ask them?—*but we shall go to them.*

And now, dear children, shall I not entreat you to *secure admission* to this new and better home and its pure and glorious society? Does it need entreaty? Is it possible for any one of you to turn your backs on it, and make light of it, and choose rather the pleasures of sin for a season? Alas! that it should be so,—but so it is! Many young people think nothing about it until it is too late!—They say, "*by-and-by—by-and-by*—a little more sleep, a little more slumber!"—but, meanwhile, their sun goes down, and when they awake, the DOOR IS SHUT!

O let it not be so with you! It is the all-important thing, therefore "seek it *first*." Whatever you lose, do not lose HEAVEN. Whatever you do not get, see that you get the "RIGHT *to the tree of life, and to enter in through the gates into the city.*"—*Rev. James Bolton.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—UNTEMPERED MORTAR.

IT is surprising to see how quickly houses which no man inhabiteth become heaps, as Job has it (Job xv. 28); and Solomon noticed the same thing. "By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through" (Eccl. x. 18). The roof of any of these huts, forsaken or neglected through idleness, will "drop through" in a single winter, and then the unprotected walls *wash down* by the rain, and speedily become mere shapeless "heaps." The cause is easily explained. The roof is made by heaping a thick stratum of earth over the brush, thorns, and cane which are laid on the beams to receive it. This earth, if not constantly *rolled*, or carefully plastered so as to shed the rain, absorbs it, until the weight breaks the beams, and then the whole mass drops through, bursting out the feeble walls, which now have nothing to bind them together. The mortar used is without lime, and, when thoroughly saturated by the rain, becomes as slippery as soap, and thus the whole fabric tumbles into a dismal ruin. Indeed, such frail houses often fall suddenly during great storms, and crush the inhabitants to death. This is particularly the case where there is much snow, and the people cannot properly roll their terraces.

It was such facts as these, perhaps, that suggested to Ezekiel the terms of that terrible rebuke to the prophets of

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Israel: "Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace; and one built a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar: say unto them that daub it with untempered mortar, *that it shall fall:* there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it" (Ezek. xiii. 10–16).

Yes, these are the very agencies by which the Lord now overthrows in a night whole villages thus built with untempered mortar. "So will I break down the wall that ye have daubed with untempered mortar, and bring it down to the ground, so that the foundation thereof shall be discovered, and it shall fall, *and ye shall be consumed in the midst thereof.*" A calamity this of very frequent occurrence. I have known many such during my residence in this land; and this whole passage is so graphic and true to experience, that the prophet, beyond a doubt, drew the picture from scenes with which he was personally familiar. This Samakh which we are approaching is a striking specimen of walls built and daubed with such mortar, and not a few of the houses threaten to crush their inhabitants beneath their ruins. It is at present the only inhabited village in this fertile delta formed by the lake, the Jordan, and the Jermuk, and it probably marks the site of the ancient Hippos. One or two of the houses, and the *menzûl* for strangers, are partly built of cut stone which belonged to the old city, but the remainder are made of small *cobble-stones* from the shore and *untempered* mortar, loosely laid up, and daubed on the outside with the same.—*Land and the Book.*

II.—"WHOM THEY HAVE PIERCED."

MEN in our day have told us that one great reason why the Jews are not converted is, that we do not sufficiently exhibit the Lord Jesus to them in his exaltation and glory. But what a refutation of all such assertions is here! When they are converted, they shall look on him, says the Spirit, as pierced, as abased and crucified.

Others have said, that if we want to prize the Lord Jesus more, we must think of him more as enthroned in heaven. And we may get this good out of what these men say—to take care lest we overlook his majesty and greatness. But we must not suffer men to mislead us. If we want life for our perishing souls, if we wish to have our hard hearts really broken to pieces, it is on the cross, not on his throne, that we must contemplate our Lord. Then took they Jesus and bound him; they stripped and scourged him; when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on his head; they smote him with their hands; they spat on him; they gave him gall for his meat, and in his thirst they gave him vinegar to drink. Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost. Oh! there is more in such simple words as these to touch our hearts, if we love our Master, than there would be in all the blaze of heaven's glory. It is a blessed thing to look on the Lord Jesus in any character or in any condition: there comes virtue out of him to do us good; but the contrite sinner finds it best for him to look on him as his pierced Saviour, his bleeding and dying Lord. And he himself loves best to be thus looked on. No emblem of his greatness did he leave behind him, no sign of his majesty and power, but his broken body, his poured out blood: "Never forget them," he says. "Here is bread and wine to remind you of them. Do this in remembrance of me."—*Rev. C. Bradley.*

III.—A MEMBER OF A CHOIR.

"MARY is dying, and wishes to see you immediately," said one of my parishioners, as I entered his dwelling one delightful May morning. The earth was beautiful with returning life, and the air vocal with the sweet melody of birds.

There was nothing that looked like death in the world without, for the winter was over and gone, and nature was crowding the spring with preparations for a glad and glorious summer. Yet death had come to our little hamlet, and was claiming one of my flock, whom I was unwilling to spare. Mary, whose sweet voice so often had thrilled me in the songs of the sanctuary, the light and the life of that pleasant home embosomed among the green hills, was about to leave us, never to return.

Hastily summoned to her bedside, I followed the weeping father to the room where his darling child was struggling with disease. Alas, it was too true! I saw at once that the golden bowl was breaking, and that the silver cord would soon be loosed. O what a change had come over that young and beautiful form during a few sad days! I scarcely knew her, so worn and haggard. But the eye had not lost its brightness, nor the voice its sweetness, though the bloom had fled from the cheek, and the ruddy lip was swollen and rough.

In a tone that startled every one in the room, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. B——, I am dying, and what will become of my soul?" I took her cold and clammy hand, and pointed her to Jesus the Saviour of sinners—in words few and simple, opened to her the way of salvation. She heard me with fixed attention, throwing her whole soul into her searching gaze. "Oh," said she, in reply, "these things and the eternal world are so dark to me."

I prayed with her, commending her to the grace and mercy of God, and soon she sunk into unconsciousness, and I saw her no more. But those words will long be remembered.

Mary was the child of pious parents, and was instructed in the truth, but her heart was wild and wayward, and she put far from her all serious things. She intended to be a Christian *some time,* but death came suddenly, and she found herself all unprepared. Thick darkness gathered around her soul, and she seemed plunging into an eternal night. How awful, when light is most needed, to be in the midst of gloom so thick and dark!

The fearfulness of such a condition is self-imposed.

My dear friend, art thou without Christ in this dying world? O come to him now, lest darkness steal over thy soul, and the hopes of this life perish in the despair of a wretched eternity.

IV.—ANGER DEFERRED.

THE best practical specific for the treatment of anger against persons is, to "defer it." Its nature presses for instant vengeance, and the appetite should be starved. A wise man may indeed experience the heat, but he will do nothing till he cools again. When your clothes outside are on fire, you wrap yourself in a blanket, if you can, and so smother the flame: in like manner, when your heart within has caught the fire of anger, your first business is to get the flame extinguished. Thereafter you will be in a bet-

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ter position to form a righteous judgment, and follow a safe course.

"To pass over a transgression" is a man's "glory." This is like the doctrine of Jesus, but not like the manners of the world. It is a note in unison with the sermon on the mount, and at variance therefore with most of our modern codes of honour. It has often been remarked that the Bible proves itself divine by the knowledge of man which it displays; but perhaps its opposition to the main currents of a human heart is as clear a mark of its heavenly origin as its discovery of what these currents are. The vessel which moves up the strong stream of men's desires does not get from that stream its motive impulse. The breath of Heaven gives it direction and urges it on. The best law on that subject which springs on earth makes it a man's glory to obtain satisfaction, and counts it his disgrace to pass an injury unavenged. We may discover here how little civilization by itself can do for man. The rule regarding injuries which prevailed throughout Europe in the generation now passing away coincides precisely with the sentiment of savage tribes. The principle of the duel reigned so imperiously till of late, in military and semi-military circles, that the man who dared to pass over an injury was, by a very vulgar species of persecution, driven from his post and his profession. This sentiment, which happily is passing away in our day, neither marked the Christian nor made the gentleman. The same sentiment prevailed among the Highland clans of Scotland before the Bible reached their hearts, or roads led soldiers and sheriffs to their fastnesses. The most savage communities and the most refined stood, in the matter of the duel, nearly on the same level, and both were opposed alike to Scripture and Reason. "Looking unto Jesus" is, after all, the grand specific for anger in both its aspects, as a sin and as a suffering. Its dangerous and tormenting fire, when it is kindled in a human breast, may be extinguished best by letting in upon it the love wherewith he loved us. Let Faith arise and make haste and open the doors of an angry heart to the compassions which flow in Christ crucified: the incipient tumult will be quenched like a spark beneath a flowing stream. If you abide in him, sinful anger will be kept or cast out, and that which remains, being like his own, will neither trouble you nor hurt a brother.—*Arnot.*

V.—"HOW LONG, YE SIMPLE?"

"The simple pass on, and are punished." Although the saved are not their own saviours, the lost are their own destroyers. The reason why they perish is declared by Him who knows their hearts: "Ye will not come unto me." A man is passing on in the way which he has chosen. He is eating and drinking, and making merry. Guilt is on his conscience, but he feels not its fiery bite; wrath is treasured over him, but he fears not its final outpouring. The open door of mercy abuts upon his downward path, but he heeds it not: he passes on—he passes by it. As he passes, a voice falls upon his ear; it is the voice of God's own Son conjuring him with strong crying and tears to turn and live. Startled for a moment by the sound, he pauses and looks; but seeing nothing that takes his fancy, he passes on again. Again a voice behind him cries, in tones which show that life and death eternal are turning on their hinge, "Repent, lest you perish! why will you die?" He stops and looks behind. It is a fit of seriousness, but it soon goes off. He heard a sound; but it must have been an echo in the mountains, or a call to some wanderer who has lost his way. Stopping his ears, and shutting his eyes, he passed on. Deaf to warnings from above, and blind to beacons reared before him, he still passes on, until, at a moment when he counts his footing firmest, he stumbles over the brink of life, and falls into the hands of the living God! This fall, the Bible tells us, "is a fearful thing." Fear it now, and flee, ye who are passing on through life in your sin, and without a Saviour. Surely it should be plain to any rational being, that though a man may live without God in the world, he cannot escape from God when he dies. Do those who are passing on with their backs to Christ, and their hearts full of vain shows, know where life's boundary-line lies, or what awaits themselves beyond it? Why will men pass on, if they are on such a path that another step may be perdition?

If the simple is punished at last, it is because, in spite of a beseeching, weeping Saviour, he "passed on" through the day of grace, and fell upon the day of judgment.—*Ibid.*

VI.—CHRIST THE LORD OF THE SABBATH.

Amid all the dust and din of the present conflict about the Sabbath, one thing stands out clear—if the Sabbath had only human authority to rest upon, it would be destroyed. The Author and Giver of this blessed rest knew the dangers to which it would be exposed, and provided for its safety accordingly. At the same place of Scripture (Mark ii. 27, 28) where we learn that the Sabbath was made for man, we learn also that Jesus is Lord of the Sabbath. The Sabbath is made for man's benefit, but it is not given over to man's will. If you have a large fortune, and an only little loved child, love will make you leave the fortune for the child; but wisdom will not permit you to give the fortune to the child. Poor simple, silly thing! the first sharper who passed would snatch it from his hands. You look for some one wise, and good, and great. You constitute him the guardian of your infant's inheritance. You place the treasure under the guardian's authority, but for behoof of the child.

The Sabbath was made for man. It is a precious legacy from the Maker of heaven and earth. But men are foolish and short-sighted, like infants. Witness how cheaply they barter the boon away to swindlers! Our Father in heaven, although he made it for our use, *because* he made it for our use, has not placed it in our power. Christ has been constituted its Lord. He maintains it for our good. If we had it in our own power, it would soon be taken from us. In his hands, it is in safe keeping. For that blessed privilege let us lean on his authority, and appeal to his word. So shall we retain our Sabbaths. Greater is he that is for us than all that be against us. God our Saviour is the legal guardian of the treasure; and "will a man rob God?" The enemy cannot wrench the title-deeds from the custody of our Trustee. The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath.

But he may, in judgment, permit it to be taken from us, if we do not use it well. This, after all, is the one real cause of fear. If the day is left empty, the enemy will come in and possess it; but if we fill it with the business of eternity, the business of time will be kept out. If we keep the day for Christ, he will keep the day for us and for our children.

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THE RECOVERED WRECK.

MANY vessels were studding the blue waters of the Firth of Clyde, on a day of cloudless sunshine in early spring.

The smaller craft spread out their snowy wings to the light breeze, and pursued their devious but independent way; whilst those of heavier burden, with furled sails, submitted for a time to the guidance and assistance of sturdy little steamers, which took the outward-bound so far on their way, and brought those coming into port swiftly and securely into the haven where they would be. Amongst the latter was one which attracted all eyes and engaged all sympathies. No fair majestic ship was she, returning from a prosperous voyage with rich cargo and home-anticipating crew. She was a poor, battered, storm-wrecked hulk; her bulwarks clean gone, shattered stumps where her masts had been, and her painted sides splintered and defaced.

But one short fortnight before, she had sailed from the port she was now entering, richly laden and bound for a distant land; but encountering a fierce gale in the Channel, she was dismasted and water-logged, and at length abandoned by her crew. Some of these having reached the south of Ireland in safety, telegraphed the news of her fate to the ship's owners in Greenock, and of the point where she was when they left her. Several considerations induced her owners to make an effort to recover the lost vessel. Her cargo was timber—thus she was likely to float some time; she was a new vessel, and were she recovered, her injuries might probably be so repaired as to fit her for future use; and then a floating hulk, drifting hither and thither at the mercy of the wind and waves, was fraught with peril to other vessels, to whom she might prove as dangerous as an unbeaconed rock, or unchartered reef. So a steamer was despatched without delay to seek for the abandoned ship, having only as guide in the search a note of the latitude and longitude in which she had last been seen. Once the steamer went and returned in vain; but on a second trip, her mission was successful, and she was now returning in triumph bringing the wreck with her—and the gay flags streaming from her rigging, and the loud cheers from the other vessels in harbour, and from spectators who lined the wharfs, testified to she joy called forth by the fact—that "the lost had been found."

As I watched her being slowly drawn into port, and observed the glad and eager interest in the faces of the onlookers, I thought of other wrecks and castaways on life's great ocean, and of the joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

I remembered Him who came forth from the bosom of the Father, to seek and to save that which was lost, and of all the waves and billows that went over His glorious head, before his merciful mission was accomplished.

I thought how every individual of the great company of saved ones, now safely moored in the desired haven, had each been "sought out one by one,"—saved by him from going down into the pit, and kept by him till they entered glory.

I thought, too, of the multitude of those who had destroyed themselves—who, having been laid hold of by his strong and loving hand, and drawn out of a lost and ruined state, are *even now* being piloted through manifold dangers and storms towards the harbour of eternal rest.

How natural it seems that such, knowing from what they have been rescued, and by whom, should have hearts filled with the same spirit, and the same yearnings after the lost! Themselves saved and restored to the Master's service, should they not seek to be sent forth by him in his own work, and, walking in his footsteps, *go after* those that are ready to perish?

Success in this work was "the *joy* that was set before Jesus,"—the *satisfying fruit* of his soul's travail; and those of his disciples who drink most deeply into his spirit, in realizing that he sends them into the world for the same end for which the Father sent him, will not only enter most fully into the joy of their Lord, in the day when he shall say, "Come, good and *faithful* servant," but do, even now, in great measure find themselves made partakers of that joy.

In a peculiar manner, does not such a present reward attend the labours of those societies and missions, whose benevolent exertions are directed towards such poor wrecks and waifs of society as have not only made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience, and destroyed themselves for time and eternity, but who, in the whirlpool of their own ruin, are dragging down those around them, or, lost to every right principle and feeling, are proving rocks of offence and sudden destruction in the way of others?

What a powerful motive to stimulate and encourage in such work of rescue, must be suggested even by this consideration alone—viz., the inestimable amount of evil *prevented* by the removal of stumbling-blocks out of the way—the inestimable amount of good which may result from the transference of an agent of evil to the ranks of those "who are valiant for the truth"—the *transformation* of a tool of the devil into an "instrument of righteousness," to be used by the Lord's own hand! In rescuing from evil influences, and bringing under the power of the blessed gospel, one little Ragged-School boy—who may tell the countless germs of possible evil thus crushed in the bud, the endless good which may result, the ever-widening circles of blessing which may

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never cease silently spreading while time endures, and only break in sound at last on the shores of a blissful eternity?

The wretched drunkard, reclaimed from a living death, and brought to sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind; the feet of the penitent Magdalene upheld on slippery places, and guided to a firm standing on *the Rock*—what cause for rejoicing amongst *men* as well as amongst the angels of God, for thus is there one fewer among the zealous servants of the destroyer—one snare and pitfall less on the earth for beguiling and ruining unwary souls!

"Greater is He that is in you than is in the world." So well may all who are on the Lord's side in this work take courage and persevere—not disheartened by repeated failures. No one on this side the grave is *too far* lost for the strong arm of Omnipotence to reach and save, and none are so little lost as to be reached and saved by any other. We are but instruments in that mighty hand, and herein our strength and our hope lies. The work of His hands cannot be so far marred and perverted by sin and Satan, as that it may not by the mighty power of God be remade a vessel fit for his own use; and the precious gifts and talents with which every human soul is in its measure laden, may yet be redeemed from worse than total loss, and laid out in the service and for the glory of Him who formed them at first for himself, that they might show forth his praise.

Go after all wrecked and ruined ones, then, tossing aimless up and down on this stormy life of ours. Seek to bring them into the safe haven, drawn thither by the strong cords of love divine and the bands of human kindness and sympathy. Seek them on their own account, for they are in jeopardy every hour of foundering beyond the reach of help or aid, and perishing for ever in the storm of merited judgment. O seek them, for the souls they have received from their Creator's hand have a value beyond all estimate, and to redeem them from loss cost the precious blood of the Son of God. Seek them, for their powers and talents, now so perverted, so misused, may yet bring in a rich revenue of praise and glory to Him to whom they of right belong; seek them earnestly and unweariedly, for in so doing, even though you may reach and gain only *one*, you know not how many souls may thus be saved from death, nor what an untold multitude of sins may by your loving labours be *prevented*, and so covered.

C.

THE SERAMPORE MISSION.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

The yearly reports sent home by the missionaries speak about the numbers who were, by their means, brought from the power of Satan to God. One of the best proofs of their influence consisted in the admissions made by the heathen themselves, as to the insufficiency and hollowness of their creed; and yet how strongly they still clung to their idols! The most remarkable example of this was in the case of Rammohun Roy, a Brahmin of high birth and high gifts, who, in 1816, boldly attempted to reform Hindooism. He admitted the folly of idolatry, seeing that, according to their own Shastras, their gods were guilty of the most flagrant and the meanest crimes, and he sought to establish the worship of one God. During one of their festivals in Calcutta, he caused chapters to be read from the Vedas inculcating the unity of the Godhead, and hymns to be sung, in which the attributes of this one God were extolled. He was quite willing to enter into controversy with the missionaries, but in doing so, it appeared that, although he professed great admiration for Christ's precepts and example, the doctrine of the cross was a fatal stumbling-block in his way. He was aptly designated a "Socinianized Hindoo, who retained his caste;" for the system of Hindooism permitted great diversity of sentiment, so long as its votaries did not own themselves the disciples of the crucified Saviour. How close the analogy between his case and that of multitudes at home, who pay a kind of vague homage to the name of Jesus, whilst they take offence at the sacrifice of the cross! At the same time there were others of the Brahmins who resolutely opposed all innovation, and strove to maintain the full ascendency of their ancient worship.

At a subsequent period, a heavy blow was dealt against the system of Hindooism by the hand of government. The year 1829 was marked by the abolition of Suttees, to which Carey had first called the notice of the Supreme Council in 1805. Lord William Bentinck was Governor-general, and he had come to India with the fixed resolution of putting an end to the horrid rite. Many of the civil and military officials opposed the prohibition, on the old ground of its being certain to alienate the natives, and of its being an interference with the principle of religious toleration. One trembles to think of the deeds of cruelty that were thus practically defended by the traditionary policy of our rulers,—as if no line could be drawn between permitting the people to believe in their many gods, and allowing them to put thousands of helpless women to the most cruel form of death! Carey had the great gratification of translating the order of government into Bengalee, and of thus seeing the object accomplished on which his heart had been set more than a quarter of a century ago. The order went forth, and the remark was made that, for the first time for two thousand years, "the Ganges flowed unblooded to the sea." The followers of Rammohun Roy thanked Lord Bentinck for this great act of humanity, whilst eight hundred of the orthodox Hindoos, headed by Ram Komul-sen, demanded the restoration of the bloody ceremonial. A society was formed, in order that an appeal might be carried to England—and the natives were excited by inflammatory addresses. The appeal having come duly before the

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Privy Council in 1832, was summarily rejected. The results of the measure were as satisfactory as the principles of it were just and Christian. Several attempts were made to violate the new law. The smoke of the funeral pile did still occasionally ascend from the depths of their jungles, but transgressors, when found out, were summarily punished, and in a few years the practice ceased; so that some of the natives at this day cannot be made to believe that it ever existed. What an encouragement to a Christian government to act in other things in the same spirit,—and what a proof that in doing so, we have less cause to dread the opposition of the natives, than our own unholy and temporizing cowardice!

But we hasten to close this rapid survey. We must refer our readers to the volumes before us for the details of the unhappy controversy which was waged for years between the Serampore missionaries and the committee at home. It is melancholy to think, that Satan could make use of a question arising out of the relation between those missionaries and the society in England, as an occasion of heart-burning and estrangement of sympathy among those, who were at one in their great aim of bringing the heathen to the feet of Christ. Unworthy aspersions were cast on men who had long borne the burden and heat of the day, and who had given extraordinary proofs of self-denial, not merely by their severe and abundant labours, but by expending, as it eventually appeared, on behalf of the mission, an aggregate sum of £80,000, out of means truly their own. These differences appeared after the death of Andrew Fuller in 1815, and were long in being finally healed. He had been the bond of union between the missionaries and British Christians—whilst by his happy elucidation of Bible truth, his high-toned spirituality of character, his admirable sagacity, his heroic interest in the early stages of the missionary enterprise, he had won for himself a high and honourable name. Of these three mighty men of God, the first who followed Fuller to the grave was Ward, he having been suddenly cut off by cholera in 1823. He had come to England to recruit, and after his return gave himself, in addition to his other duties, to the work of female education. He surpassed all his colleagues in knowledge of the native character. The visit of a missionary was then as rare in this country as now it is common. He addressed large assemblages over the kingdom, and yet he declared that one half hour in communion with his God was more precious to him than the applause from a thousand voices at a public meeting. Carey died in 1834. He had been often afraid of surviving his usefulness; but he was permitted to labour on with undiminished intensity of application to the last. No cloud of doubt rested on his spirit as his end drew near. Marshman had been associated with him for thirty-five years, and waited on him when he was about to enter on the joy of his Lord. By his will Carey had ordered the following inscription to appear on his tomb:—

WILLIAM CAREY,

Born August 1761. Died ——.

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

Marshman died in 1837. He also had visited England, and thus did much to keep alive the interest in missions which had been thoroughly awakened. On his deathbed he, like his coadjutors, was blessed with the hope that is full of immortality, often exclaiming, "The precious Saviour! He never leaves nor forsakes." He committed himself, his friends, and the mission to God; and his last audible request to those around him, was whether he could do anything more for the good cause. A few hours after uttering these words, he fell asleep.

The Church of Christ has surely good cause to thank God for three men like these, of whom it was truly said, "that they were all giants." They were providentially brought together to labour in the same field. They had their several excellences, and their whole intercourse was marked by the love that should ever reign among brethren—they were one in heart and life. They drew the first furrow over a rough and unbroken field, and the seed they sowed is now bringing forth fruit an hundred-fold. They were the pioneers of a noble army, and their example must encourage many a soldier of the cross in India, and over the whole world, to fight as they did, and to overcome by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony. It is well to be able to point to men so singularly gifted as these devoting themselves to the missionary enterprize. Had they remained at home, there is no position of learned leisure which they might not easily have reached. The highest scholars of Oxford or Berlin will not grudge them their well-earned literary honours. Their labours in translating the Scriptures form the best reply to the sneer of the worldling, when he speaks of missionaries as well-meaning but half-educated men. At the same time, all these gifts would have been of little avail, if they had not been sanctified by Christ's grace and used in Christ's service. The love of Christ ennobled and directed all. There was a time when God endowed the Church with miraculous gifts, which sparkled like jewels on her brow, and were as a chain of gold about her neck. Still, even when such gifts were in full exercise, Paul told the Corinthians that the greatest of these was *charity*. Love to Christ was the richest endowment of the soul—the Church's best heritage in the days of the apostles. That age of miracles is past—God has taken these supernatural gifts away, and has left us under the ordinary ministration of the Spirit. And if men like the missionaries of Serampore gave proof of such high gifts in a human cause, we must say of their case as Paul said of his—the greatest of these is charity. And we appeal to their labours in word and deed as a most precious illustration of the constraining love of Christ.

Besides, what a light is thrown over the recent history of India by the transactions of these earlier days!

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We have just passed through a terrible crisis, in which the energies of our nation have been strained to the utmost. The torch of war is quenched in India, while it is re-lighted in Europe. Doubtless God has been making us suffer, not only for the sins of yesterday, but for the sins of former generations—such as those of our government in its open opposition to missions and its official patronage of idolatry, at the time when the mission at Serampore was founded. How often our statesmen forget that a nation may thus transmit to posterity a fatal legacy of guilt and ruin! In God's providence, one generation may be passed over, and the brunt of suffering falls on the generation following. When a swollen river overflows its banks, and spreads desolation over the neighbouring plains, its waters acquired their momentum long before reaching that spot; and the havoc that ensues is the result of their gathered fury and strength. So in the history of nations there must be a long catalogue of antecedent crimes, before there could occur disastrous events like those of 1857, which made the stoutest hearts to tremble. Let us pray that God would raise up men, from time to time, like Carey, and Ward, and Marshman, who may save India, not merely from the cruel rage of the heathen, but from the persistency of any of our rulers in the fatal policy of former days. The Indian field is vast enough for every kind of missionary experiment, and for the expenditure of the utmost energy and zeal on the part of all the churches of Christ. Whatever Church may be most largely honoured of God in this work, it can never forget its debt of gratitude to those apostolic men, who now rest from their labours, and whose works follow them. J. N.

ON MAKING OUR WILLS.

Much has been written and said on the subject of making wills, which might with advantage be reiterated. Line upon line is necessary to awaken attention to any duty, and especially if it have no particular attraction.

There are two classes of persons to whom we particularly address our remarks—those in affluent and those in moderate circumstances. In regard to the first, into whose lap God has poured abundance, we have two remarks. The first is, that in regard to the disposition of their property they should cultivate a spirit of liberality while living, and become, as has been well expressed, the executors of their own wills, at least in part, by contributing freely of their superfluity, that they may have the satisfaction during life to see their money rightly and usefully appropriated. This obviates the many painful contingencies by which simple bequests are often defeated and diverted from their intended direction. The best drawn wills are not unfrequently frustrated by the ingenious devices of law; hence it is well that those whose means are ample should, while living, have the satisfaction and certainty of witnessing the right application of their liberal gifts. Such gifts not only escape the perils to which bequests are subject, but they do the spirit of the giver good, and make him happily sensible of his responsibility to God. He cultivates his religious faith and sensibilities while he is directly aiding the cause of religion in general; and more especially, by such liberal contributions he suppresses that hateful and destructive passion for hoarding wealth, which is apt to spring up in every one who has the means of acquisition, and which is the cause of ruin to thousands of souls. Were it necessary to enforce this duty of giving, further, we might remind our readers that it has often happened that persons who flattered themselves that they were preparing to do great things for God and his cause in the final disposition of their property, have, through the avarice created and fostered in their bosoms by long withholding, failed at last in remembering either, and have revealed only the basest selfishness.

The other remark to the rich is, that in their wills they should make some distinct acknowledgment of their kind and affectionate regard for the glory of God and the welfare of suffering brethren. They will do this if they follow our first advice, in fostering generous emotions by giving liberally while they live. By will they must dispose of the rest. How shall they do it? Not by giving *all* to surviving relatives, for this may tend to injure instead of benefiting them. Many young persons have had their energies paralyzed by rich bequests, which rendered personal industry unnecessary; and we have seen the children of professing Christians doomed, in this way, by mistaken parental kindness, to ruined characters, lives of dissipation, and dishonoured graves. Far better had it been for them that they had been left comparatively poor, with a motive to employ their talents diligently. Hence wise and prudent Christians will avoid such wicked and ruinous selfishness, and leave at least a part for God. We do not object to a liberal provision for surviving friends; so far from it, that is on every ground a first duty, and reproach has sometimes been brought on the cause of Christ by its neglect. But we deprecate the idea of forgetting God. How can the Christian account to his own conscience when drawing up a document which refers to his own decease, and to his succeeding interview with his great Judge, if he has no clause in it recognizing his love to God, and God's love to him? He should remember that his will will be read at the judgment day, as well as by his friends on earth; and why should it not contain some items which would afford him pleasure in the great day of account?

In regard to those whose possessions are moderate, we would remark, that while their income may not enable them to exercise much liberality while living, still they should, by their last will and testament, remember their attachment to the religion which they professed to believe and follow during life. If it be only a very small sum which they can give, still let that small sum be dedicated to the Lord's treasury. It will be acceptable to God, and it will show a right state of feeling in

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the donor. One clause in every will should be a consecrated one to the Lord. In our experience of men, nothing has more staggered our faith in the sincerity of their Christian profession, than witnessing so many hundred Christians die without the slightest remembrance of their God and Saviour in their final bequests. We have seen rich professors die, leaving their tens of thousands, only to carry desolation into their families; and we have seen these thousands squandered in defying God, or gliding into the hands of strangers, in whom the donors had not the slightest personal interest. We have seen richly laden wills opened with the sad effect of breaking up the family circle, engendering bitter family feuds, and doing real service to no one; and we have thought that such was the natural consequence of unchristian wills, which had in them no sanctifying remembrance of God. We have seen wills, too, of persons professing to have hope of heaven, in which large properties were disposed of with no other seeming motive than the aggrandizement of family name, while, as if by studied insult, a few pounds were appropriated to the great cause of human salvation.

We have never seen the character of a will insisted upon as an evidence of grace, and yet why should it not be? And if it is to be regarded in the light of evidence, how many go from the Church below to their future account without furnishing this evidence of a gracious state! If we cut off an earthly relative from any benefit in our last will, is it not proof that we had no kindly feelings towards him? And why should it not evince a deficient sense of religious responsibility, a low state of the religious affections, a heart not right in the sight of God, if in one of the most solemn acts of our life, the making of a will, in which we are supposed to make the fullest revelation of our feelings, we have not a thought for God, a kindly feeling for the Church, a disposition and desire for the spread of the glorious gospel?—*Presbyterian.*

DOMINE QUO VADIS.

THERE stands in the old Appian way,
Two miles without the Roman wall,
A little ancient church, and grey:
Long may it moulder not, nor fall!
There hangs a legend on the name
One reverential thought may claim.

'Tis written of that fiery time,
When all the angered evil powers
Leagued against Christ for wrath and crime,
How Peter left the accursed towers,
Passing from out the guilty street,
And shook the red dust from his feet.

Sole pilgrim else in that lone road,
Suddenly he was 'ware of One
Who toiled beneath a weary load,
Bareheaded in the beating sun,
Pale with long watches, and forespent
With harm and evil accident.

Under a cross his weak limbs bow.
Scarcely his sinking strength avails.
A crown of thorns is on his brow,
And in his hands the print of nails.
So, friendless and alone in shame,
One like the Man of Sorrows came.

Read in her eyes who gave thee birth,
That loving, tender, sad rebuke;
Then learn no mother on this earth,
How dear soever, shaped a look
So sweet, so sad, so pure, as now
Came from beneath that holy brow.

And deeply Peter's heart it pierced.
Once had he seen that look before;
And even now, as at the first,
It touched, it smote him to the core.
Bowing his head, no word save three
He spake:—"Quo vodis, Domine?"*

Then as he looked up from the ground,
His Saviour made him answer due:
"My son, to Rome I go thorn-crowned,
There to be crucified anew;
Since he to whom I gave my sheep
Leaves them for pastor strange to keep."

Then the saint's eyes grew dim with tears.
He knelt his Master's feet to kiss.
"I vexed my heart with faithless fears.
Pardon thy servant, Lord, for this."
Then rising up—but none was there—
No voice, no sound, in earth or air.

Straightway his footsteps he retraced,
As one who hath a work to do.
Back through the gates he passed with haste,
Silent, alone, and full in view;
And lay forsaken, save of One,
In dungeon deep ere set of sun.

Then he, who once, apart from ill,
Nor taught the death of human tears,
Girded himself, and walked at will,
As one rejoicing in his years,
Girded of others, scorned and slain,
Passed heavenward through the gates of pain.

If any bear a heart within,
Well may these walls be more than stone,
And breathe of peace and pardoned sin
To him who grieveth all alone.
Return, faint heart, and strive thy strife;
Fight, conquer, grasp the crown of life!

Mrs. Jameson.

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* "Lord, whither goest thou?"

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXVI.—PARABLES OF THE TREASURE, THE PEARL, THE NET—CHRIST AT NAZARETH.

MATT. xiii. 44–58.

Parable of the Hid Treasure.—Ver. 44. [Observe that in this and in the following parable, *a single individual* is brought before us—"a man." This is to teach us that *each one* must be brought individually into the kingdom. It is not a wholesale process; "except *a man* be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."] Was it common in the East to hide treasure in a field? ["This country abounds, and ever has abounded, in hid treasure. The country has always been subject to revolutions, invasions, and calamities of various kinds, and hence a feeling of insecurity hovers over the land like a dismal spectre. Multitudes bury their gold and jewels."] What is represented in the parable by the treasure? Do men commonly regard salvation in this light? What feelings does the discovery and possession of salvation awaken? Mention any who found salvation even when they were not searching for it. John iv. 29. Acts ix. 1–6. What should be our value for salvation, as compared with other things? How is this brought out in the parable? Mention one who acted in this way. Phil. iii. 8. [How earnestly should each of us ask, Am I in possession of this treasure—the salvation of my soul?]

Parable of the Pearl.—Ver. 45, 46. Wherein does the man in this parable mainly differ from the last? [In this case he is said to be *seeking;* this is not said in the other.] Mention any instances of this. Acts viii. 27, 28; x. 1, 2, &c. What is denoted by the "one pearl of great price?" What do we learn from the readiness of the man to part with everything else, so as to possess this pearl? [1. That if we would have Christ and his salvation, there are some things which we *must* give up; and, 2. That there is nothing which we should not be *willing* to give up.] Do the expressions "*buyeth* the field," "*bought* the pearl," imply that we can pay anything for salvation? [Clearly not. We must not push expressions too far in explaining parables. Salvation is ever God's free gift. Whenever men are represented as buying its blessings (Isa. lv. 1), it is to denote that they become as really the owners of them *as if they had paid the price.*]

Parable of the Net.—Ver. 47. What sort of net does Christ refer to? [A *drag-net.* There were various sorts of nets: the hand-net, the drag-net, the bag-net, &c. When the drag-net (which was sometimes half a mile long) was used, "some rowed the boat, some on the shore pulled the rope, others threw stones and beat the water round the ends, to frighten the fish from escaping there; and as it approached the shore, every one helped in holding up the edges, drawing it to land, and seizing the fish."] What is denoted by the net gathering of every kind? [That all sorts of men may somehow be drawn into the Church of Christ.] In what other parable in this chapter is this truth set forth? ver. 25.

Ver. 48. When did the separation take place? Would it have been possible to make the separation sooner?

Ver. 49, 50. By whom is the separation to be made? What makes the angels specially fitted for this work? [They know heaven so well that they can determine who are really "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."] Whom does God instruct the angels to gather into his kingdom? Ps. l. 5. When did an angel, or rather the angel of the Lord, once make this separation on earth, and how? Exod. xi. 4. Where shall the wicked be cast? Is there anything so dreadful to our feelings as a furnace of fire? What should this teach us? What will be the feelings of these wicked? What will chiefly aggravate their grief and wretchedness? [The remembrance of abused privilege on earth.]

Conclusion of the Parables.—Ver. 51. To whom did Christ put this question? What duty may all instructors obviously gather from it? [They should see that what they teach is *understood,* at least in some measure. The pulpit hardly admits of this. It is one of the advantages of "home lessons" and catechising generally that it does admit of it.]

Ver. 52. Who were the scribes? [Among the Jews, expounders of the law. Christ calls his disciples by this term, because they were to be expounders of the gospel.] What is meant by the scribe's treasure or treasury? [His storehouse of knowledge; the truths which he teaches the people; the word of God.] What is meant by his bringing forth "things new and old?" [The more he studies divine truth, the more insight will he get into it. He will see more and more in the Bible; so that he will be ever bringing fresh views out of it, in addition to what he brought out before.] Why was this spoken to the disciples at this time? [To remind them that though they did in some measure "understand these things," yet they could find much more in them than they did then understand. Therefore they should ponder them and pray over them again and again.]

Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.—Ver. 54. What was Christ's "own country?" What was his object in teaching in their synagogues? What should we be all most anxious for, in reference to our kinsmen and neighbours? Rom. x. 1.

Ver. 55. What is Christ himself called in the parallel passage (Mark vi. 3)? What may hard-working men learn from this? Why is no mention made of Joseph, the husband of Mary? [Probably he was now dead.] Were these four men literally brothers of Christ? [Cousins and other relatives were often called "brethren" by the Jews, but there is no sufficient reason to doubt that they were Mary's sons.]

Ver. 56. Whence *must* Christ have had his wisdom?

Ver. 57. Why were they offended? [Probably their pride was hurt at seeing one of themselves so much wiser than they. What a contrast to the spirit of John the Baptist! John iii. 30.] What proverb did Christ quote? Do you remember any other instance of its application? Acts vii. 9 and 39.

Ver. 58. [A striking view of the odious character and evil effects of unbelief.] What was the consequence of their unbelief? Does it ever lead to such results now? What spirit should we seek to have, if we would have "mighty works" done among us by the Spirit of God? [Simple faith in God's word is the great want of the age. Let us discard doubt and unbelief, and seek to have the conviction very deep in our hearts, that every word of God MUST BE TRUE.]

DOCTRINE.—Believers in Christ shall be brought to Final Salvation.

Isa. xxxv. John x.; xvii. Rom. viii. 2 Tim. iv. Rev. vii.; xxi.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM CXXI. (No. VIII.)

"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—Verses 3, 4.

WHAT is the first thing said here about God's care of his people? When is it dangerous to move our feet rashly? [In narrow, steep, or slippery places. There are many mountain roads where a single wrong step would make a person fall and be dashed to pieces. Such dangerous paths often occur in Palestine.] What is generally meant in Scripture by the foot sliding? [A fall into temptation and sin. Ps. lxxiii. 2, 3; xciv. 18.] Are there other promises of the Lord keeping the feet of his people safe? 1 Sam. ii. 9; Ps. xxvii. 23; lxvi. 9; xci. 11, 12. What do these sweet promises teach us? [That those who know and love the Lord may trust him to keep them from *sudden* falls into sin, and also to preserve them from other dangers.]

What is said next of the Lord and his people? What do we usually wish to do at night? When are people anxious *not* to sleep? [When they are in danger, or have to keep watch over others.] What is done on board a ship at sea when night comes on? [A few men keep watch while the rest sleep.] What is done in an army at night in time of war? [The same arrangement. Judges vii. 19.] What did Nehemiah do when he was afraid of his enemies breaking down the wall of Jerusalem? Neh. iv. 9. What did Pilate do to prevent the disciples taking away the body of Jesus? Matt. xxvii. 65, 66. What did Herod do when Peter was cast into prison? Acts xii. 4, 6. What may happen if watchmen fall asleep? [Many sad things have occurred from this fault,—shipwrecks, defeats, accidents from fire, &c. Any Roman sentinel found asleep was punished by death.]

Over whom is it here said that the Lord will keep watch? [Israel, or the whole Church in general, as well as every separate believer.] What is the meaning of the expression, "He will not slumber," &c.? [God cannot *need sleep* as we do, but the words are to teach us his constant care at all times, by night as well as day.] Should this be a comfort to us? [Yes, if we are the true children of God.] Does he see us by night as well as in the day? Ps. cxxxix. 12.

Are not children often afraid of being in the dark? Why? [They are afraid of spirits, robbers, &c.] Is this foolish? Will it comfort them to have their mother or nurse with them? But what is the best cure for such fears? [To remember, if we love Jesus, that he is our keeper.] Can any watching keep us safe without his care? Ps. iv. 8; cxxvii. 1. What should we always do before we lie down to sleep? Ps. cxli. 2. What if we are awake in the night? [Try to pray, or repeat verses, or think of Jesus and heaven. Ps. iv. 4; lxiii. 6.] What if we awake in the morning safe and well? [Give thanks to God. Ps. v. 3.]

O little child, lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near,
Thou needst not fear.
No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day and night.
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

Precept.—Commit thy way unto the Lord. Ps. xxxvii. 5.

Promise.—When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. Prov. iii. 24.

Prayer.—O Lord God, we desire to trust in thee at all times, by night and by day. If thou art our Father and our Friend, why should we ever be afraid? O suffer not our feet to be moved; bring us all into the narrow way of life, and let no temptation make us fall or go astray. Blessed Saviour, give us true faith in thee; and do thou watch over us, and keep us from all evil. Bless our dear parents, and relations, and friends; put us all among the happy ones who have the Lord to defend and provide for them. Hear us, heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE GUARDED HOUSE.

"Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—Ps. cxxi. 4.

THE New Year, in 1814, was a sad one to the inhabitants of the little town of Sleswick, in Germany. It was a time of war, and they expected that whenever a short peace or truce had come to an end, parties of cruel soldiers would take possession of their houses and property. They were especially afraid for the night of January 5th, when the truce was to end.

Beyond the town, close to the high road, on the very side where the soldiers would enter, was a solitary house, larger and better than the poor cottages near it. A pious old woman lived here, who knew and trusted in the Lord, the Keeper of Israel. She was constantly praying, in the words of an old German hymn, that God would *raise up a wall* around them so as to preserve them from the enemy. Her daughter, a widow, and one grandson lived with her.

"Grandmother," said the young man, on the morning of the 5th, "what do you mean by praying that the Lord would build a wall round our house? Can you really be so foolish as to expect that he will do such an impossibility?"

"My son," she replied, "I did not intend exactly what I said, but only desired that the Lord would defend us and our town by any means. But you know nothing is impossible with him;—and if he wills, could he not do even this thing?"

The night came,—a terrible night of winter storm, wind and snow. Soon those in the solitary house knew by the trampling of horses, and sounds of firing and shouting, that parties of wild Cossacks were pouring into the unhappy town. They listened and trembled, praying for their poor neighbours, and expecting every moment that their own turn would come; but to their great astonishment, no one even knocked at their door. When daylight appeared, they soon discovered the secret of their escape. The wind had drifted an immense mass of snow between them and the road, so that those passing by could not come near the dwelling!

"My son," said the good old grandmother, "do not you see now how easy it was for the Lord to raise a wall around us?"

Surely none of those in "The Guarded House" would ever forget that night, and must have felt more trust in God, and more earnestness in prayer ever afterwards. It is, in-

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deed, not often that the answer to prayer comes in a way so remarkable; still, we may feel sure that our God is ever watching over us, as truly as he did over his aged servant and her family in their time of need. How delightful, how comforting, for his true children, to know that he can never slumber nor sleep, can never be unwilling to hear their cry, or unable to help them when he sees that the right time has come! He will help *you*, dear children, in your little trials, if you bring them to Jesus by prayer. And so, as you grow older, you will every year have new cause to praise him, and more reason to trust in him, as David says, "And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."—Ps. ix. 10.

From this time wilt thou not, my son,
Haste to thy heavenly Father's throne,
And there, in every fear and strait,
For his support and counsel wait?

Yes, Lord; our inmost souls rejoice
To hear our Father's gracious voice,
And to thy care our all commend,
To be our guide till life shall end."

J. L. B.

II.—THE LITTLE ONE.

MATT. xix. 13, 15.

AND is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son,—
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless "little one?"

O yes! I've heard my mother say,
He never sent a child away,
That scarce could walk or run;
For when the parent's love besought
That he would touch the child she brought,
He bless'd the "little one."

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded to his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his "little one."

And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having washed their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the "little one."

Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ hath done?
Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
Lord, bless thy "little one."

Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His,
Who loves the "little one."

Anon.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—HOW IS IT WITH YOU?

A FRIEND once came to me and said, "I want you to write and tell all my relatives how happy I am; I can't write myself, but I am learning on purpose that I may send them word with my own fingers how happy Jesus makes all who love him and put their trust in him."

His eye brightened with pleasure, and his beaming face looked as if he knew and felt what it was to love Jesus. And would you not be as light-hearted as he if you received Jesus as your Saviour?

A poor man, as some would say, told me the other day "that he had rather have a hard crust with Jesus than a rich feast without him." Can you say the same, my brother? Are you always happy? If not, why are you not? what is it that makes you unhappy? I know how you often feel, and sympathize with you. You rise in the morning, and eat your early meal, and go to your work; perhaps at mid-day you return home for dinner, or may be you take it in the workshop, and again you proceed with your work; and at night you lie down wearily to rest, glad that another day's toil is over—and here your thought ends. You are much like a machine, only working to live, and having no higher motive for living than to pass away the time allotted to you. You seek no blessing on your occupation, food, or friends; you ask no unseen hand to guide your steps, because you do not see your need of such a Guide; you express no thanks for the rest you enjoy, or the health you possess, for you do not recognise God as the giver of both these blessings. And yet you can thank an earthly friend for any kindness shown, and manifest love and gratitude to him; then why not acknowledge God?

But do you never think, "Ah! these working days must end some time. There will be a last day to my occupations on earth—a day when I shall call no man any longer my master, and when I shall not be a servant; and when will this be—what shall I do then? Will these hands so accustomed to toil and labour be still? or shall I labour and toil for ever? My master dies, and shall not I? What will become of me then? Is there one heaven for the master and another for the servant?"

Oh, no! my beloved friend, there is a heaven, and there is a hell; there is a God, and there is a devil; there is everlasting life, and there is everlasting death; a life of happiness and a life of misery. To which are you hastening? You are fast going to the one or the other, for there is no middle course. Which is it? I think you must know where you are going. To which does your conscience respond?—*Generous and Grateful.**

II.—"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

REMEMBER who I am and what thou art; remember me as thy Saviour; remember me as thy Master; remember my love; remember thy obligations; remember me as hating thy sin; remember me as bearing thy sin; remember me, and fear not; remember me, and sin not; remember me to live for me, by me, with me.—*Adam.*

* By the author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." James Nisbet & Co.

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JAMES WILSON, THE CHRISTIAN NATURALIST.*

"OUR great want in all societies at present, is the absence or rarity of spiritually-minded laymen; and of these the influence is often greater than that of the clergy themselves." Thus writes, in 1842, the amiable and accomplished man, the story of whose life is before us, to a young friend, like himself an ardent devotee of science, but who appears to have cherished some thoughts of entering the ministry. Nothing could be more shrewdly or seasonably said, and it is from this point of view that we must contemplate the record of his own quiet and unobtrusive life, if we would discern its guiding spirit, and justly estimate the special value of his biography. Pre-eminently is this latest work from the graceful and fluent pen of Dr. Hamilton—a book for the time. To no hands could the difficult task of executing such a memoir as that of James Wilson, in a thoroughly capable and complete manner, have been more wisely intrusted. In his own genial and buoyant humanity, his ripe and mellow culture, his perfect sympathy with the character of the man—both in its scientific and spiritual aspects—his hearty appreciation of that power of graphic picturing which Wilson possessed, and his wholesome enjoyment of that chastened and delicate humour which gave a racy flavour to his friend's individuality, we know of no man more singularly qualified for this special work. With him it has been, from first to last, a labour of love; and it is with feelings of no ordinary delight that we see the memoirs of a man of science stamped with such an impressive testimony to the reality and blessedness of vital religion, as shall secure for them an abiding-place in the Christian literature of the country. That rare charm of style, that affluence of sparkling and ebullient fancies which infuse life and grace into the dullest subject that the author's pen can touch, and make his pages glow with the vivid colours and arabesque devices of an illuminated parchment, have already laid their spell on the secular critics, and extorted a tribute of admiration in quarters where everything written in a genuinely Christian spirit, everything "evangelical" or "pious," has hitherto been either contemptuously ignored, or greeted with a well-bred sneer. To have overcome such prejudices—to have charmed so wisely as to draw "iron tears down Pluto's cheek"—is to have achieved no common triumph.

It is unhappily too seldom that the lives of scientific men yield such valuable results as these. Yet we may wonder that this should happen so seldom, when we remember the testimony which one who was himself a high priest in the Temple of Nature, has left behind him. The words of Sir Humphry Davy cannot be too often quoted: "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others, not genius, wit, nor fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I would prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes suffering a discipline of good, creates new hopes when earthly hopes vanish, awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity, giving the most delightful visions, and the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair." This priceless treasure James Wilson, for many years of his existence, through God's grace, possessed. He would have been the first to acknowledge that "the least in the kingdom of heaven" is greater than the most gifted of the prophets in the schools of philosophy. Yet he had a place in both; and the earnest student of science sat down with the heart of a little child at the feet of the Teacher of Nazareth.

James Wilson, a younger brother of the well-known editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, was born at Paisley in the year 1795. To our shame we confess that, till we read the opening pages of the biography, we had no idea that Dr. Hamilton's "own unromantic town," the name of which suggests to the vulgar mind only smoke and shuttles, was so fertile in celebrities. The death of his father, while James was in his infancy, led to the removal of his mother, with her numerous family, to the Scottish capital; and there, as he grew up, he pursued his studies with a view to entering on the profession of the law. The born instincts of the naturalist, however, which had asserted their mastery over the boy in many a Saturday ramble among the Pentlands, proved in the end too strong for the weary student of Stair and Erskine. Nature's certainties were pleasanter reading than "Dirleton's Doubts." He had even been guilty of penning stanzas when he should have engrossed; but, by degrees, both poetry and law were abjured in favour of more seductive researches into the habits of birds and beetles. A vein of deep and tender poetic sentiment, with its congenital delicacy and refinement of taste, remained in him to the last. All familiar with his later works can confirm what Lockhart has said of the conversation of the "thin, pale, slender, contemplative-looking" writer's clerk at this time, that "nothing could be more refreshing than to hear some minute details about birds and insects, interrupted and illuminated by a fragment of grand melancholy music from the 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Excursion.'"

From the time he quitted the lawyer's office where he had been articled, till he had nearly reached his thirtieth year, Wilson suffered from feeble health, producing, as it generally does in a nature like his, extreme

* Memoirs of James Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.E., of Woodville. By James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S. London: James Nisbet & Co., 1859.

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mental depression. During this interval he made a tour on the Continent, of which ample memorials are preserved in his diary. A winter was afterwards spent in Italy; and at this period, unsupported by any firm religious hope, and struggling with an insidious malady, the tone of his letters painfully shows that he felt as if a blight was cast over his whole life. In later days he could look back with much self-reproach upon his "anxious, dissatisfied condition, his unmanly depression and discontent, and his entire want of anything that could be called Christian cheerfulness, or actual heartfelt resignation to the will of God." For a time he even ceased to take any interest in his favourite pursuits, and there was danger of his subsiding into a state of morbid despondency. From this he began to emerge, under the happy influence of an attachment which ended in his marriage. The date of this event—1824—marks the period when his mind fully recovered its healthy tone, and when, in the dawning light of a sober and settled faith, the shadows that had clouded his early manhood passed away. In his pleasant home at Woodville, amidst his books and flowers, cheered by the bright faces of wife and children, and happy in watching the habits of the mute or musical companions he had gathered round him, many calm and useful years were spent; and with all its other charms, this, the best and purest of all, was blended, and, indeed, was its crowning glory and attraction—that it was a dwelling of the righteous, in which was heard the voice of rejoicing and salvation. The silent growth of his spiritual life, the quiet, gradual unfolding of his Christian character, deserve to be noted. "Of Mr. Wilson's piety," says Dr. Hamilton, "no intimate friend had any doubt; and yet no friend was so intimate as to know the exact time and circumstances in which that piety originated." His deep humility, his innate sensitiveness and delicacy of mind, always induced him to shrink from speaking much about his religious experience. But the influence of heart-religion on his life, in "his love to the Saviour—his deep reverence for sacred things—his intimate acquaintance with the word of God—his tenderness of conscience—his meek, gentle, peace-making spirit"—could not be concealed. These things testified of the truth that was in him, as a light shining through the veil which his lowliness would have cast over them. In a fragment found among his papers after his death, we find him calling to remembrance the former days before he was illuminated, and tracing his gloom and misery to its true source: "In fact, I brooded over my own sufferings and distresses, instead of rejoicing in 'that one offering by which He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified'—the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' . . . I laboured, and was heavy laden, and sore oppressed with a painful constitution of body and a feeble constitution of mind; I was hedged in by difficulties on every side, and surrounded by thick darkness; and yet I refused the call of the divine Redeemer's love—'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'"

Our limits forbid anything but the most cursory allusion to the literary labours of Mr. Wilson, as a writer of the first authority in his chosen department, extending, we are told, to 900 pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," besides essays and articles in the leading Reviews, and latterly a series of pleasant papers in "Excelsior." These labours were relieved by occasional excursions among Highland moors and mountains, which were the events of his noiseless life. Few men have had such intense enjoyment of nature, such a pure never-sated relish of those innocent pleasures which stream in from all sides on the open eye and understanding heart. Far away, in the upland solitudes, rambling with light step over the springy heather-muffled knolls, or brushing through the fresh green bracken, with the wide bare sea-like moorland, alive with flying gleams and shadows, all around him stretching up to the bronzed granite mountains, which at sunset put on a jewelled richness, and burn with purple fire—with the fragrant breath of the birchwoods scenting the air, and the lulling sound of waterfall or babbling rivulet mingling with the dreamy silentness, the man yielded himself with a boyish *abandon* to all the luxury of his sensations, as only the student "long in populous city pent" can understand them. And blending with them all, we ever find a devout recognition and adoring praise of the Master Builder, whose presence, "deeply interfused," lighted up to the Christian's eye the blue-roofed tabernacle of Nature with a glory that excelleth!

We may extract a passage in which he speaks of his approach to St. Kilda, that long-lost Pleiad of the Hebrides—

"Placed far amid the melancholy main."

"The day was yet in its prime, a lustrous summer-day which might have gilded the palm-crowned glories of an Indian isle. The sky was bright above, and the great ocean heaved around us with a motion so gentle, that our hearts might have filled with 'joy and gladness,' were it not that the spirit of melancholy seems never far distant from what is at once so solemn and serene. In truth, the finger of God was in all things more visible than the hand of man; and as we glided through the 'great waters,' we strongly felt the grandeur of 'His wonders in the deep!' Therefore was our cheerfulness almost changed into reverential awe, as we gazed around on all the dread magnificence by which we were encompassed, for we felt as if we had entered into one of the great temples of the God of Nature! And if a scene, which, however majestic, was still 'of the earth,' and destined to pass away, could create such elevating thoughts; to what height, past utterance, will not an entrance raise us into that house 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,' where no storms nor tempest rage, either in the scowling skies, or the far darker bitterer heart of man, but an everlasting joyfulness prevails, 'as the angels in heaven!'"

After thirteen years of tranquil happiness, Mr. Wil-

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son had to suffer a most painful bereavement in the death of his beloved and excellent wife, who had been long an invalid. It was to him the loss not only of a cherished companion, but of a wise counsellor and gentle guide, whose influence had mainly helped to fix and settle his wavering faith at the crisis of his life. Severe as was the blow, he had learned the lesson of Christian submission, and his grief was assuaged by the hope full of immortality.

In the summer of 1841, Wilson accomplished an exploration of the northern coasts, which he has chronicled in that fascinating work, "A Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles." "A book," says Dr. Hamilton, "which, to those who have not courage for a yacht voyage, is the best substitute for an actual survey."

On the formation of the Free Church in 1843, Mr. Wilson connected himself with the congregation of his friend and kinsman the Rev. John Sym of Free Greyfriars, under whose congenial pastorate he made much spiritual progress. It is interesting to know that the brilliant writer, the man of wit and genius, so courted in the circles of literature and science, was, as an elder, a welcome visitor in the poor man's home, and in the house of mourning. The early death of Mr. Sym in 1855, was one of the sorest trials of his life. In attending his funeral on a raw winter-day, he caught a severe cold, which laid him aside for nearly two months, and left lasting traces on a constitution that had never from youth been vigorous. His last public act was a journey to London as one of a deputation from the Board of Fisheries to government. He enjoyed his visit, and saw many old friends, meeting them with a spirit as bright and elastic as ever; but to them it was sadly evident that, in bodily health, he was "feeble and sore broken." The return of the communion season in Edinburgh in April 1856, found him much reduced; but his anxious desire to engage once more in that solemnity was granted, though at the cost of much suffering. He went home from the house of God to cross the threshold of his earthly dwelling, the beautiful home of Woodville, no more. From day to day his weakness increased, and his sufferings were often very great. "He often asked to have the Bible read to him; but all utterance was attended with such effort that he seldom attempted more than a few broken words. On one occasion he said, 'It is not easy to speak when one is struggling for breath, and feeling as if about to suffocate; but I wish you to know that my mind is perfectly satisfied. He is my Lord and my God. "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." I have had much forgiven me, and may well love much.'"

Early on Sabbath morning, the 18th of May, the 23d Psalm was read to him. At the fourth verse he repeated the words, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me;" and with this dying utterance of faith and hope, James Wilson closed his eyes on the dim dawning of earth's Day of Rest, to open them on the eternal Sabbath which remaineth for the people of God.

He was buried in the Dean Cemetery, where his brother, the Professor, had been buried two years before. The honours and rewards of science, things which are "gain" to others, he had learned to count "loss for Christ;" and so there, amidst the graves of many who were famous in their time, he sleeps well in hope of a better resurrection. J. D. B.

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—"IF THE SALT HAVE LOST ITS SAVOUR."

It is plainly implied that salt, under certain conditions so generally known as to permit our Lord to found his instruction upon them, did actually lose its saltness; and our only business is to discover these conditions, not to question their existence. Nor is this difficult. I have often seen just such salt, and the identical disposition of it that our Lord has mentioned. A merchant of Sidon having farmed of the government the revenue from the importation of salt, brought over an immense quantity from the marshes of Cyprus—enough, in fact, to supply the whole province for at least twenty years. This he had transferred to the mountains, to cheat the government out of some small percentage. Sixty-five houses in Jûne—Lady Stanhope's village—were rented and filled with salt. These houses have merely earthen floors, and the salt next the ground, in a few years, entirely spoiled. I saw large quantities of it literally thrown into the street, to be trodden under foot of men and beasts. It was "good for nothing." Similar magazines are common in this country, and have been from remote ages, as we learn from history both sacred and profane; and the sweeping out of the spoiled salt and casting it into the street are actions familiar to all men. . . . It is not only good for nothing itself, but it actually destroys all fertility wherever it is thrown; and this is the reason why it is cast into the street. There is a sort of verbal verisimilitude in the manner in which our Lord alludes to the act: "it is cast out" and "trodden under foot;" so troublesome is this corrupted salt, that it is carefully swept up, carried forth, and thrown into the street. There is no place about the house, yard, or garden where it can be tolerated. No man will allow it to be thrown on to his field, and the only place for it is the street, and there it is cast to be trodden under foot of men.—*The Land and the Book.*

II.—RAIN.

There has been a smart shower here, while at Semak the ground was baked hard, and the grain drooping sadly. The same was true on a former occasion when I came up the Jordan valley. The ground in the Ghor was like a parched desert. There had not been sufficient rain to bring up the grain, and "the seed sown had rotted under the clod," while here at Tiberias the whole country was a paradise of herbs and flowers. And thus it was in former times. "The Lord caused it to rain upon one city," says Amos, "and caused it not to rain upon another city: one piece was rained upon, and

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the piece whereupon it rained not withered" (Amos iv. 7, 8). It was literally so about Semak and 'Abadîyeh, while their nearest neighbours were rejoicing in abundant showers. There are other interesting allusions to matters in agricultural experience in this passage of Amos. "I have withdrawn," says God, "the rain from you when there were yet three months to the harvest." This is utterly ruinous to the hopes of the farmer. A little earlier or a little later would not be so fatal, but drouth *three months before harvest* is entirely destructive. In the 8th verse we read, "So two or three cities wandered unto one city, to drink water; but they were not satisfied"—a fact often repeated in this country. No longer ago than last autumn it had its exemplification complete in Belad Besharah, the ancient inheritance of Naphtali.—*Ibid.*

III.—THE SHUNAMMITE.

How came it to pass that the good Shunammite lost her land by merely going to reside during the famine in the country of the Philistines, as we read in 2 Kings viii. 3?

It is still common for even petty sheikhs to confiscate the property of any person who is exiled for a time, or who moves away temporarily from his district. Especially is this true of widows and orphans, and the Shunammite was now a widow. And small is the chance to such of having their property restored, unless they can secure the mediation of some one more influential than themselves. The conversation between the king and Gehazi about his master is also in perfect keeping with the habits of Eastern princes; and the appearance of the widow and her son so opportunely, would have precisely the same effect now that it had then. Not only the *land*, but all the *fruits of it* would be restored. There is an air of genuine verisimilitude in such simple narratives which it is quite impossible for persons not intimately familiar with Oriental manners to appreciate, but which stamps the incidents with undoubted certainty. The thing happened just as recorded. It is too natural to be an invention or fabrication.—*Ibid.*

IV.—CANA OF GALILEE.

The houses were built of limestone, cut and laid up after the fashion still common in this region, and some of them may have been inhabited within the last fifty years. There are many ancient cisterns about it, and fragments of water-jars in abundance, and both reminded us of the "beginning of miracles" (John ii. 1–11). Some of my companions gathered bits of these water-jars as mementos—witnesses they could hardly be, for those of the narrative were of *stone*, while these were baked earth.

There is not now a habitable house in the humble village where our blessed Lord sanctioned, by his presence and miraculous assistance, the all-important and world-wide institution of marriage. This is a very curious fact, and might suggest a whole chapter of most instructive reflections. It is a sort of divine law of development to hide away the beginnings of things the most momentous in some almost undiscoverable point. This is an example. Innumerable millions in their happiest hours have had their thoughts and hearts directed to Kânâ. Poor little lonely thing! the proudest cities on earth might envy your lot. Nineveh, and Babylon, and a thousand other names may be forgotten, but not Cana of Galilee. It may even come to pass that Paris, London, and New York will be dropped out of mind, and their very sites be lost; but to the end of time, and to the end of the world, whenever and wherever there shall be the voice of the bride and the bridegroom, then and there will Cana of Galilee be remembered. Some names we pronounce with honour, some with shame and sorrow, many with cold indifference, but *Cana* will ever mingle in the song of the happy, to symbolize the peace and purity of domestic happiness—the bliss of wedded love.—*Ibid.*

WELLS OF MARAH.

"And they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water. And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter."—Exod. xv. 22, 23.

By Marah's bitter fountains the hosts of Israel stand,
As evening closes round them, a sad and weary band.
While sounds of lamentation rise on the summer air,
The wail of woman's anguish, the groan of man's despair.

Three days of desert journey their pilgrim feet have trod,
Since through the parted billows they took their midnight road,
And since on those returning waves the morning sunbeams shone,
No other waters have they found in all their journeying on.

One hope alone sustained them, and hushed the thought of fear—
"The wells of Marah are at hand, each hour we come more near;"—
And now they gain the fountain side, they stand upon the brink,
They see the living water rise, they taste—and dare not drink!

O bitter disappointment! O hope deferred, deceived!
Where is the guide they trusted, where the promise they believed?
What marvel that the faith should fail, so soon and strangely tried,—
What marvel Moses' heart should sink, though to the Lord he cried!

Ah! still the wells of Marah lie on *our* pilgrim way,
And Israel's old sorrow is still our own to-day;
When some loved object long desired, and long pursued, we gain,
And find too late the glory fled, the promise false and vain.

Well, then, for those, in such an hour, who know what Moses knew,
And turn to Him who changeth not, the Faithful One and True,

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And from His loving heart receive, and from His gracious hand,
The cure for every ill they meet through all the desert land.

For in the wilderness of earth still grows the healing Tree,
Unchanged in all its wondrous power to soothe and remedy;
Still, answering the cry of faith, will God the gift bestow,
To pour a sweetness in each cup of bitter human woe.

And of that mighty secret when our spirits are possest,
We bless the storms that drove us to the haven of our rest;
We bless the disappointments that darkened earthly skies,
And taught our hearts to nobler joys above the clouds to rise.

And now we do not ask to pass the bitter fountains by,
But that our God may meet us there, to heal and sanctify;
And so to lead us onward, till the wilderness be pass'd,
And safely through "the city's" gate we enter in at last.

H. L. L.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXVII.—DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST—JESUS FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND—WALKING ON THE SEA.

MATTHEW xiv. 1–36.

Death of John the Baptist.—Ver. 1. What Herod was this? [Antipas, son of Herod the Great. See on ch. ii. 1.] Where did he rule? [Over Galilee and Perea.] What is the meaning of "tetrarch?" [Literally, ruler of a fourth part; but applied generally to the ruler of any inferior part.]

Ver. 2. Were any of Herod's servants followers of Jesus? Luke viii. 3; Acts xiii. 1. What made him think that Jesus was John? [His guilty and troubled conscience would always be leading him to think of John. Even the worst men cannot always stifle conscience. Herod knew that John was a faithful servant of God, and seems almost to have expected that God would send back his faithful martyr, clothed with miraculous powers, to rebuke his murderer.]

Ver. 3, 4. How long had John been in prison? [It is thought about a year and a half.] Why was it unlawful for Herod to have Herodias? [Her husband was alive, and so was Herod's wife.] Was it wrong in John to say this to Herod? Ought Herod to have done as he did to John? How ought we to feel towards those who faithfully and kindly point out our sins?

Ver. 5. Why did Herod wish to put John to death? Why did he count him his enemy? Gal. iv. 16. What restrained Herod? What ought to have restrained him? Is there not something fearfully wrong about all who are more afraid of what people will say than of what God will think of them?

Ver. 7. Was it a right thing for Herod to make this promise? [Observe the danger of the excitement which scenes of festivity, dancing, &c., are apt to create. People are thrown off their guard, and say and do rash and wicked things, which they afterwards deplore. "Watch and pray, that ye *enter not* into temptation."]

Ver. 8. Ought the daughter in this to have obeyed her mother? [What an awful sin for a mother to give such instructions to her daughter! Observe how one cherished sin, like that of Herodias, corrupts the whole soul, and leads the way to every enormity. Beware of sparing a single sin.]

Ver. 9. Was it enough to be sorry? Ought Herod to have kept his oath? Can an oath of ours ever make it right to do what God declares to be wrong?

Ver. 11. [How appalling this heartless and horrible conduct in triumphing over the bloody head of the faithful Baptist! The revolting profligacy of the age is mirrored here. The world was awfully wicked. Rom. i. This magnifies the love of God in Christ. It was over this wicked world the angels sung of peace and good-will.] What became of this Herod? [Soon after he was banished to Gaul and Spain.]

Ver. 12. What had the executioner probably done with the body? [Flung it to the dogs.] How was it cared for? How, in the like circumstances, was the body of Jesus cared for? Why did the disciples of John tell Jesus? [Perhaps from a secret hope that Jesus might raise him from the dead. See ch. xi. 5, cl. 5.]

Jesus Feeding the Five Thousand.—Ver. 13. Where was this "desert place?" [Among the hills on the east side of the Lake of Galilee.] Why did Jesus probably retire?

Ver. 14. Was Jesus angry because his solitude had been invaded? How did he show the divine goodness and tenderness of his heart?

Ver. 15. Did the disciples say this in an unkind spirit? [Apparently not; it was the best course they could think of; but their proposal brought out in contrast the transcendent riches of Christ. How much can Christ do and give, when man can do and give nothing!]

Ver. 16. Was it ever Christ's habit to send men empty away? Is this not true in regard to spiritual blessings also?

Ver. 19. What may be learned from the orderly way in which the multitude were arranged? Mark vi. 39, 40. What are we taught by his looking up to heaven and blessing? Why were the disciples employed to distribute the food? [1. To save time. 2. To be emblems of the manner in which human instruments are often employed to distribute the bread of life.]

Ver. 20, 21. By whose power had the bread been multiplied? What lessons may be drawn from this miracle applicable to ordinary life? For example, what difference does God's blessing make to small temporal means? When God's blessing is given with spiritual bread, what is the effect? What may a single verse of the Bible do? [Nourish tens of thousands; *e. g.* John vi. 37; 1 John i. 7.] Can we place a limit to the number whom Christ himself may feed and fill? John i. 16. What may we learn from the care taken of the fragments?

Jesus Walking on the Sea.—Ver. 22. What was the reason for his sending them away? See John vi. 15.

Ver. 23. Was this Christ's usual practice? What may we learn from his example in this?

Ver. 25. How many watches were there? [Four: evening, midnight, cock-crowing, and morning.] What time would the fourth watch be? [Between three and six in the morning, it being now spring,—near the passover.]

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Ver. 26. What gave rise to their fears? [Mistaking Jesus; thinking him an evil-bringing spirit.] Is Jesus ever mistaken now by the spiritual eye? [When he appears in storms and troubles, his children often "know not that it is Jesus."]

Ver. 27. Is Christ's presence a comfort to all? To whom only is it a comfort? Why is it a comfort to them?

Ver. 28. Did Peter doubt its being Christ? What made him so eager to go to Jesus? [Probably real love,—a heart-yearning after Christ, raised by suddenly hearing the music of his voice amid the howling storm.]

Ver. 29. Why did Jesus bid him come? [To gratify, yet try him; to reward his ardour, yet rebuke his rashness.]

Ver. 30. Of what class of persons was Peter thus a type? How was he preserved from absolute destruction? Is the prayer he offered ever offered in vain?

Ver. 31. What encouragement may all draw from the beautiful attitude of Christ to Peter? How did Peter show little faith? What had he doubted?

Ver. 32, 33. When we see Christ's mighty power displayed, what should we do to him?

Ver. 34–36. [See here the blessedness of believing in Christ; these people, by believing, actually got all these blessings from him; and so the more *we* believe, the more of heavenly blessing shall we obtain.]

DOCTRINE.—True Believers are to be for ever with the Lord.

Ps. xvi.; xxiii.; lxxiii. Phil. i. 1 Thes. iv. Rev. vii.; xxii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

PSALM CXXI. (No. IX.)

"The Lord is thy keeper," &c.—Ver. 5–8.

Ver. 5. What is the Lord called here, besides a keeper to his people? When do we need a *shade*? Is God spoken of as a shadow from the heat in other places of Scripture? Ps. xxxvi. 7; Isa. xxv. 4; xxxii. 2. What do these promises mean? [They are to show the rest and refreshment of soul which God will give to his believing children.] Can we fully understand them in this country? [No; for we know little of *heat* compared with people in Palestine, India, &c. A little boy in Jamaica, when a missionary asked him what kind of a place he thought heaven would be, answered, "Me think, massa, it will be *a very cool place.*" An English child would never have thought of this.]

Ver. 6. What dangers are spoken of here? What danger is there from the sun? [In hot countries, few people dare go out into the sunshine at noon. What is called a sun-stroke often happens, causing death or madness. Many soldiers died lately in India from this. Even in our own country it has sometimes happened, though very seldom.] Is this promise repeated in other places? Isa. xlix. 10; Rev. vii. 16. Which of the prophets fainted under the heat of the sun? Jonah iv. 8. What was the cause of this? Jonah iv. 6, 7. [The gourd which had shaded him withered.]

What is said here about the moon? How can it hurt any one? [In hot countries, the rays of the moon are said to have a bad effect on the health of any one sleeping under them.] What should this verse teach us? [To trust God for protection from all dangers, by day or by night.]

Ver. 7. What do we generally mean by evil? [Sin.] Are we always in danger of this kind? How will the Lord preserve us? [By sending the Holy Spirit into our hearts to make us hate and fly from sin.] When will he do this? [When we ask him for Jesus' sake.] What is your soul? [That which thinks and feels within us, and lives when the body dies.] Whether is the soul or the body of most importance? Then what kind of dangers ought we to be most afraid of? Is not this promise then a very precious one?

Ver. 8. When will this verse give us most comfort? [When we are going on any journey.] But may it not also be comforting every day? Can we go anywhere, at any time, without God knowing? Ps. cxxxix. 2, 3. What should this teach us? [To ask his blessing in every place, and never go where we are afraid to think of his seeing us.]

What is taught in this whole psalm? [The great love and tender care of God for his people.] What should it encourage us to do?

O little child, lie still and rest;
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps:
And in the morning wake, how blest
This child to be!
Love every one, but love him best:
He first loved thee.

Precept.—Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long. Prov. xxiii. 17.

Promise.—He will keep the feet of his saints. 1 Sam. ii. 9.

Prayer.—We thank thee, heavenly Father, for all thy care over us, by night and by day, ever since we came into this world. We thank thee for all the sweet promises which thou hast given us in thy word, to help us to believe and trust in thee. O make us more afraid of sin than of any danger or sorrow. We pray thee to watch over our bodies, and preserve them from evil; but above all to preserve our souls from sin. Keep us in thy fear all the day long, and wherever we go, be thou with us, to bless us and do us good, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—LIGHTS BY THE WAY

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.—Ps. cxxi. 8.

When good Mr. John Campbell, minister of Kingsland, (well known as the missionary traveller in South Africa), was a young man, he lived in Edinburgh as an iron merchant. Having been led to know and love the Saviour, he spent all his spare time in seeking to bring other poor sinners to him. In those days, more than sixty years ago, Christians in general were not so active in doing good as they now are. Sabbath schools were only beginning, and Mr. Campbell was one of the first men in Edinburgh who took much interest in them.

Having heard that, in the village of Loanhead, about five

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miles to the south, the young people were very ignorant, he determined to try to open a school there. He got a dissenting chapel to meet in, and soon had nearly two hundred scholars, of all ages from eight to twenty years.

He had not time to walk so far after church, and used to hire a horse every evening. But he was not a good rider, and often met with difficulties and adventures. The roads were very bad then, and even this little journey was not an easy matter. Mr. Campbell saw the hand of Providence in everything that happened to him, and used to write down any remarkable instances of the Lord's care and goodness. In reading his Life lately, I was much struck by his account of one of these rides, as showing how God can fulfil his promises of watching over his people, in all their goings out and comings in.

It was a winter night, and when Mr. Campbell left Loanhead, he says the darkness was so great that he had to *feel* for the horse's head before he mounted. He had no sooner set off than he recollected a heap of large stones in the middle of the road at the end of the village, and thought he must get a tumble over them. But when he came near, he found a person there with a candle, looking for something that had been dropped. So he got safely past this danger.

Then he remembered that he would soon come to a sharp turn of the road, where there was a steep bank of eight or ten feet deep, and nothing to prevent a horse falling. When he reached this corner, he saw a woman and girl with a lantern on the very spot, who told him they were on their way home from the Sabbath school.

Well, no doubt he now felt like Paul, ready to "thank God and take courage." But he knew he must soon cross an old bridge beside a little village,—a very bad place to go over in the dark. Just as he came near it, to his great surprise a woman opened a door of one of the cottages, and held out a candle till he was safely across. He supposed that, hearing the sound of his horse's feet, she took him for her husband or brother.

Still there was another danger before him,—a narrow bridge over a stream, with hardly any protection at the side to keep persons from falling. "It will be most extraordinary," he thought, "if I find a light *here* too!" And so it was; for he soon saw a man with a lantern, who, hearing a horse coming, kindly stood still on the bridge to light him across.

Now, there was nothing very wonderful in any of these things; and yet, to happen just as they did was so remarkable, that I am not surprised at Mr. Campbell wishing not to forget that night's journey. And I think we may all learn from it a lesson of trust in God, believing that when we are walking in the right way, the path of our duty, he will preserve us from evils and dangers, small as well as great. Or if he does allow some things to happen which are not what we think good, still these will not come *by chance*, and he can make them blessings to us in the end. A believing, praying child may take this comfort, as truly as an aged Christian. J. L. B.

II.—THE TWO ROBINS.

THERE are two little robins with beautiful red breasts, building their nest with evergreen under our window. I have watched them with much interest, and noticed several things in which children might learn a lesson, and follow their example.

They seem to love each other very much, while at their work or at play. I have not seen them quarrelling, or even angry at each other, since they came to our yard.

They are very industrious—Early and late they seem intent on the work of building their nest—to get it ready for housekeeping—only pausing occasionally to cheer each other by a few notes of song.

They are very persevering—They do not begin to build their nest and then get tired, and neglect their work. After having settled on their place and plan, they went to work, and have kept working with all their might, and their little house increases in size every day.

They do not interfere with each other—They both seem to have the same end in view—that is, to build their nest and get it ready to occupy when the roses shall begin to blow. They work together in carrying out their plans: one does not tear down what the other builds; neither does one refuse to work because the other will not.

They do not get discouraged because they cannot build their nest in a day—They are satisfied if they can add a little to it each day. They go about picking up a straw here and there as they can find them, and then put them in the proper place; and so on each day until the work is done.

They do not refuse to work because they have to find their own straws—They fly around, picking up the bits of straw and moss without waiting for some one to bring it to them.

They do their work in the right time—They do not put off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. They do not wait until the summer before they begin to build, nor stop and complain if the weather is cold; but they begin early, and work away to get the nest ready for the little family of red-breasts that they expect will want the room when the cherries begin to get ripe.

Will not my little readers learn a lesson from the robins? If the robins which God has made and cares for every day, but which can neither talk, nor read, nor reason, as we do, are so kind to each other, so industrious, persevering, and energetic—how much more is it the duty of boys and girls, who can read God's holy word, to be kind to each other, and industrious, and try to help each other in doing all that God has told them to do! What a blessed world this would be, if little children—and big ones, too—would only behave as well as do the birds!—*Evangelist.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THE MOURNER'S FRIEND.

BY the confession of the world's own poet, "Christianity is the religion of the sorrowful." Nothing can be truer. Christ is indeed the mourner's friend. Christ's word is the "Afflicted Man's Companion." And if any humane spirit would like to mitigate the distresses of his brethren,—if you would fain be a son of consolation to the sons of sorrow, the kindest thing you can do is to conduct them to this source of perennial comfort. The world is full of sufferers; and if you do not meet them in the streets, city missionaries and others will soon direct you to their dwellings. There, or in the

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public hospital, you will find them, bed-rid, consumptive, palsy-stricken, blind, wasting away in direful diseases; and what can you do for them? What can philosophy do? What can mere human philanthropy do? The one would discourse on the pain-conquering power of a resolute will, or would expatiate on the lot of mortality,—as if writhing anguish could be mesmerized by Stoic saws, or a fever could be cured by fatalism. And the other, wiser and kinder, would seek for the tossing sufferer better attendance, or a purer air, or a less uneasy couch; but it is a short limit, to which when humanity has gone, it can go no farther. The best skill cannot cure old age; the rarest cordial cannot tempt the sickly palate; the purest air, the softest couch, the kindest nursing cannot conjure into health those that are doomed to die. But in his mercy God has provided an assuagement for such misery,—an effectual antidote to the worst ingredient in the cup of woe. Visiting your poor neighbour, you will probably find that antidote already in the house, but its value is still unknown. It is your privilege to be the ministering angel, and to point out to the dying Hagar the hidden well. Putting into the words as much of Christ's own tenderness and kindness as you can, you read or repeat some appropriate passage; and, just as the scanty strength can bear it, you add here a little and there a little, and renew your visits, till, in an arrested ear and opening heart, God crowns your love and answers your prayers. And those only who have seen it, can tell the difference between the sick-chamber where there is no hope, and one lit up with immortality—between the dull endurance or the rebellious resistance of the stricken transgressor, and the patient cheerfulness and prophetic joy of a Lazarus, whose sorry couch is spread in glory's vestibule. So that next to his highest service who pre-occupies with Scriptural principle a healthful youthful neighbour, and who thus secures for society a Christian citizen, as well as for heaven a meet inheritor,—is his visit of mercy who carries to the abodes of wretchedness the tidings of great joy, and who, with the help of the Holy Spirit, reveals the secret which makes the worst pain tolerable, and the sorest affliction joyful,—which beguiles with songs the longest night, and teaches the man of sorrow always to triumph through Jesus Christ.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

II.—"COME, HOLY SPIRIT, COME!"

A YOUNG man, who had been a leader of gaiety amongst the middle ranks of the place in which he lived, came to a Scripture-reading at the persuasion of a friend. The word of God went like an arrow to his heart. But, stifling the rising conviction, he rose from his knees to saunter to an adjacent public-house, where several young men had assembled for their evening revelry. His talent for singing made him doubly welcome there. In the midst of singing an idle song, the words vanished from his memory. Every effort to recall them failed. He could only remember these words in their stead:—

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

Hurriedly he left his friends and hastened homewards. In the cool night air, and beneath the quiet sky, he could pour out his soul in prayer. "'Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,' and dwell in my sinful heart," was his cry. That cry went up to God, and brought down the glorious gift. God's truth was pledged for the answer: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit TO THEM THAT ASK HIM!" (Luke xi. 13).

From that night this young man rejoiced in God his Saviour, and consecrated himself—body, soul, and spirit—to his service. Not long after this he came to tell me that his happiness was overflowing.

"Have you no scoffing from your old companions to dash your joy?"

"Plenty! but it *doesn't* dash it. I never knew happiness before. My former pleasures seem as nothing now, compared to the joy of knowing that the Saviour of sinners is my Saviour, and has pardoned me, and loves me."

God grant this joy may be yours, my reader, without the wasting of another day unblessed by such holy happiness!—*The Race and the Prize.*

III.—PRAYER ANSWERED AFTER DEATH.

MANY years since, some young men belonging to the senior class in —— college, resolved to unite in earnest prayer for a young and thoughtless class-mate. In a few months the session closed, and the class and the praying band were scattered. But the soul of that godless young man was felt as a burden on the heart of one of his pious class-mates, and though alone, he continued his supplications. Then, in his far distant home, he found one like-minded with himself, and he persuaded the stranger to join him in his petition for his former companion.

A few years passed away, and the two class-mates met again upon their native soil. The careless youth was still careless, and was then engaged in the study of law in a neighbouring city. The other, it was manifest, had come back to his early home to die. An incurable disease was wearing out his life. Still, his desire for his friend's salvation was as fresh and strong as ever. It seemed to grow more intense as life waned. It mingled in all his thoughts; every person whom he saw, whom he knew as a praying person, he besought, saying, "Oh, pray for that young man!" and to the last hour he continued his own intercessions.

His early companion, for whom his heart had so yearned, stood at his grave, and saw it close upon him with no other emotion than that of regret for a friend of his youthful days. The prayer of the dead was yet unanswered. But, ere the grass grew over that grave the Spirit of God was poured out upon the church in which they in their boyhood had worshipped, and one of the first converts was the young man so long and so earnestly prayed for. He then devoted himself to God in the ministry of his Son, and his hand has recorded these facts, that it may add another illustration to the truths, that the Lord's ear is not heavy that he cannot hear, that he is "not slack concerning his promises," and that the "effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much."

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THE LAST DAYS OF JERUSALEM.

NEVER, perhaps, was there a stranger and sadder contrast than between the bright and luxurious aspect of Jerusalem in the finished grace of architecture in which the first of the Herods left it, and the scenes of strife and bloodshed that were thenceforward so frequently enacted within its walls. A curse seemed to cleave to everything that had been touched by that evil hand. Each fair and sumptuous edifice that he reared was haunted by the memory of some ghastly crime; and in the marble palace that crowned the brow of Zion, the haughty lord of Jerusalem could only shut himself up as in a larger sepulchral vault, with the images of the murdered Mariamne and her sons. And when he lay on his death-bed at Jericho, racked by pangs of conscience and the anguish of a torturing disease, the splendour of Jerusalem must have seemed to her citizens a hideous mockery, knowing that, by his express command, the moment of his death was to be the signal for the massacre of the chief of the nobility and priesthood of Judea, in order that the land might at least be forced into mourning. All. this outward magnificence was to be to the close only the gilded frame-work of a series of tragic pictures. The patrician mansions that rose in graceful terraces upon the heights, their lines of snowy masonry, flanked with airy colonnades in a style of Athenian elegance, and. interspersed with spacious courts and gardens, were often to look down on streets furious with tumult and insurrection—to hear the shout of armed factions in desperate conflict within the precincts of the Temple, while the Roman trumpet blew its alarm from the Tower of Antonia, and the Gentile soldiery poured, with a clash of armour and a glitter of eagles, through the gates, to clear the sacred enclosure from its maddened crowds. The accession of Archelaus, the son of Herod, in whose time God called *His* Son out of Egypt into the unquiet Canaan of his earthly life and death, was marked by one of those periodic outbreaks not quelled without frightful slaughter. And such was the scene repeated at more than one Passover as the Holy Child was growing up to manhood far away among the hills of Galilee. No echo of these stormy events disturbs the blessed peace of the Gospels, as if all were hushed before the serene harmony of that Life which passed calmly on through the strife and clamour of human passions. Yet such a hint, as when we read of the "Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices," reminds us how often His heart must have been saddened, when he came up to Jerusalem to the feast, by the thought that the pavement of his Father's house, the place whereon his feet stood, earth's holiest ground, was now often stained with blood; that the house of prayer was not only a den of thieves, but an arena of murderous strife, and the haunt of a false-hearted priesthood, whom no "scourge of *small* cords" could drive away. These fierce contentions were dismal auguries of the days of doom that were coming on the guilty city—the shadows which the appalling consummation was casting before it, and which gathered and deepened with portentous rapidity when Jerusalem, that had killed so many prophets, shed the blood of the greatest of them all.

During the reign of Herod the stamp of Roman ascendancy had been deeply imprinted on Judea. Jewish nationality was in effect destroyed—the Latin superscription effacing the sacred Hebrew character on the very face of the land—signs and memorials everywhere as unmistakeably foreign and Roman, as the railway and electric telegraph are evidences, as unmistakeably, of Anglo-Saxon domination on the banks of the Ganges. Archelaus, after an evil reign of nine years, was deposed and banished by his Roman masters; and from that moment the country lost every vestige of independence. It became only a district of the Roman province of Syria, under governors who generally resided at Cæsarea. The splendour of a royal city faded from Jerusalem,—the sceptre had finally departed from

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Judah. "Roman garrisons were quartered all over the country: Roman money was current in the markets: Roman words were incorporated in the popular language: Roman buildings were conspicuous in all the towns."

The old proud Hebrew spirit had chafed from the first under this crushing yoke of a Pagan conqueror, and a party had been gradually organized in opposition to the Roman power, which now, under the name of "Zealots," rises into prominence, and plays a momentous and eventful part in the closing scenes of the great war of independence. It was by their hands that the golden eagle, which Herod had set up shortly before his death over the great gate of the temple, had been torn down. As the oppression of the Roman governors became more grievous, and tyranny wantoned in insolent triumph, and open resistance was felt to be unavailing, a large section of the party, like revolutionists of modern times, began to meet in secret conclaves, and weave the threads of many a dark and slippery plot, for the execution of which they trusted to that last resource of weak and desperate men—the dagger.

The insults to the national faith became every day more galling. It required all the influence of Herod Agrippa, who governed Palestine under the Roman protectorate, a grandson of Herod the Great, and the murderer of the Apostle James, to dissuade the Roman emperor Caligula from desecrating the Temple by setting up in it a bronze statue of himself for worship. Agrippa left a son of the same name—that Agrippa before whom Paul afterwards delivered his famous defence; and during his long minority, Judea was cursed by a succession of governors whose tyranny ripened the people for revolt. During one of the sacred festivals, A.D. 48, a Roman soldier, coming into the Temple, grossly outraged the religious feelings of the people, and was slain on the spot. The whole garrison was marched into the sanctuary—the rites were suspended—the legionaries fell on the unarmed multitude, and in a few hours 20,000 Jews perished. Under the governorship of Felix, four years later, the high priest, Jonathan, was assassinated on the steps of the altar by a party of the Sicarii, or "Men of the Poniard," who had stolen in with daggers under their mantles, and mingled with his attendants. "From this period," says Josephus, "God hated this guilty city, and disdaining to dwell any longer in his polluted Temple, brought the Romans to purify with fire the sins of the people." The nation was indeed utterly demoralized; the bonds of society were fast dissolving. Bands of robbers swarmed over the country—patriot chiefs took to a wild guerilla life in the mountains—assassins were busy with their bloody trade in the towns. On every side impostors started up and became leaders of excited mobs by proclaiming that the hour of redemption was at hand. The wretched people rushed madly after every cry, Lo here! or, Lo there! and were ready now to accept any Messiah without sign from heaven. They had preferred a robber and murderer to the Prince of Life; and they were now, under a Barabbas-dynasty, reaping the fruits of their election,—for in this world there is many a Barabbas, but only one Christ.

The events which led more directly to the great Revolt and the destruction of Jerusalem took their rise at Cæsarea, the seat of Roman authority. This splendid sea-port was the creation of Herod, and perhaps his most magnificent work,—a Grecian town, with its temples, theatres, baths, and circuses, imported into Jewish territory. Here the native and alien races had from the first come into fierce collision, each, as on the debateable land of the Borders, claiming the city as its own—the Jew scowling at the temple, and the Greek sneering at the synagogue. Every festival of the rival religions was the occasion of a sanguinary street fray. Under the governorship of Felix, A.D. 60, the Roman soldiers were let loose upon the Jewish citizens, and all kinds of excesses were perpetrated with impunity. The year 65 witnessed the appointment as governor of Gessius Florus, the worst of all the petty tyrants that had afflicted Judea. Others had chastised them with whips; he scourged them with scorpions. This was the last drop in the cup of bitterness: the people were goaded to desperation by this man's brutal violence and rapacity, carried out with a demoniac strength of purpose. And now rumours began to creep abroad of strange and frightful prodigies,—a sword-like comet hanging nightly in the heavens over the city,—a vivid light, as bright as day, shining at midnight round the altar, and illuminating all the Temple,—the great eastern gate of the inner court, made of solid brass and fastened with iron bolts, which needed twenty men each evening to close it, bursting open of its own accord through the night. Then on the Feast of Pentecost, whilst priests were keeping their nightly watch, there was heard a confused noise and movement, as of an uprising multitude, and a voice crying, "Let us depart hence!" Excited by these portents, brooding over the humiliation of their country and their faith, the mind of the people was in the state in which a spark suffices to produce an explosion. The arrival of tidings from Cæsarea brought matters to a crisis. There the imperial decree of Nero had at last formally placed the town under a Gentile magistracy; and the Jews, maddened by the triumph of their detested rivals, had risen upon their fellow-citizens, and brought down summary vengeance on themselves. As if waiting for a signal, the whole land, from the southern wilderness of Judah to the hills of Galilee, rose in armed rebellion. All Jerusalem was in an uproar, and the infamous governor Florus used every effort to exasperate the people still more, and drive them to criminal violence, in order to have a pretext for fresh exactions, and especially for plundering the Temple of its treasures. King Agrippa, after a vain attempt at conciliation, retired from the city A.D. 66, leaving the rival parties face to face, preparing for the death-grapple. The people were per-

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suaded by Eleazar, the son of Ananias the high priest, the leader of the national party, to reject the usual offerings made by the emperor to the national shrine, and soon after made himself master of the quarter of Akra, the "Lower City," and the Temple itself, putting the Roman garrison, who had capitulated under promise of safety, to the sword. On the same day, by a strange coincidence a Sabbath, the Gentile citizens of Cæsarea rose against the Jews, and literally exterminated them;—in one hour, it is said, 20,000 were massacred. The war of races had broken out in its most ruthless aspect; in every town Jew and Gentile stood on their guard in mutual hate and defiance.

There was no time to lose, and Cestius Gallus, the prefect of Syria, advanced against Jerusalem with an army of 10,000 men. Had he acted with energy and decision, the revolt might have been crushed at a blow, but his vacillating policy emboldened the Jews, and when, after the failure of an assault on the city, he determined to withdraw his forces, his retreat was converted into a disastrous rout—one of the most humiliating reverses that had ever befallen the arms of Rome. Half of his army was destroyed—the rebellion was triumphant. Jerusalem resounded with songs of victory, and, with the burning zeal of the Maccabean time, one feeble province rose up, in the frenzy of its enthusiasm, and hurled defiance at the power that had subdued the world. Smitten indeed with judicial blindness they must have been, ere they could stake issues so momentous on the bloody arbitrement of war, unmindful of the words, "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword." In this deceitful interval, the ominous hush of the elements before the final outburst of the storm, the Christians of Jerusalem, calling to mind the warnings of the Lord, retired from the devoted city, and found an asylum in Pella, beyond the Jordan.

The command of the Roman armies in Judea was, in this moment of extremity, conferred upon Vespasian, a veteran captain who had won renown in the wars of Germany and Britain. As one of the oft-recurring parallels of history, it is curious to notice that, in deciding on the plan of his campaign, the same alternative was before him which was discussed in our Indian councils of war in connection with the recovery of the revolted province of Oude—whether first to deal with the separate insurgent bands, and reduce their strongholds, or, by striking a decisive blow at the capital, to extinguish rebellion in its focus. The Roman general decided on the more cautious policy, and the year 67 witnessed the subjugation of Galilee, where Josephus, better known as a man of the pen than the sword, held command of the patriot army, by appointment of the Sanhedrim. The narrative of the siege and capture of Jotapata, which he defended with the utmost skill and bravery, and which closed with his surrender to the Romans, is one of the most graphic episodes in the personal history he has left. Next year the outlying province of Perea was reduced, the Romans steadily making way, sweeping the country before them of its scattered bands of defenders, and driving them, as the fatal circle narrowed and closed in, to their forlorn hope in the capital.

Meanwhile two factions, that had long rent the Jewish interest in twain, had been striving for the mastery there;—the "Herodians" or Moderate party—men of position and influence, who were at first in the ascendant, under the leadership of Ananas, the high priest; and the "Zealots," or Patriot party, under three leaders, Simon Bargiora, Eleazar, and John of Giscala, the Marat of Jerusalem. The bitter party-feuds which raged within the city at this crisis find a modern counterpart of singular exactness in those which marked the course of the first French revolution. In such times of convulsion, when society is heaving from its depths, the boldest counsels prevail; "revolutions," as one of the Terrorist chiefs of France remarked, "not being made with rose-water." The Herodians held the city, and the Zealots the Temple. It was a veritable reign of terror. In order to extirpate their rivals, the Zealots freely employed the poniard; and it gives one a frightful picture of the condition of Jerusalem, when we read that one night, during a tremendous storm of wind, and rain, and lightning, which had forced the guards to retire from the gates, the Terrorists introduced a band of armed ruffians (like the red-cowled men of Marseilles, who suddenly appeared in the streets of Paris yelling for blood), who seized Ananas, and the leaders of the Moderate party. After being kept in prison for a time they were assassinated, and thus a wholesome fear was struck into the "aristocrats," or men of half measures, by the same relentless policy that devised the massacres of September. And then having crushed their rivals, the Zealots, like the Girondists and the Jacobins of the "Mountain," immediately split into factions which aimed at the destruction of each other, the revolution devouring its own children.

To understand the story of the siege, we must bear in mind that Jerusalem was not so much a fortified city, as a series of strong defensible positions, each enclosed by separate lines of wall. Zion, the "Upper City," with its palaces and commanding citadel, was a stronghold in itself. North-eastward from it, on the other side of a ravine, spanned by the magnificent six-arched viaduct, by which the Jewish kings crossed to the sanctuary, rose the mount of the Temple, overlooked by the fortress of Antonia, a massive square keep, with towers at each of its angles, like the Tower of London. The Temple, with its colonnades and enclosures, wall within wall, was the most formidable fortress in the city. Flanked by the Temple wall on the east, and severed from Zion by the deep hollow of the Tyropœon, stood Akra, the "Lower City," a second wall girdling this quarter and the Temple buildings with the inner or middle line of ramparts. To the north, the recently built suburb of Bezetha, the "New City," had been enclosed by Herod

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Agrippa within a third wall,—the outer line of defence, upon which the storm of siege was first to break. When, in addition to this, it is remembered that on three of its sides the city was cut off from the surrounding country by deep ravines, a natural escarpment raised still higher by human skill, and that only on its northern front it was accessible, we may have some idea of its imposing strength, and understand how its citizens in this supreme hour of trial might regard it as impregnable, and look down from their castled heights on the invading legions with a feeling of disdain. Nor did these walls and trenches constitute the whole of its defences, for at intervals along the middle wall might be seen rising darkly out of the masses of building, the three towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne, which had been built by the first of the Herods. Looking at the different yet intersecting lines of rampart, shutting in one quarter of the city from another, we might compare Jerusalem to one of those vessels built in water-tight compartments, each isolated within its own bulkheads, so that in the event of one being broken in, the damage may be arrested at that one point, and the vessel kept afloat.

After the overthrow of the Herodians, the rival factions of the Zealots established themselves in the different quarters of the city. The Temple itself was held by Eleazar; its outer precincts were occupied by John of Giscala; and Simon had possession of the heights of Zion. John, the most daring of the Terrorist leaders, soon contrived, by the assassination of Eleazar, to make himself master of the Temple. Such was the state of things when, in the spring of the year 70, Titus, the son of Vespasian, advanced against Jerusalem with an army of 80,000 men, comprising four complete Roman legions,—a magnificent array, winding on over the hill roads and through the long defiles of Galilee, to fold and crush the rebel city within its glittering coils. The approach of the common enemy stilled the contentions of parties within, and in this hour of breathless and awful expectancy, in the mountain citadel, where the last Pagan tribe of Canaan had so long defied the arms of Israel, the lion of Judah for the last time stood at bay before the hunters. The defenders of Jerusalem may be computed at 24,000 trained soldiers; but to these must be added, as at Delhi and Lucknow, crowds of irregular combatants, ever ready to man the walls or join in sallies, and fighting with the courage of despair. Advancing on the northern face of the city, Titus pitched his camp on the hill of Scopas, detaching a legion to occupy the Mount of Olives, so as to invest the city, and intercept reinforcements and supplies. Well might the first view of Jerusalem, as it opened before him from the broken ridge, move the Roman leader to feelings of wonder and admiration. Little had he dreamed that the insurgent capital of an obscure province of the empire eclipsed, in the splendour and stateliness of its buildings, and the solemn picturesqueness of its embattled site, the glory of imperial Rome. The emotions with which he must have gazed on it, and the aspect it must have presented, have been well expressed by Milman in his "Siege of Jerusalem:"—

"How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line on line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and fragrant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And as our clouds of battle-dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us—
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar-roofs,
And down the long and branching portico,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy!"

Almost; but "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," it was not so to be. "For the days shall come upon thee," said One, standing not many years before on this Mount of Olives, "that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

THE WORK OF GOD IN IRELAND.

[The following paragraphs on this subject formed the latter portion of a discourse delivered by the Rev. C. J. Brown (Edinburgh), at the ordinary forenoon service on Sabbath the 3d June. Mr. Brown has, at our request, kindly placed the notes of his discourse at our disposal. The discourse was founded on the words in Ps. xlv. 5, "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee." The first portion was devoted to a deeply interesting and impressive statement of the facts, (such as, we trust, many ministers have been laying before their people,) bearing on the origin, the extent, and specially the character of the movement. This we have judged it better to omit, both because many of the details given must have already come under the notice of our readers, and because so rapid has been the progress of the work since, that the statement then given would be, in a measure, out of date before the present Part could be in the hands of our readers. The solemn *lessons* of the movement, however, remain the same.]

And now, very dear brethren, it is possible that some of us may have been able to hear all these things with much indifference, as if *they* had little to do with them. I do not envy their state of mind, if there be any such among us. And I must make bold to tell them, that if they think they have little to do with these things, these things at least have a great deal to do with *them*. The kingdom of God has come nigh to them, very near to *them*, in this movement in the neighbouring island; and God is addressing a loud voice to them in it, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear. But this brings me now to touch, as I proposed, and

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with all the plainness I can reach, on the *lessons* of this great work, as they have presented themselves to my mind—our own concern with it, our own part and duty in reference to it.

Does it not bring a lesson to all who make any profession of religion among us, of solemn, searching *inquiry*, whether we have ever been born again—whether we are Christians in very deed—whether we are fit to die, and on our way to heaven—whether we have ever been called effectually out of darkness into God's marvellous light? Surely in such a work, passing as it were before our very eyes, there is much that is fitted to arrest, to alarm, and awake out of their slumbers all whose religion is no more than a profession, a thing at best of decent respectability, or of cold knowledge, and dead orthodox belief. Surely it calls aloud to them, "Ye must be born again—Except ye repent, ye shall perish—Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Of course I lay out of view all those peculiarities of physical manifestation which have attended this work—the crying out, for example, in the churches, or in prayer-meetings, or in the streets—and the striking down to the ground, in so many cases, under conviction of sin. I lay all this out of view. But, there is a crying aloud of another kind in all conversion—have you ever known that word, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord?" There is a prostration to the earth of another kind—have you ever known this of my text, "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee?" The question is not, in what particular manner we have been converted, but whether we have been converted in fact—whether we have indeed passed from death unto life, been turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God,—whether we have ever known by experience, that which has so long been familiar to our ear, "Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby, convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, he doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to us in the gospel."

But surely, again, this great work brings a lesson of precious *encouragement*, to call without delay on the name of the Lord, to all among us who at least are in right earnest about their souls, and ready to say in spirit, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" For, how many over those counties have, within these few weeks, called on the Lord in distress, and the Lord has answered them, and set them in a large room! What I read a little ago is but one out of numberless similar instances:—"At last, when on his knees, he cried out, 'My Saviour, *my* Saviour! Blessed Jesus, thou wilt save me. I see thy preciousness; thou hast put away my sins.' And he rose from his knees rejoicing." How many, during these few weeks, have been made to set their seal to the words we sang a little ago, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me!" Surely this great work is not only giving witness to those words, "Ye must be born again—Except ye repent, ye shall perish," but to those also, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and those, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him;" and those, "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper"—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." What encouragement is there to call on the name of the Lord in the undoubted fact, that the Lord Jesus is even now going forth in glorious majesty, taking to him his great power, conquering and to conquer—the gales of his quickening Spirit blowing on every side around us! What a time is this for pressing into the kingdom of heaven, stirring up ourselves to take hold of God—taking the kingdom, as it were, by violence and force! But it is a *solemn* thing to live in such a time. How terrible to be left behind, to miss the blessing, to suffer the gales of the Spirit to blow past us, to suffer the Lord Jesus to pass by ere we have cried, like the blind men at Jericho, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon us!"

But now, this great work has its distinct lessons for the children of God among us, for all who have tasted in some measure that the Lord is gracious. Thus,—

Does it not call them to solemn, adoring, joyful *gratitude* to the God of salvation, for these mighty workings of his grace? Barnabas, when he came to Antioch, and saw the grace of God there, was glad. Shall *you* not rejoice and give thanks to God, who is now literally opening the windows of heaven, and pouring out a blessing till there is not room enough to receive it, till the hands fail to gather it in? There is joy in heaven, in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth. Shall you not rejoice and give thanks to God, now gathering hundreds upon hundreds of souls to himself? Think of the still more extensive work in America; think of Sweden; think of Wales, where it seems that thousands in one or two counties, have, within a very short time, been hopefully converted to God: think of this work in Ireland, and shall you not sing, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy—Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things—The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!"

But again, this great work brings a lesson to the children of God among us, of *rebuke*, mingled with precious *encouragement*,—a lesson of rebuke, for our miserably little faith, our little prayer, our narrow and scanty desires and expectations, our drowsiness, carnality, little

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zeal for the advancement of the kingdom of God among those around us. If we are called to grateful joy, assuredly also to lie in the dust, crying, "My leanness! my leanness!" But then the rebuke is richly mingled with encouragement. Is the Lord Jesus going forth, as we have seen, taking to him his great power, and encouraging those to call on his name who have hitherto been strangers to it? How much more are those who have known his grace in truth, encouraged to take hold of him anew, to seek a fresh baptism of his Spirit, to forget the things which are behind, and reach forth to those that are before, crying, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out!" And this, accordingly, has been the result largely in the north of Ireland among the people of God. I find the following words in the report of one of the Presbyteries of the Synod of Ballymena and Coleraine:—"There are thousands of the surrounding Christian population, who are revived and refreshed as the parched corn, in the long drought of summer, after the descending of the cooling and invigorating shower. There is a quickening to duty, to spirituality in communion with God, which is manifest and delightful. Never, in this locality, was there such holy, and importunate, and believing prayer offered up by members, in the name of the holy child Jesus, for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost."

But further, is there not a great duty to which believers are urgently called, in respect of Ireland and this work of the Lord there? I was struck with a sentence in the discourse of Dr. Cooke, from which I quoted at the outset:—"He was asked, 'Do you think it will continue?' If it did not continue, let them see that they had no part in staying the hand of God. It might rest with them whether it abided with them or not. Let them be busy in the work, but especially in their closets, in prayer to God that it might continue and extend." Of this I am very sure, that the Arians, and Romanists, and men of the world in Ireland, will lie on the watch for the first symptoms of relapse, declension, inconsistency in those converts. Oh, the responsibility which lies on us in reference to them! I beseech you, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together in prayer for them, that the Lord may keep them in the hollow of his hand,—hold up their goings in his paths, that their footsteps slip not,—watch over this whole work, confirming and perpetuating it,—carry it forth to blessed and glorious issues,—and that he will endue his ministers at such a time with all needful wisdom as well as zeal, with the "spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

But once more, this work calls aloud to you who are the Lord's, to cherish greatly *enlarged expectations* from the power and grace of our God, and specifically, to plead with him in *ceaseless prayer*, till he pour out his Spirit, and revive his work in our own beloved land also, and among ourselves. Generally, it calls you to cherish greatly enlarged expectations from his power and grace. Is he not showing us how easy it were with him to cause a nation to be born, as Scripture speaks, in a day? Suppose we had been told *beforehand* of such things as have taken place in America and in Ireland, we should have been ready to smile, and say, with the unbelieving lord of old time, "Behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?" Yet he has done it in spite of all our unbelief. Is the Lord not assisting our weak and staggering faith, to believe more steadfastly his word of oath and promise, "As I live, saith the Lord, the earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea?" But then, more specifically, this great work calls you to plead with the Lord, in ceaseless prayer, till he revive his work, and pour out his Spirit in our own beloved land also, and among ourselves. Political men of our day have had their favourite watchwords. Oh, that our watchword might be, "Pray, pray, pray." Remember those words in the note I read from our esteemed elder, who has now witnessed so much of this work:—

"One thing I see very surely, that man has little to do with it, saving in the power of prayer—for *that* (I have had evidence not to be mistaken) has been at the bottom of all. The gracious reproval seems to ring in my ears, 'O house of Jacob, is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?' . . . I cannot but *believe* that we too, ere long, shall see 'waters break forth in the wilderness.'"

May the Lord grant it! "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them—Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth—Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, that the rain stop thee not." Pray, pray, pray!

One closing word to those among us who are taking their sins all easy, settled on their lees, and buried in the sleep of spiritual death and indifference to divine and eternal things. I have given you one specimen of the agony experienced by so many of those converts, when awaking for the first time to a sight of their sins,—as if they saw hell opened beneath them, and there was no escaping from it. Oh, it is a blessed, blessed agony, compared with what yours must be, dear hearers, if you shall awake for the first time to a sight of *your* sins in a lost eternity,—if then it shall be with your souls as with that seemingly unwritten page, which has been traced with the invisible ink, but which no sooner has been held up to the fire, than every line of the writing comes out in legible characters. "These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set

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them in order before thine eyes. Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." "Flee from the wrath to come." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTATORS.

"For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect."—1 Cor. i. 17.

For indicates the connection. "I baptized few, *for* I was not sent to baptize, but to preach." The commission was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." This does not mean that baptism was not included, but it does mean that baptizing was very inferior to preaching. It is subordinated in the very form of the commission, "Go ye therefore, *make disciples* of all nations, baptizing them," &c. The main thing was to make disciples; recognising them as such by baptism was subordinate, though commanded. Baptism was a work which the apostles seem to have generally left to others (Acts x. 48). During the apostolic age, and in the apostolic form of religion, truth stood immeasurably above external rites. The apostasy of the Church consisted in making rites more important than truth. The apostle's manner of speaking of baptism in this connection as subordinate to preaching is, therefore, a wonder to those who are disposed unduly to exalt the sacraments. We must not infer from this that baptism is of little importance, or that it may be safely neglected. Although Paul controverted the Jewish doctrine that circumcision secured salvation and was necessary to its attainment, he nevertheless admitted that its advantages were great every way (Rom. iii. 2). And in the Old Testament it is expressly said that the uncircumcised man-child should be cut off from the people, *i. e.*, deprived of the benefits of the theocracy. While, therefore, it is unscriptural to make baptism essential to salvation, or a certain means of regeneration, it is nevertheless a dangerous act of disobedience to undervalue or neglect it.

"Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matter?"—1 Cor. vi. 2.

Do you not know?—a form of expression often used by the apostle when he wishes to bring to mind some important truth, which his readers knew but disregarded. It was a conceded point, one which entered into the common faith of Christians, that the saints are to judge the world. *The saints*, the people of God, who are called saints because separated from the world and consecrated to his service. Those, therefore, who are of the world, and devoted to its pursuits, are not saints. *The saints shall judge the world.* This does not mean that the time would come when Christians would become magistrates; nor that the conduct of the saints would condemn the world, as it is said the Queen of the South would condemn those who refused to listen to the words of Christ (Matt. xii. 42). The context and spirit of the passage require that it should be understood of the future and final judgment. Saints are said to sit in judgment on that great day for two reasons: first, because Christ, who is to be the judge, is the head and representative of his people, in whom they reign and judge. The exaltation and dominion of Christ are their exaltation and dominion. This is the constant representation of Scripture (Eph. ii. 6). In Heb. ii. 5-9, the declaration that all things are subject to man, is said to be fulfilled in all things being made subject to Christ. Secondly, Because his people are to be associated with Christ in his dominion. They are joint heirs with him (Rom. viii. 17). If we suffer, we shall reign with him (2 Tim. ii. 12). In Dan. vii. 22, it was predicted that judgment (the right and power to judge) should be given to the saints of the Most High. Comp. Matt. xix. 28; Luke xxii. 30; Rev. ii. 26, 27. If, then, asks the apostle, such a destiny as this awaits you, are ye unfit to decide the smallest matters? *If the world* [mankind] *shall be judged by you* (*i. e.*, before you as judges), *are ye unworthy*, (*i. e.*, of too little weight or value, having neither the requisite dignity nor ability.) Unworthy *of the smallest matters?* The word here rendered *matters*, in the sense of causes, or matters for judgment, means—1. A criterion or test; a rule of judgment. 2. A tribunal or place of judgment, and then, the court or assembled judges. Ex. xxi. 6; Judges v. 10; Dan. vii. 10; and in the New Testament, James ii. 6. 3. The trial, *i. e.*, the process of judgment. 4. The cause itself, or matters to be tried. This last sense is doubtful, although it is generally adopted here because it suits so well the fourth verse, where the same word occurs. The second sense would suit this verse: "If ye are to sit with Christ on the seat of universal judgment, are ye unworthy of the lowest judgment seats?" But the fourth verse is in favour of the explanation adopted in our version: "Are ye unfit for the least causes?"

"Know ye not that we shall judge angels? how much more things that pertain to this life?"—1 Cor. vi. 3.

As, according to Scripture, only the fallen angels are to be judged in the last day, most commentators suppose the word must here be restricted to that class. Not only men, but fallen angels are to stand before that tribunal on which Christ and his Church shall sit in judgment. If agreeably to the constant usage of the Scriptures, according to which the word, when unqualified, means good angels, it be understood of that class here, then the explanation is probably to be sought in the comprehensive sense of the word to judge. As kings were always judges, and as the administration of justice was one of the principal functions of their office, hence to rule and to judge are in Scripture often convertible terms. To judge Israel, and to rule Israel, mean the same thing. And in Matt. xix. 28, "Sitting on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel," means presiding over the twelve tribes. So in the case before us, "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" may mean, "Know ye not that we are to be exalted above the angels, and preside over them; shall we not then preside over earthly things?" This explanation avoids the difficulty of supposing that the good angels are to be called into judgment, and is consistent with what the Bible teaches of the subordination of angels to Christ, and to the Church in him.

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"But to us [there is but] one God, the Father, of whom [are] all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom [are] all things, and we by him."—1 Cor. viii. 6.

Though there are many creatures called gods, there is but one true God, the Creator of all things. *To us* (*i. e.*, to Christians), *there is one God, i. e.*, only one Being who is eternal, self-existing, and almighty. This one God is—First, *the Father;* not the first person of the Trinity, but our Father. The word does not here express the relation of the first to the second person in the Godhead, but the relation of God as such to us as his children. When we say, "Our Father, who art in heaven," the word Father designates the Supreme Being, the Triune Jehovah. Secondly, Of this one God it is said, *Of him are all things.* He, the one God, is the source of the whole universe, and all that it contains. He created all things by the word of his power. All other beings are his creatures. Thirdly, *We are to him.* He is our end; for his glory we were created and redeemed. Our version rendering the words *in him*, is an unnecessary departure from their proper meaning.

As there is but one divine Being, so there is but one Lord, *i. e.*, one administrator of the universe, into whose hands all power in heaven and earth has been committed, and who is the only Mediator between God and man. This one Lord is *Jesus Christ*, Jesus the Messiah, the historical person, born in Bethlehem and crucified on Calvary. Of this one Lord it is said—First, *All things are by him.* The *all things* in this clause must be co-extensive with the all things in the preceding one, *i. e.*, the universe. Comp. Eph. iii. 9; Col. i. 16; Heb. i. 2. The universe was created *through* Jesus Christ, *i. e.*, the energy of the one God was exercised *through* the Logos, who became flesh, assuming our nature into personal union with himself, and is therefore called Jesus Christ. This passage affords a striking illustration of the fact, that the person of Christ may be denominated from his human nature when what is affirmed of him is true only of his divine nature. He is here called Jesus Christ, though the work of creation attributed to him was the work of the Logos. Secondly, It is said of this one Lord, that *we are by him.* This does not mean we were created by him; for we Christians are included in the *all things.* It would be tautological to say, He created all things, and he created us. The meaning is, we as Christians (not, we as creatures, for that had been said before)—we as the children of God are by him. We were redeemed by him; we are brought unto God by him.—*Charles Hodge, D.D.*

BRANCHES RUNNING OVER THE WALL.

Under this title, a contributor to the *Union Magazine* has been giving a series of papers, illustrative of the benefits resulting indirectly from Sabbath schools to other than Sabbath scholars.

Our superintendent was a man remarkably qualified for absentee visitation, although, as his presence was required at the school on the Sabbath, he seldom engaged in that work, except on the week days. His countenance was so bland, his person so commanding, and his manners so kind and unassuming, that he generally met with a respectful reception wherever he went. He was also so fearless, and so well known in the neighbourhood of the school, which had long been notorious as the residence of the most desperate characters, that he hesitated not to go into any hole or corner in search of precious souls.

One Sunday afternoon, the school being well supplied with teachers, and there being many children absent, he, contrary to his usual practice, determined upon going out to make what he called a "reconnoitre," and asked me to accompany him. It was a fine autumn day, the sun shining in all his strength.

After visiting two or three of the parents, we turned into what was called a square, where we saw a number of persons outside their houses, some sitting, some standing, and some lying their full length on the ground. The men, for the most part, were smoking; the women, with folded arms, were, many of them, lounging against the walls, engaged in noisy conversation with each other; whilst a number of children were playing about in all directions. As I frequently had passed this place in my way to the school, I was not much surprised at the painful sight; but my friend stood still to survey the scene. "What's the matter, old boy?" asked a man with a dirty pipe in his mouth, just putting his head out of a window. "Who are you looking for?" "I am looking for what I cannot find," replied my friend. "What's that?" he again inquired. "A person with a clean face and Sunday dress, who looks as if he had been to church this morning." "Then," said the man, "I think you will look long enough before you find that animal;" and, with a hoarse laugh, he withdrew into his room.

My companion now observing a group of persons in one corner of the square engaged in conversation, went up to them, and, taking a Bible from his pocket, asked if they would like to hear him read something from that volume. "Oh," said a man, who seemed to be the chief speaker, "I know all about that 'ere book. I have read it through from Genesis to *Exeter*." "Don't believe him, sir," said another; "he can't read any more than I can." Without staying to inquire into the truth of this statement, my friend at once began to read to them the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. This unusual proceeding brought together a large number of people; and he, finding them attentive, went on to explain and to exhort, and, as he had a strong voice, many were attracted to their windows to listen to his remarks.

Among the heads which were thus thrust out of the dingy windows, was that of a man who commonly went by the name of "Dusty Sam," his employment being that of a dustman. I had often seen this person about the neighbourhood, and his remarkable appearance had attracted my attention, he being little of stature—not much more than five feet in height—with thick limbs, broad shoulders, and an unusually large head. Sam was of a quiet, harmless disposition, but was occasionally subject to fits of melancholy, which, at times, ended in temporary derangement, when it was found necessary to place him under restraint.

As the speaker proceeded with his address, and spoke of the danger of neglecting the salvation of the gospel, and the willingness of Christ to receive repenting sinners, the dustman's attention seemed rivetted, and I fancied that I saw a tear glistening in his eye. This was the first time I had ever been associated with a street preacher; and I was glad to find that the service was allowed to be concluded without the slightest molestation.

On the following evening, our superintendent being present at the school, the dustman's wife came in to request that he would visit her husband, who wished very much to see him. It appeared that, after the service, poor Sam became very thoughtful and dejected. The words of the parable, "In

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hell he lifted up his eyes," had powerfully affected him, and he sat silently pondering them in his heart. His wife became alarmed, thinking that a melancholy fit had seized upon him, and tried, without effect, to draw him into conversation. Towards night he became much excited, and paced the room with an agitated step, darting strange looks at his wife, and muttering incoherent sentences about being sinners, and lifting up their eyes in hell. She now tried to soothe his troubled spirit, by saying, "You are not well, man; sit down, and smoke your pipe, as you do on other nights." But Sam could not sit, he could not stand, neither could he remain still, in any position. "I cannot bear this," thought Sam; "but there is one thing I can do—I can go out and search for the man whom I heard this afternoon, and, perhaps, he will tell me something more about Him who is able and willing to save." Accordingly he seized his hat, thrust it on his head, and made towards the door; but his vigilant wife was on the alert, and believing that her husband was now deranged, she threw her arms around him, and, holding him fast, called loudly for assistance. A violent struggle took place at the door, and Sam succeeded in getting as far as the stairs; but some of the lodgers making their appearance, he was forced back into his room; and as no doubt was entertained by any one of his temporary insanity, he was bound hand and foot, and effectually prevented from doing mischief, either to himself or others.

Against this violent proceeding Sam most loudly and energetically protested, declaring that nothing was the matter with him, and that he only wanted to go and see the gentleman who told him about the man that lifted up his eyes in hell; but his words appeared to them as idle tales, and they believed him not. What was to be done? It was useless for him any longer to contend with his friends; he resolved, therefore, to try to come to a compromise. He told his wife that he would be willing to remain quite still, if she would only go the following day to the Sunday school and ask the teacher to visit him; and as he urged his request with much importunity, she, after considerable hesitation, acceded to his desire.

Though our superintendent had been previously prepared for something extraordinary, he was not a little surprised, on his entrance, to see poor Sam lying on his back, with his legs and arms extended, and fastened to the bedstead with strong cords; but still more was he astonished to hear him say, with great earnestness, "Oh, sir, I want you to tell me if such a sinner as I am can be saved? You said yesterday something about God being able to save to the uttermost. I am very ignorant, and wish to have it made plain to me." After a little conversation, the visitor found out how matters really stood, and requested that the man might be unloosed. "He is mad," whispered the wife. "Would to God," answered our friend, "that hundreds more of your neighbours were as mad as your husband. No, my dear woman, you make a great mistake; his disorder is not that of the head, but of the heart." After much persuasion, the wife was induced to release her husband from his uncomfortable position; and his spiritual counsellor, with great plainness of speech, showed him how we are tied and bound by the chain of our sins, and pointed him to the Friend of sinners, who unlooses our bonds, and sets the prisoner free. The poor man listened to these statements with intense interest. Light was breaking in upon his mind, joy was depicted in his countenance, and that night, for the first time in his life, his knees were bent in humble supplication before the footstool of mercy; and his teacher returned to his home, with his soul magnifying the Lord, and his spirit rejoicing in God his Saviour.

The subsequent history of this man proved that the change which appeared in him was genuine. He became sober, steady and industrious in his habits, and a regular attendant at the house of God. His master, finding him a person to be depended upon, made him a kind of foreman over the dustyard, where he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employer. His temperance and industry gave fresh vigour to his constitution, so that his fits became less frequent, and in the end entirely ceased. Fruitful, indeed, was the branch which had thus run over the wall. The sight was glorious. Rich clusters, moral, physical, and spiritual, appeared, to the praise of our God, encouraging us in our work, and affording us a fresh illustration of the delightful truth, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

THE COVENANT SIGN.

The native account of the last martyrdom in Madagascar concludes in these touching words:—"Then they prayed, 'O Lord, receive our spirits, for *thy love to us hath caused this to come to us;* and lay not this sin to their charge.' Thus prayed they as long as they had any life, and then they died—softly, gently; *and there was at the time a rainbow in the heavens which seemed to touch the place of the burning.*"

When hellish hate and heathen rage conspire
Christ's cause to stifle on the martyr pyre,
Lo! Heaven's own banner floats the flames above,
Its iris dyes bespeaking Covenant love.

How sweet the thoughts its timely presence brings!
Faith lifts her voice in death, and, swan-like, sings;
She sees, though thickest gloom all earth enshrouds,
The Covenant Keeper stand behind the clouds.

Love, love, she whispers, love hath done it all,—
No evil can the saints of God befall;
Bitter to *present* taste, life's cup was drained
Of *wrath* by Jesus; *love* alone remained.

Our *life* with him in God is hidden safe,
And he hath sworn, though Hell and Death may chafe,
They'll never reach to hurt or harm his own,
Within the "rainbow round about the throne."

We'll fear not, then, though called through floods to wade,
For his dear name. His certain word hath said,
"Lo! *I* am with you." Even the flames become
A fiery car to take us swiftly home.

His kingdom comes! His triumph-arch hath risen,
Where gates of hell seem *most* to vanquish heaven.
Bruising Christ's heel, th' enemy bites the dust,
His rebel head, beneath it, bruised and crush'd.

Yes! Christ hath risen to plead his righteous cause;
Where long the isles have waited for his laws,
Groaning in darkness, 'neath the oppressor's sway,
There redd'ning martyr-fires mark the first dawn of day.

A. B. C.

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THE BEST TRAINING SCHOOL.

"*Train up* a child." Of late years much attention has been directed to the distinction between teaching and training. The effort was needed, and has been useful. The tendency in a former age to pile up reading, writing, and a few other kindred arts, and call them education, was superficial in its philosophy, and disastrous in its practical results. There cannot be training without teaching; but there may be teaching without training. The various branches of knowledge which the teacher imparts, constitute, as it were, the elements which the trainer employs. They are the types skilfully cast, and lying in the fount before him; but they have little meaning, and less power, until they have been arranged in his frame, and submitted to his press.

The oldest training school is still the best. Home is the best school-room, sisters and brothers the best class-fellows, parents the best masters. The chief value of those charitable institutions for the training of the young which characterize and honour our age, consists in supplying the lack of home education. These schools deserve all the praise that has been bestowed on them; but it is on the principle that when the best has entirely failed, the next best is very precious. When limbs are broken, hospitals are excellent; but it would have been better both for the patients and the community if hospitals had not been needed. To make well in the industrial school is good; but to keep well in the home is better,—is best. We speak specifically of training, the highest department of education. As to its subordinate materials, the arts of reading and writing, and the like, parents even in the best state of society do well to avail themselves of professional aid; but themselves should preside over the process, and with their own hearts and hands labour to get the whole, while soft, cast into a heavenly mould of truth and righteousness. Let any one and every one help in spreading a sail and catching a breeze, but let the parent keep the helm in his own hands.

Formidable obstacles, both intrinsic and extrinsic, prevent or impede parental training. In some cases personal deficiencies, in others the pressure of circumstances from without, and in many both barriers combined, stand in the way of the work. But in all these the beautiful law of Providence appears, that good principles and habits, as well as bad, count kin and help each other. Suppose a father and mother personally deficient, but desiring to have their children trained to truth and righteousness,—observe how the various portions of the machinery work together for good. In giving them children, and filling their hearts with parental love, God has supplied them at once with the best exercise for improvement and the most powerful motive to urge them on. Love to the little ones will make them try the training, and each trial will increase their capacity for the work. Every effort to train their children will elevate themselves; and every degree of elevation to which they attain will be an addition to their power of doing good to the children. God's good gifts run in circles. An entrance into his family in the spirit of adoption secures for you the benefit of them all. If you should certainly know that in five years hence your boy, who is now a little child, would fall into a deep river all alone, you would not wait till the event should happen ere you prepared to meet it. You would begin now the process which would be safety then. Your child cannot swim, and you are not qualified to teach him; but forthwith you would acquire the art yourself, that you might communicate it to him, and that he might be prepared to meet the emergency. Now, beyond all peradventure, your child, if he survive, will in a few years be plunged into a sea of wickedness, through which he must swim for his life. Nothing but right moral principles, obtained from the Bible, and indurated by early training into a confirmed habit, will give him the necessary buoyancy. Hence, as you would preserve your child from sinking through the sea of sin into final perdition, you are bound to qualify yourself for training him up in the way he should go.

In like manner when the obstacles are extrinsic, the necessities of his child supply the parent with motives to exert himself for their removal; and the effort which he makes for his child will rebound in blessings on himself. For example, if a parent has, through carelessness or a supposed necessity, adopted a line of life which demands Sabbath-day labour, or late hours all the week, he will discover, as his children grow up, that his business is incompatible with his duty to them. If, from love to his family and enlightened desire for their welfare, he successfully shake off the bondage, and obtain the means of living without giving the Lord's day or the evening hours to labour, he has thereby secured a double boon,—to his children and to himself.

Sabbath-school instruction, although good as far as it goes, does not supply adequate moral education for the juvenile hordes which infest the streets of our large cities. The interval between Sabbath and Sabbath is too wide. It is like spreading a net with meshes seven inches wide instead of one, before a shoal of herrings. By the great gap of the week the little Arabs easily slip through, in spite of the stout string which you extend across their path on the Sabbath evening. Ply the work by all means, and ply it hopefully. Labour for the Lord in that department will not be lost. Saving truth is thereby deposited in many minds, which the Spirit of God will make fruitful in a future day. Ply the work of Sabbath schools, but let not the existence and abundance of these efforts deceive us into the belief that the work is adequately done. The Sabbath school cannot train up a child. The six days' training at home, if it be evil, will, in the battle of life, carry it over the one day's teaching in the school, however good it may be.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXVIII.—EATING WITH UNWASHED HANDS—THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

MATT. xv. 1–28.

Eating with Unwashed Hands.—Ver. 1. Where was Jesus at this time? ch. xiv. 34. For what reason did the scribes and Pharisees come to him *from Jerusalem*? [Probably to watch him. They were the most distinguished and able of their body.]

Ver. 2. What is meant by "the tradition of the elders" (or rather "the *ancients*")? [It was held that there was an unwritten law, handed down from generation to generation, in addition to the law as written by Moses. The Jews compared the written word to water, and the traditionary to wine, as being, in their view, the more valuable.] Was not the washing of the hands before eating a very trifling matter for these great men from Jerusalem to take up? [The Jews observed the practice very rigidly. A celebrated rabbi, named Akiba, being imprisoned, and having water scarcely sufficient to sustain life given to him, is said to have preferred dying of thirst to eating with unwashed hands.]

Ver. 3. Did Christ admit that there was any *divine* tradition? Whose tradition did he call it? What effect had this tradition? What church in our day makes much of tradition? Is the tradition of the Church of Rome of greater authority than the Jewish tradition? Does it lead to similar results?

Ver. 4. Which of the commandments is this? What do these passages show in regard to the duty of children to their parents? [How very important its right discharge is, in God's sight.] What does Solomon say about "the eye that mocketh at his father?" Prov. xxx. 17.

Ver. 5, 6. What Jewish practice is referred to here? [The practice of dedicating things to God. When a thing was dedicated, it was called *corban*. See Mark vii. 11. After that, it could not lawfully be given to man.] What did the Jewish doctors say might lawfully be done with anything that might have helped a parent? [It might be *dedicated*. In that case the parent could not get it; but it was also taught that even after the dedication, the thing did not need to be actually given to God. The uttering of the word "corban" merely prevented the parent from having it.]

Ver. 7. What is meant by a hypocrite? What were Christ's feelings towards such?

Ver. 8, 9. Where is this statement? Isaiah xxix. 13. What does God think of such worship? Prov. xxviii. 9. By nature, this is the only kind of worship we give to God; many of the young are guilty of it; yet it is not real worship. Let us earnestly pray David's prayer—Ps. li. 10.

Ver. 10, 11. To whom did Christ address this lesson? [The multitude; it was a great and important truth *for all*.] What is meant here by "That which goeth into the mouth"? [Not only food, but anything outward. Sin is not a thing of mere externals, but of the heart. Sin is *the heart* breaking God's law.] In which of the beatitudes had Christ taught the necessity of purity of heart?

Ver. 12. What effect had this saying on the Pharisees? Wherein did they think that goodness and purity consisted? To what did they trust for getting to heaven? Do unconverted men generally like to be told of the need of a new heart?

Ver. 13, 14. What shall be the ultimate fate of all error? And of all the teachers of error? What is meant here by the "ditch," or pit? [Open wells. "I have been astonished at the recklessness with which wells or pits are left uncovered and unprotected all over this country. I once saw a blind man walk right into one of these unprotected wells. He fell to the bottom."—*Land and Book*.] What light should we all seek to be guided by? Psalm cxix. 105.

Ver. 15. What does "declare" mean here?

Ver. 16. Why was Jesus surprised at the want of understanding of the disciples?

Ver. 17–20. Does food defile the soul? What is *real* uncleanness in God's sight? If the heart be the fountain of all uncleanness, what change is indispensable before we can be truly clean?

Woman of Canaan.—Ver. 21. By whom were these coasts inhabited? By the once doomed descendants of Canaan.

Ver. 22. Had this woman been instructed in the true religion? [In Mark vii. 26, she is called "a Greek," or heathen, by religion.] What led her to Jesus? On whom did she ask Jesus to "have mercy?" How? [By healing her daughter. Her daughter was to her as herself.] What lesson should this teach parents? And children?

Ver. 23. Did Jesus *seem* to hear her prayer? Is prayer now ever disregarded *in appearance*? Why is this? [To try our earnestness and perseverance.] Is the cry of faith ever *really* disregarded? What did the disciples wish Jesus to do? [From the nature of Christ's reply, it would seem that the disciples wished Christ to cast out the devil at once. Sometimes Christ's servants *seem* more kindly disposed to the afflicted than even Christ himself.]

Ver. 24. Did this remark apply to the *general* purpose of Christ's mission? To what then? [His personal ministry—the particular mission he was then following out.] Had this woman any sort of claim to his mercy? [Not the slightest; and Jesus probably wished to try whether she would apply for his mercy as something to which she had no shadow of claim.] Have any of us any real claim to Christ's love?

Ver. 25. What was denoted by her *worshipping* Jesus, and calling him "Lord?" [Her profound regard for his glorious person and divine excellence. She was still persuaded that he was a glorious Saviour.] What did her prayer imply? [That she knew her very helplessness would move Christ's compassion. "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Ps. xl. 17.]

Ver. 26. Who were "the children?" And the "dogs?" What was usually implied by this epithet. [See 2 Kings viii. 13. 2 Sam. iii. 8.]

Ver. 27. Was she offended at being classed with the dogs? [She was willing to be as a dog, if she only got the dog's portion.] What quality did this exhibit? How did she magnify the grace of Christ? [Even a crumb from his table would be an unspeakable mercy. If so, what must the feast on the table be!]

Ver. 28. How did the greatness of her faith appear? What had been Christ's great object in his mode of dealing with her? Mention now, one by one, some of the chief lessons to be drawn from this narrative.

DUTY.—God is to be Reverenced and Feared.

Deut. vi.; xxviii. Ps. xxxiv.; lxxxix. Prov. iii. Heb. xii.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. I.

ISHMAEL.—Gen. xvi. xxi.

Who was Ishmael's father? Was he a rich or a poor man? Gen. xiii. 2. Was he a good man? What was he most remarkable for? [Strong faith, or trust in God's promises.] What particular promise was given to himself? [That he should be the father of a great people, who should become numerous like the grains of sand or the stars. Gen. xiii. 16; xv. 5.] Was it easy for Abraham to have faith in this? Why not? [Because it was long before he had any children.] Who was his eldest son?

Who was Ishmael's mother? What was she? [An Egyptian woman, the maid of Sarah, Abraham's wife.] What did Sarah do with her? [Gave her to Abraham to be a second wife, because she had no children herself.] Was Sarah a kind mistress to her after this? [No.] What did Hagar do then? Gen. xvi. 6. Was this right in Hagar? 1 Peter ii. 18. Who appeared to her when she was running away? Gen. xvi. 7. What did he tell her to do? ver. 9. What does this teach us? [To be submissive and obedient to all those whom God has set over us, even when they are unkind or unjust.]

Would Abraham be very glad when Ishmael was born? What did he hope he was? [The child of promise, the ancestor of the Messiah, in whom all nations were to be blessed. Gen. xii. 3.] But what did God tell him afterwards? [That the true child of promise was to be a son of *Sarah*. Gen. xvii. 16, 19.] Whom does Abraham think of and pray for immediately? ver. 18. What does this show? [That he was very fond of Ishmael, and anxious about his soul.] Will not all pious parents often pray for their children? But should a child be satisfied with knowing this? [No; he must also pray for himself.]

How old was Ishmael when Sarah had a son? [About fourteen years.] What was the name of the new baby? Gen. xxi. 3. Was Ishmael kind to his little brother? ver. 9. Why did he mock at him? [Satan probably tempted him to jealousy, because Isaac was the child of promise, and a rival to himself, who had so long been an only son.] How should children always treat those younger and weaker than themselves? [Very kindly and tenderly.] And what should they do when bad, jealous feelings rise in their hearts? [Pray, for Jesus' sake, that the Holy Spirit may help them to overcome these.

If Ishmael had been kind to his brother, what would have happened? [They would all have lived happily together.] But when Sarah saw how he behaved, what did she ask Abraham to do? ver. 10. Was he willing for this? ver. 11. How did he consent? [God told him to do it. ver. 12.] What did he do in the morning? ver. 14. Would not he intend to send them food and directions afterwards? But what happens? [They lose their way, and are like to die of thirst.] What does poor Hagar do with her boy? ver. 15, 16. What must he have felt now? [That he had brought all this upon himself by his sinful conduct.] But what does he do? [The right thing—prays to God for help.] Does God hear him? ver. 17. What should this teach us? [Not to be afraid to return to God by prayer, though we feel that we have sinned.]

How does the Lord save Hagar and Ishmael? ver. 17-19. How would they be provided for afterwards? [Abraham would send them help.] What are we told became of Ishmael? ver. 20, 21. What had been prophesied to his mother and Abraham about him and his children? chap. xvi. 12; xvii. 20. [Explain how remarkably these prophecies have been and are fulfilled in the history and mode of life of the Arab tribes.]

What useful lessons may we learn from the story of Ishmael and his mother? [The duty of kindness and love to each other, and the punishment and suffering which bad tempers bring upon ourselves and others.]

"Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come."

Precept.—A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another. John xiii. 34.

Promise.—If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. 1 John iv. 12.

Prayer.—O Lord our God, we confess at this time how often we have sinned against thy commandment, and displeased thee by our want of love and kindness one to another. We pray thee to pardon us, for our dear Saviour's sake. And we pray for the Holy Spirit to come into our hearts, and take all unkind and evil tempers away. Make us more meek, and gentle, and loving, in all our words and actions, like the holy child Jesus. Let us all live together in love here below, and bring us together at last to dwell for ever in love in our Father's house above, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple-tree old;
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold.
Hanging temptingly low;—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right!

Said he: "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day.'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one, he should answer me 'No.'

He would never find out if I took but just one—
And they do look so good shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain.
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.

And he sung: "Little Willie, beware! oh, beware!
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there!
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day!'"

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Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray,
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie *almost* stole an apple to-day."

Anon.

II.—WHICH TASTED BEST, THE MILK, OR THE NOT MILK?

Robert was five. Though a little boy, he liked to have his own way; he thought a great deal about pleasing himself, but he did not always take the right way of being truly happy. A very poor family lived down in the lane behind his mother's house. The father of this family was a drunkard; he was very cruel to his wife and children; he used often to beat them.

One day the woman came up to Robert's mother to beg a little new milk for her sick baby. Mrs. Manly had none to spare, except what she had saved for Robert's supper:—"But I will give the poor creature this," she said; "Robert can do without his milk for once." When supper came, he cried out, "Where's my bowl of milk? I don't want my supper unless I can have my milk." His mother told him how she spared it for the poor sick baby. He did not seem at all pleased; he pouted, and did not take his bread and butter; he was sure it was *his* milk, he said.

His mother was very much grieved to see how selfish he had become. She knew nobody but God could change Robert's heart for the better, and she knew he often blessed the means which mothers use to improve their little boys. After thinking for some time, she thought she would take Robert to this poor family—perhaps their sad condition might touch his heart. The next day, although it began to snow, Mrs. Manly put on her cloak and asked Robert to take a walk with her, which he was very glad to do. They went down the lane, and visited the drunkard's family. How very forlorn it looked!—very, very! Robert shivered as he cast his eyes here and there. The poor woman thanked Mrs. Manly over and over again for the new milk. "It kept baby still all night," she said; "her father did not beat her—for he beats her when he comes home in liquor, and finds her crying. Poor thing, she can't help it; she's hungry, and wants something nourishing." "But I do not know that I can spare you any more," said Robert's mother. "I want to with all my heart, but—." She stopped. "Ah, well," said the woman, "I know I can't expect it every night; you are very good." "Is there anything else?" asked Robert's mother. "Nothing just *now*; the most is a drop of new milk," looking at her child, and again sighing.

As they walked away, Robert never spoke, though he was generally very talkative; neither did his mother—she only prayed in her heart. At supper-time, Robert's bowl of milk was put by his plate. He did not come to the table, but sat looking in the fire. "Come, Robert," said his father. He obeyed, but gently shoved his bowl to one side. In a few minutes he got up and whispered to his mother. She nodded, and said, "Yes, my son." He went into the kitchen, and presently Mary came in and carried out the milk. Nothing was seen of the little boy for some time. By-and-by he burst into the sitting-room covered with snow-flakes, and shouting cheerfully, "Mother, the baby's got the milk! Mary and I took it to her. Now she'll sleep; won't she? Her mother said, 'God bless you, my child;' that was to me. And, mother, my milk tastes pretty good to-night," smacking his lips—"or my *not* milk."

How bright Robert's face looked! Ah, it was the *not* milk that tasted so good—it was the *not* milk, boys. The secret of his joy lay in that little word *not*. He had denied himself for another's sake; and our heavenly Father has so formed us, that this is really one of our purest joys. Our Saviour says, "*Deny thyself*, and take up the cross, and follow me." This perhaps *sounds* hard; and yet, all who have tried it declare with one accord, "His yoke is easy, and his burden is light. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace." Will you not try it, dear children?—*Child's Paper.*

III.—THE OCHRE SPRING.

On the moors of Yorkshire there is a stream of water, which goes by the name of the "Ochre Spring." It rises high up in the hills, and runs on bright and sparkling for a short distance, when it suddenly becomes a dark and muddy yellow. What is the reason of this? Why, it has been passing through a bed of ochre, and so it flows on for miles, thick and sluggish, useless and unpleasant. The world is full of such "beds of ochre." Fairs and races, sinful companions, Sunday bands in the parks, bad books,—all such things are just like beds of ochre; *connection with them is pollution.* "Enter not in the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."—*Church of England Teachers' Magazine.*

IV.—TAKE THE RIGHT TURNING.

"Job," said my father to me one afternoon in the winter, "I want you to take these two empty sacks to miller Brown's." Now, the miller lived in the next village, about two miles away. "Be sure you take the right turning, Job; and as it will be quite dark before you can get back, you had better take the lantern with you."

"Oh," I replied, "I can find my way back in the dark with my eyes shut; there is no fear of my taking the wrong turning."

It was very foolish of me to answer in this manner, as our family had not long lived in that part of the country, and I was therefore rather a stranger to the places around.

On my way home the night set in dark; there was neither moon nor star to be seen. After first walking in one way, and then in another, I was quite brought to a stand. Whilst thinking what I should do, I heard some footsteps. They were those of a man who was going home from work; but I could not tell whether he were a robber or not. However, with a good deal of fear, I called out to know if I were in the right way for my father's house. "Why, my lad," he said, "you are quite out of the way; you have taken the *wrong turning.*"

As the man was going the same way as myself, I was glad to have him for a guide; and by his friendly help I got safely home, though in rather a more humble temper of mind than that in which I set out. I wish this had been the only time in my life when I did not take the right turning.

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Shortly after this I went to work at the Manor Farm. It was agreed that I should live in the house, and sleep in the same room, over the stable, along with a fellow-servant, the carter. Before I went to my place, my pious mother said to me, "Job, if you would have the blessing of God rest upon you, do not forget to pray to him every night and morning." The first night I retired to rest, the young carter was soon in bed, but I sat down on an old chair in the room. "Why don't you get into bed, Job?" said the carter. Ah, why did I not? The fact was I was ashamed to pray, and yet afraid to lie down to sleep without prayer. The fear that the young carter would laugh at me made me a coward. I wished that I had slept in another room, or that my fellow-servant would fall asleep. There was a struggle in my heart. My duty clearly was to kneel down—to make a decided stand for what is right—to obey my mother, and to seek my mother's God and Saviour. But I gave way. I got into bed without prayer, and in a short time I was fast asleep. It was a turning point in my life, and I failed to take *the right turning*.

Well would it have been for me if I had stood firm to duty, for I was soon thrown into the midst of snares and trials. You may be sure of this, that if you give up prayer, you will get on to slippery places, and be in the highway of sin. So I found it.

My pious father and mother were soon laid in the grave, and I quickly forgot all their wise advice and warnings. Their Bible was sold for a few pence. The house of God was given up; and I got among those who told me that "I might live as I liked, and get to heaven at last." There are, alas, many in this world who are ready to help on the young to ruin.

After a time I got tired of farming, and enlisted as a soldier to a sergeant who came into our village with ribbons on his cap, and a medal on his breast; but not liking the duties of military life, I ran away, and, getting to the sea-shore, I engaged myself as a sailor. I thought it a fine thing to visit many lands and see the world. A sailor's life may be all very well in fine weather, but storms will come, and the smoothest sea will be lashed by the winds into fury. Certainly our ship met with storms enough, and in one of them she was wrecked on a rock. Of the whole crew three only were saved.

That was a dreadful night when I found myself on the top of a rock in the midst of the wide ocean. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed across the sky, and the waves rose like mountains; you may suppose that I was filled with terror. Though I had been ashamed to pray before the carter in the little room over the stable, I was not ashamed to call upon God before my two ship-mates on the top of that rock. I cast myself on my knees, and prayed to God to save me, body and soul, for Jesus Christ's sake. Well, the dreary night passed away; in the morning the storm began to lull, and to our joy a ship hove in sight. We made signal to it, which was seen, and a boat was sent to take us on board. I returned, in due time, to my own land, a wiser man than I left it.

It was some time after I had given up a sailor's life, that God, by his Holy Spirit, brought me to see that I was in the broad way that leads to death. I felt that I was a sinner; but then I was taught that Jesus Christ was a Saviour, able and willing to save the chief of sinners. I believed in him with all my heart, and through his grace was led to repent of sin, and to live, as I hope, a life devoted to his service.

As I now sit in my old arm chair in the front of my cottage, I think of days that are past. While I cherish a good hope of heaven through the merits of my Saviour, I wish to do a little good to others. And so I say to you, my young friends,—Be sure that you take *the right turning*. There are many false guides ready enough to lead you in the wrong way; but if you have been trained, as I was, in the ways of piety, stand fast by your early instructions, and they will stand fast by you.—*Wayside Books.*[*]

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—RECEIVING BY GIVING.

THE truth, that it is more blessed to give than to receive, is worthy of more extensive application than is always thought of. We are especially reminded of it when we see so few, comparatively, engaged in imparting religious instruction, or exerting a persuasive religious influence. Some one said, in answer to an inquiry, how to gain information on a certain subject, "Write a book upon it." To speak less specifically, we may express the principle by saying, that the best way to gain knowledge is to study to impart it to others. An active Sabbath-school teacher will gain more biblical knowledge than another person, of equal natural talents, will acquire in a long lifetime of hearing even the ablest sermons. There are several reasons for this. An earnest teacher will have his mind wide-awake. His zeal is an ever-active stimulus to study and thought. He is benefited, moreover, by having a means of self-improvement without making him think of himself. Physiologists say that walking on some agreeable errand will give more healthful exercise than merely walking for the health. It is better for the health to go about doing good, than to walk for the sake of walking. So there is no study more beneficial to one's own mind, than that study which is earnestly pursued in a spirit of Christian love for the purpose of benefiting others. It is especially true, that the effort to communicate any truth to others makes our own notion of it clearer. We get a stronger grasp upon it ourselves. It is easy, if one never tries to put his thoughts into words, to rest contented with vague, ill-conceived, half-defined views, but no one can give to another a clear and intelligible statement of what is not clearly apprehended by himself. The effort to communicate will clarify his ideas.

Growth in knowledge, secured in this way, will be likely to be accompanied by growth in grace. "Knowledge," without the exercise of Christian love, "puffeth up." But when sought and wrought upon by the mind for the purpose of doing good, it becomes a means of spiritual blessing. There is a double blessing—that of receiving and understanding in the first instance, and that clearer view and heightened enjoyment which the communication produces—besides the benefit conferred upon the object of instruction.

There is a class who greatly need work of this kind for their spiritual health. They are epicures in religion. They are what are sometimes called "appreciating hearers." They are good judges of preaching. They know a good deal

[*] New Series. London: Religious Tract Society.

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about theology. They have a store of religious reading. But the work they accomplish is not much. Their intelligence on these subjects is pleasing; it adds a flavour to their conversation. But some who know much less than they do, are far more effective in calling sinners to repentance and edifying the saints; and these, as they have more grace, so they have more valuable knowledge. A knowledge of the truth as it is in itself is not to be undervalued, but the truth *in its application* is what we are mainly concerned with. If we would be watered ourselves, we must seek to water others. If we would have the practical good of religious knowledge, we must not be forgetful to impart it.—*Examiner.*

II.—"TELL ME, I PRAY THEE, THY NAME."

We can hardly wonder that Jacob asked and said, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name." Yet it appears to have been more curious than wise. There is much of this tendency in us all; and it is a proof of our depravity, that we are equally disposed to neglect what is plain and useful, and to pry into things which we have not seen, and which, if discovered, could be of little avail to us. This is a world of action rather than of science. The humblest Christian will know more in a moment after death, than the most laborious research can acquire now in months and years. The Scripture, therefore, never indulges a vain curiosity that would draw us off from the one thing needful. Instead of gratifying Peter when he inquired after the destiny of John, our Saviour rebuked him: "What is that to thee? follow thou me." And when the apostles would become curious in prophecy, and asked, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" he said unto them, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." He therefore here said unto Jacob, "Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there."

This furnishes us with an opportunity to remark two things. The first regards our infirmities in prayer. We often know not what we ask. The second, God's method in answering us. He grants us while he denies. If he refuses us, he gives us something better in exchange, something better in itself, and better also for us. It is better to prepare us for his coming at any time, or in any way, than to inform us of it. It is better to make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, than to make us acquainted with the nature of it. With regard to the thorn in the flesh, the apostle was more than satisfied with the manner in which his prayer for the removal of it was answered, when, though it continued, he had the assurance of all-sufficient grace under it, and that the Saviour's strength should be made perfect in his weakness. "Most gladly therefore," says he, "will I glory in my infirmity, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." He withholds abundance, but he teaches and enables us to be content with such things as we have. Let us leave ourselves to his wisdom and goodness; a wisdom that is infinite, a goodness that spared not his own Son. He would not tell Jacob his name—but he blessed him there.—*Jay.*

III.—THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

The happiness we derive from creatures is like a beggar's garment, it is made up of pieces and patches, and is worth very little, after all. But the blessedness we derive from the Saviour is single and complete. In him all fulness dwells. He is coeval with every period. He is answerable to every condition. He is a physician to heal, a counsellor to advise, a king to govern, a friend to sympathize, a father to provide. He is a foundation to sustain, a root to enliven, a fountain to refresh, He is the shadow from the heat, the bread of life, the morning star, the sun of righteousness—*all, and in all.* No creature can be a substitute for him; but he can supply the place of every creature. He is all my salvation, and all my desire; my hope, my peace, my life, my glory and joy. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." I cannot be exposed, I cannot be friendless, I cannot be poor, I cannot be fearful, I cannot be sorrowful, with Thee.—*Ibid.*

IV.—ANTICIPATED SEPARATION.

One of the most trying anticipations with regard to death, in the minds of many, long before the event arrives, is, separation from those whom we love. And yet, there is probably nothing in human experience more remarkable than the singular resignation, and even cheerfulness, with which some, who have had everything to make life desirable, have left all and followed Christ when he came to lead them through the valley. The young wife and mother, in her dying hours, becomes the comforter of her husband; she turns and looks at the infant who is held up to receive her farewell, and the mother alone is calm, sheds no tears, gives the farewell kiss with composure. "Thy rod" is supporting her; "Thy staff" is keeping at bay the passions and fears of the natural heart. So a widowed mother leaves a large family of young children, with a peace which passes all understanding. And the father of a dependent family, which never could, in a greater measure, need a father's presence, looks upon them from his dying bed, and says to them, with the serenity of the patriarch, "Behold, I die; but God shall be with you." Nothing is more true than this, that dying grace is for a dying hour; that is, we cannot, in health and strength, have the feelings which belong to the hour of parting: but as any and every scene and condition, into which God brings his children, has its peculiar frames of mind fitted to the necessity of each case, we need not make the useless effort to practise all the resignation, and experience all the comforts, which come only when they are actually needed. We do not often hear the first part of the following passage quoted; but in such rocky and thorny paths as we are often made to pass through, how good it is to read, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be."—"*Catharine.*"

V.—HAVE YOU A CHILD IN HEAVEN?

Supposing a parent to fail of heaven, and to retain his instinctive parental feelings, the endless separation between him and his family will be a source of sorrow which needs only to be kept up, by an ever-living memory, to constitute all which is pictured in the boldest metaphors of inspired tongues and pens. A father in disgrace, or under ignominy, suffers intensely when he sees or thinks of his children, provided his natural sensibilities are not destroyed. A father

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punished, hereafter, by his Redeemer and Judge,—a father banished from the company of heaven, knowing that his family are there, and that if his influence had had its full effect, they would all have perished with him; or a father with a part of his children with him in perdition, the wife and mother with one or more of the children in heaven,—is a picture of woe which nothing but timely repentance and faith in Christ may prevent from being a reality in the experience of some who read these lines.

Can it be true, as Bishop Hall says, that "to be happy is not so sweet as it is miserable to have been happy?" O man, if you have a child in heaven, think that, among the sweet influences of divine love, there probably is no more powerful motive to draw your affections towards God, than that glimpse which you sometimes seem to have of this child's face, on which heaven has traced its lineaments of peace and bliss; or that sudden whisper of a gentle, child-like voice, now and then heard by the ear of fancy, persuading you to be a Christian. Do not let the world, or shame, or procrastination, lead you to resist such efforts of almighty love to save you. He who has had a child saved by Christ, and will not be himself a Christian,—what more can God do to save him?—*Ibid.*

VI.—UNSPEAKABLE WORDS.

We have no record or tradition of any disclosures made by Lazarus, or the widow of Nain's son, or the dead who came out of their graves at the crucifixion, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many. The only way to account for this seems to be, to suppose that they told nothing of what they had seen or heard. Had they made any disclosures of the unseen world, those disclosures would never have been forgotten. They would have been preserved in the memories of men, to be handed down from age to age. Paul himself had no very distinct recollection of what he had heard and seen in Paradise; for he says that he could not tell whether he was in the body or out of the body. We think in words, which at the time are intelligible, but we often fail when we try to produce them; so that Paul's expression, very singular in each part of it,—"Heard unspeakable words,"—may refer to the impressions made on his own mind in his revelations, as not possible to be clothed in speech. It may have been with him, upon his return to the body, and with the risen dead, as it was with Nebuchadnezzar, who knew that he had dreamed, and the dream had made powerful impressions on his mind, but the dream itself had departed from him. Now, if the bodily senses, or the soul while in the body, cannot comprehend so as to express what has been seen in heaven, it is doubtful if we could understand it if it should be revealed by a spirit from heaven. The Bible has probably given us as definite information about heaven as we could possibly understand—certainly as much as God judges best for our usefulness and happiness. But we must probably learn an unearthly language, and, in order to this, unearthly ideas, before we can understand the things which are within the veil.

VII.—"HIS NEIGHBOUR COMETH AND SEARCHETH HIM."

If a man can detect exaggerations on one side, and concealments on the other, amounting to untruthfulness in their general effect, it shows that the fear of God was not before the eyes of the witness when he emitted his evidence. To walk with God in the regeneration is the short and sure way to rigid truth in all our intercourse with men. Acquaint yourself with him before you speak, and then let all the world sift your testimony. To make certain that you shall never be put to shame for your words by the searching of a neighbour, submit your heart's thoughts beforehand to the searching of the Lord. In vain would your neighbour scrutinize your testimony, if your God and Saviour had at your invitation searched the germ, while it was a purpose forming within your heart. According to the rural proverb, "The rake need not come after the besom." The Adversary will find nothing, if a greater than he has been there before him.—*Arnot.*

VIII.—NEARLY HOME.

"Almost well, and *nearly at home*," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend. A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, "Never better; for now I know that I am almost at home." Then looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house." "Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work; home! home!" Another on his death-bed said, "I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that *I have a good home to go to.*"

IX.—"JUST AS I AM."

A few weeks ago, a poor little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a *clean* paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing that precious lyrical epitome of the gospel, of which the first stanza is as follows:—

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me,
> And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—
> O Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one? "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died, and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick; and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find in it, we may hope, the gospel of her salvation. Could she, in any probability, have gone down into death, sweetly singing that hymn of penitence and faith in Jesus, to her latest breath, without the saving knowledge of Him which the Holy Spirit alone imparts?

None can tell what these simple lines have done, or are destined to do for the salvation of the lost.—*Examiner.*

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BIBLE VILLAGES.

BETHLEHEM.

WHAT a crowd of hallowed remembrances rush upon the mind at the name of Bethlehem! With how much that is dear to childhood's vivid faith in Bible story, and sacred to manhood's graver faith in Scripture truth, is the little town of Judah associated! To the Christian mind there is still a halo of glorious memories round it, pointing it out afar off, like the star that once stood over its clustering roofs, or the great light that shone in its valleys on the night when the Hope of the world was born. Next to Jerusalem, the Land of Promise holds no holier spot than Bethlehem.

Bethlehem of Judea (there was another town of the same name in the tribe of Zebulun) lay on the slope of a hill, about six miles to the south of Jerusalem. Its ancient name, when it was only a Canaanite mountain-hamlet, was Ephrath. The earliest mention of it in Scripture is in connection with the history of Jacob. On his way from Bethel, "when there was but a little way to come to Ephrath," his beloved Rachel died in giving birth to Benjamin. She was "buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave" (Gen. xxxv. 19, 20). Long after, in Egypt, when on his own death-bed, the thoughts of the departing saint turned to Bethlehem and that grave (Gen. xlviii. 7). About a mile from the town, on the way to Jerusalem, the spot is shown which tradition affirms to be the grave of Rachel. It is a white, square, low-domed tomb, reared not by Jewish, or Christian, but Mohammedan hands. The wife of the patriarch is esteemed by them a saint, and pilgrimages are made to her sepulchre.

More than four hundred years are gone since Jacob passed by Ephrath, and a great change has come over the little town. The Canaanites have been driven out. The chosen tribes are quietly settled in the land. It is the harvest-time, and the song of the reapers is heard in the valleys. We see Boaz coming into his wheat-fields, and hear his greeting to the reapers—"The Lord be with you" (Ruth ii. 4). And there, gleaning among the golden sheaves, is the strange maiden from the land of Moab, who has come to trust under the wings of the God of Israel. The corn-fields of Bethlehem were the scene of that sweet and tender story which embalms for all time the fresh and simple piety of old Hebrew life. There Ruth became the wife of Boaz, and was taken into earth's noblest line of descent—that from which, "as concerning the flesh," the Saviour was to spring.

Again years have passed, and a youth is seen tending his father's flocks in the valleys, and among the upland pastures of Bethlehem. The son of Jesse, and great grandson of Boaz, God is already training him in his native village for a great work. Bethlehem, as the cradle of the minstrel-king, the mother-city of a race of princes, will be famous in Israel. It will be spoken of as "the city of David." There were the "green pastures" and "still waters" of which he sang in later days (Ps. xxiii.) And all around it lie the spots linked with the eventful story of his life. Where so much is changed, these remain the same.

From one of the house-tops of the town, let us look round at the features of the landscape. It is a "city set upon an hill," and you stand as on a watch-tower. Under your feet are terraced slopes, where the cool green of fig and olive trees, and scattered palms, refreshes the eye, dazzled with the hot white glare of the limestone rock. Here and there are corn-fields, and many vineyards with stone towers built in them (Matt. xxi. 33), or reed booths—"the cottage in a vineyard" (Isa. i. 8), where watch is kept in the season of grapes. Far over to the east, you see the bold mountain range of Moab, looking down on the wilderness of Judah, and the great silent sea, whose leaden waters wrap the cities of the plain. To the south rises the hill of Tekoah, with bare brown slopes all round it, where the prophet Amos was "an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit" (Amos vii. 14). Farther off is the wilderness of Engedi, in whose caves David found refuge from the pursuit of Saul. Many of his psalms were written there. There, in the sultry noon, he had seen the "hart panting after the water-brooks," and felt it an emblem of himself thirsting and longing for the living God. And among the rocky mountains to the west is the cave of Adullam, where he lay and longed to drink of "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate" (2 Sam. xxiii. 15). There is a well near the top of the hill, close by the town, to which the women of the city still come forth to draw water. Such is the scene, and though not without a wild and rugged beauty, there is over all a silence and desolation, which remind you that God's blessing is no longer on the land He loved.

Long after David's time a mysterious glory began to grow and brighten over Bethlehem. A prophet sang of it as the hope of Israel:—

> "And thou Bethlehem-Ephratah,
> Little to be among the princes of Judah,
> Out of thee shall come forth unto me
> One who is to be Ruler in Israel;
> And his goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."
> Micah v. 2.

So the eyes of those who waited for the consolation of

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Israel looked through the dark night to Bethlehem, and watched for some blessed sunrise there. And, "in the fulness of time," it came. A son of David, with "his espoused wife," is called, by a decree of Cæsar, from his dwelling, far away in Galilee, to Bethlehem, as the city of his ancient line. They are strangers on its streets. Its inn is crowded, and there is no room for them. Thus, in a stable, in the darkest and meanest corner of "the city of David," is "born the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." But without in the fields, a strange brightness is shining, and angels are singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men" (Luke ii. 14). And a star is lighted as a signal of hope in heaven, which glides calmly on, and leads the wise men from the East, with their costly offerings, to worship the holy child as Prince and Saviour.

All these scenes of interest are pointed out by the monks who now hold the keys of the holy places. The traveller of course visits them, without pledging himself to believe in the localities or legends of his guide. The village, where the shepherds dwelt, is shown about half a league from Bethlehem, lying in a hollow. Near the village, within a rough stone enclosure, is a spot overgrown with hoary olive-trees, where it is said the angel appeared to them. But the chief interest centres in the Church of the Nativity, built by Helena, mother of the first Christian emperor. This is connected with the Convent of St. John, which crowns the height to the east of the town, with buttressed walls, grated windows, and low close-barred gates, more like a robber-fortress than a religious house. Descending from the upper church, the traveller finds himself in a grotto hewn in the rock, dazzling with pictures, jewels, and gilded ornaments, and lighted with ever-burning silver lamps. The high altar marks the holiest spot of all. A circle of precious stones, inlaid in the marble, bears a Latin inscription—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The place where the wise men worshipped, and the table on which they laid their offerings, are honoured by other altars. From this, through a gallery in the rock, you are led into another grotto, said to be the scene of the massacre of the children by Herod.

Bethlehem has at present a population of about three thousand, the majority professedly Christian; but whether Greeks, Latins, or Armenians by name, alike ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious. The town is a poor assemblage of squalid lanes and wretched dwellings.

From places called holy, degraded into scenes of vulgar show and childish fable, the Christian pilgrim can only turn with pity and sorrow. With far other feelings will he sit by the "well of Bethlehem, at the gate;" or gaze on the distant ridges, clearly shown in that transparent eastern clime; or trace the rough hill-road to Jerusalem, along which the Virgin bore her child on the first of his earthly journeys. How often were His blessed feet to traverse the dusty highways and rugged mountain-paths of that land of wonder, ere, three-and-thirty years later, He went out of the gate of Jerusalem, bearing his cross!

O happy place, that heard the voice
Of angels singing sweet;
That saw the star which sages led
To the Redeemer's feet;

That held the lowly dwelling where
The heavenly Child was born,
And saw the shepherds worship Him
Upon that wondrous morn!

O may my heart, Lord, through Thy grace,
A little Bethlehem be!
Though it should know no other guest,
May there be room for Thee!

Its door would open to Thy knock—
Come in, thou blessed One!
Abide with me, and dwell in me,
And make me Thine alone.

I have no gold, nor frankincense,
Nor fragrant myrrh to bring;
My love is all I have to give—
Accept the offering!

J. D. B.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

I WAS early left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such, that I was determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. I was but thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evidently favourably impressed, and who told me that if I was willing to come for small pay, I might work my way up, "if it was in me." So I began as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

Night and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was watched; every gesture criticized. Oh! how often I have thought since then—had my Bible but been my text-book!

I was not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a denial when I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard, never was a blasphemer. God was good to me while I thought not of him. Many of my companions were unfit for friends, still less for guides. There was Jerry Althorp—a fine fellow, in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There were John Monk and Fred Larrys—O yes, a host of them; I can recall their faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's grave was their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; I might have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do not think I should. However, after seven years of toil, I began to command fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the high road to fame. I was very successful in all my undertakings, and finally, for the sake of a permanent and profitable salary, I agreed to remain with L——, a popular stage manager in one of our largest and wealthiest cities, for a term of years. I was a general favourite with the public, and my appearance never failed to call forth vehement applause, so that I became vain of my own

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personal beauty, and of the popularity I had acquired. Extreme pride kept me from the fashionable vices of the day. I looked down with contempt on those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread of appearances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful meaning, to avoid which I preferred paying a fine.

When I commenced my engagement with L——, I began to notice, sitting in the pit, a fair-haired boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I did or said, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night he would be in the same place, always excited, always entering into the spirit of the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance, with blue eyes, and hair as soft as that of a young child. Two years passed, and still the boy came, though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he oftener made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheek was flushed to an extreme crimson, and the manner was more excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared, and gradually I forgot him.

But God had not forgotten *me*. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair woman. She could not have seen more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such as I had never met with before; and as with the candour of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life! I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the flitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure, sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, accused by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling, for what I had come, and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me at length no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and his cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far outweighing that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in —— street wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deathly sleep. His brow was of a strange whiteness, and back from its broad arch swept masses of silken, light hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grieved, careworn look gave to features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

"You—you have—come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

I was startled—awe-struck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the gospel now! Undo your work—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My poor young friend," I said, trembling with excitement.—He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend! I say you have ruined me. Here on this sick bed—where I have seen spectres from hell, worse than ever the imagination of men could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying!—I say you have ruined me! Thralled by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the accursed theatre. Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue: destroyed my soul. Come"—and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood with horror—"undo

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your work! Is it fair—is it fair, I ask you—that you, *my* destroyer, should be saved, and I be lost?"

"O! do not talk thus!" I cried in agony of spirit. "Sorely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long, low groan, he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so inexpressibly solemn—his deep-drawn, gasping sobs, heaving chest—and tears heavily falling over the white face, while in utter self-abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh!" he sobbed—"I have lost all that makes men honoured—I might have lived years—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day, I have thought of you—how, in my eager admiration, I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the enticements of the stage—and I have hated—yes—I have cursed you."

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony; but oh! I cannot bear to think that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—I will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that, vile as you are in your sight and the sight of Heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in heaven over one who repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to the good, but to the vile, the very vilest. Oh! will you forgive me, if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world?"

There was a pause. At length—

"Do this—give me hope—hope—a little hope that Heaven will accept me—oh! pray for me—and I will forgive and bless you," he said, holding out one of his pale hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hands!—he, the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not that I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet faster when I heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all upon Christ, and that he *would* and *did* give himself up to the Redeemer of souls.

Early the next morning my steps took the direction of that dwelling, within which, I can truly say, the most terrible moments of my life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness, the closed blinds, told the news. Death had been there in the stillness of the night.

I was led again into that room—led, half blinded by tears, to the bed. Serenely beautiful gleamed the noble brow. The locks, no longer damp, were not tossed back in a troubled mass as yesterday, but through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, and they lay twined upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. The look of age had passed away, and beautiful, beautiful exceedingly, was the smile that touched the lips and brightened the still face.

"He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her violent grief; "he said I must tell you that he was willing to die—that there was a light before him; but, oh, pity me! pity me, for I am childless!"

With the mother I prayed as I had prayed with the son, and subsequently, as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle lips of him who had passed into heaven, instead of the terrible but just reproach, "You have ruined me," the blessed, heavenly message that my soul had longed for, "Christ has saved me!"

The day shall declare it.—*Examiner.*

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

THE HYMNS OF THE BIBLE.*

Of the mode of worship in the old patriarchal times, we know little; but, surely, music was not only heard in the city of Cain. Earth can never have been without her song to God. The first wave of promise which flowed in to cover the first wave of sin, must have found its response in the heart of man; but after the first universal hymn of Eden was broken, and the music of creation fell into a minor, whilst the wail of human sin and sorrow ran across all its harmonies, a long silence reigns in the hymn-book of the Church universal; and through all the records of violence and judgment, from the flood and the ark, from patriarchal tent and Egyptian kingdom, the only song which has reached us is the wail of a murderer echoing the curse of Cain.

We read of altar and sacrifice, of meditations in the fields at eventide, of visions, and prayers, and accepted intercessions, and we feel sure that those who walked in the light, like Enoch and Abraham, must have had their hearts kindled into music. But from the green earth rising out of the flood; from the shadow of the great oak at Mamre; from the fountains, and valleys, and upland pastures of the Promised Land, where the tents of the patriarchs rose amidst their flocks; from the prisons and palaces of Egypt, we catch no sound of sacred song. So far the stream flows for us under ground.

The first recorded hymn in the Bible is the utterance o the national thanksgiving of Israel by the Red Sea. When the Church becomes visible, her voice becomes audible. The waves flowed back to their ancient tide-marks, the

* From "The Voice of Christian Life in Song." London: James Nisbet & Co.

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pathway through the sea was hidden for ever, and, with it, the hosts of the enemies of God and of Israel. The way of escape had become the wall of demarcation, and looking back on that sea, with all its buried secrets, above its ripple and its roar the song burst from the lips of Moses and the children of Israel.

It was a type of all the psalms which have been sung on earth since. It was a song of victory. It was a song of redemption. It was "sung to the Lord." The silence of the dead was beneath that sea, the silence of the desert was around it, and there first it is written that the Song of Redemption pierced through the long wail of the Fall. There the first notes of that great chant of victory were chanted which echo along the crystal sea, far, far beyond our hearing, into the depths of eternity.

That song has never ceased since on this earth. One dying voice has carried on its accents to another. From time to time, it bursts on our ears in a chorus of triumph. At times, even Elijah can hear no voice but his own. But God has heard it ceaselessly, we may not doubt; and while some tones, loud and musical in man's ears, have failed to pierce beyond the atmosphere of earth, countless melodies, inaudible to us, have reached His ear, and been welcomed by His smile.

Among the many books which God has caused to be written for us to make up his One Book—family records, royal chronicles, histories of the past and future, proverb and prophecy—we have one book which speaks not so much to man from God, as to God for man. In the Book of Psalms the third person of the historical narratives, the "Thus saith the Lord" of the law and the prophets, is exchanged for the supplicating or rejoicing,—"O Lord, my God," "Unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing." Beginning often in the tumultuous depths, these psalms soar into the calm light of heaven. An inspired liturgy for all time, and the prophetic utterance of a sorrow which knew no equal, they are yet the natural expression of the struggles and hopes, the repentings and thanksgivings of the human hearts who first spoke them. These also are part of that one wondrous hymn of redeemed man to God. It is one warfare, and, therefore, one battle-song suits all alike. Like the other true hymns of the Church militant, David's psalms were written in no soft literary retirement, but amidst the struggles of a most eventful and active life. The battle-songs of the Church are written on the battle-field; her poets are singers because they are believers.

When David fled from Absalom his son, his heart lifted itself up to "the Lord, his shield;" when Shimei cursed him, he sang praises to the name of the Lord most high; looking up to the rocks and the wild hill-fortresses among which he had taken refuge from Saul, he called on "the Lord, his fortress and his high tower;" from the flocks he led by green pastures and still waters, in his peaceful youth, his heart turned to "the Lord, his shepherd;" awaking in agony from his great sin, he uttered those self-despairing, yet most trustful words, on which the sighs of repenting sinners have taken wing to God during three thousand years.

It cannot be without purpose that more is revealed to us of the life of the sweet Singer of Israel than of any other man. Otherwise, might we not have thought the song of praise is only for the comparatively sinless; that sighs, not songs, become the penitent, however freely the "much" is forgiven? and thus many a precious box of costly perfume might have been held back in shame, and we might have missed the lesson that the deepest music of the Church is mingled with her tears.

David did indeed appoint an "order of singers," and he set them, we are told by Nehemiah, over the business of the house of God. And, no doubt, the Lord of the temple has also His own "order," especially endowed and trained for this work, to whom, as the king to those singers of the old temple, he appoints a certain portion "due every day." Yet in that new temple, which is rising silently day by day, all the stones are musical when struck by the right hand; every voice has its own especial psalm for its own especial joy; and the richest songs have sometimes been sung by those who sang but one, and whose names are lost to us for ever.

From time to time, throughout the Old Testament, we catch fresh notes of the song. There is the mystical Song of Songs, reaching, in its full meaning, to the great marriage-day, when the Voice which can be heard in the grave shall say, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, and the time of the singing is come." There is the chant of Deborah the prophetess, and the hymn of Hannah, borne along through her own individual joy to the great undying source of joy, the Child born to redeem. There is the song of Jehoshaphat and his army, the chant of victory sung in faith before the battle, and itself doing battle, in that the Lord fought for those who trusted him, and they had nothing to do but to divide the spoil and return to Jerusalem, with psalteries, and harps, and trumpets, into the house of the Lord. There is the song of Hezekiah, when he recovered from his sickness; and the psalm of Jonah, from the depths of the sea. There was a song by the waters of Babylon, though not for the ear of the oppressor. There was the song of liberated Israel, at the dedication of the wall of the Holy City, when "the singers sang loud, and they all rejoiced; for God had made them rejoice with great joy: the wives also and the children rejoiced; so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off." There were new songs in the prophets for the new joy which was to descend on earth, until at last the joy came, and the songs of the angels broke on the ears of the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night.

Even on earth the morning awakes with music. Not a day is born but finds some creature ready to welcome it with a song—some echo of that birth-day hymn which the morning stars sang together when all the sons of God shouted for joy. No wonder, then, that a burst of inspired song greets that Dayspring from on high. The theme, not creation, but the Son, "the child Jesus, Christ the Lord!" The singers; from heaven a multitude of the heavenly host, and on earth the blessed virgin-mother and two old men. Humble voices, heard by few then, yet pouring out their full hearts to God, and so forming a new channel of praise, never since left dry.

The first recorded Jewish hymn was chanted by the great lawgiver, with a nation for his chorus. The first Christian hymn was sung by Mary the mother of Jesus, with no audience, as far as we know, but one other faithful woman. The contrast, doubtless, has its meaning. The heart of Mary, like a sweet flower with its cup turned up to the morning sky, in its lowliness drank in the light and dew of heaven, and sent them back in fragrance; full of

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God, and therefore full of joy. And yet her hymn is no angelic song, no thanksgiving of an unfallen spirit who looks on adoring at the great miracle of divine love. That human tone, which gives its deepest music to the new song of heaven, is not wanting in Mary's. She can say, "My Saviour," that she also may sing hereafter, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us by thy blood!" The Magnificat of the blessed Virgin is but another strain in the great Song of Redemption.

Then Zacharias, when the seal is taken off his lips, and his mouth is opened to praise God, at once his heart is borne away beyond his own special blessing, on the great tide of joy, which is the common element of all the redeemed, and the natal hymn of the Baptist soars away into a Christmas carol. For a moment his song alights on the peculiar gladness which had visited his house, the child of his old age, who was to be the prophet of the Highest; but then again it soars upward, until it is lost in the early beams of the Dayspring from on high.

One other hymn completes that first cluster; and this, unlike the other two, was uttered in the temple. It must have been long indeed since any fire from heaven had touched the mercenary sacrifices there, or any gush of fresh inspiration had pierced the icy routine of the services. At length, however, the heavens, which had seemed so impenetrable, opened, and before the veil was rent, and they melted away for ever, service and sacrifice shone with a new and divine radiance from the Sun which was rising behind them.

Once more the music of inspired song was heard in the temple; not from the choir of David's priestly singers, but from the lips of an old man, as he held the infant Saviour in his arms. Yet, in a few simple words with which Simeon welcomed the joy he had waited for so long, he rose to a height at which even Pentecostal gifts did not always sustain apostles. The old man's vision reached to the universal promise, and he saw in Jesus, not only the glory of Israel, but the light to lighten the Gentiles. With such a vision well might he depart in peace!

Thus the first triad of Christian hymns, the three matin-songs of Christianity, were completed. Ere another was added to the sacred list, the great victory which had been thus sung had to be won, not with songs, but with strong crying, and tears, and unutterable anguish. To human ears the completion of the great victory was announced, not with shouts of triumph and songs of angelic hosts, but by one dying human voice, speaking in darkness from the cross.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."

Yet are those dying words the fountain-head of every hymn of joy and triumph which men have ever sung since Eden was closed, or ever will sing, throughout eternity.

The Bible records the words of but one other hymn; for a hymn it was, whether said or sung.

The Son of God had burst the bands of the grave, and had ascended to be where he is now, at the right hand of God; and, as he promised, the Comforter had come; and, knit together in living unity by him, the Church had appeared a living temple of God in the world. Thus the only hymn recorded in the Acts is not, like those in the Gospels, sung by solitary voices. It is a choral burst of praise; and, like so many since, it is struck from the heart of the Church by the hand of persecution. The first persecution of the Church gave birth to her first hymn. Peter and John came back from their night in prison to the band of believers; and they lifted up their voices to God with one accord, and the place where they met was shaken by an earthquake.

After that we have no record of any hymn, (unless the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, rising sublime and detached, as it does, from the general level of the epistle, may be called one,) until the songs of heaven fall on our hearts from the heights of the Apocalyptic vision. Then from within the gates of pearl, from the city which is also a paradise, from beside the fountain of life, and from before the throne of God and the Lamb, we catch the tones of the new song, and find it the ever new Song of Redemption, the psalm of the new creation; the song which Moses sang, and David, Hannah, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and the early Church, when she first tasted the bitter cup of her Lord; the song which every sinner that repenteth sings and the angels echo, which we are singing, and still learning now, and which will be new in its inexhaustible depths of joy for ever and ever.

MEMORIES—AN AUTUMN WALK.

THE golden rays of a declining sun shone brightly one autumn afternoon over a landscape in the Lowlands of Scotland. The scene, rather pleasing than picturesque, was of that description which depends greatly for effect upon circumstances of light and shadow; and on the day referred to it seemed clothed with a beauty hardly its own, like a homely face brightened up by some unusual expression of enthusiasm or affection.

A lady walked slowly along the country road, apparently absorbed in thoughts which, to judge from her countenance, were of a sad nature. She was not young, and there was a look of care and depression over features which yet showed plainly the remains of former beauty. She paused before a gap in the irregular hedge bounding the way, where, from some accident of soil or shelter, a wild rose-bush still bore one or two flowers, which appeared strangely out of place and season, with all the signs of autumn on every side around. She sighed as she gathered one of the roses, and perceived that, while the petals were still bright, the fragrance was nearly gone.

She stood still, as if lost in reverie, till roused by a quick, elastic footstep at hand.

"Charles," she said, with a look of pleasure, "is it you already? I had no idea your visit was over. I did not observe you leave the cottage."

The family resemblance was too strong to be mistaken: but the brother's complexion had been darkened by exposure to a foreign sun, and his expression was franker and more lively than that of his companion.

They walked rapidly forward, while a glow of exercise and enjoyment mounted to the lady's cheek, and made her look a different being from what she had been a few minutes before.

"And how did you find old Annie? Was she not greatly changed?"

"Changed of course, but not so much as I had expected. There were the old look, the old smile—only her hair white and her figure bent. But I should have known her any-

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where. The room, the furniture, the view from the little window, all seemed so nearly what they used to be."

"But she would not know you?"

"Not at first, certainly. I spoke to her as a stranger, and she looked perplexed. At last I said something in my old voice and manner, and then! it would have done a painter good to have seen how her face lighted up, as she exclaimed, 'Maister Charlie!'"

"And what next?"

"She took me in her arms and wept, exactly as she did when I bade her farewell nine-and-twenty years ago; only I suppose the tears now were those of joy, not sorrow."

"Poor Annie! You were always such a favourite with her. For years she has told me that her greatest desire as to this world was, to see you once more before she died."

"Well, we were soon talking of all the old days, and of those who are gone since then,—poor Harry, dear Emily, her own husband and children. I spoke of the Friend who never dies, and of the home above, where his people shall go out no more, shall never be separated from each other or from himself. I saw with joy and thankfulness that my aged friend had learnt to know and love the Lord; and when I proposed to have a few words of prayer together before I left, I shall not soon forget her look of delight. But nothing has brought back the past to me so strongly, Isabella, as this visit. When I turned away from Annie's cottage, I could have fancied all had been a dream, and that I was a boy again."

"And were you not sad?"

"For a moment I felt tempted to feel so, but the next, I should have just wished to write above the cottage door, *'Ebenezer,—hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'*"

"Oh, Charles, I wish I could feel all these things as you do."

"Why not, my dear sister? My feelings are only what those of any Christian may and ought to be, who believes that the Lord has been leading him in the right way, though not always the smooth one, to the city of everlasting rest. You looked sad," he continued, "when I overtook you a little time ago."

"I *was* sad,—perhaps sinfully so. I was thinking of and regretting the days of my youth."

"An unprofitable meditation, I suspect, my sister, at least for you. If you mean the hopes, the joys, the attractions of early life, why waste regrets upon what we all know *must* so soon fade and pass away? And even as to lost opportunities and advantages, and the sins and errors of our youthful days, it does little good, especially to minds of a desponding temperament, to dwell long upon these. Let us leave them among the other 'things that are behind,' at the foot of the cross."

At this moment his eye fell upon the flower which she still almost unconsciously carried.

"A wild rose, at this season! how beautiful! what a prize! where did you find it?"

"In the gap of the hedge, just where you overtook me. It is 'the last rose of summer,' and brought the words of the song to my mind."

"A pretty song; but the sentiment is more suitable for a heathen than a Christian."

"See, the leaves are still here, but ready to drop off; and all the fragrance is gone. In my state of mind just then, it seemed such an emblem of myself. My early friends have almost all left me, and my hopes, my energies, my personal attractions, such as they were, are indeed 'faded and gone. I thought what a sad change you must have found in me, the almost elderly woman, weak and spiritless, instead of the bright, fair girl from whom you had parted."

"My own dear sister," he exclaimed, interrupting her, "could you for a moment suppose that anything I might miss was not a hundredfold compensated by what I have found in you?"

"Alas! what have you found?"

"Not the gay, thoughtless girl, but a matured and thoughtful woman. Not the giddy companion of boyish frolics, but the Christian sister and friend, who can share my earliest feelings and desires, and enter into all my best hopes and plans for the future. When I see how you soothe our dear father's infirmities; when I hear from others how you instruct the ignorant, comfort the afflicted, and are considered by all the poor around us as a mother and a friend,—my dear Isabella, must I not feel that I have made a good exchange: that which I find is better than what I left!"

"See," he said, "here is just an illustration of what I mean." He pointed to the opposite side of the road, where a perfect profusion of scarlet and crimson berries were clustering on the hawthorn, holly, and brier bushes, which formed the irregular fence, and from which a number of small birds flew startled away.

"Look, Isabella; the hawthorn and roses were, no doubt, beautiful in their season, but hardly more so, to my eyes, than the bright fruits which have now taken their place; and was not the chief *use* of the one just to prepare for the other? Now that the harvest-fields are bare, and the ground hardening with early frost, if these poor little birds whom we have just scared away could speak, would not they tell us of their gratitude to God, who has given them fruit instead of flowers? Never lament for the blossoms of spring if the fruits of autumn have succeeded them."

"That is a pretty illustration, Charles, I must confess; but the analogy is not complete, for a Christian may bear good fruit in early youth."

"True; but the best fruits, 'patience, experience, hope,' and others, we cannot look for, generally speaking, till a more advanced period. And how vain and worthless are the 'wild grapes' of the unconverted youthful heart!"

"Ah! that was mine. And even now, how poor, how imperfect, how not to be named, is all I have yet done for the glory of God!"

"We are, indeed, 'unprofitable servants,'" he replied, solemnly; "we have '*not* done what it was our duty to do.' Where would our hope towards God be, if it depended upon anything of ours for its foundation? Yet He who has begun the good work will carry it on, till the day when we shall plead in the judgment his own perfect righteousness! But the sun is almost setting, we must turn homewards now."

He gathered, as he spoke, a few bright sprigs from the hedgerow, and presented them to his sister.

"We shall find some lauristinus in the shrubbery, and then, I think, you will agree that my autumn nosegay can almost match a summer one for beauty, in its own way."

"Shall I put in the wild rose?"

"Surely. Let us admire and value everything lovely in itself, which God still spares to us from the past; always remembering with gratitude, that, for a Christian, *the best things are yet to come.*" C. C.

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AS THOU WILT.

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not *thou* away:
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To *need* thy tenderness!

Thy love has many a hidden path
No outward eye can trace;
And, through the darkest night, my heart
Leaps to behold thy face,
And communes with thee 'mid the storm
As in a quiet place.

O Comforter of God's redeem'd,
Whom the world does not see,
I wish not to avoid the flood
That casts my soul on thee!
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thine everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see
(Though silent anguish show)
The love that, in their hours of sleep,
Unthank'd might come and go;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe!

Happy are they that learn in thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech!
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ my Lord hath died;
There is no curse in all my pain,
For he was crucified:
And it is fellowship with him
That keeps me near his side.

No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the suff'ring child be glad
The Father's face to see:
And, oh, it is not *hard* to bear
What must be borne in thee!

It is not hard to bear, in faith,
In thine own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeem'd,
For thy rejoicing made:
Well may the heart in patience rest
That none can make afraid.

Deep unto deep may call, but I,
With peaceful heart, will say,
Thy loving-kindness has a charge
No waves can take away:
So let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

A. L. Waring.

SCHUBART:

THE PRAYER OF THE DYING FATHER.

APPROACH softly, for death is here! Low stretched upon the couch which he will but exchange for the coffin, the aged Schubart is preparing to yield up his soul to the God whom he has served. All is not perfect peace; even on the threshold of heaven one sorrow clings to the dying man. He thinks of his son, his Christian, him whom God has gifted with talents which he has not used in the service of God—the brilliant poet, the exquisite musician, but, alas! the spendthrift, the drunkard, the faithless husband, the disobedient son! In his last moments the father thinks of him, and with his expiring breath he utters the prayer,—"*Oh, God, do not desert my Christian! Recall him to thyself, if not through joy, through sorrow!*"

Was the prayer of the dying man heard? Christian Schubart received with feelings of the deepest anguish and remorse the tidings of the death of his father. Had not his own guilty conduct hurried his parent to the grave! An earthly father is his no more; no longer can he listen to mild counsels or merited reproofs from the lips of one who had loved him so well! The poet's heart is filled with grief, and, as the first mark of penitence, he determines to seek out his injured wife, now residing with her own father, who, indignant at Schubart's conduct towards her, has taken her from one so unworthy. Can she forgive him, can she forget all the bitter tears which he has caused her to shed,—her blighted youth, her blasted happiness?

Let me give the account of the interview between the repentant husband and the sorrowing wife in the simple words of the poet himself:—

"She started up when she saw me, and, extending her arms, sank pale as a corpse on my bosom. 'Here you have your wanderer again!' I exclaimed. 'Ah!' she

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replied, in the tenderest tone of reproach, 'it is well!' and she wept. 'Will you accompany me?' I said. 'I am at Ulm, and all that I have is yours!' 'Yes,' she replied; 'and death only shall part us!' She sent for my children. 'Oh! father!' they cried, and clung fondly around me!"

Death only shall part us! Such were the words of the faithful wife, but they were uttered in ignorance of the future, of the trials appointed by Providence to test the submission, and purify the heart, of her deeply erring, though now penitent husband. His father's dying prayer had been heard. Dark and terrible were the sorrows through which Schubart had to pass on his way to that home above, where we trust that parent and child, husband and wife, are now united to be severed no more!

The Duke of Wurtemberg, an unprincipled tyrant, had been greatly offended by some of the writings of Schubart. Treacherously luring his victim from his home, he threw the unhappy poet into a prison, where for many long weary years he pined in miserable captivity. How clearly must Schubart have read in his own fate the retributive justice of God! He who had once yielded up himself as the bondsman of sin, was condemned to earthly bondage. He who had misused his talents, was for long denied the use of pen and paper. He who had neglected his wife, was now shut out from her loved society. The intemperate was fed on bread and water; the lover of pleasure was left in solitude to mourn over the memory of the past, and tremble at the thought of the future! How did the miserable Schubart endure this heavy chastening rod? Again I quote his own words:—

"Oh! my heavenly Father!" he wrote, "thee and thee alone have I to thank that I did not utterly lose my senses, and thus render myself incapable of mourning my past sins, and imploring thy mercy! It was not till after the lapse of some days that my over-burdened heart found vent in floods of tears. I dared at length to raise a sigh to God! But then the thought struck me like thunder: 'For years thou hast never uttered a prayer; will He deign to listen to thee now, that thou wouldest fain raise thy trembling voice in the depths of agony?' 'I am God, and not man!' whispered a voice; and I sank on my knees, as though touched by the hand of the Almighty, and for the first time breathed a prayer broken by sobs and tears!"

Was there not joy in heaven over a sinner that repented? and may we not deem that such joy was shared by the redeemed spirit of the father whose dying prayer had been heard and answered? "Oh, God! do not desert my Christian; but recall him to thyself, if not through joy, through sorrow."

* * * * *

There he sits, on his bed of straw, a pale, melancholy man, with his eyes fixed on the silent walls, and the iron ring imbedded in the stone, to which he is to be chained as a punishment if he infringe the prison rules in the slightest degree. He has been counting his steps, the beating of his heart, nay, the very threads of his mattress, to beguile the miserable hours! One of his best resources is, to watch the spiders spinning their webs to catch their prey. He loves to hear the hum of the fly on the wing, for it is almost the only sound of life that reaches him. Oh! how bitter are the thoughts that are his companions in solitude! He suffers indeed unjustly as regards man; but as regards God, how well has Schubart merited his sentence! Has he not brought the grey hairs of his father with sorrow to the grave by the indulgence of his evil habits? Has he not embittered the life of his loving wife?—dishonoured the name of a Christian? As Schubart reflects on the past, the burden of present misery becomes intolerable. He almost yields to despair, and is giving way to a burst of uncontrollable anguish, when footsteps are heard in the corridor, the iron bolt grates, the massive door slowly uncloses, and the governor of the prison enters the cell.

How wonderfully can God give consolation to the afflicted, friends to the friendless, even from sources the most unpromising, as He once, in His mercy, drew water from the stony rock for His people! In the governor of his prison Schubart finds a counsellor, a comforter, a friend. Kieger—such is the governor's name—has himself drunk deeply of the very same cup of anguish now offered to the lips of Schubart. "I felt," wrote Schubart at a subsequent time, "that it was the express providence of God that had placed me under the control of this man, and of no other. He himself had been in a similar, nay, a still more terrible condition; and the description of his four years' imprisonment, of his sufferings, of the wonderful manner in which the Almighty had discovered himself to him, was replete with instruction and consolation. His condition had been the most fearful that can be conceived. For four long years he had beheld no human face. His miserable fare had been let down by means of a trap-door. He had neither table, chair, nor any other article of furniture. His beard and nails were allowed to grow. During the long winter evenings he was left in utter darkness. He never heard the slightest intelligence of his family; and, with the exception of the Bible, had no book. And yet God so evidently aided him, that he was enabled to compose hymns; and in his solitude he made himself master of such a treasure of the word of God, that I have scarcely known any man who had so completely imbibed it into his soul. He refreshed me bodily by good food, drink, and medicine; and spiritually by remarks alternately gentle and severe, and by books, which were an unspeakable comfort to me. 'You have suffered shipwreck,' he said; 'one plank alone is left you—that one is salvation through Jesus Christ.' I snatched at this plank eagerly, as the drowning wretch struggling for safety amid the waste of waters."

Schubart composed some touching poetry during his

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long imprisonment. The following is part of a translation, by De Pontés, of a piece of his, entitled—

SPRING.

So he returns
To earth anew,
Shakes from his locks
The sparkling dew
In the golden cup of the thirsty flowers.
The hills awake, the groves, the bowers;
The loosened floods rush gladly along,
The shady woods are full of song,
The pious heart looks up to God,
And dew-drops shine on the vernal sod!

But, oh! I shall not see thee
In hill, and grove, and bower;
I shall not see the golden drops
That from thy tresses shower;

I shall not hear the melodies
Of thy soft glancing wing,
Nor the sweet murmur of the breeze
That fans thy cheek, O Spring!

Forgive, forgive, great Lord of all,
If, in my anguish deep,
I hide my face within my hand,
And bow my head and weep!

* * * * *

Have mercy on me, Lord of grace!
O hear thy suppliant's call!
Dispel the cloud that hides thy face!
Have mercy, Lord of all!

Then shall I raise my drooping head,
And curse my chains no more,
Nor the pale light the sunbeams shed
Upon my dungeon floor.

Thy pardon won, beyond the tomb,
Where I shall soon be laid,
A brighter, better Spring shall bloom—
A Spring which ne'er can fade!

The health of Schubart sank under his sufferings; he became weaker and weaker, and at last deemed that death was about to release him from his wearisome captivity. With feeble hand he traced with a nail upon a morsel of paper the following letter to his wife:—

"Sad presentiments and forebodings, and a body weakened by continual suffering, presage the end of all my sorrows. O thou, my love, the only chosen friend of my heart—thou who wilt remain alone—could I but tell thee how dear thou art to me—how for the last two years I struggle in my dungeon with the bitter consciousness that I am not worthy of thee! God has fearfully avenged thy tears—has brought home to me every sorrow which I have caused thee! A thousand tears have I wept for thee, imploring thy pardon. The all-merciful Father has forgiven me; and thou, my angel, thou wilt also surely have mercy! What I can still do for thee, I do. In every prayer thou and thy beloved children kneel beside me; I lay my hand upon your heads, and bless you. I know God has heard my prayer: thou wilt live, and know no want; thou wilt be the wise counsellor of our children, and they will give thee joy and consolation. Perhaps a more deserving friend than I may be thy guide to heaven. I should have been so, and have not been. Be comforted; God has suffered His justice to chasten me, but that my soul may be saved. My children! O my children! Lay thy hand instead of mine upon their foreheads, and consecrate them unto God! If the shame that their father died as a criminal in a dungeon should bow them to the earth, relate to them my sins and my sufferings. And now all my tears are wept. Tenderest of wives, farewell!"

But Schubart was not dying, nor was this to be, indeed, his last farewell. The Lord had chastened and corrected him, but had not given him over unto death. When, through ten years of captivity, sanctified sorrow had done its work, the freed, rejoicing poet again crossed the threshold of his prison—again beheld the glories of nature around him, and clasped to his loving heart the wife and children from whom he had so long been parted.

How strikingly the history of Schubart illustrates the words of the 107th Psalm!—

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron; because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the most High: therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

A. L. O. E.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXIX.—MULTITUDES HEALED—FOUR THOUSAND FED—A SIGN REQUESTED—THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES AND THE SADDUCEES—PETER'S CONFESSION.

MATT. xv. 29–39; xvi. 1–19.

Multitudes Healed.—Ver. 29. Where did Jesus go now? Why not to the towns? [Perhaps to avoid the Pharisees, who were probably watching him. See ver. 1.]

Ver. 30. What was implied in casting the sick at Jesus feet? [Throwing them, helpless and miserable, on his grace and power for their cure.] How should we make our application to Christ? And how should we apply for our friends and relatives? [As utterly lost without Christ.]

Ver. 31. What lesson may we draw from the great abundance of cures? What good effect had the sight of them on the multitude? Why is God here called "the God of Israel?" [Probably in allusion to ver. 24; as the God of Israel he showered these blessings on Israel, while but one cure took place in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon.]

Four Thousand Fed.—Ver. 32. What had led the multitude to continue so long with Jesus? Is Christ interested in the bodily welfare of his people? What may poor believers learn from this when literally hungry? [They should

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believe that Jesus "has compassion" on them in their faint condition, and, like children, apply to him confidingly for bread.]

Ver. 33. Had not the disciples shortly before experienced Christ's power to feed a multitude? What does this prove? [1. Our tendency to forget mercies; and 2. That unbelief is ever apt to return: we need *many* lessons in the holy art of believing Christ's power and willingness to satisfy our wants. See Isaiah xxviii. 10.]

Vers. 34–39. In what particulars did this miracle agree with the former one? And in what did it differ? Repeat some of the lessons drawn from the former miracle.

A Sign Requested.—Chap. xvi. Ver. 1. Where had these Pharisees and Sadducees probably come from? (chap. xv. 1.) What sort of sign did they desire? Was it usual to make this demand? [It seems to have been the ordinary way of meeting Christ's miracles.]

Vers. 2, 3. What sort of signs did they show themselves familiar with? What sort of signs did they not discern? What is meant by "the signs of the times?" [Events in providence that pointed to the coming of Messiah,—such as, fulfilment of prophecy, sceptre departing from Judah, Christ's miracles and teaching, &c.] If they had discerned these signs from heaven, what must they have believed about Jesus? What made it discreditable to them not to discern these? [It was a higher exercise; the signs of the weather were to be discerned by the *eye*, the signs of the times by the *mind*.] Why did he call them hypocrites? [Because they were making false pretences; they pretended that the absence of a sign from heaven was what kept them from believing.]

Ver. 4. See before, on chap. xii. 39, page 339.

The Leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees.—Ver. 5. How much bread does Mark say they had? Mark viii. 14.

Ver. 6. What was implied in the *repeating* of the warning, "*take heed* and *beware?*" [Its great importance.] What is leaven? What property of leaven is here referred to? [Its penetrating and diffusive power.] What did Christ here use leaven to represent? See ver. 12.

Ver. 7. Did they understand the figure Christ made use of? What did they think he referred to? [They seem to have thought that the warning was against bread made or used by the Pharisees and Sadducees, but that he meant indirectly to reprove them for not providing a proper store.]

Ver. 8. What passage in one of his previous sermons might this rebuke bring to mind? Matt. vi. 25, 26.

Ver. 9, 10. Why was it inexcusable in them to forget these miracles? What feeling should the remembrance of them have inspired? What infirmity, very characteristic of their fathers, did they thus manifest? Ps. cvi. 13. [Men commonly have a better memory for trials than for mercies.]

Ver. 11, 12. What was the chief doctrine of the Pharisees? [Importance of *outward* ceremonies, &c.] And what of the Sadducees? [That the things of the present world alone are to be thought of.] Are these dangerous errors? [Very; and very apt to creep upon us, like leaven, if we are not on our guard; hence the earnest warning of Christ, "take heed and beware."]

Confession of Peter.—Ver. 13. Where was Cæsarea Philippi? [It was on the extreme northern boundary of the land. See Blaikie's "Bible History," pp. 372, 373.] What does the word "coasts" denote here? [Borders, or boundaries: this Cæsarea had no *sea-coasts*.] Do we read of any other Cæsarea in the New Testament? [Cæsarea on the sea-coast—the Roman capital. See Acts x. 1; xxiii. 33. "Bible History," pp. 343, 395.] Whose opinions did Christ wish to obtain concerning himself? [Those of *men*—the public, as distinguished from the Church.]

Ver. 14. Who, among others, had said he was John the Baptist? What led to his being called Elias? Mal. iv. 5. And Jeremias? [Jeremiah was considered by the Jews the first in prophetic rank.]

Vers. 15, 16. What is the meaning of "the Christ?" ["The Anointed,"—same as Messiah. It denoted that he was the promised Deliverer—the long-promised "Seed of the woman."] What did the expression "THE Son of the living God" denote? [That he was *the* Son of God in a very peculiar sense—the Son, yet possessing the very nature of God.]

Ver. 17. On what grounds was Peter "blessed?" [1. For what he knew. 2. The way he came to know it.] What did he know? Is it of much practical importance to know well about the person of Christ? [To those who feel their guilt, wretchedness, and helplessness, it is infinitely blessed to discover in the person of Christ, the God-man, one able to save them to the uttermost. How earnestly should we pray that we may thus see the glory of Christ!]

Ver. 18. "Upon this rock will I build my Church,"—meaning, not upon Peter's person, but upon Peter's *office and ministry*. This necessarily includes Peter's *doctrine*, for his ministry was to teach that Jesus was the Christ, and the only true object of the trust of man for salvation. Peter was addressed as the *representative* of the apostles—the passage being thus in entire harmony with the words of St. Paul, "We are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

DUTY.—God is to be loved.

Deut. vi. Deut. xxx. Josh. xxii. 1 Kings iii. Ps. xxxi. 1 John iv.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—(No. 2.)

MOSES. Exod. i. ii.

WHERE was Moses born? Was he, then, an Egyptian? [No, his parents were Jews.] What were their names? Numb. xxvi. 59. How did the Jews come to be in Egypt? [Jacob and all his family had settled there long before, to be near Joseph.] How many had gone to Egypt at first? Exod. i. 5. How many were they now? ver. 7. How were they treated in Egypt at this time? ver. 13, 14. What was the king's name? Why was he so severe? ver. 9, 10. Did he succeed in making the people fewer? ver. 12. When had God promised this? Gen. xiii. 16; xxviii. 14. What does it teach us? [None of God's enemies can prevent his promises being fulfilled to his people. Ps. ii. 2, 5. Prov. xix. 21.]

Had Moses' parents any other children before he was born? [Two, Miriam and Aaron.] What cruel order did the king now give? ver. 22. What river was this? [The Nile,

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which flows through the middle of Egypt.] Is it a large and deep river? [Yes.] What kind of animals live in it besides fish? [Crocodiles—a very large and fierce kind of lizard, which can live either in land or in water, and will attack and devour men.] What would they do to the poor babies?

Would Moses' mother be glad when he was born? [No, very sad, knowing how soon cruel men would come and take him from her.] What kind of infant was he? [Very beautiful. Exod. ii. 2. Acts vii. 20.] What do his parents determine to do? [To try and hide him from the Egyptians.] Would the king have been very angry, and have punished them, if he had found it out? What gave them courage to try? [Faith and hope in God. Heb. xi. 23.] What were all pious Jews hoping for? [That God would soon deliver them.] Why? [Because he had promised it long before to Abraham. Gen. xv. 13, 14.] Would not Moses' mother hope that perhaps her beautiful boy might be the deliverer?

How long does she contrive to hide him? Exod. ii. 2. When she finds that her secret has been discovered, what does she resolve to do? [To trust him entirely to God's care.] Does not this again show her faith? What does she make? ver. 3. What are bulrushes? [Strong reeds that grow on the banks of the Nile. The ark made of them would be like a basket cradle.] Why did she paint it over with slime and pitch? [To keep out the water as long as possible.] Where does she lay the ark with the baby? What are flags? [Water plants with broad leaves, growing in shallow water.] Must not poor Jochebed have cried very much when she left her baby there? What would she do besides crying? [Pray earnestly that the Lord would take care of him.] Who does she leave to see what would become of him? ver. 4.

What other cruel king, long after this, ordered little children to be killed? Matt. ii. 16. Why did he order a thing so dreadful? [To make sure of the death of Jesus.] How was the child Jesus saved? [By being concealed in Egypt. Ver. 13–15.] Then, was not little Moses a type or emblem of Jesus?

Where are babies often killed still? [In heathen countries. Explain how in India, the South Seas, &c., multitudes of infants have been, and still are destroyed.] What can put an end to these dreadful practices? [To make the gospel and the Bible known to these poor people.] What should we learn from this? [To be very thankful for all our blessings in a Christian land, and do all we can to help to make the heathen know the way of salvation.]

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in this favoured place
A happy British child.

My God! I bless thee, who hast planned
So fair a lot for me,
And placed me in a Christian land,
Where I may hear of thee.

Precept.—Trust ye in the Lord for ever. Isa. xxvi. 4.

Promise.—He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he will also hear their cry, and will save them. Ps. cxlv. 19.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, we thank thee for thy great goodness to us, in making us to live in a Christian land, where we have kind and wise rulers over us, not cruel ones, like Pharaoh and Herod of old. We pray for our good Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and all their children, that thou mayest bless them all, and give them hearts to love and serve thee. We pray for our dear parents, and for all whom we love. Give us true faith in thee, and trust in all thy promises, to help us in the time of sorrow or trial. Have mercy on the poor heathen, and send more good missionaries to tell them about Jesus. Forgive all our sins, and hear our prayers, for His sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE STOLEN MARBLES.

"Now, where are my two marbles gone?" exclaimed Johnnie Lindsay to his young playmate. "I had six just now, and here are only four. You've got them, I know you have, Charlie Meadows, for I saw you put your hand in your pocket. Give them to me," he added, bursting into tears, as he saw Charlie turning to walk away; "give them to me, I will have them!"

"I don't want your marbles," said Charlie, continuing to turn away.

At that moment Mr. Meadows turned the corner of the street, on his way home, at the dinner hour. Seeing Johnnie was in trouble, he inquired into the cause. "Why," said he, "Charlie has taken my two marbles, and won't give them to me."

"Charles, have you taken his marbles?" asked his father.

"No, sir," said Charlie, assuming an air of indifference.

"I thought not," said Mr. Meadows. "There's some mistake, Johnnie, my boy; they've rolled away among the grass; look round, you'll find them."

So saying, Mr. Meadows, with his mind pre-occupied with what seemed at the moment of more importance than two missing marbles, took his son's hand, and walked homeward.

Charlie grew more and more thoughtful as the day wore on, and when by chance he caught the eye of any member of the family, he felt as if they knew something about him which he wished they did not. At dinner, he cast furtive glances, first at his father, then at his mother, and felt very uneasy. This was only the effect of a guilty conscience, which inevitably produces cowardice. In reality, everything went on as usual; and when the hour for the evening meal arrived, Charlie was quite himself again.

As they drew around the evening fireside, Mrs. Meadows exclaimed, "Charlie, my child, do come to me!" at the same time drawing him towards her. Charlie, without quite knowing why, felt timid, and shrank back. His mother, however, retained her hold, saying, "Why, my son, do you continue to fill your pockets in this unsightly way? I have often forbidden it. You quite disfigure yourself." Saying this, Mrs. Meadows drew from the protruding pocket a variety of articles. Last of all came his handkerchief, and with it *two marbles!*

Charlie sprang forward to save them from observation. In doing so, he caught the eye of his father, who did not seem to notice them. In a few moments, however, Mr. Meadows rose and left the room. Charlie felt relieved, and quietly

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pocketed the marbles. No sooner had he done so than the door of the adjoining room opened, and Mr. Meadows, in a very impressive tone, called, "Charles, come to me."

It was then that poor Charles trembled, and again felt himself a guilty coward. He entered the room with downcast eyes, while his father, in a calm voice, unmingled with any tone of anger, bade him sit down.

Mr. Meadows walked the floor in silence for a few moments. Then, turning to his son, he said, "Charles, you have this day caused me more grief than in all your life before—a deeper sorrow than I felt when I saw you a sick infant, trembling on the verge of another world."

Charles asked no questions. He burst into tears. What would he not have given at that moment to have spared his dear father the pain he had caused him! But it was *too late. The deed was done.*

"Where did you get those marbles, my son?"

"*I took them,*" said Charlie, "from Johnnie this morning. And, oh, papa, I am so sorry!"

"That is not enough, my boy," said his father. "Come to me, Charles."

Mr. Meadows took the hand of his son, and looking him in the face, repeated, with emphasis, "*You took them!* Charles," continued he, "what is he called who takes what does not belong to him?"

"A *thief*," faltered poor Charles, trembling with agitation.

"And what is he called who denies what he has done?"

"A *liar*," answered Charles, almost heart-broken.

"These are hard names," said Mr. Meadows, "but they apply at this moment, and *justly*, to my son, to Charles Meadows. They are sins this day recorded against him by his God. Things should be called by their right names, Charles, though they may sound harshly in our ears, and especially crimes. Imagine that at this moment you heard some one say, Charles Meadows is a thief and a liar."

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Charles, "indeed I did not know I was half so bad. Do, do forgive me."

"Who can forgive sins but *God* alone?" asked Mr. Meadows impressively. "It is against him, my son, you have offended, and of him only should you seek pardon. As I believe you penitent, I promise you my forgiveness, although the mortification, the disgrace rests not only upon yourself, but upon all your family. Now, having placed this matter before you in its true light, I will leave you for an hour to your own quiet meditation upon it. In the meantime, I charge you to remember that you stand in the presence of Him from whom no secret is hid."

Poor Charles! these quiet meditations were an agony to him. "Am I then, indeed," he said to himself, "so fallen? and only since yesterday! Until then, so far as taking what was not my own was concerned, I was an innocent boy. And now—my poor mother! my dear sisters! how can I ever look them in the face again?" Charles felt as if he would like to die, that no one might ever see him again! But then he thought of God, and words from his Sunday school lessons came rushing into his memory. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Poor boy! he felt as if neither life nor death offered a hiding-place from his shame and disgrace.

These painful thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door, and his father entered. Charles rushed into his arms, and wept like a very babe. His father quietly allowed him the relief of tears.

When he became more composed, Mr. Meadows requested him to kneel by his side, and confess in his heart the sin of which he had been guilty. They knelt together, and with tearful eyes and a faltering voice did Mr. Meadows ask of God forgiveness for his son through the "One Mediator," and fervently did he implore that for the future, "his doings, being ordered by God's guidance, might be righteous in his sight."

Poor Charles rose, relieved and strengthened,—the sure effect of heartfelt prayer. From that hour he resolved to bear in mind that he was not his own keeper—that in himself were only weakness and tendencies to error, and that he must seek his strength from God.

The next day his father walked with him to see the young friend whom he had wronged.

Charlie returned the marbles, though it was deeply humiliating, and begged of his friend that he would forgive him. This request was readily granted, and Johnnie gladly and thoughtlessly pocketed his toys, little dreaming of the long, sad story with which they were associated, and which was to give a colouring to Charlie's future life.

Mr. Meadows affectionately spared his son the pain of exposure to the other members of his family, but he was doomed sometimes, with bitter pain, to hear some schoolboy warn another not to play marbles with Charlie Meadows.

Time, however, rolled on, and the events of school-days were forgotten. Years after, Charles became an honourable merchant. The story of the stolen marbles was unknown to any with whom he was associated, yet it had made a lasting impression upon his own mind, and awakened a deep humility and sincere Christian charity for every erring brother of the human family. Often his conscience prompted the thought, "My early sin! my slight temptation! And with all the good instruction which I received! how ought I to pity those who are not blessed with such advantages!"

As Charles advanced in years, he became more and more convinced that in truth we are not our own keepers, and that it is only by *giving up* ourselves *daily* to God that we can hope to be preserved from sin. In prayer lies our strength, and by prayer was he enabled, through the remainder of his life, to follow Christ, and take heed unto the thing that is right; for that only shall bring a man *peace at the last.*"—*N. Y. Observer.*

II.—WHERE THE GOLD IS.

Tom Jones was a little fellow, and not so quick to learn as some boys; but nobody in the class could beat him in his lessons. He rarely missed in geography, never in spelling, and his arithmetic was always correctly done; as for his reading, no boy improved like him. The boys were fairly angry sometimes, he outdid them so. "Why, Tom, where do you learn your lessons? You don't study in school more than the other boys." "I rise early in the morning, and study two hours before breakfast," answered Tom. Ah, that is it! "*The morning hour has gold in its mouth.*"

There is a little garden near us, which is the prettiest and most plentiful little spot in all the neighbourhood. The

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earliest radishes, pease, strawberries, grow there. It supplies the family with vegetables, besides some for the market. If anybody wants flowers, that garden is sure for the sweetest roses, pinks, and "all sorts" without number. The soil, we used to think, was poor and rocky, besides being exposed to the north wind; and the owner is a busy business man all day, yet he never hires. "How do you make so much out of your little garden?" "I give my *mornings* to it," answered the owner; "and I don't know which is most benefited by my work, my garden or me." Ah, "*the morning hour has gold in its mouth.*"

William Down was one of our young converts. He united with the church, and appeared well; but I pitied the poor fellow when I thought of his going back to the shipyard to work among a gang of loose associates. Will he maintain his stand? I thought. It is so easy to slip back in religion—easier to go back two steps than advance one. Ah, well, we said, we must trust William to his conscience and his Saviour. Two years passed, and instead of William losing ground, his piety grew brighter and stronger. Others fell away, but not he, and no boy, perhaps, was placed in more unfavourable circumstances. Talking with William one evening, I discovered one secret of his steadfastness. "I never, sir, on any account, let a single morning pass without secret prayer and the reading of God's word. If I have a good deal to do, I rise an hour earlier. I think over my weak points, and try to get God's grace to fortify me just there." Mark this. Prayer is armour for the battle of life. If you give up your morning hour for prayer, you will suffer for it; temptation is before you, and you are not fit to meet it; there is a guilty feeling in the soul, and you keep at a distance from Christ. Be sure the hour of prayer broken in upon by sleepiness can *never* be made up. Make it a principle, young Christian, to begin the day by *watching unto prayer.* "*The morning hour has gold in its mouth;*" ay, and something better than gold—*heavenly gain.*—*Child's Paper.*

III.—"GOD SEES ME."

Dr. Nettleton used to tell a little anecdote, beautifully illustrating that the same truth which overwhelms the sinner's heart with fear, may fill the renewed soul with joy.

A mother, instructing her little girl, about four years of age, succeeded, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in fastening upon her mind this truth, "Thou God seest me." She now felt that she "had to do" with that Being "unto whose eyes all things are naked and opened," and she shrank in terror. For days she was in deep distress; she wept and sobbed, and would not be comforted. "God sees me, *God sees me,*" was her constant wail.

At length one day, after spending some time in prayer, she bounded into her mother's room, and, with a heavenly smile lighting up her tears, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, God sees me, *God sees me!*" Her ecstasy was now as great as her anguish had been.

For days her soul had groaned under the thought, "God sees me; he sees my wicked heart, my sinful life, my hatred to him, and to his holy law;" and the fear of a judgment to come would fill her with agony. But now a *pardoning* God had been revealed to her, and her soul exclaimed exultingly, "God sees me! he has seen my misery, my repentance, Christ's righteousness *on* me; he takes pity on me, he forgives; he will guide and guard me. God sees me!"

IV.—"I HAVE LIVED SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT CHRIST."

More than forty years ago, a little girl, seven years of age, stood weeping and trembling at the door of her pastor's study. In kindly accents she was invited in, and encouraged to open her heart, and tell what it was that so distressed her. "Oh, sir," she cried, "I have been a great sinner all my life. I have lived seven years without God and without Christ. Do you think such a sinner as I am can be forgiven?" The good minister told her that Jesus died to take away her sins, if she would believe in him, love him, and give him her heart; and then marked out a few chapters in the Bible for her to read, and prayed with her.

Soon peace and happiness filled her mind. Some time after, she told her mother she wanted to join the church. Her mother thought she was too young to profess Christ before men, and said to her, "My dear child, I am afraid that you will go back to the world, and bring disgrace upon the church of Christ." With a bursting heart and many tears she replied, "Cannot the Lord Jesus keep a child in the right way as well as a grown person? He has promised to take the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom. I believe in him with all my heart. I know that I love him, and I want to obey him."

Her mother could resist no longer: she gave her consent, and the girl was admitted to the church. She still lives, and has trained up a large family in the fear of God. Several of her children have also become members of the church.

The grandmother of this child was converted to God after she was ninety years old; and though she came to Christ at the eleventh hour, was permitted to work in his service for five years, when she crossed the river of Jordan with praises on her lips.—*Child's Paper.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"BEHOLD HE PRAYETH."

It was a new thing for Saul of Tarsus to pray. He had been a learned student of the law, he was versed in Rabbinical lore, he had received the approbation of the Sanhedrim. "as touching the law of commandments contained in ordinances" he was blameless,—but he had been living without prayer. There was much religious zeal, but no climbing of the steep ladder, the top of which reacheth to heaven. There was much profession, but no deep contrition; much noisy obedience, but no sense of need. In like manner there is a sad risk that accompanies all religious zeal. It is easy to take the safety and spirituality of our own soul too much for granted, while we are busy in labouring for the salvation of others. There is danger of our becoming dead in the effort to communicate life. The busy world must not receive all the blame of drowning the thought of God and of hiding the glory of Christ; for the whirl of religious duties and the busy machinery of good-doing have not infrequently produced the same effect.

It was a new thing for Saul of Tarsus to pray. He had been "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," but there was no real prayer possible to him in such a state of mind. The breath of passion, though it may form itself into words

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of apparent prayer, does not rise to God. It only steals along the earth and scourges the harvests and vines of God, as it sweeps to the treasure-house of sorrows and despair. "When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any," or even if ye remember "that your brother hath ought against you;" so "that your Father also may forgive you your trespasses" (Mark xi. 25; compare Matt. v. 23; vi. 12, 14, 15).

The prayer that rises from an unforgiving spirit cannot lay hold of God's forgiveness. The prayer that issues from a grasping, avaricious spirit, cannot lay hold of the largess of infinite mercy. "Behold he prayeth!" then Ananias need not fear to draw near to him. Saul has forgotten his enmity to Christians, and is lamenting his own enmity to God, and humbling himself as the chief of sinners. "Behold he prayeth!" Ananias therefore may be certain that the writs of arrest, and the handcuffs, and the cords will be tossed away. The cords of love and bands of a man have bound those blood-stained hands.—*H. R. Reynolds.*

II.—"WILL YOU NOT SHARE IT WITH ME?"

Up among the hills lived Farmer H——, an honest and estimable man, as far as strict regard to truth and outward morality were concerned; but, alas! he was not a Christian, and what was worse, neither wished to be one himself, nor to have his wife and daughters become interested in the fanatical enthusiasm, as he deemed it, of the Christians around them.

They, however, knowing that earthly commands were binding only as far as they were according to the will of God, dared to disobey. Earnestly they sought the Saviour, and to their hearts soon came the gracious words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." The mother and one daughter first found peace on a day when Mr. H—— was absent; and oh, how fervently, with what strong and earnest pleading, did they pray that he, so dear as a husband and father, might share in the great blessing!

Shortly after noon, Mr. H—— returned home. He entered the house, and somewhat surprised at seeing no signs of dinner, he inquired of his wife if the family had dined. She answered in the negative, adding, "You know we don't like to enjoy anything good unless you are here to share it with us."

"Well, yes," he playfully answered, "unselfishness *is* a trait in your character, and a good one too."

That afternoon, as Mr. H—— prepared to go into his fields to work, his wife said, in tones tremulous with emotion, "To-day, my dear husband, I have found something good; will you not share it with me?"

One glance at the tear-filled eye and pleading face of the speaker gave the husband a key to the import of her inquiry, and without an answer he left the house. It was vain for him to try to work as a means to prevent his thinking; he could not work. Leaving his oxen in the furrow, he sought a secluded place in the adjacent forest, and there poured out his burdened soul before his Maker.

Long hours in bitterness of spirit he wept and prayed, and at last went home to gladden the heart of his praying wife by the intelligence that he was a sharer in her blessedness.

Years have come and gone, and Farmer H—— and his wife have gone home to glory. Sharers in God's mercy on earth, they are together chanting the song of the redeemed in heaven.—*Messenger.* A. M. L.

III.—FIVE NEGATIVES.

It is known that two negatives in English are equal to an affirmative. They destroy each other. But it is not so in Greek. They *strengthen* the negation, and a third negative makes it stronger still, and so a fourth and a fifth. How strong *five* negatives must make a negation! Whether they ever occur in the Greek classics, I do not know; but in the Greek of the New Testament there is an instance of the kind. And what is that? Are the five negatives used to strengthen any threatening?—No. They are connected with a *promise*, one of the "exceeding great and precious promises" which are given unto us. The case occurs in Heb. xiii. 5:—"For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." There five negatives are employed. We translate but two of them; but there they all are, as one may see who looks into his Greek Testament. Now they need not all have been there; they are not all necessary to express the simple idea that God will never forsake his people. There must have been *design* in multiplying negatives so. I do not believe the phraseology was accidental, and I think it not difficult to guess the design. God meant to be believed in that thing. He would secure the confidence of his children in that particular. He knew how prone they were to doubt his constancy, how strongly inclined to that form of unbelief, and how liable to be harassed by the dread of being forsaken by him, and he would therefore make assurance more than doubly sure. So, instead of saying simply, "I will not leave thee," which alone would have been enough, he adds, "nor forsake thee;" and instead of leaving it thus—"I will not leave thee, I will not forsake thee," he uses language equivalent to the following:—"I will not, I will not leave thee; I will never, never, never forsake thee." There is a stanza which very faithfully as well as beautifully expresses it—

> "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
> I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
> That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
> I'll never, no never, no never forsake."
>
> —*Nevins.*

IV.—"MORE FRUIT."

We sometimes wonder, with regard to some of God's dealings with the elect, that he should cast them again and again into the crucible of trial. It seems to us as though they were already refined gold. But he sees that in them which we do not see,—a further fineness which is possible; and he will not give over till that be attained. It is just as in a portrait by some cunning artist, which is now drawing near to its completion. Men look at it, and count it perfect, and are well-nigh impatient that the artist does not now withhold his hand and declare it is finished; while he, knowing better, touches and re-touches, returns again and again to his work. And why? Because there floats before him an ideal of possible excellence at which he has not yet arrived, but which he will not rest nor be contented till he has embodied in his work. It is thus with God and some of his elect servants. Men seeing their graces, which so far exceed those of common men, wonder sometimes why they should suffer still; why they seem to be ever falling from one sorrow to another. But he sees in them that which no other eye can see,—the grace which is capable of becoming

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more gracious still; and in his very faithfulness he will not deprive them or suffer them to come short of this. They are fruit-bearing branches, and because they are so, "he purgeth them, that they may bring forth more fruit." My brethren, how blessed must God's service be, when he can give nothing better to his servants in reward of their obedience than the ability to serve him more and better!—*R. C. Trench.*

V.—THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Albert Barnes, in his sermon on "Life at Threescore," illustrates the magnitude of eternal things as he approaches the end of life, compared with those which ordinarily occupy the attention of mankind, by the following figure:—

"The earth, as it moves in its orbit from year to year, maintains its distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the sun; and the sun, except when seen through a hazy atmosphere, at its rising or its setting, seems at all times to be of the same magnitude—to human view an object always small, as compared with our own world. But suppose the earth should leave its orbit, and make its way in a direct line towards the sun. How soon would the sun seem to enlarge its dimensions! How vast and bright would it become! How soon would it fill the whole field of vision, and all on the earth dwindle to nothing! So human life now appears to me. In earlier years, eternity appeared distant and small in importance. But at the period of life which I have now reached, it seems to me as if the earth had left the orbit of its annual movement, and were making a rapid and direct flight to the sun. The objects of eternity, towards which I am moving, rapidly enlarge themselves. They have become overpoweringly bright and grand. They fill the whole field of vision, and the earth, with all which is the common object of human ambition and pursuit, is vanishing away!"

Aged reader! do you feel thus; or is the world which you are soon to leave, still everything in your eyes?

VI.—"THE HOPE OF SALVATION."

We are directed to take the helmet of salvation; and this is not for some particular occasion, and then hang it by till another extraordinary strait calls us to take it down and use it again; but we must take it so as never to lay it aside till God shall take off this helmet to put on a crown of glory in the room of it. "Be sober, and *hope to the end.*" The helmet is of continual use; we shall need it as long as our war with sin and Satan lasts. The Christian is not beneath hope so long as he is above ground; nor above hope so long as he is beneath heaven. Indeed, when once he enters that glorious city, *then* farewell hope, and welcome love for ever. Hope goes into the field, and waits on the Christian till the last battle be fought and the field cleared, and then faith and hope together carry him in the chariot of the promise to heaven's door, where they deliver up his soul into the hands of love and joy, which stand ready to conduct him into the blissful presence of God.—*Gurnall.*

VII.—DO YOU GIVE TO MAKE IT FLY?

Old Aunt Dinah was a coloured member of the church, who would sing at the top of her voice and cry *Glory!* above all the rest. It was common, at the missionary prayer-meeting of the coloured people, to take up a collection while singing the hymn,

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!"

In the midst of which Aunt Dinah always threw her head back, shut her eyes, and sang away lustily *till the plate had gone by.* The sable collector observed her habit, and one night stopped when he came to her, and said very bluntly, "Look a'heah, Aunt Dinah! you needn't be singing 'Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,' if you doesn't give nothin' to make it fly!"

One very soon learns that there are thousands of "Aunt Dinahs" among other than coloured Christians. They have very little sympathy with the eccentric but true-hearted Mr. S——, who was asked to pray at the close of a missionary sermon, and immediately began to look about for the contribution box; on being told that he was asked to pray, he answered, "I know it, but I haven't given anything, and I cannot pray until I have given something." He made his offering, and then his prayer. Whatever may be thought of this way of doing the thing, there can be no doubt that in some way or other the thing should be done. You may pray for the heathen at home and abroad, but if at the same time you "*give* them not those things which are needful, what doth it profit" either them or you?

VIII.—SCRIPTURE ALLUSIONS TO SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

"Allusions and facts relating to the material world are, indeed, incidentally introduced into this spiritual revelation, both in the way of historical record and apt moral illustration; and when so introduced, bearing as they do the direct impress of divine inspiration, they are religiously to be received as undoubted facts; but as facts, nevertheless, to be read and understood by the light of that other more express and explicit revelation of himself in *the ways of his natural operations*, which God additionally, but equally under the sovereign impress of his hand, has opened to us in the unfolded volume of his works."—Gray, *Harm. of Scripture and Geology*, 2d ed., p. 23. An interesting example of such allusions by the sacred writers to the facts of the natural world has been pointed out by one of the most distinguished geologists of the day. It has been found that the distribution of gold in its original veinstone, or parent rock, differs from that of every other metal in the superficial range of its particles or threads. Lodes of iron, copper, and argentiferous lead ores, when followed downwards, generally become more and more productive—the reverse being the case with gold. Such has been the loss attending deep gold mining, that it has passed into a proverb with the Spaniards. "The indisputable fact is, that the *chief quantities of gold*, including all the considerable lumps and pepitas, having been originally embedded in the upper parts of the veinstones, have been broken up and transported with the debris of the mountain tops into slopes and adjacent valleys. . . . . Modern science, instead of contradicting, only confirms the truth of the aphorism of the patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one and the superficial distribution of the other: 'Surely there is a vein for the silver'. . . . The earth 'hath *dust of gold*' (Job xxviii. 1, 6).—Murchison, *Siluria*, p. 457.

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"GOD 'LL SHOW ME THE WAY."

"YES, sir," said the man, running his hand through his shaggy locks, his harsh face showing the marks of unusual intelligence, "mining in this region be a hard life, but I think we've all been better since little Pinky went away."

"And who was little Pinky?" asked the gentleman, while the dark eyes of the young lady at his side sparkled in anticipation of a story.

"Well, you see—it be something of a tell—and if ye'd move farther on to the shade of the old oak yonder, it'll mayhap be pleasanter for the young miss, for the sun be hot."

The lady and gentleman followed the brown and weather-beaten man to the cool shadow of the oak, and finding a seat for the young lady on a convenient root that came squarely up from the ground, the miner began, with his customary preface:—

"You see—Pinky were the son of Jesse Pinkam, a young man, and a regular good one, as the saying goes. I reckon Pinkam was the only man of us as ever said the Lord's Prayer, or any other prayer. He were a nice young fellow, that's the fact! But we're a rude set, sir, we of the mines, and 'specially in this place; we didn't like anything that was what we call 'pious.' Sundays, sir, used to be the regular—well, I might say devil's-day, with us. It was nothing but drinking and dancing, pitching, and cards, and swearing.

"Well, sir, you see, Jesse he got married to a regular lady-like girl, sir, and it turned out a pious one. They didn't none of 'em—that is, Pinkam, his wife, and old mother—jine us in our merry-makings on a Sabbath, but sometimes the young man and Bessy—that's his wife, sir—would walk five miles to hear a parson preach. We was all down upon Jesse, sir—you see the real thing was, he made us ashamed of ourselves by his goodness, and I was worse than the rest, trying my best all the time to pick up a quarrel with him. Well, sir, one Saturday night what did we see but a notice stuck up on this very tree, that there'd be a parson from Frankstown on the morrow, to preach to us. We didn't like the news, and we could tell pretty well where the move come from, 'cause you see we knew Jesse was pious. So we determined, the greater part of us, that we wouldn't have no psalm-singing—no canting-praying—no reading out of the Bible.

"Well, the minister came, and he found a Babel. We all got together, and we raved, and laughed, and pitched quoits, and made such a noise that the parson had to give it up. He tried agin and agin, and came right among us—he was plucky, I tell ye—but we hooted in his ears, and threw mud on his bettermost clothes, and so he was fairly driven off—'cause you see we had liquor enough in us to set us all crazy.

"Poor Jesse!—how we jeered him after that!—but he bore it meek, sir, and I was often ashamed of myself, though I'd died afore I'd confessed it. But I am sorry enough for my part of it; for one day there came a rumbling, heavy noise, shaking the earth, and then a crash like rattling thunder beneath our feet, and we knew that somebody was buried alive. It was in the working shaft where Jesse was, and there didn't happen to be a soul in the place except him, poor fellow! They'd all gone into another shaft, where he didn't like to follow 'em 'cause they was such a wicked set; and as they was eating their dinners and he his, the accident happened.

"We dug him out, sir! He was awful crushed—all but his face—that looked smiling and peaceful-like, and we couldn't bear the sight; it made us think how we'd a-treated him. So we carried him home to Bessy. She didn't cry and take on, as most the men's wives do when an accident happens, but it were awful to see how still and white she were! Awful, sir; and I never want to see a sight like it agin.

"We all felt bad—for poor Jesse hadn't never said a harsh word to one of us, and he'd borne many an insult.

"We couldn't see through it when he were living, but used to call him 'weak headed,' and a 'tame covey;' but as he lay there in his coffin, there came a different feeling over me, sir, you may depend upon it. Oh! if I'd a heard then to the lesson that was telling of me, if I'd only listened then to the voice of God, speaking as it were from the lips of that crushed dead body, I'd a saved myself many a day of sufferin'—many an hour of torment. But I didn't.

"We all walked to the grave, and I tell ye it touched even hard fellows like us, to see that young widder with her little child in her arms, foller close to the coffin—never crying, only holding her head down as if it were too heavy bowed with her sorrow to keep it up.

"Well, we had a talk at the grave by the same parson as we'd treated so badly. I don't know what his good words would a-done in after days, if I hadn't been a leader in wickedness, a hater of pious people, and everything that had to do with religion,—a wicked, swearing, worthless sinner! I say it to my shame, I don't boast, sir,—God forbid. I wish I could shut out of my thought all the years of my life that I ain't spent piously. But God, I hope, 'll be merciful to me.

"Well, sir—his wife—the poor young thing! took the death sadly to heart. They said the shock had been too sudden, dried up all her tears, like. She never cried onc't—only languished and pined, grew thinner and whiter, and died just three months after poor Jesse. That was how the little boy—Jesse's little boy—came to be an orphan, sir.

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"Well, we were all determined to take care of the little one, so we cast lots every month to see which should have the maintainin' of him. It used to come to me pretty often, but I done it willingly, sir, because I considered I'd been hard to the man—very hard to poor dead Jesse.

"The boy was pretty, sir, but he didn't grow much. You see he hadn't no *mother-love* to thrive on. The women, they thought they did well by him, but they sort o' hustled him, and he wanted something different, coming of a delicate stock. I don't spose nothing, sir, can give a child that feel, that having somebody to love and call mother, does—no, not all the cossettin' in the world by strangers.

"Well, the years passed, and the little fellow began to be handy in the mine. It seemed a pity to see him beginning that hard sort o' life, but then we're not able even to take care of one more helpless hand, and there was plenty young as he down there. But he were so different from all the rest of the children. He looked for all the world before he got the grim in his face, like a gentleman's child, sir. His skin was like the shells you sometimes see with a leetle red tinge on 'em, and he had his mother's large brown eyes, and his father's curly hair, and then he was so slim-like and girlish. But he had spirit beyond his strength, and gloried in work.

"Things was going on about as usual, except that I was harder down on religion than ever. The soft feeling wore off my heart, and I think I hated what was pious worse nor before. Our Sundays was training-days—nothing good—everything evil, just as evil as could be.

"Well, sir—one day that little feller was on my beat, and he had done up his work quick and airly,—so he stood some time beside me talking. He was queer at talking—I never heard such strange things as he'd say. So says he, as I was fixing my tools—says he: 'Keene'—that's my name, sir—'where'd all this coal come from?'

"'Come from the earth,' I said.

"'Yes, but what made it?'

"I prided myself on my little larnin', so says I, 'Why, nater made it, Pinky;' we used to call him Pink, and Pinky.

"'Well, what made nater, Keene?' he still kept askin'.

"'Why—why! nater made itself!' I said.

"'Oh, no!' he cried; and with a solemn look as ever I see on any face—and his voice somehow seemed strange, and deep, like a voice of warnin'—I don't know why, but I never heered anything like it; says he, 'God made everything; God is down here in the dark!'

"I declare it was as nigh as if a man had struck me as could be. Says I, 'Pinky, where'd you get that from?'

"Says he, 'The good man told me.'

"'What good man?' I asked, and an ugly feeling came over me.

"'What preached at mammy's funeral,' said he.

"'And where'd you see him?' I sort o' growled, like.

"'Out in the road yesterday. I seed him on a horse, and he took me up and rided me ever so far and back, and he told me all the good things.'

"I was silent—I tell ye. I didn't know what to say; but I was mad. Just then, in moving up quick, my lamp went out. Now that's a thing that don't happen but a few times in a good many years, and I knew I'd have to wait and holler till somebody come—for the pit was full of holes—and so I said, 'Don't be afraid, Pinky, they'll be here soon;' but I was shaky, for we was in a dangerous part of the pit.

"Says he, 'I don't feel afraid, Keene; don't you s'pose God's close to us?'

"I declare I felt my blood trickle cold, and every wind that come down the shaft-way I thought was His breath—the breath of God!

"Well, the hours passed, and nobody come. Presently says little Pinky, 'I'll go for you, God will show me the way,' and I heard his little feet patting along them dangerous places. It was awful! The sweat started out on me thick, and it seemed like I couldn't breathe. But when I called him back, he shouted with his little voice, 'God 'll show me the way.'

"It almost makes me tremble when I think on't, sir—the boy went over the worst road in the pit, full of sunk shafts and dangerous places without no lamp! Oh! sir, when they came for me with plenty of light—I—I couldn't believe it, sir, I couldn't; and though they kept telling me that Pinky was safe, I tell you, sir, I thought it was a lie till I see him, and heard him cry out, 'I am safe, Keene—God showed me the way!'

"Well, sir, you mayn't think this looks true; but 'tis. Oh! 'tis as true as wonderful, sir; and I tell you, I was a different man after that. Not that I grew good at once—no, I didn't know *the way* then, sir. I didn't feel like little Pinky; I didn't feel sure that God 'd show me, but he did.

"One day, after Pinky had been working hard, he said he was dry and his head ached. Well, we always expected something 'd be ailing him—so that night I carried him home in my arms and laid him on his bed, and he never, sir,"—the miner choked for a moment, drew one rough hand across his eyes, turned away for a brief second, then said, hurriedly—"he never got up from it of himself agin. Every night I came home he was worse and worse, and I tell ye I felt as if all the light *I* ever see was going out!

"One morning he asked me in his weak voice—'Wouldn't I send for the good man that preached for his mammy?' I didn't say no—'twan't in my heart to do *that* thing, and before long the parson was there, talking and praying. That seemed to do the child good! And as the miners dropped in, with their black faces, and the little lamps in their hands, he'd smile round at 'em so sweet, sir, it would a done your heart good to a seen it."

The man paused again, overcome by the recollection of the scene. The muscles round his firm lips quivered.

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and over his great bronzed face there swept an expression of an almost womanly tenderness.

"Did he die *then?*" The question was softly asked, and the dark eyes of the lady were full of tears.

"Oh, my dear miss—yes, yes, he died then! He grew very bright and lively, though, and we'd all set our hearts on his getting well, when there was another change, and the colour left his face—and his little hands hadn't no strength in 'em. The minister came again, and as he stooped down, says he,—'My dear child, are you afraid to go?'

"And what do you think, sir—what do you think, miss—he said? Oh, how it went through me!

"'*God'll show me the way!*'

"And He showed him the way, sir. I never see anything like that dying, sir—never. He held my hand,—he said, 'Keene, *you* love God, too!' He gave a gasp and then a smile, and then there came a bright glory-light over his white face that made it shine all over—Oh, sir—I—I—can't—tell it."

The man held his head down and sobbed like a child—and his were not the only tears. The next morning was the Sabbath. A near bell was heard; a plain white meeting-house stood in sight. The stranger and his daughter met the miner, who, pointing to the heaven-ward spire, exclaimed, as a smile broke over his face,—

"You see, sir, God shows us *all* the way!"*

THOUGHTS ON REVIVALS.

BY DR. NETTLETON.

AGAINST revivals many objections are urged. It is said they are mere excitements which have in them nothing of the nature of true religion, and that they ought not to be ascribed to the Spirit of God. In support of these allegations is alleged,—

1. Their *suddenness*, and the fact that such *numbers profess to be converted in so short a time.*

Answer. The influences of the Spirit are compared in the Scriptures to the rain:—"He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and the former rain unto the earth." Would you object to the rain, and say it cannot be rain, because it sometimes comes suddenly, and in so many drops? We are given to understand that a *nation* will be born in a day.

2. The *great distress* which exists in revivals is urged as an objection against them.

Answer. It is not religion which causes the distress, but a conviction of the want of it. Is it surprising that sinners should be distressed, when they are brought to realize that they are exposed to eternal destruction? When a person's body is in pain he is in distress, and his friends often sigh and weep. And is the soul of less consequence than the body? Are heaven and hell trifles? Were not sinners pricked in the heart on the day of Pentecost? And was not the jailer of Philippi distressed when he fell down before Paul and Silas?

3. It is said that *persons are only terrified by alarming preaching.*

Answer. Why were they not terrified before? They have often heard the same truths. They have heard, perhaps for years, the most alarming preaching, and remained unmoved. Why are they alarmed now, if they are under no influence from on High? Besides, the very same truths which fill sinners with alarm, often, after a season, fill them with joy unspeakable and full of glory. How is this to be explained? Does the same preaching, of itself, cause in the same mind sorrow and joy?

But have not sinners *reason* to be terrified? When persons have no fear of God before their eyes, it is a mark of great depravity. Was not Felix terrified under the preaching of Paul?

If the results witnessed in revivals are the result of human influence only, believing what I do of the nature of these results, I should feel under obligation to awaken all my hearers. I should not expect to be saved myself, if I failed to do it. Are you willing to grant that ministers have so much power? Are they able to change the enemies of God into his friends?—to cause them to love what they hated with perfect hatred?

But the objection might have been made against the revival on the day of Pentecost, as well as against modern revivals. It might have been said that the people were terrified—that Peter frightened them.

4. It is said that what we witness in revivals is *all the effect of sympathy?*

Answer. What begins them? Are the first cases of awakening to be attributed to sympathy? But it not unfrequently happens that numbers are awakened about the same time, without any knowledge of each other's feelings, or of the awakening of any other individuals.

But suppose sympathy does have an influence, after a revival has commenced, cannot God make use of it as a means of promoting the work, as well as of any other means? The Psalmist says, "Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." When sinners see others anxious for their souls, it is to them powerful preaching, and God can bless it to their conviction and conversion.

5. It is said that it *is all enthusiasm.*

Answer. If the distress of sinners is greater than the case demands, then call it enthusiasm. But if the sinner is in danger of losing his soul, not to be distressed is blockish stupidity. Is it rational to brave the terrors of the Almighty, and to slumber on the brink of eternal perdition?

6. It is said, the *sudden joy* manifested in revivals is *irrational, and cannot be the effect of Divine influence.*

Answer. What shall we find to answer these expressions in the Bible—"The peace of God that passeth all

* From the Watchman and Reflector.

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understanding"—"Rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory"—"All joy and peace in believing"—"Called out of darkness into marvellous light"—Having "the Day Star arise in our hearts!" Would not a criminal, who should be reprieved on his way to the gallows, rejoice? Besides, were not the same effects witnessed in the days of Christ and the apostles? Did not Zaccheus come down from the tree and receive Christ joyfully? Did not Peter's hearers on the day of Pentecost receive the word with joy? When Philip preached in Samaria, was there not great joy in that city?

7. It is said many who are zealous for a season *turn back and become worse than before.*

Answer. True. And so it was in the time of Christ. "Many went back and walked no more with him." Does this prove that Christ had no true disciples? It was so likewise in the days of the apostles. John says, "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would, no doubt, have continued with us."

That the objection may be valid, it must be shown that all who profess to be the subjects of revivals apostatize. But this cannot be shown. *There are precious fruits that abide.*

Revivals are, doubtless, the work of God, or the work of the devil. If they are the work of the devil, I believe all will acknowledge that there is more praying, and more apparent religion in the devil's kingdom, than there is out of it.

To all who oppose revivals, I would say, *Beware lest you be found fighting against God!*

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

FOUNDED CHIEFLY ON REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL INDIA.

PART IV.—ANIMALS—*continued.*

SERPENTS.

"Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward."—GENESIS xlix. 17.

AMONG the most favourite haunts of serpents in the East, may be reckoned hedges, especially such as are dense and thorny. Thence they descend upon the adjacent roads, either in pursuit of prey, or with the intention of crossing from hedge to hedge. The only period of the year at which there is danger from them, is during the warm, moist evenings of the monsoon. Even then, of course, a lantern will prevent one from stepping on them; but this simple preservative, like the Davy-lamp in mines, is sure to be forgotten when most required. Such being the places they frequent, it was not without reason that the serpent to which Dan was compared, was represented as being "by the way," or "in the path." While there pursuing its sinuous track, an incautious rider passed. Quick as thought it has fixed its fangs in one of the heels of his steed; the venom is in a moment through its entire frame; and the horseman falls backwards to the ground. Some poisons are slow of absorption; for instance, that of a rabid dog does not pass upwards into the system till the fourth day after the bite, and remedies adopted during that time are almost uniformly effective. It is the very reverse with the poison of one of the more venomous snakes. A medical gentleman once told me he had been present when a gardener in India was bitten by a cobra. There was a sudden scream, and the next moment the man had fallen on the ground. His pulse already beat too rapidly for its vibrations to be counted; then the over-excitement was succeeded by a corresponding depression, which gradually increased till it took the form of death. How forcibly does all this recall a well-known incident in the history of the Danites! The people of that tribe, cramped for room in their original inheritance, despatched men to search for a new settlement. There is at all times not a little of the serpentine element in the character of a spy, and there was unusually much on the present occasion, if we may judge from what the men, selected for the office, subsequently stooped to do in the affair of Micah and his images. Yet their tortuous policy in the latter case met the approval of the entire Danite army. As we behold those men of deceit, without declaration of war, stealthily approaching the territory of the tribe they purpose attacking, we seem to see some slimy snake pursuing its noiseless course along the highway, to the peril of the unwary traveller. A little circumspection might even then have saved the men of Laish; but, like one who has forgotten his lantern, they had neglected all precautions; or, as the spies themselves worded it, the people "dwelt careless, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure;" and in consequence, like the heedless steed that sets foot where the serpent lies, and is suddenly roused to the consciousness its life is in jeopardy, the inhabitants of the defenceless town awoke up to encounter men with hands accustomed to the use of weapons, and hearts pitiless as what the Scriptures term "the cruel venom of asps," who "smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire."

"As if a man . . . . . went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him."—AMOS v. 19.

The instances are not unfrequent in which serpents have their holes in Eastern houses. In these cases the peril to the inmates is necessarily great. A native Christian and his wife left Nagpore to take service with a gentleman of decidedly Christian character, and, in consequence, attentive to the welfare of those providentially placed under his charge. Shortly afterwards, news came back of the sudden death of the woman. She had gone into her house one day and leaned against the wall, when she felt herself bitten by what must have been a serpent. Though her master, who was a medical man, did all he could to avert the fatal result, his exertions were in vain. It was literally the catastrophe to which the passage in Amos makes allusion.

FROGS.

"And the river shall bring forth frogs abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house, and into thy bed-chamber, and upon thy bed."—EXOD. viii. 3.

If one's experience be limited to European frogs, he will be apt to fall into the error of supposing that, however numerous they might be in a locality, they would eschew such places as bed-rooms and beds, even though he may be aware that these

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last are in all cases in the East, low, and most frequently, indeed, on the actual floor. In India, however, frogs constantly attempt to take up their abode in the bath-rooms of European bungalows, whence they make their way into bedrooms, and occasionally, when you retire to your chamber for the night, you are electrified by the sight of a frog perched at ease on the back of a chair.

SPARROWS AND SWALLOWS.

"I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top."—Ps. cii. 7.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God."—Ps. lxxxiv. 3.

Our translators, who had to perform their difficult task before natural history was a science, or the great era of *modern* travel had begun, had no resource but to introduce into their version of the Bible the names of the animals with which they were themselves familiar, leaving it to be afterwards ascertained whether or not these occurred in the East. Hence some of their renderings will not now stand inquiry. *In* these circumstances it affords one positive pleasure to find the two familiar birds named above correctly indicated. Sparrows, almost undistinguishable in colour from the well-known one of the British isles, extend over a great part of the world. A European arriving in India, and missing *from* the flora the daisy, with most of his other early favourites, is gratified to observe that sparrows are not wanting from the fauna. He is quite as much pleased as surprised to find them on such an easy footing with the British residents, as to come into the dining-room at meal-times and pick up the crumbs from the floor. It is singular, too, what a tendency they show there, as elsewhere, to nestle in places of worship. In the mission chapel at Kamptee they used to build their nests just above the cloth-ceiling, and keep up such an incessant chirping as they went in and out at the door, that a remonstrance was at length made on the subject by a member of the congregation, who felt himself unable to follow the discourse owing to the interruption they caused. The ordinary swallows and swifts of Britain being migratory, are found at some seasons in lands very remote from our own, associated often with species which never venture as far north as this country, even in the summer months. At Nagpore a kind of swallow might be seen hawking almost silently in small parties over tranquil water; whilst a species of noisy swift thrust the fact of its existence on even the most careless observers. These latter birds seemed no admirers of the style of architecture prevalent in Hindoo temples, while the eaves of the thatched roof of the mission chapel at Seetabuldee were at once appropriated as a suitable spot for their nests. Around that building they might be seen, day after day, on tireless pinion chasing the dragon flies, which, however, generally eluded them by incessant twists and turnings, during which their great gauzy wings glistened prettily as they struck the sunlight at every imaginable angle. Sparrows built their nests under the eaves of the same chapel, and of course nothing was more common than to see one "on the house-top alone." Trifling as observations like these might in themselves be, they constantly awoke emotion in the Christian soul, hallowed as they were by the illustration they afforded of more than one passage characterized by all the simple yet unapproachable pathos of sacred song.

PEACOCKS, ELEPHANTS, AND APES, OR RATHER MONKEYS.

"For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."—1 KINGS x. 22. 2 CHRON. ix. 21.

If, a century ago, when deadness overspread the Church, and unbelief in many places unblushingly raised its head, some adversary had declared this voyage of Solomon's and Hiram's sailors a mere fable, it would have been necessary to fall back on the general arguments that establish the authority of Scripture: little weight could have been rested on the internal evidence educed from the passage itself. The case is different now. It has been discovered that the three words translated ivory, apes, and peacocks, are all foreign to the Hebrew tongue, but may be traced back to that great parent of so many languages, the old Sanscrit of India. So completely is this fact considered to be established that you will find it adverted to in Gesenius' Lexicon, which most of our readers know to be the one commonly used in this country. That the three animals to which the words refer still occur in India, the writer can himself bear witness. When on mission tours he has been passing through bamboo, or other jungles, he has at times come upon a covey of wild peacocks, which, without taking to wing, have made way with surpassing rapidity through the low brushwood to a place of greater security. Monkeys are domesticated about many so-called sacred places, and it is at the peril of your life if you molest them. They are also wild in the hills. We remember once coming on one which, untroubled with nervous fear, had taken its station in a low scraggy tree that hung over a frightful precipice, and swayed heavily to and fro with the superincumbent weight. As standing beneath we listened to the angry tones in which it reproached us for intruding on its solitary haunts, we congratulated ourselves that it had no missile conveniently near with which to follow up the abuse it heaped upon us in measure so overflowing. Elephants, as is well known, swell the pomp of every Indian court, and they are found at large in some of the forest jungles. Speaking of Malabar, the part of India in which it is probable Solomon's sailors obtained freight for their vessels, Thornton, the highest authority on the subject, says in his Gazetteer:—"Wild elephants, inferior in size to none in India, harbour in the forests and jungly valleys, and associate in herds of 200 or 300." "There are . . . apes and monkeys innumerable." We probably have in the text, with scarcely any alteration, the very words which Solomon's sailors learned from the old inhabitants of Malabar with whom they trafficked. There thus comes a voice from the depth of antiquity, not so loud indeed as that given forth by the long buried Nineveh, yet perfectly audible, and that is enough, telling us that the old narratives of the Bible are not fictions of the imagination, but precious historic truth.

Another point still remains for illustration—the time the voyage to India took. It is stated that the fleets were absent three years. It must be remembered that from June to October the Indian Ocean is kept in continual agitation by the south-west monsoon. The steamboat in which the writer returned from India—a powerful one belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company—was then, it was understood, on a trial-trip, intended to decide whether or not it was possible to run across the Indian Ocean almost directly in the face of the monsoon, in place of making a great sweep southward, as former vessels had done. The effort was

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perfectly successful; but for 1000 miles and more the deck was continually wet as far back as the wheel, while not even the lee-portholes could be opened for a few minutes without water being shipped. Seeing the huge steamboat labouring heavily on its way, it was impossible not to feel that such fragile barks as those which constituted the old Hebrew and Tyrian navies would have failed to run either with or against the monsoon. They must have remained in some port till it passed, thus losing four months of the twelve, or one year out of the three. The remaining two years would be by no means too long a time to consume in coasting along from the head of the Gulf of Akaba to Malabar and back, for it must be remembered the Red Sea is itself 1400 miles long, and from the Straits of Babel-mandeb, even directly across to Malabar, upwards of 2000. We think that these facts should find their way from Hebrew lexicons and learned dictionaries of the Bible into popular treatises, adding as they do one proof more to the many previously collected of the genuineness and authenticity of the inspired Word.

SHEEP AND GOATS.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—MATT. XXV. 31–33.

One of the Nagpore markets was devoted exclusively to sheep and goats; and as it was situated directly in the way to a vernacular Christian school, the missionaries as they passed to their work had constant opportunities of observing the appearance and habits of the two kinds of animals. In one part of the market, goats were the more numerous; in another, sheep. One noticeable point was, that there was no sharply defined boundary-line between the small flocks of the one and the other, but sheep and goats might be seen harmoniously intermingled, and a person might pass through the market a hundred times without witnessing a quarrel between the two. This fact throws a gleam of light on one part of the Saviour's description of the last judgment. "All nations" were to be gathered before him, and on his left hand were to be placed the wicked—the openly reprobate as well as hypocritical professors. It, however, makes his words more searching, when we reflect that the figure he employs shows it was rather the latter than the former he had especially in view. As the foolish virgins were still nominally prepared to do their appointed work, and the servant who hid his talent in the earth did so professedly in the interest of his master, so it was chiefly against unfaithful members of the Church that this comparison of the sheep and goats was directed.* And it teaches us that though real and pretended Christians show little tendency spontaneously to forsake each other's company, yet the great Head of the Church will at last himself separate them for ever. Another point worthy of observation was, that the goats in the market were beyond question handsomer than the sheep. The former are so much akin to antelopes, the beauty of whose form none will dispute, that Linnæus classed them together, and his arrangement has been disturbed more in name than in reality by succeeding naturalists. The goats of the market-place were sleek in body, and had a graceful tenuity of limb; their hair was long and glossy; and their colours were distributed in great irregular patches of black and white, pleasing by their mutual contrast. Once more, the goats were not less gentle than the sheep. And may it not be that in some cases not a few of the fair and the gentle in a congregation may be placed with the wicked on the left hand of the Judge, and afterwards driven away into everlasting wretchedness? For, as the Scriptures teach us, attractions of person or of manner are but of small account with Him before whom we must appear; nay, they may prove the reverse of a blessing if their effect be to mask from the world and even their possessor a heart not right with God.

R. H.

* The foregoing remarks were in the hands of the Editor before I had an opportunity of perusing the note on the same subject in the May number of the *Treasury*, by the accomplished author of the "Clerical Furlough." I am gratified to find Dr. Buchanan's view substantially in accordance with that above expressed.

HEAVEN BREAKING ON THE SOUL.

MANY feel that to die is to be transferred suddenly, and with violence, into strange scenes which must overwhelm and distract the senses. It seems to them that it must be like being whirled instantly into a distant, unknown city, and waking up amidst the confusion and strangeness of that place. We cannot believe that such is the experience of dying Christians. It would rather seem that there is, at first, a perception of spiritual forms, of ministering spirits, whispering peace to the soul, and assuring it of safety, and bidding it fear not. It is said of angels, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation!" When can we need their ministry more, than in the passage from this world to the world of spirits? Perhaps the disclosure is made of some departed friends; and the fancy of those who thought that they saw beloved ones beckoning them away, may have had its foundation in truth. There is much of probability in that well-known piece, "The Dying Christian's Address to his Soul;" and no part of it is more probable than this:—

> "Hark! they whisper; angels say,
> Sister spirit, come away."

It is not improbable—it seems accordant with Divine goodness—that such methods should be employed to relieve the anxiety of the departing spirit. Sometimes the dying Christian has declared that he heard enrapturing music. It is possible that voices were employed to soothe him to sleep, and to soften the transition, from the full consciousness of life, to the revelations of the heavenly world. Perhaps the effect of disease upon the organs of hearing was such as to produce something like sounds, which, in a joyous state of mind, were pleasurable. During the siege of Jerusalem in 1836, the wife of an American missionary sang while dissolution was actually taking place. The tones of her voice, they said, seemingly more than mortal, were far different from anything which they had ever heard, even from her. God is often pleased to use these natural effects of dissolution on the body, to comfort the passing spirit of his child. Whether visions or real voices are actually

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seen or heard, is of no consequence, so long as the soul has a rational and assured hope. Some means are unquestionably used in every case to make the dying believer feel that he is safe. He is not compelled to wait in uncertainty and fear for a moment. His fears are anticipated; he is among other friends the moment that he grows insensible to those who watch his departing breath. Neither are we to suppose that heaven breaks upon the senses of the spirit with such an overpowering brightness as to excite confusion and pain. No doubt the revelation is gradual and most pleasant. Perhaps the celestial city appears at first in the distance, having the glory of God most precious; the approach to it is gradual; voices are heard afar off; and from the convoy of ministering spirits, such information and instructions are received as prepare it for the full vision of heaven. Everything is calm and serene; the light is attempered to its new and feeble vision. He who makes the sun to rise by slow degrees, and does not pour straight, fierce rays upon the waking eyes even of sinful men, certainly will not torment the soul of his child with any such revelations of unseen things as will give pain. The same care which has redeemed and saved him, will order all these things in covenanted love.

Some of the preceding thoughts are well expressed in the following anonymous lines, written on seeing Mr. Greenough's group of the Angel and Child ascending to Heaven:—

CHILD. Whither now wilt thou proceed?
ANGEL. Come up hither; I will show thee.
Follow me with joyful speed;
Leave thy native earth below thee.
CHILD. Stop! mine eyes cannot contain
Such a wondrous flood of light.
ANGEL. Come up hither. Thou shalt gain,
As thou risest, stronger sight.
CHILD. Lost in wonder without end,
Joyful, fearful, longing, shrinking,
Lead me, O thou heavenly friend;
Keep a trembling child from sinking.
Oh, I cannot bear this glory!
Angel brother! how canst thou?
ANGEL. I will tell thee all my story;
I was once as thou art now.
CHILD. When some sorrow did befall me,
Or I felt some strange alarms,
Then my mother's voice would call me
To the shelter of her arms.
Now what bids my heart rejoice,
Clasped in arms I cannot see?
Hark! I hear a soothing voice
Sweetly whispering, Come to me.
ANGEL. Yes, it calls thee from on high;
Come to God's most holy mountain;
Thou hast drunk the stream of life:—
I will lead thee to the fountain.

"*Catharine.*"

THE GOSPEL IN THE LORD'S SUPPER.

No gospel like this feast
Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

Picture and parable!
All truth and love divine,
In one bright point made visible,
Hence on the heart they shine.

All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost thee, the Son.

Thine was the bitter price,—
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

For thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced;—
To us the bread of life.

To thee our curse and doom
Wrapp'd round thee with our sin,
The horror of that midday gloom,
The deeper night within.

To us thy home in light,
Thy "Come, ye blessed, come!"
Thy bridal raiment, pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight:

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of bless'd repose
Thy love prepares with God;

Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross as at the feast,
Behold thee, only thee!

The Three Wakings.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW.

IT was in the year 1822 that the gun-brig *Drake* was lost, having struck on a rock during a dense fog not far from the coast of Newfoundland. In vain all was done that man could do to save her: the masts were cut away to lighten the vessel, but she was so rapidly filling with water that it was evident that she soon must sink. The cutter was then launched to carry the crew to the shore, but was almost instantly swamped! Then several of the crew, who were excellent swimmers, came forward and offered to attempt to carry a rope to the land. The offer was accepted, and the first sailor, seizing a lead-line, boldly threw himself into the boiling surf.

A few minutes of anxious suspense follows. The swim-

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mer struggles—strains; he can no longer battle against the current! His messmates see that he is perishing in the attempt, and drag him back to the wave-swept deck.

A consultation was held on board; it was resolved that some one should attempt the perilous passage in the dingy, the only boat remaining to the *Drake*. The gallant boatswain, Turner, volunteered to risk his life in the dangerous service. He fastened a rope round his body, and was lowered into the boat. The crew of the *Drake* gave a cheer as, letting go the tackling, they saw the little boat bravely dash forward over the foam-crested billows towards the wished-for shore.

With intense anxiety her progress is watched! Now tossed on the top of a giant wave, now almost lost to view in the trough of the sea, she nears the shore,—she has almost reached it—ha! all is over! See, the frail boat is dashed to pieces like a nutshell on the rocks! All is lost! No!—thank God! a living form is scrambling up the cliff! The wave that destroyed the dingy dashed its occupant upon the shore. God has preserved the brave man's life; the boatswain has carried the rope to the beach!

But the ship was sinking fast! The captain, whose name was Baker, calm and collected in the hour of danger, thought of another expedient to save the lives of his crew. There was a rock standing out of the sea, so near the vessel that at each successive sea the wreck swayed upon it, and then, as the wave retreated, fell back to its former position. It was possible, by seizing the favourable moment, to spring from the ship to the rock. By the command of Captain Baker, the whole of the ship's company endeavoured thus to make their way from the sinking vessel. Some perished in the attempt, and were swept away by the furious current, but by far the greater number landed on the rock. Captain Baker himself was the *last man* to quit the deck of his vessel.

But the unfortunate crew of the *Drake* soon found that they had but exchanged one peril for another. They stood on a rock indeed, but a rock which *the high tide would cover!* Every minute the waves rose higher and higher, and wistfully and woefully the eyes of the shipwrecked mariners were turned towards the shore,—so near, and yet, as it seemed, so impossible to be reached! On that shore stood the boatswain alone, grasping the rope which he had borne with him from the vessel. Watching his opportunity, with a strong hand, and, we may believe, a fervent prayer for success, he flings one end of the rope towards the rock thronged with his eager, shivering companions. Joy! joy! a ready hand has caught it; but it is so short that it can only be held at arm's length by one man on the rock, and the boatswain on the shore! Slender bridge over the fierce, boiling waters,—scarcely visible as the wild waves dash over it, yet the only means by which the crew of the *Drake* can be rescued from their perilous position!

There is no rush towards the rope,—no crowding and crushing,—no selfish endeavour to preserve life at the expense of that of others! Never, perhaps, did English seamen show more perfect order and discipline than in that awful scene! One and all they called to their captain to lead the way, but could draw from him only this reply, uttered with a firmness which none could shake, "I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe!"

One by one, without disorder or confusion, the men slipped from the rock upon the rope; one by one, through its aid, they succeeded in gaining the wished-for shore. Forty-four have arrived in safety, and now there remain but six on the rock, over which the salt spray is dashing. One of these six is a woman. Her weak frame has been unable to support the sufferings of that awful day. She is stretched almost senseless upon the rock, and it seems utterly impossible that in her helpless condition she can be saved from impending destruction! Her feeble hand cannot grasp the rope,—she cannot encounter the fury of the billows! And yet it is impossible to desert her! A gallant sailor comes forward, lifts the woman in his arms, and thus burdened, attempts to make his way to the shore. Alas! the rope, the precious rope, cannot sustain the double weight! It snaps! Struggling forms are seen for a moment, and then the dark waters close over the woman, and over him who had lost his life in the generous attempt to save hers!

And what was the fate of the four left standing on the fatal rock—the captain and his gallant companions?

In vain the rescued ones on the beach tried every effort to save them. Handkerchiefs were hurriedly tied together, but proved totally insufficient to supply the place of the lost rope. In anguish the seamen gazed upon the rock; some hurried off inland to procure aid, but ere it could be gained, the sufferers were beyond reach of all human assistance. The four brave men had been summoned into the presence of their God! The wild waves swept over their lifeless bodies, and their souls, we trust, through the mercy of their Lord, had reached the haven of eternal rest!

A monument was raised by the Admiralty in Portsmouth harbour to the memory of Captain Baker, who had sacrificed his life to his sense of duty, who had cared for the safety of the humblest shipboy before his own. Let his name be ever held by his countrymen in honourable remembrance!

And one word to you, my reader, whose eye has just perused this true and touching story. You and I, in a world of sin, stand even as the seamen on that slippery rock, over which the waves of destruction so soon must flow! The shore of heaven is in view; there is but *one way* by which we can reach it. The merits of a crucified Saviour is the rope which must be grasped,—and oh! thanks be to God for his infinite grace, that rope can never be broken! In the desperate struggle to make our way through the giant surges of temptation, let us fix our eyes on *the Captain of our salvation.* He, indeed, bore the brunt of the storm,—He encountered alone the fury of the waves,—He submitted to death that he might be enabled to say to his Father in heaven, *Of them that thou gavest me I have lost none! He that believeth in me shall never perish, but have everlasting life.*

A. L. O. E.

CHRIST'S WITNESSES.

THE Saviour, when he had relieved a demoniac, directed him to go and testify the facts to his friends. "Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." He was to relate, not what the Lord had done for others, but what had been done for himself. So the Apostle of the Gentiles, who wrought more abundantly than those who were called and commissioned earlier, was one who esteemed himself the chief of sinners, and displayed his own salvation as a distinguished instance of what the grace of God could accomplish. All who have been

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accepted witnesses for God among men, as every believer in spiritual religion admits, of course, have been themselves the subjects of a gracious experience.

But he who would do good by speaking in the Saviour's name, needs to be something more than merely a sincere Christian. He is not likely to testify for Christ to much purpose, unless it can be pretty clearly evident that religion has done much for him. Now, there are many whose piety it would be uncharitable to question, whose obligations to the gospel do not *appear* to be very great. Without bringing any positive scandal or reproach on religion, they go along in what is pronounced a "consistent" life, doing no particular harm, and no particular good. They have had convictions, but these were not very profound, and do not seem to have been much deepened since. They have hopes, not very exhilarating, but rather on this side of rapture. They have not been greatly tried, so that their notion of the sustaining power of Divine grace is somewhat indefinite. They may hope that glorious rewards will be won hereafter, but they do not now feel in a condition to declare "*how great* things the Lord *hath done* for them." The testimony of such disciples may have a certain value, as corroborating that of others; but if the gospel's principal witnesses had no more to say than that class of persons, its impression upon the world would be faint indeed.

But if one, whose life is such a warrant for the sincerity of his words that he may freely challenge credit for the story of his inward experience—if such a one can say to his neighbours that the sorrows of death took hold upon him, but that the Lord had delivered his soul from death, his eyes from tears, and his feet from falling—his testimony will be felt. If, during a course of years, he can record successive proofs of the Divine faithfulness in fulfilling to him great and precious promises, consoling him in affliction, and keeping him in time of danger or temptation, his word honours the gospel. If he develops a character suited to the profession of such an experience—by the integrity of his life, the sweetness of his temper, the helpfulness of his disposition, and all the lesser graces that are lovely and of good report, proving the efficiency of the principle that rules his heart—every advance he makes in righteousness will be an evidence of the fruitfulness for good there is in religion. It will be plain that "the Lord hath done great things" for him.

While, therefore, every Christian is called upon to give all diligence, to improve every means for growth in grace, every one who is called to declare the gospel and "persuade men" has special reason to desire wealth of Christian experience. Knowledge is valuable, mental force and capacity are valuable, deep study of Divine truth is specially valuable, but neither can qualify one to be a witness for the truth with power, who is deficient in actual experience of the benefits of grace. He need not be egotistical. His experience may not often be the principal matter of his testimony. But, with or without direct assertion of the fact, it will easily enough be seen whether the speaker is witnessing what he knows only at second-hand, or is uttering the truth with a conviction wrought into the very substance of his being. And that vitalized truth is the possession of him only for whom great things have been done by the Lord.—*Examiner.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXX.—JESUS ANNOUNCES HIS DEATH AND RESURRECTION—VALUE OF THE SOUL—THE TRANSFIGURATION.

MATT. xvi. 21–28; xvii. 1–8.

Jesus Announces his Death and Resurrection.—Ver. 21. Had Jesus ever alluded to such things before? [Only obscurely, as in ch. xii. 40. John iii. 14. John ii. 19.] What made it essential that he *must* go to Jerusalem, and be put to death, &c. [To work out our redemption.]

Ver. 22. Why did Peter rebuke Christ? What was to be blamed in the spirit Peter now showed? Wherein did he show ignorance of the plan of redemption? Had the praise he had just received had a good effect upon him? [Observe, how even good men have a weak, carnal side, as well as a strong, spiritual one. This was especially true of Peter. The new or spiritual man spoke in ver. 16; the old or carnal man in ver. 22.]

Ver. 23. Who had taught Peter his confession at ver. 16? Who taught him the words he had now uttered? What did Christ call him on this account? [Observe, the very soul that is taught of God, may also, at times, be led by the devil.] What did Christ mean in calling Peter "an offence" to him? [A stumbling-block—trying to discourage him from his glorious but awful work as a suffering Redeemer. The "rock" is now become a stumbling-block.] What things did Peter "savour?" What does this mean? [That he did not understand or discern divine truth; the truth of God pertaining to the redemption of lost sinners; he was viewing things with the eye of a worldly man.]

Ver. 24. What are the three requisites to Christian discipleship? What is it for a man to deny *himself?* [The expression is very comprehensive: he must renounce self in every form—his own righteousness, his worldly interests, comfort, glory; everything.] Are we to expect worldly ease in serving Christ? How often is it said in another gospel, we must take up the cross? Luke ix. 23. What is meant by following Christ? Can any of us do all this in our own strength? What ought we then to do?

Ver. 25. If we are very sparing of ourselves, very unwilling to take trouble or suffer loss for Christ, what will be the result? And what, if we throw ourselves very unreservedly and fearlessly into his service?

Value of the Soul.—Ver. 26. [These are among the very weightiest words Christ ever spoke; let us ponder them well.] What *gain* does Christ here suppose to be made? Have any gained (in a sense) the whole world? [Solomon, Alexander the Great, &c.] Did they regard it as a very great gain? Eccles. i. 2. Mention some things that show that even the whole world would not be a very great acquisition. [It could not *satisfy;* nor preserve *health;* nor ward off anxiety,

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grief, pain; and it must very soon be wholly abandoned.] What is the *loss* Christ supposes? Show the value of the soul (1) from its nature (Gen. ii. 7); (2) its capacity of enjoyment and suffering; (3) its duration; (4) its redemption. In connection with its redemption, show how great is the value attached to the soul by (1) God the Father, in what he has given to redeem it; (2) the Son, in what he has done for the same; (3) the Holy Ghost, in the pains he takes to renew it; (4) Satan, in his efforts to destroy it; (5) lost souls (Luke xvi. 28); (6) the holy angels (Luke xv. 10). Who are the only parties that think little of the soul and its preciousness?

Ver. 27. [Another consideration showing the preciousness of the soul.] When shall this coming take place? According to what will men be judged? Do any *deserve* rewards for their good works? [The rewards of good works shall be all of grace; but not one shall be forgotten. See ch. x. 42.] What shall then happen to those who, out of worldly policy, have failed in their duty to Christ?

Ver. 28. What coming of Christ is probably referred to here? [Some demonstration of his kingly glory, such as the next chapter unfolds; or, perhaps, his coming to destroy Jerusalem.]

The Transfiguration.—Ch. xvii. 1. On what other occasions were these three apostles taken with Jesus? Mark v. 37. Matt. xxvi. 37. John xx. 2. Where were they taken now? Is it known what mountain it was? [Tradition has long pointed to Mount Tabor, a fine wooded hill, standing apart, on the border of the plain of Esdraelon. But others think it must have been Mount Hermon, which was near Cæsarea Philippi. For what purpose had Jesus gone up the mountain? Luke ix. 28.

Ver. 2. What seems to have been the purpose of this transfiguration? [To afford a view of the divine glory of Christ. It was desirable that this view should be given now, seeing that Christ was soon to be so fearfully humbled. See ch. xvi. 21. It was meant, too, to teach Christ's followers that their sufferings are to be followed by glory; after the cross, comes the crown. See 2 Peter i. 16.]

Ver. 3. Of what was Moses the representative? [The law.] And Elias? [The prophets.] And what was shown by their appearance now? [That the law and the prophets united in bearing testimony to Christ.] Mention some points of resemblance between the history of Moses, Elias, and Christ. On what subject did they speak with Christ? Luke ix. 31. [This shows that the death of Jesus was a grand doctrine both of the law and the prophets. The importance attached to it was a high rebuke to the view of Peter at ch. xvi. 22.]

Ver. 4. What was there that was praiseworthy in this speech of Peter's? [The relish he showed for heavenly society.] What was foolish in his proposal? [Show its unsuitableness (1) as to Christ; (2) Moses and Elias; (3) the apostles; how other work awaited all of them.]

Ver. 5. Of what was this cloud the emblem? [God's glorious presence—like the pillar of cloud and fire in Old Testament times.] To whom alone did the voice out of the cloud bear testimony? What did this show as to the superiority of Christ to Moses and Elias? When was this testimony borne before? [Observe, Christ was now entering *a new stage* of his public ministry; the special period of suffering and death; hence this testimony was repeated.] What three things did the voice testify, and what may we learn from them?

Ver. 6. What made the disciples so afraid? [God's voice.] Mention other instances of God's voice inspiring terror?

Ver. 7. Give another instance of the touch and word of Jesus restoring peace. Rev. i. 17.

Ver. 8. What lessons were taught them by the presence of none but Jesus? [Jesus all-sufficient. Jesus ever present with his people. Jesus remains when Christian friends leave us for glory.]

DUTY.—God is to be implicitly and constantly obeyed. Num. xv. Deut. viii.; xiii. 1 Sam. xv. Eccles. xii. Acts iv.; v. Heb. xi.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE. (No. 3.)

MOSES—*continued.* Ex. ii. 5–10.

Was not poor little Moses exposed to many dangers when his mother left him in the ark? What would have become of him if she had not been able to steal back and nurse him? What if the water had got in? What if a hungry crocodile had noticed the ark? What if some cruel Egyptian had passed by? Could he do nothing to help himself? Are little babies *now* often in danger? [Yes, for they are just as weak and helpless as Moses was, and need to be always taken care of.] Were we all once as helpless? What should we feel when we think of this? [Very thankful to God, and to our kind mothers and nurses, for all their care.]

Who did God send to the river early in the morning? What did she come for? What did she do when she observed the ark? Would not they be greatly surprised when they found a baby within it? What did the baby do? Why? [He would be cold and hungry, and frightened at the strange faces.] What kind of person does the princess appear to have been? [Kind and gentle. Probably she had often lamented over her father's cruelty. History says she was Pharaoh's only child, and had no children of her own.] What did she say when she saw Moses? What did God put into her heart? [Compassion and love for the beautiful infant, and a desire to save him.] Could any other person have ventured to save the child, however much they wished it? If *she* had not come just *that* morning, to *that* place, what would have happened? Then, what do we see in all this? [The hand of God, and his ordering of all things, small as well as great.]

What did Moses' sister do when she saw how kind the princess and her ladies were to the baby? Who did she call to nurse him? What did the princess say to Jochebed? Would not she be very, very happy in getting back her dear child again? What would she feel besides joy? [Thankfulness to the Lord, who had heard her prayers, and rewarded her faith and trust.] Would she have to *hide* her baby now? [No; it would be well known that the princess had taken him as her adopted son.] Why did she call him Moses? [Because it means "*drawn out.*"]

What would Jochebed teach him as soon as he could understand her? [About the true God and his worship, the promises of salvation through a Messiah to come, the history of the Jewish people, and his own wonderful deliverance,

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&c.] When he was old enough to leave his mother, where had she to send him? What kind of education did he get at court? Acts vii. 22. But did he forget the lessons of his pious mother? [No.] How do we know this? [Because when he became a man, he gave up all worldly honours for the sake of the true God and his own people. Heb. xi. 24-26.] What did he live to be? [The great deliverer and leader of the people of Israel.]

What is the great lesson we may learn from the story of Moses as a child? [The good providence of God watching over his people, and ordering all things for their good.] What should this teach us to do? [To ask his blessing in all that we do, and observe his hand in everything that happens to us.] And when things are not what we wish? [Still to be sure they are not *by chance*, but meant for good to us.]

What other *ark* do we read of in the Bible besides that of Moses? What should they both make us think of? [Jesus Christ, the only ark of safety for sinners, our only hope and way to heaven.]

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to take a step alone,
Let me thus with God abide,
As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

Precept.—Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.

Promise.—The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Matt. x. 30.

Prayer.—O heavenly Father, we thank thee for all thy kind care over us when we were weak and helpless infants, and for the kind mothers and nurses thou didst give to watch over us then. And now, when we still need so much help and care, we thank thee that it is still provided for us. Make us love very much those who are so loving to us, but teach us to love thee, our God and Saviour, most of all. If it be thy will, may we live to grow up, to bless and comfort our dear parents and friends, and to serve and glorify thee in this world. But above all, we pray that thou wouldst give us new hearts, and pardon all our sins, so that we may be ready at any time to go to thy heavenly kingdom, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Harry and Bessie went to spend the afternoon with their old grandmother. She had broken her arm, and was not able to work, or to do anything to occupy herself, so that the day seemed rather long when she was all alone, and she was glad to have the children for company. And they were equally glad to go to see her, for besides the pleasure of drinking tea with her, grandmother was such a famous hand at telling nice stories, that both Harry and Bessie always enjoyed their visits.

This afternoon, as soon as they were seated, and had talked for a few minutes, Bessie, who was an industrious little girl, took her thimble out of her pocket, and began to mend some clothes for her grandmother; and presently Harry got his knife, and was very busy cutting some wood into pegs. His father sold these pegs at a shop where he was employed in the next town, and Harry had the money towards buying a new suit for Sundays.

It was not long, you may be sure, before one of the children said, "Now, grandmother, won't you tell us a story, please?" And the kind old grandmother, willing to oblige them, said she would, and that it should be about a little boy who made clothes-pegs for sale.

"About *me*, grandmother?" asked Harry.

"About *you*, Harry!" exclaimed Bessie; "I should think not, indeed; what have *you* ever done that is worth putting into a story?"

Grandmother smiled. "No, Harry," she said, "it is not about you; the name of my boy was John, and he lived more than two hundred miles away from here. His mother was a poor widow woman, and she had several little children younger than he. How she managed to get a living at all, I don't know, but they seldom had quite enough to eat, and sometimes they were very badly off indeed. John was but a little fellow—not so big as you, Harry—when he learned to make pegs, and to carry them about to people's doors to sell. He did not earn much money in this way, because very often there was nobody who wanted to buy any; and he would come back at night, perhaps, with scarcely a penny for his mother. Sometimes he did better; and the smallest trifle was of use to them.

"But one winter it happened that food was very dear, and money very scarce. John's mother, too, became very weak and poorly; and at length her head ached so violently, that she could not bear to lift it from the pillow. It was with a heavy heart that poor John left her, and set out to try whether he could sell enough pegs to procure a loaf of bread with, for there was scarcely a crust in the house, and not a particle of tea. John was a good boy, and as he walked sorrowfully along, he prayed to God to help them out of their trouble, and to send them something to eat. He had scarcely finished praying, when his foot struck against something, and looking on the ground, he saw a purse with money in it lying there."

"Capital!" said Harry, "I am so glad."

"So am I," said Bessie; "how soon God answered his prayer, grandmother!"

"So John thought, Bessie. He picked up the purse with a joyful heart; but then he considered, 'Is this really mine? Somebody must have lost it; does it not belong to them? Ought I to keep it without making any inquiry about it?'

"Looking up, he saw at a few yards' distance an old gentleman walking leisurely along. The road was a very long one, and as there was no one else in sight, the purse most likely belonged to him. 'But what if it does?' something seemed to whisper in John's ear; 'he can do without it better than you can; he has a good hat and a handsome great-coat on; no doubt he has plenty more money at home, and will hardly miss this. And think how much good it would do your mother! It will buy all you want, and very likely keep you from going into the workhouse, as you will otherwise be obliged to do. Now, don't be foolish; put it in your pocket; nobody will be any the wiser!'

"John was sorely tempted, and he almost yielded; but he knew what he ought to do, and he looked to God for strength. The next minute he was running as fast as he could to overtake the old gentleman."

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"Hurrah!" cried Harry.

"It seems a pity, though," sighed little Bessie, "that it wasn't right for him to keep it."

"'If you please, sir,' said John, breathlessly—'if you please, sir, have you dropped a purse?'

"The old gentleman looked surprised, and was going to say No; but he put his hand first into his pocket, and found that his purse was not there. 'Yes, indeed, I have,' he said. 'Have you found it, my little man? it is a dark blue one with steel beads.'

"John immediately produced it. 'Then here it is, sir; I have just picked it up in the road.'

"'I must have drawn it out with my handkerchief, I suppose, for I had not missed it. You are an honest lad, and I am much obliged to you. Let me see, what must I give you for bringing it back to me?'

"'Nothing, sir, thank you,' answered John. 'I don't want to be paid for it; but if you would buy a few of these pegs, sir, I should be very glad.'

"'Well, I don't understand much about pegs,' replied the old gentleman, good-humouredly; 'but I live close by here, and if you will come in with me, I will speak to my housekeeper about them.'

"John followed the old gentleman in-doors; and the housekeeper soon agreed to buy all the pegs that he had in his basket, and to pay him double the price for them that he usually got. She also gave him, by her master's orders, some cold meat and bread; and while he was thankfully eating that, the old gentleman asked him several questions about his home, and his mother, until he knew all their wants and difficulties. He told John that he would call and see his mother in the course of the day. He kept his promise; and from that day the poor widow never wanted a friend. The old gentleman had plenty of money, and he liked to help deserving sort of people; so he not only supplied John's mother with food and money for present need, but, as soon as she was stronger, he stocked a nice little shop for her, by means of which she was able to provide decently for herself and her family.

"So John's prayer was answered, you see, although not exactly in the way that you expected."

"And what became of John, grandmother?"

"When he was old enough, the old gentleman apprenticed him to a carpenter; and he grew up to be a steady, pious young man; and has got children, and grandchildren of his own now."

"He must be an old man, then," said Harry.

"Yes, he is; his hair is quite grey; but he never forgets God's goodness to him when he was a boy."

"How I should like to see him, grandmother!" said Bessie, looking up from her work.

"Should you, Bessie? Well, your wish may soon be gratified, for I expect he will be with us at tea-time. Look! there he is, coming in at the gate."

Bessie jumped up from her work; Harry tumbled down his wood-basket; both rushed eagerly to the window.

"Why, Bessie," exclaimed Harry, "*it's grandfather!*"—*Church of England Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*

II.—BEYOND THE GARDEN-GATE.

"CHILDREN," said Mrs. Jay, "you may play anywhere in the front, but don't go beyond the garden-gate. Do you hear me, James?" "Yes, mother," said James, looking up from his wheelbarrow: "Do not go beyond the garden-gate!" Mother, then, seeing her little boy and girl quietly at play in the yard, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out.

James and Jessie, his little sister, had nice plays together. He used to make-believe horse, and draw her on his trucks; or she make-believe a pumpkin, and be carried in his wheelbarrow; or they would both make-believe cows, and set up a terrible mooing; indeed, there was no end to the different characters they took, all the while keeping very kind to each other. Their plays this afternoon led them down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a gate, hasped inside, which opened into a field of thick underbrush and trees, sloping down to a lower part of the village. This was the forbidden gate.

"I wish we could go out into the woods," said James; "perhaps we should find a bird's nest." James unhasped the gate, and he and Jessie looked round and saw the pretty woods. "But *what did mother tell us?*" asked Jessie. "Perhaps she was afraid of bears," answered James, "or the water in these woods, or something; but there are no bears. Oh, there's a squirrel on that tree! See him, see him, Jessie!" and away ran James to the woods, and away ran Jessie after him. The squirrel hid, and the children went on, hoping to find another. They strayed down a bank, and came to a brook and little pond. "Mother thought we'd fall into this pond, and that's the reason she cautioned us against coming here," said James; "but we sha'n't, shall we, Jessie?" "No," answered Jessie, "we won't." And so they ran round, and tumbled about, and picked flowers, and at last got back to the garden-gate safe and unharmed, without anybody knowing they went. "Jessie," said James, "*don't you tell.*" "Not if mother asks?" asked Jessie. "She won't ask," said James.

Mother did not ask, nor did Jessie tell, and all went on at home as usual. Saturday night, after the children were bathed, and Jessie had gone to sleep, James and his mother talked a little longer together, as they often did Saturday night. James said, "Mother, I have been in the woods beyond the garden-gate this week." "When did you go?" she asked. He told her. "And, mother," he said, "nothing happened to us there; we didn't fall into the water, or get wet, or tear our clothes; no bears ate us up. Why didn't you want us to go?"

"You *lost* something that afternoon in the woods," said his mother. "Lost something!" said James; and he thought of his knife, and his slate-pencils, and his ball, and a penny-piece in his pocket; he hadn't lost one of them, he was quite sure. "Yes," repeated his mother, "think a moment what you have missed, for I know you lost something." James for a moment thought his mother must be a spirit: for how could *she* know when he didn't know himself! "You will recollect if you think," said she. James put his head under the bed-quilt, for he began to see he *had* lost something; and the more he thought, the more sure he was of it. "Mother," he at last said in a low sorrowful voice, "I *did* lose something in those woods—I did. I lost *the happy* out of my heart." Ah! that was it; and a sad loss it is when a child loses the happy out of his heart.

It does not always concern a child to know *why* his parents forbid him this or that; *his* duty is obedience. Nor because nothing befalls him in a course of disobedience, must he

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conclude no harm is done at all. James and Jessie got home safely; but was there no harm done? Yes, yes; the happy left their little hearts. They were *afraid*—afraid their mother would find it out. This is the way doing wrong wrongs you. It wrongs you out of that peace and comfort which God wishes you to enjoy; and all James' play in the woods did not make up for this loss.—*Child's Paper.*

III.—TIT FOR TAT, A BAD RULE.

When I was a little girl, I learned a good lesson. One frosty morning I was looking out of a window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting for drink. The morning was very cold; the animals stood meek and quiet, till one of the cows wanted to move, and tried to turn round. In doing this, she hit against her neighbour; whereupon that one kicked, and hit the one next to her. In five minutes, the late peaceful congregation of animals was in great turmoil, furiously kicking and butting each other. My mother smiled, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit! Just so have I seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears." Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were cross or irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the straw-yard began: never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, the Rev. Dr. P——, then living in R——, left his residence in the upper part of the city to ride on horseback towards the lower part of Main Street. He had not proceeded far when he met a well-mounted man who was much excited with liquor. He hailed the doctor in an earnest and rather bluff manner. The latter stopped and looked him steadily in the face. Soon the excited man asked, "Have you seen a young man passing this way with a waggon?" The doctor replied in the negative. From the lips of the inquirer soon escaped a number of profane and foolish oaths respecting the strange disappearance of the team and driver.

The doctor sat still on his horse, greatly moved with compassion, and tenderly but steadily fixing his large eyes on the face of his neighbour. Presently the excited man asked for some trifling favour. The doctor promptly gave it, saying, "I take great pleasure in doing anything to oblige you, although you have greatly hurt my feelings." The other replied, "How can that be? I did not intend to do so." The doctor replied, "You have spoken very disrespectfully of my best Friend." The reply was, "What do you mean? I have said nothing against any one." The doctor answered, "The best Friend I have in the universe is my heavenly Father. Both to you and me he has done more kindnesses than all others besides. You have used his name here in a very profane way, and yet you ask, 'What have I said to hurt your feelings?' Can I hear my God and Saviour spoken of thus grossly, and not be hurt?" "Sir," said the man, "I ask your pardon." The doctor replied, "My pardon is nothing. I am a worm of the dust. Like you, I must soon stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and give up my last and solemn account. Ask pardon of God." By this time the countenance of the man betrayed shame and remorse, and he said, "Sir, allow me to ask your name." The doctor said, "Oh, that is a matter of no importance. I shall soon meet you at the bar of God. I hope for salvation through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Do you?" Thus saying, he bade good-by to the excited man, and rode away. Neither party in this strange interview knew the name of the other.

About nine or ten months after this, the doctor was delivering an address on temperance, and when the meeting was over, a man, well-dressed, and having an appearance of respectability, came to him and said, "I suppose you do not know me." "I do not," was the reply. "Do you not remember," said he, "that last summer you met a man and reproved him for swearing?" "I do," said the doctor. "I am that man," he replied. "I went home distressed, and wondering who you were. I described your appearance to my son. He told me you were a minister of the gospel, and gave me your name. Since that day I have drunk no liquor; I have stopped swearing; and that is not all"—tears starting in his eyes—"the best of all is, I hope God has converted my soul."

The affecting character of this meeting can be better conceived than described. Subsequent inquiry showed that the reformation was entire, and that the former swearer was now a praying man, and the former drunkard was leading a consistent Christian life. From this narrative it appears—

1. There may be exceptions to the rule laid down by a wise and good man, "I will not talk to a man intoxicated with strong drink." Such conversation is sometimes dangerous, seldom improving, but not always without advantage. Let us be civil to even drunken men. Who knows but that we may do them good?

2. "Love, and say what you please." A stern or objurgatory manner commonly makes men worse; but true tenderness commonly disarms enmity.

3. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Let us be always at work, both in season and out of season.

4. Let us overcome the fear of man. It brings a snare. It makes us cowardly. It excites the contempt of the wicked. "Be of good courage." "When the council saw the boldness of Peter and John, they marvelled, and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

5. We must not treat all wicked men alike. Of some we must "have compassion, making a difference." They must have none but gentle, persuasive words and tones. Others we must "save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." To such we must often present the terrors of the Lord, and in his awful name point them to the wrath to come.

6. How rich is Divine grace! how abundant is Divine mercy! It saves even profane swearers and drunkards. It can do all things. O that men would accept the salvation so freely offered to them by the Lord!—*Amer. Messenger.*

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II.—THE POINT OF VIEW.

When Asaph met the prosperous scoffers down in the crowded market-place, he saw only their condition for the time; but when he ascended the hill of God, and entered there the sanctuary, his eye from that elevation could run along their glittering life and descry its gloomy end. The same experience, described in figurative language, happened to John in Patmos: "After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter" (Rev. iv. 1). In order to drive envy of the prosperous out of a disciple's heart, nothing more is needed than a window open in heaven, and an invitation from the angel, "Come up hither." A longer look and a clearer sky will enable you more intelligently to compare your own condition with his. When in the spirit of adoption, and from the place of a son, you look along the career of those who fear not God, you will learn to acknowledge that your lines have fallen in a more pleasant place, and that you have obtained a more goodly heritage.

Some heirs of the kingdom now in the body thank God fervently for causing the riches of their parents to take wings and fly away. They see some who have inherited wealth caught and carried away by the temptations which it brings. They tremble to think where and what themselves would now have been, had the world courted them at a time when they would have been most easily won by its fascinations. The world's cold shoulder in their youth was not pleasant to nature at the time, but they now know that it was the safer side. Instead of envying, they pity the people who are getting riches and forgetting God. By experience they have learned that their own hearts are not trustworthy; they think it likely that if they had been equally prosperous they would have been equally godless. They rejoice with trembling; they tremble with rejoicing, as they think how wisely their lot has been appointed by a Father in heaven, and how unwisely it would have been chosen if their own wishes had been granted.

If a Christian, whether rich or poor, envy any man's possessions, he is forgetting his place and his prospects. The heirs of a kingdom are inexcusable if they cast a longing eye upon a few acres of earth which a neighbour calls his own. A "lively hope" would effectually still these tumults in a believer's breast. They who walk by faith are not easily disturbed by the things which appeal to sight. The rest that remaineth, when kept full in view, makes the passing toils feel light. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—*Arnot.*

III.—A DEAF HEARER.

Mr. B—— was not born deaf, yet he did not hear; he afterwards became deaf, and then he heard. How is this? In all the years of his outward hearing, his life was deeply estranged from God, and no heavenly voice penetrated his heart to unstop its utter deafness. The precept, "Hear, ye deaf," was unheeded. He had ears to hear, but did not hear. But when deprived of his natural hearing, the Holy Spirit removed the deafness of his heart, and he had ever-listening ears to hear what God the Lord would say. By embracing Christ, he received a new life, new hearing, new understanding, and long and worthily maintained the Christian course.

He was still deaf to the recitals of Christian experience from others, but felt its blessed power in himself, and disclosed it to their joyful edification. He never heard a sermon, or a prayer, or a hymn of praise, during his new life; but the sanctuary, and the social meetings of Christians, were often to him as the open gate of heaven. He could hear no sound of his own voice; and when he spoke, he feared that no one would understand his broken speech; yet he audibly and with great delight read the holy Scriptures, conducted the stated family worship, and intelligently and earnestly addressed his brethren upon the great things of the kingdom of God. He often complained of great barrenness of soul, and what he termed an empty-head religion, in distinction from a living and glorious devotion of the heart, while you would have judged him to be unusually deep, spiritual, and abounding in the Christian exercises. He keenly felt his deprivation, and especially in its obstruction to Christian intercourse, yet he bore it with submission, and expected to pass all his remaining days upon the earth shut up in this profound silence.

But, deaf and faithful Christian, be cheered! Rejoice that the ear of your heart has been opened to hearken to the word of the Lord. Rejoice that the blessed Bible is still your constant and divine preacher. Rejoice that the Spirit of God unfolds to you glories that the mere outward ear hath never heard. Rejoice that you are yet to share in the finished blessedness, where the ears of the deaf shall be for ever unstopped, and the tongue of the stammerer shall sing the new and everlasting song. C. B. D.

IV.—THE LAMBS.

A gentleman was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but had never seen such noble specimens—and with great earnestness he asked how he had succeeded in rearing such flocks. His simple answer was, "I take care of my lambs, sir." Here was all the secret—*he took care of his lambs!*

Reader—father, mother, teacher—need we make the application?

V.—ARE WE IN EARNEST.

A little while ago a clergyman said to a young man who never thought of his soul, "My dear young friend, I think you are going to lose your soul! You are putting off the day of salvation—neglecting all these solemn matters; going on heedlessly, I fear, to the day of your death!"

The young man looked up with surprise, and said,—

"I don't think so! And you must really pardon me, but I have my doubts whether you think so, or your church thinks so."

The minister was astonished. He never suspected the young man of scepticism.

"How so?" he asked.

"Why, my mother belongs to your church. Don't they all think just as you do?"

"Yes, they do."

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"Well, then, don't my mother love me? And do you think she never would have told me if she thought I was going straight to perdition? And there's my sister; don't she believe as you do?"

"Yes."

"Now, then, I *know* my sister loves me. I *know* she would come and throw her arms around my neck and tell me, '*Don't! don't! don't!*' if she thought I was going to perdition."

VI.—EJACULATORY PRAYER.

Were we acquainted with the way of intermixing holy thoughts, ejaculatory eyeings of God, in our ordinary ways, it would keep the heart in a sweet temper all the day long, and have an excellent influence over all our ordinary actions and holy performances. This were to "walk with God" indeed, to go all the day long in our Father's hand; whereas, without this, our praying morning and evening looks but as a formal visit, not delighting in that constant converse which yet is our happiness and honour, and makes all estates sweet. This would refresh us in the hardest labour; as they that carry spices from Arabia are refreshed with the smell of them in their journey; and some observe that it keeps their strength, and frees them from fainting.—*Leighton.*

There is no man's calling doth so confine him, but were his heart and affections heavenly and spiritual, his thoughts would force a passage through the crowd of worldly business to heaven. Ejaculations are swift messengers, that need not much time to deliver their errand, or much time to return again to the soul. You may point your earthly employments with heavenly meditations, [as men do their writings with stops, ever now and then sending a thought into heaven; and such pauses are no hinderance to your earthly affairs.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

VII.—LENDING TO THE LORD.

You think that if Paul were here, you would esteem it an honour to give to such a man; and how is it you are straitened towards the Lord Jesus, the master of St. Paul? If you like to oblige the great, who in this world is so great as the Son of God?

It is thus (says he) that I will be served: The sacrifice I demand from you is, that you do good to your fellow-creatures. This is the best and most acceptable sacrifice which you can present unto me. It is to offer me this that I have filled your hands, that I have made you my priests, slaves of devils as you were. It is for this that I have given you the riches and goods which you possess;—not to bury them in the earth, or lock them up in your coffers, but to adorn my altars, the poor members of my Son, the true altars of my divinity; not to waste them in luxury and vanity, but to sanctify them for the use of the Church, which is my temple.

But, miserable creatures that we are! instead of listening to the voice of God, we deny to our riches the honour which God would put upon them; and instead of consecrating them to his service, we abuse and profane them by vanity and folly, not to say by injustice and vice. With them we adorn our walls, we carpet our floors of wood or stone; but we clothe not men. We deck our horses and carriages with ornaments, while we leave our brethren in rags and filth. We feed and fatten buffoons and wicked wretches on that which was given us in order to console the saints. We sacrifice the victims that belong to God in gaming and voluptuousness. A single feast swallows up sometimes as much as would have sufficed to feed all the poor in this church for a year. But besides the sacrifice there is an inconceivable folly in this use of riches; for of all that these vices and vanities cost us, nothing brings us satisfaction. On the contrary, while God is offended, men ridicule or murmur at it. Whereas, were we to employ our riches in alms, the poor would receive benefit, and bless us; our consciences would not reproach us; other men would praise us; none would envy us the abundance of which we made so good a use; and, more than all, the God of Paul and of the poor would assist us, and by the power of his grace would supply all our wants, guard us from every loss, and augment our yearly revenue. He promises us this in a thousand places, yet nevertheless we are unable to trust him. We consider what we lend him as lost. O wonderful unbelief! We can trust the elements; we hazard our goods upon the sea, we leave them to the mercy of the winds and waves, which are changing every hour. We trust them to men, who are still more variable and faithless than the elements; and all the shipwrecks and failures of which we read cannot cure us of this fatuity. There is none but God who never deceives, who is at all times faithful and unchangeable, and yet he is the only Being we find difficulty in trusting!—*Daillé.*

VIII.—THE "SOLITARY MONK."

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, two spectacles were presented on the stage of Europe. The proud Church of St. Peter, at Rome, was slowly rising, in pillared magnificence, towards heaven, as if making *its* appeal for Divine countenance; and an unknown Augustine monk, in the convent of Erfurth, his face pallid through fasting and watching, was on his knees, sending *his* earnest prayer to God for light. The fame of St. Peter's went over Christendom. Tetzel came selling indulgences to raise money for its completion. Yes; the somewhat puzzling progress of humanity had brought it to this: Christianity in the first century had been preached by Paul; Christianity in the sixteenth was preached by Tetzel! The supreme enlightenment of the Revival of Letters had produced this last remarkable version of the gospel, proclaimed with the warrant of the Father of Christendom, that if you paid so much money your sins were forgiven you! But, as I said, Luther was on his knees. Over all the grandeur of St. Peter's, through all the noise which the furtherance of that grandeur made over Europe, above all the false enlightenment of resuscitated paganism, that still small voice went up—even to the throne of God. And from *it* came the shaping of modern civilization! The Revival of Letters had not got near the heart of nations: on the 31st of October 1517, Luther posted his theses on the church door at Wittenberg; and in six weeks Europe was awake. The philosophy, the arts, the poetry of antiquity, had once more risen before the eyes of men; and once more God brought life to the world out of a despised Galilee, out of the convent of Erfurth, out of the New Testament of Martin Luther. That enlightenment which had been mere dead fuel, choking the life out of Christendom, now kindled by faith, burst forth into a true and dazzling illumination; and that Reformation epoch, which, dating from 1517 to 1688, is, I think, take it all in all, the *greatest*

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in the history of the human race, commenced.—*Bayne's Essays.*

IX.—"HAVE MERCY UPON ME, O GOD."

THERE are times when every effort to discover our interest in the divine mercy will fail us. Sin may cloud the evidences of our safety; or the Holy Spirit, for gracious purposes, may cease to shine on them; or infirmity of body or mind may hide them from our sight. We may search our hearts till they ache in the work; we may compare ourselves with one pardoned transgressor after another, and the only fruit of our inquiries may be thicker darkness, more painful uncertainty. How then, in these straits, shall we act? Mark how David acted. He applied to Jehovah for pardon. At first, he examined, he reasoned, he "took counsel," as he says, in his soul; but what could reasoning do for a sinner like him? What could self-examination do, but unveil to him more disheartening views of his crimes? He tells us that these things did nothing to comfort him, that he had "sorrow in his heart daily." He flies at length, as a poor, sunk, helpless transgressor, to his God, and throws himself on his mercy. He seeks peace through pardon. "Have mercy upon me, O God," he says, "according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." And what followed? Years perhaps of sorrow; but before he died, his guilty lips spake yet again of pardoning grace: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." And on his dying bed we see him calmly reposing in the covenant and salvation of his God.

Let us follow his footsteps. Cease for a while from your wearisome inquiries into your own state. If they have discovered to you how little you can do for yourselves, how utterly unable you are to obtain present peace, much less everlasting salvation, they have done their work. It is a blessed work. Amid conflicts and fears, they are not likely to do more. Nor need they. The great Saviour of sinners is both able and willing to accomplish all you desire. Look out of yourselves to him. This is the way to heaven, and there is no other way to hope or quietness on earth. In the very first moment in which the assurance will not prove a curse to you, he will send, not a prophet, but his Holy Spirit to say to you, in a voice which you cannot misunderstand, "The Lord hath put away thy sin." "Thy sins are forgiven thee."—*Rev. Charles Bradley.*

X.—LITTLE FAITH.

THE saints' *safety* lies in the strength and faithfulness of God, who is the promiser; but the present *comfort and repose* of an afflicted soul is fetched in by faith relying on God as such. Hence it is, though all believers are out of danger, in the saddest condition, yet too many of them, alas! are under fears and dejections of spirit, because their faith acts weakly on a mighty God, and suspiciously on a faithful God. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. viii. 26). You see the leak at which the water came in to sink their spirits—they had "little faith." It is not what God is in himself, but what our apprehensions at present are of God, that pacifies and comforts a soul in great straits. If a man fear the house will fall on his head in a storm, though it be as immovable as a rock, yet that will not ease his mind till he think it so. Were a man under the protection of ever so faithful a friend, yet so long as his head is full of fears and jealousies to the contrary, this man must needs have an uncomfortable life, though without cause. You see, then, of what importance it is to keep up the vigour of thy faith on the power and truth of the Promiser; and if thou meanest to do this, banish sense and carnal reason from being thy counsellors.—*Gurnall.*

XI.—"ALL ARE HERE."

IN Catharine's very early childhood, she and two of the children were sick with a children's epidemic. The crisis had passed; an anxious day with regard to one of the children had been followed by entire relief from our fears. As we sat at table that evening, we heard music from the chamber of the sick children: we opened the door and listened. This daughter was singing, and the chorus of her little school song was, "All are here, all are here." She did not think of the signification which those words had to our hearts. It was one of those household pleasures which have so much of heaven in them. I can sometimes hear her singing to me now, from those upper skies, in the name of the four who have gone there from my dwelling, "All are here, all are here." She bequeathed her guitar, but her voice and hand now join with the voice of harpers harping with their harps.—"*Catharine.*"

XII.—THE SLEEP OF THE SOUL.

THAT dreary thought of sleeping after death till the day of judgment,—the idea that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, became insensible at death, and that the last thing which Jacob, for example, knew, was Joseph's kiss, and the next thing which he will know will be the archangel's trump, the interval of many thousands of years being a perfect blank in his existence,—is so unlike the benevolent order of God's providence in nature and grace, that it cannot gain much credence with believers in the simple representations of the Bible. What a mockery Elijah's translation seems, upon that theory! Whither was he translated? Did the chariot of fire, and the horses of fire, convey him to a dreamless sleep of thousands of years? Was that pomp, that emblazonry, all that fiery pageant, a deception signifying nothing but that the greatest of prophets was to begin a stupid slumber, which, this day, under a heaven with not one redeemed soul in it, and in a world where there is every thing to be done for God and men, holds him, and every other dead saint, in a useless suspension of their consciousness, and, indeed, for so many ages, annihilation?—*Watson.*

XIII.—THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

LOVE puts a man upon the use of all means to enjoy the thing loved. He that loves the world, how active is he! He will break his sleep and peace for it. He that loves honour, what hazards will he run! He will swim to the throne in blood. Jacob loved Rachel, and what would not he do, though it were serving a two seven-years' apprenticeship for obtaining her? Love is like wings to the bird, like sails to the ship—it carries a Christian full sail to heaven. Heaven is a place of rest and joy—it is paradise, and will you not love it? Love heaven, and you cannot miss it; love breaks through all opposition—it takes heaven by storm. Love, though it labour, is never weary.—*Ibid.*

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HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH.

IF the power of Christianity were measured by the ordinary action of the laws of truth, no clearness of its evidences, or adaptation of its doctrines, could surmount the difficulties, unequalled in every other department, which the rudeness, the prejudice, and the depraved passions of men offer to its reception. In the dark region of moral antipathies, there is no parallel to the enmity of the carnal mind against God; and the very central truths of Christianity are not seen as truths, or, at least, exert no power as truths, in opposition to this malignant influence which reigns in unbroken sway over Jew and Gentile! It is superfluous for the unbeliever to open up these elements of hostility, and to descant on the unlikelihood of proselytism to the Christian cause. Christianity has itself frankly confessed its disadvantage, and written itself down as weakness, foolishness, nothingness, according to all the ordinary calculations of human motive and volition. But so much the more does it fall back upon a transcendental influence which it alleges to accompany the truth, and for which it claims a peculiar and altogether unparalleled effect. Its motto is, "Not by might or by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." It must certainly be admitted by the enemy of Christianity, that this provision for its own necessities is highly coherent and philosophical, and that if it can thus place a keystone in its otherwise insecure arch, its strength is all the greater for its apparent weakness. This supernatural force every Christian believes to be supplied by the agency of the Holy Ghost, so that the impossible becomes possible, and the action of Christian truth is exalted to a kind of omnipotence. An altogether new element is thus introduced into the working of Christianity. Could the mechanist create everywhere an unlimited supply of mechanical power, the chemist solve the problem of transmutation, the parliamentary orator discover a spell of resistless eloquence, or the political theorist realize at will his dream of perfectibility, this change would hardly do more to revolutionize all these departments, and to extend the horizon of hope and enterprise, than the Christian doctrine of the Holy Ghost in the department of moral and spiritual action. This power indeed is not committed, as in these supposed cases, to human hands, but remains in those of God. Only the doctrine of prayer, with which that of the Holy Ghost is inseparably connected, supplies a practical basis for man to proceed, as if this power were a new discovery of his own science or art; the limitation that arises from the sovereignty of God, being only a check to his pride, but not a restraint to his exertion. This exercise of spiritual influence is not a theory, but a fact. The Christian Church is its embodiment. The triumphs of the gospel in a grand and ever enlarging series of experiments are the monument, but not the limit of this power. The fact, indeed, of a single conversion is decisive, as, when the first man was introduced upon the earth, a new power was revealed which should people the world. But history has shown us the process repeated in every possible variety of combinations; and the missions of this Society have done much to confirm the hope of the ultimate sanctifying of the Gentile world by the Holy Ghost. We dare not affirm, indeed, that the early successes of Christianity have been as yet equalled; for the stupendous energy of that movement which overthrew the religions of the dominant races of the world in their full strength and splendour, has nowhere at the present day an equal field on which to be exerted. Nor has anything as yet in the history of missions come up to the mighty impulsion of the Reformation, which in so short a period rescued the half of Europe from a more tenacious gripe than that of any living paganism. Yet how wonderful have been the manifestations of divine power in the missionary regions; so wonderful, that an incessant work of conversion spread over all the world has ceased to attract special notice, and only the spring-tide movements of the wave are remarked, as in the parallel case of revivals at home! The jubilee of our fathers has become to us a common holiday, and will not even be the everyday success of our children! What a tribute is this to the working of the Holy Ghost, whose ancient energies can, if need were, be indefinitely surpassed, and who may yet bring forth on the field of missions results so sudden, far-reaching, and gigantic, as to cast even the pentecostal epoch and the martyr age of Christianity into the shade! To all misgivings within the Church, to all scepticism without it, as to the final conversion of the whole world to Christ, the Christian has one reply, "I believe in the Holy Ghost!" This is to be the manifestation of the Spirit parallel to the incarnation of the Son, and who can doubt that it shall be effected? Is the sword of the Spirit to slumber for ever in its scabbard? Are the victories of grace to remain disproportionate to the strength of the combatant and the goodness of the cause?

It is easy to calculate the numbers of the world's inhabitants not even nominally Christian, and the long series of years which, according to the present employment of men and money, it will take all our missionary

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societies to Christianize them. Such statistics are useful; and we thank their authors, if they may but excite us to greater liberality and prayer. But here is a power above statistics; as it was a power above statistics which suddenly enlarged the infant Church from a hundred and twenty to hundreds of thousands, and brought all their gold into one treasury! Let this power go forth, and it is like sunshine which lightens all lands, and melts a thousand snows at once! "Its going forth is from one end of the heaven to the other, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The steps of God are over nations, and he will take nothing less for his inheritance. "To him Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof for a burnt offering." If he choose, then, to renew the nature, and accept the homage of his human creatures, as counting this a better sacrifice, who shall gainsay his choice, or frustrate his working? "This is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth; and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations; for the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" —*Dr. Cairns.**

THIS PLANK WILL BEAR.

The God of truth has said, "My word shall not return unto me void." And although only the great day "shall declare" the full accomplishment of this promise, still from time to time we are allowed cheering glimpses of its fulfilment in unlooked-for quarters, suited to encourage some who are ready to conclude that a long night of toil has been spent in vain. The following anecdote illustrative of this blessed truth, mentioned lately at a Bible Society meeting in England, may be new to most of our readers:—

A vessel was wrecked, a good many years ago, on the stormy coast of Cornwall. It was a time of much danger and distress; but the Lord was merciful, and no lives were lost. On the following Sabbath, the rescued sailors attended divine service in the nearest parish church, and thanks were publicly returned for their deliverance.

The minister who officiated that day was aware of the circumstances, and endeavoured to improve them to his audience. At the close of his sermon, he spoke with much earnestness of the sinner's danger and the Saviour's love. Among other things, "Imagine," he said, "the situation of a drowning man, who feels that all his own efforts are unavailing, and that he is fast sinking beneath the overwhelming waters. Imagine what would be his feelings if suddenly a plank floated within his reach, and if, taking hold of it, he found it would bear his weight! My fellow-sinners, this is your case and my own! We are like the drowning mariner, Christ is the plank of safety. This plank will bear;—oh! refuse not, delay not to seize upon it. This plank will bear; yes, sinner, *this plank will bear!*"

The good man's own heart was much moved, and he felt that he spoke with unusual animation. But he heard no more of the discourse than he was wont to hear of others, and by degrees the whole incident passed away from his remembrance.

Fourteen years afterwards, he received an urgent message, entreating him to come and see a man who was near death, in a village at a considerable distance. He obeyed immediately, unable to resist such a call. On entering the apartment, he saw at once that the sufferer was a total stranger to him, and also that his moments on earth were almost numbered. He knelt beside the bed. "My brother, you have sent for me, and I am come. You are on the verge of that awful transition which awaits us all. Will you tell me on what hope you are resting for eternity?"

The dying man was evidently conscious, but the power of speech seemed gone. "My brother," continued the minister, "if you can no longer speak, will you give me a sign, a token, to tell if your hope is now in Christ?" Then, by a last effort of expiring strength, these words were uttered, and we may easily conceive the thrill of joyful, grateful recollection, with which they were listened to: "*The plank bears!*" Yes, that long forgotten sermon had not been preached in vain. In one soul, at least, the good seed had borne fruit to everlasting life.

Reader, *this plank will bear!* It carried that soul safe to the haven of eternal rest; it will carry yours also. Have you taken hold of it? Jesus is the all-sufficient, but he is also the *only* Saviour. "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved." "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

B.

PEACE ON EARTH.

"At the close of the last war with Great Britain," says an American writer, "the prospects of our nation were shrouded in gloom. Our harbours were blockaded. Communication coast wise between our ports was cut off. Our immense annual products were mouldering in our warehouses. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. Differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of many households. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted. It happened that, one afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the city to repeat them to their friends, shouting as they ran through the streets, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' Every one who heard the sound, repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying;

* From Anniversary Sermon of London Missionary Society. London: Snow.

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to and fro, shouting, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets, and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city, and filled their hearts with joy."

A far nobler peace than that has been offered to the disquieted inhabitants of earth. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, "came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh" (Eph. ii. 17). Indeed, he is himself our peace (Eph. ii, 14); for it is through him that we, who believe, have now "peace with God," and rejoice in hope of his glory (Rom. v. 1, 2). But are we spreading these "glad tidings?" Are we eagerly proclaiming this "good news?" As lights in the world, are we holding forth the word of life? (Phil. ii. 16). Forgiven, and saved, and blessed ourselves, are we making known to others the glorious salvation which is presented to them through a crucified Redeemer? Or, like the lepers in the Syrian camp, are we selfish in our gladness? Are we keeping our newly-found treasure to ourselves? Are we hiding our knowledge? Are we careless whether the famishing ones around us participate in our joy, or perish for want of succour? If so, "we do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us" (2 Kings vii. 9). Let us arise at once, and hasten to cheer the needy and the disconsolate with our rapturous intelligence. From heart to heart, and from home to home, let the sweet and thrilling cry of "Peace! Peace! Peace!" resound; let the angelic song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," be on every lip and reach to every land.

"Salvation, O salvation! the joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation has learned Messiah's name."

What are you doing for Jesus? Are you weary and discouraged in labouring for him, because you seem to labour in vain, and to spend your strength for nought? (Isa. xlix. 4). You have sown in tears, but you have not yet reaped in joy; the fair blossoms of hope which once cheered your heart have withered in their early beauty; new difficulties have sprung up in your path of Christian usefulness; unexpected trials have suddenly confronted you; and tired, and sad, and disheartened, you begin to exclaim, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

Lift up your eyes, drooping Christian, to your loving and compassionate Redeemer. He is close beside you at this moment, and he is waiting to remind you, in his own tender and touching tones, that the work which you are pursuing so listlessly and so sorrowfully, is the work which he has himself given you to do. If you are doing it for Jesus, if it was out of grateful affection to him that you consecrated yourself to it, why are you so cast down by disappointment? why do you falter in your glorious enterprise? Oh! take to yourself the sweet comfort of the thought, "I am working for Jesus, and he knows it." He knows the obstacles you meet with, the toil that enfeebles you, the languor that depresses you; and he is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which you have shown toward his name; but with the tenderest and most wonderful remembrance, he treasures up the smallest action—even down to the giving of a cup of cold water—which you have ever done for the good of others, and he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Done it unto me." With such an assurance as this, can you want any other stimulant to industry and perseverance? Can you ask for any better reward than the acknowledgment and acceptance by him of your poor and imperfect services? Cheer up, beloved fellow-labourer! be not weary in well-doing; lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and go on your way rejoicing.

Life is rapidly gliding away from us; the night is coming in which no man can work; and in our latest moments, when the trifles of earth shall be forgotten in the nearing realities of heaven, and the occupations of time shall be viewed in their right relation to eternity, will not the solemn inquiry, "What have I done for Jesus," be one of deep and absorbing interest to us all? Think how you would wish to answer it then, and live in accordance with that answer now.—*Life's Morning.*

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When John Wesley was once asked by what magic he had rendered his followers so efficient, he is said to have replied that the great secret consisted in this, that they were "all at it, and *always at it.*" Each new adherent was not only set to work, but kept at work. There was something found for every one to do; and such was the system of responsibility that was established, that they had to do it. And it was by these individual but constant and united efforts, that such wonderful results were achieved. And if we want to do a great deal of good in the world, we must be willing to do it in little things. Drops make the ocean. Dr. Johnson wisely observed—"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything."

Then, whenever you are at work, whether at home or abroad; and whatever your work may be, whether for yourself or for somebody else, just make up your mind to press on, and persevere—

"One brick upon another, and the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another, and the deepest snow is laid."

A little child once furnished a good idea on this subject. A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbour. A very little girl came out, with a small fire-shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. A gentleman who was passing by said to the child, "Do you expect to get all

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that coal in with that little shovel?" The child seemed rather confused by the question, but modestly replied, "Yes, sir, if I *work long enough*." Now that's the sort of spirit you and I want—the determination to toil on until our purpose is accomplished.

For in the care and culture of our own hearts, nothing worth doing is to be done by fits and starts. A bad habit cannot be eradicated, nor a good one strengthened, by a few feeble, intermitting attempts. Sanctification is the work, not of a day, nor of a year, but of a lifetime. What is the Christian's motto—the epitome of his whole history? "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Without this unceasing activity, this perpetual advancement, there can never be the attainment of the victor's crown. Are you prepared to persevere; to go on, step by step, until the race is run, and the laurel wreath encircles your brow?

Step into Greenwich Hospital. Look at one of its inmates, that old pensioner nearly eighty years of age. He has seen a great deal of service; was in three general engagements, and was three times shipwrecked. During the time he was at sea, very few passed through so many dangers, and had so many narrow escapes, and very few sank deeper in depravity; he was addicted to almost every vice. And after he entered the hospital, he was never sober when he could get drink; and he has been seen for weeks together with black eyes and a bruised face, the result of his quarrelling and fighting with his mates. Well, a missionary visits this noble institution; and when passing through the ward to which this aged seaman belongs, the remark has frequently been made to him by the ignorant bystanders, "There, Mr. C——, if you can convert that man, you will do something worth doing; he is one of the most wicked in the hospital." And while he has been conversing with him, others have said, "It is no good to talk with that man; you will never make anything of him." But the missionary repeatedly replied, "While there is life there is hope; there is nothing too hard for the Lord." So he persevered, and after *seven years'* continually talking with him, and exhorting him to flee from the wrath to come, he prevailed upon him to attend the meetings. After a while there was a great change perceived by his companions; one sin was given up after another, and he is now quite an altered man. Last winter, when the snow was on the ground, and the weather intensely cold, he was regularly in his place, both at the morning and evening meeting, and appeared deeply interested in the truths of the gospel which were expounded in his hearing. Is not the joy which the missionary feels at the thought that this is a brand plucked from the burning, a sufficient return for those seven years of earnest and prayerful efforts?

Reader, have you tried, for a long time, in reliance upon God's blessing, to win back a wanderer from the error of his ways, to guide a soul to the Saviour, and have you hitherto tried in vain? You are, perhaps, a Sunday-school teacher, and there is some troublesome boy or some self-willed girl in your class, whose behaviour has caused you many a heart-ache, and whose ingratitude has well-nigh exhausted your patience. And you are inclined to think that you have done enough for such a child; you had better turn your attention now to some more promising object; why should you waste your time and your energies on one who will never repay you for your trouble? Stay, my reader; hold on a little longer; continue still your arduous exertions; for "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Do not give over your employment because it hitherto seems fruitless. It is at Christ's own command that you are labouring in his service; say therefore to him, as Peter said, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net;" and who can tell but that the immediate and happy issue shall greatly exceed your largest anticipations? Only persevere!—*Ibid.*

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

ALLEGED COLLISION BETWEEN SCRIPTURE AND PROFANE HISTORY.

[In his work on Inspiration, from which we quoted in our last Part, Dr. Lee thus adverts to this matter:—]

THE objection which next demands our notice is founded upon the alleged collision between the statements of Scripture and those of profane history. And here that want of argumentative fairness so often pointed out in the reasoning employed by the impugners of revealed religion cannot be passed over. In ordinary narratives, when one author disagrees with another, the most captious critic contents himself with comparing the probabilities on both sides; and, if he can discern no prospect of reconciling the conflicting accounts, he decides without hesitation in favour of that writer whose veracity appears the more unexceptionable. In the case of the Bible, however, the course pursued is very different. Should any statement of the Old or of the New Testament seem to be at variance with that of an uninspired historian, it is taken for granted, without further inquiry, that the sacred narrative is false. Every presumption in favour of the accuracy of the uninspired writer is brought prominently forward; nor are *his* statements, as to matters of fact unnoticed by others, thought to require corroboration—while the assertion of a prophet, or of an evangelist, if similarly unsupported, is immediately subjected to an unscrupulous or prejudiced criticism. This is a species of unfairness to which the Bible, above all other books, affords an opportunity; for it is remarkable with what uniformity the sacred writers abstain from directly touching upon topics of common history, except in cases where their narrative absolutely requires it. There are, however, such points of contact with the ordinary events of the world; and on these sceptics are never slow to fasten. For example:—St. Luke, in the opening verses of the second and third chapters of his Gospel, does allude to common history. In the former passage the evangelist, when enumerating the circumstances connected with the birth of Christ, dwells with much particularity on the fact that a general census had been decreed by the Emperor Augustus, adding that this census "was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria." Against the truth of this statement Strauss argues, in the first place, that no author, except St. Luke, makes mention of such a general census having been prescribed by the emperor; and, secondly, that Tacitus informs us that Cyrenius was for the first time sent from Rome, as

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proconsul of Syria, eleven or twelve years after the birth of Christ. In the second passage, St. Luke mentions that when St. John the Baptist entered on his ministry Lysanias was tetrarch of Abilene. Here, again, Strauss objects that Josephus, it is true, speaks of a Lysanias as governor of Abilene, but that the Jewish historian further states that *this* Lysanias had been put to death thirty-four years before the birth of Christ; while neither Josephus, nor any author of that time, alludes to the existence of a second ruler of Abilene who bore this name. It scarcely lies within my province to examine these objections in detail; I confine myself to suggesting certain principles which may enable us to form a just estimate of similar exceptions, when urged against the veracity or the accuracy of the sacred writers.

In the cases before us, we may fairly demand for St. Luke —waving, as before, his claim to inspiration—the same justice which all persons yield to any ancient historian whose facts are doubted or denied. When instances of such assumed inaccuracy are alleged, two simple questions are proposed. In the first place, does what we know of the external relations of the author to the events which he records render it probable that he could have committed, in a single passage of his narrative, two such blunders as are charged against our evangelist—especially when writing of facts notorious at the time? And, secondly, is his historical inaccuracy elsewhere so patent that such anachronisms cannot surprise us? If each of these questions must be answered in the negative, then the objector's interpretation of the passages on which he insists would at once, in the case of a profane historian, be set aside as being utterly improbable *d priori;* and if we cannot point out the fallacy of the objection by translating the historian's words differently, we forthwith enter on the path of historical inquiry in order to arrive at the author's real meaning. Now, St. Luke's "*Preface*" supplies a sufficient answer to the former of the questions just proposed. There he explicitly lays down, not only that the details of his narrative "were delivered" to him by those who "from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word;" but also that he had "*perfect* understanding of all things from the very first." A review of his allusions in the Acts of the Apostles to the particulars of the Roman government, and to other circumstances of the time, in like manner, affords an answer in the negative to the second question.

Of St. Luke's minute accuracy I proceed to give a well-known instance, which I would preface by a parallel example illustrative of the apparent contradictions so constantly to be met with in ordinary history. The medals struck for the coronation of Louis XIV. give a different day from that which all contemporary historians agree in fixing for the date of that event. Of all these writers one only has noticed a circumstance which accounts for this discrepancy, for he alone mentions that the coronation had been appointed to take place on the day given by the medals,—which were accordingly prepared,—but that circumstances caused a delay till the date assigned by the historians. Nothing can be more simple than this; and yet in a thousand years, had no such explanation been given, antiquarians would have been sadly perplexed in their efforts to reconcile the contradiction. Let us now turn to the parallel case in the Acts of the Apostles:—St. Luke in the thirteenth chapter gives the title of Proconsul to the Governor of Cyprus. In the division, however, of the Roman empire by Augustus, this island had been reserved for his own jurisdiction, and, consequently, its governor must have borne the rank of procurator;—that of proconsul being appropriated to those who ruled the provinces which the emperor had ceded to the senate. The title here assigned by St. Luke to Sergius Paulus had for a long time perplexed commentators, who knew not how to reconcile the statement of the sacred historian with the assumed facts of the case. Some coins, however, were found bearing the effigy of the Emperor Claudius; and in the centre of the reverse there occurs the word ΚΥΠΡΙΩΝ, while the surrounding legend gives the title in question of proconsul to an individual who must have been the immediate successor or predecessor of Sergius Paulus. In addition to this evidence, a passage has been pointed out in the writings of Dio Cassius, who mentions that Augustus, subsequently to his original settlement, had changed Cyprus and Gallia Narbonensis into senatorial provinces; the historian adding, as if with the design of establishing St. Luke's accuracy, "And so it came to pass, that proconsuls began to be sent to these nations also." Had the writings of Dio Cassius perished amid the wreck of ancient literature, and the coins alluded to never been found, we should, unquestionably, have seen this hypothetical blunder of the inspired historian foremost among the array of cases adduced by such writers as Strauss. Is not the Christian apologist, therefore, fully justified in deprecating the precipitancy of criticism? Has he not ample grounds for maintaining that difficulties, such as those which we have considered, arise from our ignorance of the whole of the case; and that we have good reason to expect that they will eventually disappear as similar evidence accumulates?

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXI.—ELIAS FIRST COME—CURE OF A POSSESSED LUNATIC—THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

MATT. xvii. 9–27.

Elias first Come.—**Ver. 9.** Why was the vision on the Mount of Transfiguration not to be talked of? [It could not be fully understood, till it was (so far) realized *in Christ's resurrection.*]

Ver. 10. [The import of this question seems to be: "How is this brief visit and rapid disappearance of Elias to be explained, when, according to the scribes, he was to come before Messiah, and do a great work?"]

Ver. 11. Was the saying of the scribes about Elijah true? Where was it prophesied that Elijah would come? Mal. iv. 5, 6. How does Malachi describe the work which Elijah was to do? How was this fulfilled? See Luke iii. 7–14.

Ver. 12, 13. In what sense had Elijah come in John the Baptist? See Luke i. 17. Had the holy self-denial and faithfulness of the prophet been respected? What had been done to John? Would Jesus himself experience better treatment? What did this prove as to the state of the human heart? Rom. viii. 7. If *we* have been kept from similar conduct, to whom do we owe it?

Cure of a Possessed Lunatic.—**Ver. 14.** Where had Jesus been, and where was the multitude? Point out the contrast between the vision on the mount and the scene in

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the valley. [There is hardly such another contrast to be found in the gospel as this; between the open heaven and the sons of glory on the mount, and the valley of tears, with its terrible forms of misery and pain and unbelief.—See *Stier*.]

Ver. 15. Had the man any other sons? Luke ix. 38. What were the effects of his sad malady? What does this teach us as to the malignity of Satan?

Ver. 16. What would the failure of the disciples probably lead Christ's enemies to say of him? What does Mark tell us the scribes were doing when Jesus appeared? ch. ix. 14. [Probably arguing against Christ's claims to be Messiah.]

Ver. 17. What made Jesus so much displeased? [The obstinate blindness and opposition of the scribes, and the unbelief of his own disciples.] To whom did he order the demoniac to be brought? What practical lesson may this teach us? [That what man cannot do for us, Christ can.]

Ver. 18. [See a fuller account of the miracle in Mark ix.] How did Jesus rebuke *the man's* want of faith? What did the devil do when Jesus was about to expel him? When any one is about to come to Jesus, what does the devil generally try to do?

Ver. 19, 20. What sort of faith had Jesus more specially in view? [Faith of miracles—a faith that was peculiar to that age; what Christ meant seems to have been—a faith in such miraculous works as the apostles were commissioned to perform.] Had the disciples received any power over unclean spirits? See ch. x. 1. How does Christ figuratively show the value of faith?

Ver. 21. What are we here taught that great and difficult duties require? [Special preparation and self-denial—prayer, whose earnestness is shown by its being accompanied by fasting.]

Death and Resurrection again Foretold.—Ver. 22, 23. What additional circumstance, connected with his death, did Christ now state? [*His betrayal*—that he would experience base betrayal from one who had enjoyed his confidence and friendship.] For what reason may Christ have again dwelt on his sufferings and death? [To impress the matter the more upon their minds; that when his death should come, they might not be overwhelmed with astonishment.]

The Tribute Money.—Ver. 24. What was the "tribute money?"] Literally, "the didrachma," equal to about half a shekel, the sum paid annually by each male for the temple at Jerusalem. See Exodus xxx. 13. 2 Chron. xxiv. 6, 9.] Was the payment compulsory? [It seems from this question to have been left pretty much to individuals themselves; but in God's sight it was of course obligatory *on ordinary men*. We should all give of our substance for the cause of God.]

Ver. 25, 26. For what reason, probably, did Peter say, "Yes?" [He may have known of its being paid before.] What is meant by "Jesus prevented him?" [Addressed him before he took steps for paying the didrachma.] On the principles of earthly rulers, was Christ bound to pay this tribute? Why was he not? What memorable saying of Peter's own bore on this subject? ch. xvi. 16. Whose house did Christ once declare the temple to be? John ii. 16. What did Christ thus teach regarding his own person? [That he was essentially and peculiarly God's own Son.]

Ver. 27. What was Christ's motive for paying the tax? [Observe, Christians should not on all occasions insist on their rights; it is better to give them up when harm may otherwise be done.] What "piece of money" was Peter to find? [Literally, a *stater*—the exact amount necessary.] Did Christ usually perform miracles for the supply of his own wants, or to meet personal claims? [Never. Matt. iv. 3, 4.] Why did he do so now? [Probably to show in an emphatic way that he was "the Son." All the stores of Providence—all the resources of his Father's kingdom were at his disposal;—"I and my Father are one."] What general security may Christians derive from this miracle? [That what is really needed—especially for God's service,—will be supplied to the faith and prayers of his servants at the proper time.]

DUTY.—God is ever to be trusted.

2 Sam. xxii. 2 Kings xviii. Job xiii. Psalms xx.; cxviii. 2 Cor. i. 1 Tim. iv. 1 Peter iii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—(No. IV.)

SAMUEL.—1 Sam. i. ii.

Who was Samuel's father? 1 Sam. i. 1. Was he a good man? [Yes.] What was the name of his mother? What was her character when we first hear of her? [Very good, but sad and sorrowful.] Why sad? [Because she had no children.] What did she pray to God for? ver. 11. And what did she promise? [That if God gave her a son, she would not keep him at home to please herself, but give him up to serve the Lord all his life.] Was it wrong in her to pray for a son? [No; we may ask our heavenly Father for anything not sinful, which we think would be good for us, if it be his holy will. Phil. iv. 6. John xiv. 14.]

Who saw her as she was praying in the tabernacle? ver. 9. What did he think about her? ver. 12. Was she angry when he reproved her? [No; she explained herself quietly and meekly. Ver. 15, 16.] What should this teach us? [Always to take reproof well from those older and better than ourselves. Ps. cxli. 5. Prov. xxix. 15.] Does Eli speak kindly to her afterwards? ver. 17. What does she do when her prayer is ended? ver. 18 Was she *sure* that God would give her a son? [No.] Why, then, was she no longer sad? [Because she had told the Lord her desire, and she believed that he would grant it or not as he knew to be best.] What does this teach us? [That after we have prayed earnestly about anything, we ought to be contented and cheerful, trusting in the Lord to do what is good for us.]

When she had a little son, was she very glad? What did she call him? ver. 20. Why? [Because the name Samuel means, *Asked of God*.] Does she forget her promise to give him up to God? ver. 22. How old was he when she took him to Shiloh? [It is supposed about seven years—being the age when the Jews said that a child was *weaned* a second time, from the nursery.] What does she bring with him? ver. 24. Why did she bring these things? [Because God commanded his people in those days to bring such things in sacrifice, as offerings of thankfulness.] But what was the most precious thing by far that she brought? [Her dear little boy.] Was anything in the world more precious to her? What does her conduct teach us? [To be willing to give all that we love best and prize most to the Lord.] What does He most wish from us? Prov. xxiii. 26.

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What did she say to Eli? ver. 26–28. Must not she have felt very sorry to part from her child? [Yes; but still she rejoices and praises the Lord. See ch. ii. 1, &c.] How does He reward her faith and piety? [He gives her other children, to make her home happy. See ch. ii. 21.] But would she ever forget her little boy at Shiloh? How often did she go to visit him? ver. 19. What did she bring to him every year?

Who took the chief charge of little Samuel? [Eli, the old high priest.] What would he teach the child? [All that he could understand of the law and worship of God, and also to read, write, &c.] What is it said Samuel was employed in? ver. 18. What is an ephod? [A kind of dress worn by the Jewish priests. They must have made a very small one for the boy.] How could so young a child be useful in the tabernacle? [He could help the priests in many little ways —light the lamps, open and shut doors, &c.] Was the Lord pleased with his service? ver. 26. What may we learn from this? [That even little children may and ought to begin to serve as well as love the Lord.]

"When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice."

Precept.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Eccles. xii. 1.

Promise.—I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Prov. viii. 17.

Prayer.—We thank thee, O blessed Saviour, that even little children such as we are invited to come to thee. We thank thee for all thou hast told us in thy word about thy holy servants, who began when they were very young to love and serve thee. O may each of us be like little Samuel—giving our first and best years to God! Heavenly Father, teach us what thou wouldst have us to do, and give us grace and power to do it. Make us obedient to our dear parents and teachers, and to all thy commandments. Forgive all our sins, and give us new and holy hearts, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

THE NATURAL MAN.	THE SPIRITUAL MAN.
Rom. viii. 7. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."	2 Cor. v. 17. "A new creature." Eph. ii. 10. "*God's* workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."
Head. Isa. i. 5. "The whole head is sick."	*Head.* Prov. xvi. 31. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."
Eyes. Matt. xiii. 15. "Their eyes they have closed." Ezek. xii. 2.	*Eyes.* Ps. xxv. 15. "Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord."
Ears. Matt. xiii. 15. "Their ears are dull of hearing." Ezek. xii. 2.	*Ears.* Matt. xiii. 16. "Blessed are your ears, for they hear."
Mouth. Rom. iii. 14. "Full of cursing and bitterness." Ps. x. 7.	*Mouth.* Prov. x. 31. "The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom."
Tongue. James iii. 6. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity." Isa. lix. 3. Rom. iii. 13.	*Tongue.* Prov. x. 20. "The tongue of the just is as choice silver." James iii. 9.
Lips. Isa. lix. 3. "Your lips have spoken lies." Rom. iii. 13.	*Lips.* Prov. xv. 7. "The lips of the wise disperse knowledge."—Prov. x. 21.
Thoughts. Isa. lix. 7. "Their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity."	*Thoughts.* Prov. xii. 5. "The thoughts of the righteous are right."
Heart. Jer. xvii. 9. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Mark vii. 21–23.	*Heart.* Ezek. xxxvi. 26. "A new heart also will I give you; I will give you an heart of flesh."
Hands. Isa. i. 15. "Your hands are full of blood." Isa. lix. 3.	*Hands.* 1 Tim. ii. 8. "Lifting up holy hands."
Fingers. Isa. lix. 3. "Your fingers are defiled with iniquity."	*Fingers.* Cant. v. 5. "My fingers dropped with sweet smelling myrrh."
Feet. Isa. lix. 7. "Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood."	*Feet.* Eph. vi. 15. "Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."
Therefore,	Therefore,
Eph. iv. 22. "Put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts."	Eph. iv. 24. "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."
Rom. vi. 12, 13. "Let not sin reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin."	Rom. xii. 1. "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."
Col. iii. 5. "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth."	1 Cor. vi. 20. "Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

F. E. H.

II.—THE CHARACTER OF HEATHENISM.

THERE has been for some time in many quarters a tendency to speak in terms of very mitigated condemnation, not to say approbation, of heathen religions. We have heard much of—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,"—

as Coleridge, translating Wallenstein, expresses it; and of "the beautiful mythology of Greece." Language of this kind has been occurring in our poets and imaginative writers with a frequency threatening to paganize a large portion of our literature. Even grave professors and philosophers have aided sensibly to diminish the horror in which paganism was wont to be held. A favourite theory with some influential writers has been, that a religion is strong only in proportion

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as it is true; and seeing that the heathen religions are strong, they have searched for what is precious in them, and by a potent alchemy they have changed the basest materials into gold. One might have fancied that, at all events, such a system as Hinduism, with its stupendous array of—

> "Things worse
> Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived—
> Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire"—

would have disclosed little to repay our lovers of beauty or seekers for truth; and yet many had begun to allude to it with kindly toleration, while Mohammedanism, the offspring of the "hero" Mohammed, had become itself heroic. This grievous folly is now checked, if not extinguished. The fabled Pantheon has proved itself a veritable pandemonium. On a wide and lofty stage the heathen religions have been suffered to enact a most gloomy tragedy—to reveal their genuine character in the sight of the nations. Humanity turns shuddering from what looks like the saturnalia of fiends, rather than the doings of men. It is a lesson for all time; for although, in the sad history of earth, deeds of equal atrocity have been committed, yet never was the spirit of Paganism so clearly and sharply defined against the spirit of Christianity. Amid the civilization of the nineteenth century, it "overcomes us like a summer cloud." Let us hope, then, that our poets and literary men will henceforth begin to speak of false religions not as either Schiller or Shelley did, but rather in the severely truthful phrase of an older and greater poet than either, who characterised even the most attractive of pagan systems as—

> "Gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
> And devils to adore for deities."

Nor surely can our philosophers henceforth ignore the appalling proof that has been given of the truth of the sternest declarations of Holy Writ on this subject; for who can now deny that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," and that the heathen are "without understanding, covenant-breakers, implacable, unmerciful?" —*Dr. J. M. Mitchell.*

III.—THE EARNEST EXHORTER.

A LADY from the city was on a visit to her friend in a certain village. She was a Christian lady, and gladly accompanied her friend to the weekly prayer-meeting. In course of the exercises, Mr. Hale made a very earnest exhortation. He spoke under the influence of deep emotion, and commanded the attention of all present. Mrs. W. was deeply impressed by his remarks, and felt very desirous of forming the acquaintance of so earnest a Christian.

On their return from the meeting, Mr. W. observed, "Were you not delighted with the remarks?"

"They were very animated," said her host.

"They were admirably adapted to do good; don't you think so?"

"In themselves they were," was the cautious reply.

"Do you not think he was sincere in making them?"

"Yes, I believe he was. He felt what he said."

"Why do you express yourself with so much reserve respecting the adaptation of what he said to do good?"

"The permanent effect of what is said depends in no small degree on the character of the speaker."

"In the present instance, is not the speaker regarded as a good man? Surely a hypocrite could not speak with so much feeling on such a subject."

"I believe he is generally regarded as a good man, but he is not regarded as a very consistent man. He is very impulsive, and can see but one thing at a time. He is very changeable in his modes of feeling and action. To-morrow, you may find him as much engaged in driving a hard bargain, as he was to-night in exhorting men to watch for souls. The rapid changes of feeling to which he is subject cause his good to be evil spoken of. Those who know him well have confidence in his sincerity, but no confidence in his stability. With them it is a matter of doubt whether he does more good or harm. Those without charge him with affectation and hypocrisy, and the Church suffers from the charge."

"Have his brethren ever told him of his faults?"

"I cannot say. It is doubtful whether any change would be wrought by the advice of friends. His faults are the result of his temperament, and hence will not be easily corrected."

"You surely do not mean to intimate that his temperament excuses him for his want of Christian consistency?"

"By no means. I was not stating what ought to be, but what is. Mr. Hale is not the only one whose influence is lessened by want of consistency."

No indeed. How many are vainly attempting to serve God and Mammon at the same time—who are vainly attempting to unite the kingdom of Christ and this world! If Christians would aim at consistency more, they would accomplish more good at less expense of exertion.—*Sunday School Times.*

IV.—SHALL I NOT DRINK IT?

MUSING of all my Father's love,
(How sweet it is!)
Methought I heard a gentle voice—
"Child, here's a cup:
I've mixed it; drink it up."
My heart did sink; I could no more rejoice.
"O Father, dost thou love thy child?
Then why this cup?"
But He replied, "This cup is mine,
And all that's in it comes from me."
"Father, I'm still;
Forgive my naughty will.
But what's the cup? May I look in and see?"
"*You* see, my child! you must not see!
Christ *only* saw
His destined cup of bitter gall.
No, child, *believe;*
Meekly the cup receive;
And know that Love and Wisdom mixed it all."
"O Father, must it be?"
"Yes, child, *it must.*"
"Then give the needed medicine;
Be by my side,
Only thy face don't hide;
I'll drink it all; it must be good—'tis thine!"

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. VIII.

BY THE REV. ISLAY BURNS, DUNDEE.

"HE SHALL NOT SEE WHEN HEAT COMETH."

JER. xvii. 8.

THERE is nothing in nature more admirable than the strange and unlikely circumstances in which we often see plants and trees retaining their sap and verdure, and manifesting the most luxuriant fruitfulness. By a wonderful instinct of their nature, they adapt themselves each to their appointed place, and thus continue to live and flourish abundantly where another would perish in an hour. There is no natural influence more fatal to vegetable life than extreme drought; yet even that, in some favoured instances, may prove innocuous. When, in the fierce summer of tropical climes, the earth is turned to dust, and the heavens become as brass; when for months together not a passing cloud arises to screen the sky, or a drop of rain descends to refresh the thirsty ground; when every fountain and water-course is dried up for many a mile; when the dry, scorching breeze, laden with thin dust, chokes the traveller, and is more terrible even than the death-like calm; when every green and living thing droops and dies, and the fair smiling earth is changed into a sterile and naked desert: even then there are some plants, of rare and singular nature, that can still retain their vigour, and flourish in all their juicy freshness in the very midst of universal death. They "do not see when heat cometh, but their leaf is green; they are not careful in the year of drought, neither do they cease from yielding fruit." It is this beautiful fact which the prophet makes use of in the text. What takes place in the natural world, he transfers by way of illustration and analogy to the spiritual. There, too, is the lovely spectacle often seen of verdure in the midst of desolation,—life in the midst of death. True happiness and true holiness depend not on outward advantages, but on inward state. They spring not from the mere accidental circumstances of our lot, but from the essential condition of our souls before God, and their spiritual relation to him. For "thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord: for he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is: for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh."

Let us meditate on this interesting and instructive phenomenon for a little. Let us consider—first, the fact itself; and, secondly, the reasons of it.

I. THE FACT STATED.

In the natural world it meets us everywhere. There is scarcely a spot, from the regions of everlasting snow to the burning tropics, where some green and living thing does not find a congenial soil and home. Thus some grow amid torrid heat and scorching drought, others amid arctic snows; some on Alpine summits, others in deep mines and seas; some on the rich alluvial soil, others on the naked rock; some on the sandy plain, others in the wet and dreary morass; one opens its bosom to the summer sun, another lifts its modest head from amid frosts and snows; some grow in the sun-light, others in the shade. Thus, throughout all creation we see that the health and the growth of everything that lives depend not alone or mainly on outward circumstances, but upon a divine secret within themselves,—on the nature that belongs to them, and the happy art they possess of adapting themselves to their circumstances, and turning them to the best account.

So is it also in the kingdom of grace. Our spiritual health depends not alone or mainly on our circumstances, but upon the spirit and state of our souls. There is no lawful situation on earth in which a true Christian has not been enabled to preserve the tone of spiritual feeling uninjured, and to keep himself in the love of God. In the cottage of the poor, and in Cæsar's household; amid the rigours of want and the seductions of affluence; in lonely retirement, and in the busy Exchange; in the flush of health, and amid the languors of disease; in the ardour of youth, and under the chill of old age; in times of revival, and in times of declension—God's Enochs have still walked with God, and had their conversation in heaven. Not that every situation is equally favourable to the life and power of religion in the soul: we know full well that there are positions in life in which it is very hard for a man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; but what we do say is this, that there are no circumstances so unfavourable but that they may be overcome, and by the power of divine grace turned into good. Do you ask the proof of this? You may read it in the whole history of the Church of God, from the beginning until now. Look back over all its course, and see if you can find a spot so barren, an age so unfruitful, that you cannot descry some tree of God that is full of sap, some cedar of Lebanon that he hath planted. Amid the rapid degeneracy of the antediluvian world there still lived an Enoch. On the very eve of the flood, when the iniquity of man was great on the earth, and it re-

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pented God that he had made man at all, the faithful Noah arose. From amid the idolaters of Ur of the Chaldees the father of the faithful springs. In the godless court of Pharaoh behold a saintly youth, who, "when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Amid the murmurers of the wilderness there is still a Caleb and a Joshua. In the stormy period of the Judges, behold the gentle Ruth and the holy Samuel. During the worst times of Ahab and Jezebel there still survived an Elijah, and with him, though unseen, seven thousand men that had not bowed the knee to Baal. Jeremiah, amid the ruins of Jerusalem; Ezekiel on the banks of Chebar; Daniel in the court of Babylon; Esther in Ahasuerus' palace; Simeon and Anna, and Zacharias and Elisabeth, amid the dying embers of an expiring Judaism—these, and a thousand others, rise up as witnesses of the truth we are inculcating. Thus it plainly appears that the state of our souls depends not so much upon our circumstances as upon ourselves. If, then, you are in a low and declining state, lay not, we beseech you, the blame upon any external thing whatsoever. Blame not your place in life, your occupation, your connections, the state of the Church, the ministry under which you sit; but blame yourselves. You may not, indeed, be so favourably situated in these respects as some others may be; but this will not by any means account for or excuse your barren and backsliding state. Thousands have been immeasurably less blessed in these respects than you, and yet have grown mightily in grace, and abounded in the fruits of holiness. The evil lies far deeper, even in the intrinsic state and condition of your soul before God. What you want, then, is not new advantages, but a new life. You want more grace,—perhaps conversion itself. Look, then, within. Search and try your ways, and turn again unto the Lord. You have "fallen by your iniquities;" and if you would rise up again in the beauty of holiness and in the strength of God, it must be by a true and heartfelt return to Him from whom you have "so deeply revolted." The whole mystery is made clear as noon-day by the terrible words in the preceding context,—"Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord."

But let us proceed, in the second place, to a brief examination of,—

II. The Explanation of the Fact.

What, then, is the secret of this wonderful vitality and fruitfulness, even in circumstances apparently so unfavourable? The general explanation of the fact we have already seen. The man "trusteth in the Lord, and his hope the Lord is." He lives, in a word, in constant believing communion with God; drawing light, and life, and strength continually from the eternal fountain-head of all spiritual blessing. But let us inquire into the matter a little more narrowly and in detail. I remark, then,—

1. *That though his outward circumstances are most unfavourable, in other and far more important respects his lines are cast in pleasant places.*

True, it is a desert in which he grows, and the season may be one of scorching heat and withering drought. To all this the believer is exposed as well as others. But he is not without his counterbalancing advantages. See where he is planted: "He shall be like a tree planted by the waters." There are waters even in the desert; here and there a well—here and there a sequestered valley, whose bosom, watered by the refreshing stream, preserves amid summer's drought a perennial freshness and verdure. There the weary caravan pitch their tents beneath the shady palms, and the thirsty camels stray at large amid the luxuriant herbage. It is even so also in the spiritual desert. There, too, there are blessed, favoured spots—quiet and hallowed nooks in the midst of the wide wilderness, where perennial life and beauty dwell. In the secrecy of the closet; around the hallowed family hearth; in the blessed converse of Christian friendship; in the cottage of the poor; in the house of mourning; in every spot where work is to be done, or sacrifices to be made, or a testimony to be borne for Jesus—there, to the souls that know where and how to seek them, there spring up living wells and fountains in the midst of the desert. But chief of all are the ordinances of grace. Not like a desert fountain, not like a scanty rill, but like a broad, expanding river, the gospel flows through this thirsty world. "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God;" and the believer lives and dies by the banks of that river. So long as there is the Bible, and the Gospel, and the Sabbath, the world to the truly faithful Christian can never be dry. The gospel in this respect is like the Jordan; around its course, at a little distance on either side, there stretches out a naked and sterile waste, but along its immediate verge abundant verdure appears, and the vine, the fig-tree, and the palm clothe its margin to the very water's edge. The Christian grows on Jordan's banks; he is a tree planted by this river, and that spreadeth out its roots by its holy waters: *therefore* he does not know when heat cometh, and his leaf is ever green.

2. *He has a wonderful faculty of improving the advantages he possesses.*

"In the deserts of the East, and the sandy plains of Arabia, where the heat from the earth dissipates the passing cloud, which hastens, as it were, to shed its refreshing moisture on a more grateful spot,—where no water issues from a spring or falls from on high, there the water-melon grows, offering a delicious draught to the traveller."* Such is the faithful, aspiring Christian. If there is any means of blessing within his reach, his eager, acquisitive soul is sure to find it. There may be few pr-

* Balfour's Religion and Botany.

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vileges of grace, but he improves what he has. There may be little good going, but what there is he is sure to share. If there be one living Christian in the neighbourhood, he is sure to find him out. If two or three gather together, however secretly, to seek the Lord, he is sure to be among the number. If Jesus is passing by, like Zaccheus, he will be on the sycamore-tree. If there be one weighty word in a sermon, his greedy soul will drink it in, and return with a glad heart, while others go empty away. He is like the cocoa-nut palm of the South Sea isles, so beautifully described by a recent traveller. "The tree," says he, "delights in a maritime situation. In its greatest perfection it is, perhaps, found right on the sea-shore, where its roots are actually washed by the waves. And I have frequently observed that when met with far up the valleys, its tall stem inclines seawards, as if pining after a more genial region." Oh! may my soul be like thee, thou stately palm! Close by the ocean of everlasting love—the unsearchable riches of Christ—let my place be, my roots ever washed by the tides of covenant mercy; and if for a season yet I must be an exile from the home where my soul would be, still let its heart be bending seawards, and sighing and pining after my rest! "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, and from the hill Mizar."

We remark again that,—

3. *The persons described have a blessed art of retaining the good they receive.*

Eager to improve opportunities while they last, they are careful to retain the fruits of them when they are gone. Of the careless and unsteadfast it is said, "They soon forgat his works;" and so their "goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew, that passeth away." Impressions die away, convictions are quenched, solemn thoughts are dissipated, and holy resolutions are formed to-day only to be forgotten on the morrow. It is very different with the class of whom we are now speaking. It is of such that it is said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Those who make rich are they who not only get much, but who keep what they get; and the diligent soul must not only acquire, but "*lay* up treasure in heaven." Not only, like the busy bee, must we gather honey from every flower that blooms in God's garden, or on the wide heath of the world; but like her also, with provident care, lay it up in deep cells for the use of future days. Alas! it is for want of this that so many of us remain lean and poor from year to year. No sooner are our holy seasons over,—a refreshing Sabbath, a solemn communion-day, a heart-awakening dispensation of Providence, a season of revival in the congregation or the church,—than, in very heedlessness, we go, and amid the world's cares and vanities straightway forget it all. Thus it is that we make so little progress. Thus it is that days, months, years of grace pass away, and leave us almost as they found us. Thus we are ever learning, and yet never coming to the knowledge of the truth; ever beginning, yet never getting beyond a beginning,—like a man walking in a circle, where there is continual motion, but no progress. It is not so much that we gain so little, as that we do not keep that which we have gained. It is not so much lack of earnestness, as lack of watchfulness, and steadfastness, and holy fear. Our religion is one of fits and starts. We are at once keen and slack traders,—greedy and active on a market-day, and slumbering and trifling all the week besides. We gain a great battle now and then, but we fail to make good our ground and to improve our victory. Hence the frequent transitions, the sudden and sad relapses so often seen in the life of many professors,—those fearful reactions and revulsions of spiritual feeling, in which the heedless and self-confident soul passes, like Peter of old, almost at a single bound, from the holy fellowship of the upper chamber to the drowsiness of the garden and the treachery of the judgment-hall. Therefore watch and pray, and in seasons of high and holy privilege most especially, that ye enter not into temptation. Be at once greedy in getting grace and penurious in keeping it. Seek not only to drink in the rain, but to absorb it. Be yours the prudent art of that singular flower of which naturalists tell—called from its peculiar structure and functions the pitcher-plant. "It has been observed," says a recent writer on vegetable physiology and botany, "that the lid" of the little vessel with which it is furnished "is closed in dry weather, as if to prevent loss of fluid by evaporation from the interior; but that if the atmosphere be made very damp, and especially if the plants near it in the hot-house be watered, so as to cause a large quantity of watery vapour to surround it, the lid of the pitcher will open, and the quantity of water within it will soon show a considerable increase."* Even so, in times of quickening and refreshing,—let your eager soul throw itself open to the genial influence, and with all its might drink in the falling rain: and then again, when the blessed season is over, and days of drought and barrenness return, let it retire within itself, and close itself in, and guard all the avenues and inlets of temptation, and commune in stillness with God and itself alone, and improve each scanty means, and snatch each random opportunity, and, by watchfulness, and prayer, and holy meditation, and deep converse with the living Word, "strengthen the things that remain and are ready to die." O my divine Master, thou hast told me to watch as well as pray; to keep hold as well as to take hold of thy heavenly treasures—"to give *all* diligence to the things I have heard, lest at any time I should let them slip." Oh, let this thy faithful counsel be ever sounding in mine ears, and thy solemn, warning look, live within my soul, till my earthly battle is over, and I am safe within

* Carpenter's Vegetable Physiology, p. 162.

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that blessed region where temptation and sin are alike unknown!

4. I remark, finally, that the persons described, while earnestly seeking to continue and to grow in grace, are sedulous *in improving and turning to account the grace they have.*

The surest way, alike to confirm and to strengthen any holy principle, is to carry it out into practice. The very element and breath of life is action. Every gift and endowment whatsoever, whether of body or soul, whether natural or spiritual, improves by exercise; while by guilty neglect it is enervated and impaired. Talents are increased by trading; and "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." The sword undrawn rusts in the scabbard; the limb unused shrinks and pines away; the slumbering fire smoulders into ashes; standing waters stagnate and breed corruption and malignant miasma; the languid blood of the sluggard, which no healthful impulse quickens, becomes thick and gross, creeps drowsily through his veins, and carries no strong pulsations of life to the limbs and to the brain. So the idle Christian is a feeble, drooping, pining Christian. His spirit is blunted; his hands hang down; the fire of holy fervour expires within his heart; the living water wells not up; the divine life-blood pulses not through heart and veins. Therefore we must be up and doing. We must work for God if we would live in God. We must not only feed, but "stir up the gift of God that is within us." The heavenly riches, like all other riches, are increased, not by hoarding, but by using. A divine and eternal law has bound together duty and privilege,—the life of faith with the work of faith;—and what God hath joined let not man put asunder. "They on the good ground are they who, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience."

Such, then, is the secret of a holy, happy walk with God, in any times, and in the worst times. Get truly planted by the waters of salvation, and your roots stretched out by the river of God. Be eager and diligent in the improvement of all the means of grace you possess, and then be watchful and jealous in keeping that which through grace you may have gained. Be prompt to follow the light you have, and to act out into life the grace received, and God will give you more. Thus waiting on the Lord, you shall renew your strength. Thus you shall enjoy to the utmost all the blessing of lively times, and resist the withering, blighting influences of days of backsliding. When the Lord's heritage is fat and flourishing, your soul shall be the greenest of all; and when it droops and languishes, "you shall not see when heat cometh." You shall realize all the lovely pictures given in the word of a living, thriving Christian. You shall be strong like the cedar; modest and fair like the lily; fat like the olive; fruitful and fragrant like the tender, clinging vine; and stately like the lofty, unfading palm. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him."

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. EBENEZER HENDERSON.

PART I.

THE name of Dr. Ebenezer Henderson is well known in our sacred literature. Eminent linguistic attainments, a naturally vigorous understanding, powers of indomitable application, and a heart that loved and found its happiest hours in the word of God, raised him to a high place amongst Biblical scholars. As an actor in the mission field, who was "in journeyings often," he is less known. His last thirty years of studious life had thrown his preceding twenty years of missionary labour into the shade. He had become forgotten as the Bible distributor, in his more recent reputation as the Bible expositor. But before he sat down to his quiet tutorship at Hoxton and Highbury, and to pen his learned Commentaries, he had travelled *eighty thousand miles* in the cause of Bible circulation; and even then his pilgrim staff was not broken. A life of hard practical work, ofttimes of perilous adventure, and always in furtherance of one and the same great object, preceded his life of collegiate leisure. In action or study he was the patient, persevering, energetic, enterprising worker. His life was a sacrifice in the service of the faith; and its lesson the profit of wise, devoted, Christian labour.

We propose to sketch the earlier division of his life, from the picture of a home artist, who has drawn both parts at full length, and who has done good service to the Church of Christ in the faithful, loving biography of a father, whose labours and studies would not have been forgotten though recorded with a less careful and affectionate hand.*

Dr. Henderson, like the greater number who have risen to distinguished usefulness and eminence in the church or the world, owed nothing to advantages of birth or early education. He was born in a small heather-thatched cot-house, known by the name of "The Linn," from the brooklet that ran past it, not far from the ancient burgh of Dunfermline. His father was a humble agricultural labourer. Six names appear in the family register before his birth, but death had borne away four from the cottage to the churchyard. It was after this season of calamity, on 17th November 1777, the subject of this narrative was born. His coming was a ray of hope shot across the gloom of the

* Memoir of the Rev. E. Henderson, D.D., Ph.D., by Thula S. Henderson. London: Knight & Son, &c.

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bereaved cottage. "Ye see, Jean, woman," said the father, "God has not forgotten us. He has helped us hitherto, and he will support us, and be our strength in a' times comin'; sae we'll jist ca' the child Ebenezer." For young Ebenezer there were no higher prospects as he grew to maturity than the plough or a trade. The scantiest elements of education were all that his position could command. In a small "road-side school" he picked up his first introduction to learning. Two years spent afterwards at a school in Dunfermline, of a higher character, where Latin was taught, finished the school days of the future learned commentator. From his twelfth to his twentieth year was spent in the effort to accomplish himself in a trade. His first attempt was at watchmaking, which ended in the catastrophe of his destroying a clock-wheel, while occupied in cutting teeth in it, and in being dismissed by his master, enraged at the loss of his property. His second attempt was at shoe-making; at which, as he continued for some years, it is presumed he attained the ordinary tradesman-like proficiency. But he had not yet found his niche. It was grace that, in quickening his heart, was to find the true field for his life, and to develop as well as give direction to his hitherto latent capacities.

About the twentieth or twenty-second year of his life, the religious movement begun by the Haldanes was refreshing some of the dry places of Scotland. With the promptitude with which James Haldane, when aboard the *Montrose*, had seized, in an hour of peril, the ship's trumpet, without waiting for the order of the captain, and summoned every soul on deck, the two brothers were then blowing throughout Scotland the trumpet of the gospel jubilee. Without ecclesiastical orders or commission, they were calling men everywhere to repent. In one of these tours James Haldane preached at Dunfermline. Rowland Hill and Mr. Greville Ewing followed up the work. As a result of their visit, an association of young men was formed at Dunfermline, for reading, exposition, and prayer. Henderson was of their number. Whether this was the season of his conversion, or of a great and decided quickening, as of life from the dead, does not appear. But from that time he was perceptibly and permanently changed. He was henceforth the devoted man; and speedily his life received the new direction in which his mind was to have its true sphere of exercise. From connection with the Haldanes, his way was opened to the Seminary in Glasgow, where a course of two years' study prepared him, according to the preparation that was then thought needful, for some home or foreign field of ministerial labour. Having no choice of his own, he waited at the close of his studies, like the prophet, with the word on his lips—"Here am I, send me." And soon a call was addressed to him to the foreign field. Dr. Paterson, whose name was afterwards so largely associated with the labours of the Bible Society, then a young man, was about to proceed on a mission to India. He was instructed to look out amongst the seminary students for a suitable colleague. Introduced into the seminary with that object, as he looked round amongst the students, he was struck with the appearance of a young man of "fine manly countenance, good figure, healthy appearance, and who had a forehead that indicated no want of talent." "That is the man for me," said the sagacious observer—the man was Ebenezer Henderson; a choice which the experience of after years only the more fully ratified, and which issued in a friendship only terminated with life.

But whilst bound for Asia, the two missionary travellers were detained in Europe. A Power higher than that which had destined their services for the east, controlled their lives and assigned their sphere of action in the north.

At that period (1805) India was a British preserve for idolatry. The Portuguese had thrown open, in former times, their Indian dominions to the zeal of a Xavier; the Dutch, for their possessions, had a missionary training seminary; through a Frederick IV. of Denmark, Tranquebar and Tangore had rejoiced in the labours of a Ziegenbalg and Schwartz; but Britain had drawn the line of stern missionary exclusion along her entire Indian coast. Surat was the destination of Henderson and his fellow-labourer. But how was it to be reached. No British vessel would venture to take a British missionary. He was contraband goods. It was a sufficiently dreary voyage to India in those days, even sailing directly from a British port. The overland of a month was then an unimagined miracle. But by a course longer than any of our accustomed routes our young missionary travellers were to make their way to their destination. To reach India, they had to embark first of all for Denmark, in the hope of finding at Copenhagen the passage that could not be procured for them at Liverpool or London. But in that hope they were disappointed. On arriving in Denmark, they made every exertion to secure a passage to the East. One vessel, and one only, was to sail that season, and every berth was pre-engaged. They offered to go in the steerage; even that was full: they proposed to sleep on deck; but this was positively refused. They at length received the assurance that they could not by any possibility leave Denmark till the sailing of the spring ships. He who shapes our ends had allotted for them a field which neither they nor their friends in Scotland designed they should have entered. Defeated in their attempts to reach the East, the young friends were neither paralyzed nor discouraged. With the Christian energy characteristic of both, they proceeded to do what their hands found to do. If Surat was shut against them, Copenhagen was open. Necessitated to abide where they were, they became reconciled to their disappointment. Hands full of work, and plans of future usefulness left no time for unavailing regrets. Before a month passed they had opened for their countrymen preaching stations at Copenhagen and Elsineur; and for circulation amongst the Danish population had secured the translation and printing of a thousand copies of the "Great Question Answered."

At that time the capital of Denmark was rarely visited by foreign missionary agents. Its churches partook of the slumber common to the churches of the Reformation during the last century. Missions and missionaries were suspected. Neither the community nor the churches in Copenhagen knew how to construe the unusual efforts of the two young Scotchmen. Much curiosity was excited as to their motives. Some looked upon them with suspicion, and gave out that they must be confederates of a Norwegian who was then suffering imprisonment in Copenhagen for some unauthorized efforts of doing good. The few who were ready to sympathize held aloof, as yet uncertain whether to trust or suspect the strangers. But through evil report and through good report the two labourers steadfastly held on their way. Their tracts were well received and eagerly read, their congregations increased, and such a measure of success accompanied their entire operations, that when the season came round in which they should leave for India, they could not

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abandon the work without an appeal to their brethren in Scotland to send other agents to continue what had been so auspiciously begun. Their friends in Edinburgh, unable to incur the expense of additional agents, replied to the appeal by leaving them at liberty to proceed to India, or to continue in occupation of the field in Denmark. How entirely Henderson held himself in readiness to go wherever the Master called, is beautifully shown in one of his letters at this time to his friends in Scotland. It breathes the very spirit of the devoted missionary—the will at one with the will of God. He writes:—"I had no doubt of some being found to supply our lack of service here. This you say is not at present attainable; and, therefore, I cheerfully comply with your request to tarry here at least for a season. When, however, our proceeding to India shall appear as manifestly the will of our heavenly Father as at present our remaining here does, I trust I shall as cheerfully go there. I feel my mind as much intent upon the primary object we had in view when we left Scotland as it was then; and, till within these few days, I had the fullest expectation of leaving Denmark soon. But since the Lord has ordered matters otherwise, it becomes us to submit to his blessed will. How wonderful are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! He leads the blind by a way which they know not. Surely we have much reason to bless the name of our God, and look to him with humble submission, saying, 'Lord, lead us in the way that we should go.'" Denmark seemed henceforth to be the destination of the missionaries—Copenhagen the home of Paterson, and Elsineur of Henderson. For eighteen months their labours were undisturbed at these stations. But a fresh wave of Providence was to carry them to yet another shore. The war that raged at that time in Europe (1807) involved Denmark in troubles with our government. Russia having made her peace with France by the treaty of Tilsit, it was felt necessary that we should be in possession of the Baltic, in order to exclude the French. We demanded that the Danes should assist us with their navy in excluding them. Dissatisfied with their answer, we hastened to take possession of their fleet, which we conceived was in danger of being either enticed or impressed into the service of our enemy. The prospect of the bombardment of Copenhagen by British cannon warned Henderson that his presence could not be looked upon without jealousy, and that for a time at least his work must cease. Before this, his heart had often wandered across the Sound to Gothland. As his eye caught the bold jutting headlands of Sweden, or rested on the low range of undulating hills that stretched along its coast, he felt moved in spirit to bear his gospel message and distribute his tracts amongst its people. He meditated only a missionary tour, but the ruthless hand of war driving him from Denmark compelled his taking up his permanent residence at Gottenburg. From the hour of his arrival he found a welcome from the British residents. The use of the English chapel, at the time vacant, was freely given him; while the port, crowded with travellers and merchants, who, like himself, had fled to it as a place of safety, furnished him with an ample congregation. Still his heart was bent on his missionary tour, and preparation was made for it by himself and his friend Paterson, as the summer months approached. Having supplied themselves with 4000 tracts, and received a commission from the Bible Society to act as their agents of inquiry, they started on their survey of the moral wastes of Sweden and of Lapland.

The Swedish Zion lay at that time in ruins. The intimacy of the court of Stockholm with the infidel court of Frederick the Great of Prussia, had corrupted the nobility, diffused the leaven of infidelity throughout the clergy, and spread widely amongst the people a spirit of religious indifferentism. In many of the parishes there was, on an average, only one Bible in every eighth house,—the wealthy and middle classes ordinarily possessing a copy, but the cottagers all but universally unprovided, and too poor to purchase it at the high price it fetched. In most of the pulpits was heard an uncertain sound, and in the parishes there existed but little of living and lively piety. In the midst of this general decay they found one revival spot in the neighbourhood of Huddeksval, where they conversed with not a few inquirers, and amongst whom they largely distributed the Scriptures, that their growth might be at once in grace and in the knowledge of God our Saviour. Their journey embraced a course of not fewer than 2300 miles. Penetrating into the most interior parts, they gained an intimate insight into the religious wants and condition of the peasantry. It was a journey attended with severe privations and many perils, and issued, in the case of Henderson, in a feverish attack, which for a time prostrated his strength. But what was a night spent upon a hard bench with a goat-skin pillow,—three days without a dinner,—bark bread that they were unable to eat,—exposure to cold and rain, and a consequent feverish attack,—in the esteem of Christian missionary travellers! They had more than a compensation for their travel and sickness, in having laid the foundation of the subsequent liberal efforts of the Bible Society in behalf of Lapland, and of the Finnish and Swedish people. An incident which some years afterwards came to the knowledge of Henderson would have been welcomed by any missionary as a high reward for any measure of toil. At a place where they had distributed several hundreds of the tract, "The Great Question Answered," a great religious awakening took place. The Holy Spirit was poured out on those engaged in reading them. A deep concern about the immortal interests of their souls became general amongst the inhabitants of the parish. The flame that had been kindled spread from cottage to cottage, till all became thirsty for the waters of the river of life. But where were they to drink? In the parish church? Alas! the name of Jesus Christ was never mentioned except in the Liturgy. Those whose minds were brought under serious concern about their everlasting interests met together, therefore, in a large barn which was opened for the purpose. In the course of a short time there was not an individual in the parish that did not join in the assembly. A persecution being raised against them, a commission was appointed by Government to go down and examine into the affair. It was found that nothing took place in the assembly but the reading of the Scriptures and the sermons of Luther. As the result, the parish clergyman and the soldiers were reproved for the persecution they had initiated. At last the clergyman himself thought he would go and hear one of the sermons that were read in the barn. Though he only went from curiosity, His presence was in the assembly who said to Zaccheus, "Make haste and come down." The word reached the parish clergyman's heart; he made confession of his former ignorance, began to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and ended by taking his flock back to the church. From that day the doors of the barn were closed.

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WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE BABY!*

A Hindoo mother sits at the door of a little hut. Her infant son is asleep on a mat, spread on a sort of bench, and a strip of blue cotton is so placed as to shelter it from the wind and sun. *What will become of this baby?*

This mother is a heathen. All through her land idol temples are seen. Not one ray of gospel light has fallen on the minds of the people for many miles around. She has never seen a Bible, or a Christian tract, nor heard a gospel sermon. The nearest mission station is two hundred miles away. What, then, will become of this little babe, in this dark land, under the training of such a mother?

If the infant lives, he will be taught to worship false gods. When of very tender age he will make his *salaam*, or bow, to an unsightly idol. With a bunch of flowers in his hand, he will pray to an image which cannot see, or hear, or speak. He will be told by the priests that Brahma is the great god, but as he is fast asleep it is of no use to pray to him. In the place of this sleeping god, he will hear that there are three hundred millions of gods; some black, and others white; some red, and others blue; that there are gods of all colours, all shapes, and all sizes—some like to men, and some to monkeys; that they ride through the air on elephants, or move over the land on peacocks and rats; that some have a hundred hands, and others a thousand eyes. He will be told that they quarrel and fight with one another; that they lie, steal, and commit murder.

As the little boy grows into the years of manhood, he will be taught to worship serpents. He will see figures of them in the temples; and will carry milk, butter, and fruit to the holes of live ones; and say, *Nulla Paampu*,—that is, "Good snake;" and offer this prayer, "Oh, good snake, preserve and help me; partake of these offerings, and be gracious unto me."

Should the little babe become a man, he will worship the river Gunga. He will believe that the sight or the touch of its waters will take away sin. Or, it may be that to the banks of this river he will bring his mother when sick, or old, or near to death, and will make her drink of the stream, and will rub her body with its mud; and there on the edge of the river he will leave her to perish.

If the babe should hereafter work in the fields, he will fall down and worship his own plough and spade, offering to them flowers, fruit, and rice. If he should become a mason, he will give the same honour to his trowel and rule; if a carpenter, he will adore his saw and hammer; if a barber, he will bow before his razor; if a soldier, he will sacrifice to his sword and gun.

As the heathen have not the Bible to teach them, they try many ways, in a vain hope, of obtaining the favour of their gods, and of being happy after death. Some roll on the ground after a great car, or chariot, on which an ugly idol is placed. Others roll over and over for many miles, till they reach some spot where a temple stands. Some have large hooks passed through the tender parts of their backs, and are then drawn up to the top of a high pole, where they swing aloft in the air. Many stand between two fires, and are sadly scorched; or wear large iron collars on their necks; or stretch themselves on beds of spikes. Strange as all this may seem to us, the cruel religion of the Hindoos teaches them to do such things; and who can tell but that some of them may be done by the tender little babe now gently sleeping at its mother's side?

But we turn from such sad thoughts, to dwell on more pleasing and hopeful ones. *What may become of this baby?*

A missionary from England or America may cross the stormy seas, and travel far up the country—"in perils by land, in perils by water, in perils among the heathen;" and at last he may come to the village where lives the babe when grown a little boy.

The missionary stands under the shade of a tree, and preaches to the heathen. He tells them that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He declares that the idols cannot save, for that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour; and that he is able, and willing, and waiting to save *them*.

Again the missionary goes to the same place, and in words of love and mercy speaks to the people. After many visits some destroy their idols, and wish to know more about Jesus. So the good man says he will come and live among them; and in a short time he is seen in their midst teaching them how to live, and in what way, as sinners, they may be saved.

The next thing is to build a school-house for the children of the heathen; and among the first scholars is that little boy of whom we now speak. He learns to read, and in course of time he can read the Christian's Bible. The wicked Shasters, or sacred books of the Hindoos, are thrown away; and the best of books, given by God to men, to lead them to know, love, and serve him—the blessed book, that tells the young Hindoo that God is love, that he is the God of mercy, peace, and grace—this is the book he now reads.

The young Hindoo grows into early manhood. Under the teaching of the missionary he knows more and more about the Saviour of sinners. He believes that Christ so loved him as to give himself for him; that he died, and rose again, and ascended into heaven; and that he will come again at the last day to receive his people to himself. As he listens to the word of life he is ready to leap for joy. Yes, he believes it all; he feels the Holy Spirit has renewed his heart; he repents, and obeys, and boldly stands forth in the midst of the heathen as a disciple of Christ.

Does it end here? No; he goes among his own people to tell them of the great change he feels, and of the love of Jesus in saving poor sinners; and through his labours many are brought to know the Saviour too. What a contrast is here!

And now, *who will help to save the heathen baby?* It is the work of God's Spirit to convert the heart, and to lead the sinner to the cross of Christ; but he can and does use us to bring about his own will. He adds his blessing to the money we give that the gospel may be sent to the heathen. While we send missionaries, and Bibles, and religious tracts, he, in answer to the prayers of faith, makes them the means of saving many souls. Come, come then, dear children; help to save the baby.

But we must add another word. Do not neglect to go to the Saviour yourself. It is not because you were born of Christian parents, and have been taught in God's holy word, and have not bowed down to idols, that you will surely be saved. No; you must ask God to renew your heart; you

* From an excellent series of new short stories for the young, issued in packets by the Religious Tract Society.

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must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; you must repent of your sins; you must aim to live a holy and useful life. If you do not, you will be in a worse state at last than the children of the heathen. For he that knows his Lord's will, and does it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. But we hope better things of you.

Oh, stay not! time is passing;
Work while 'tis called to-day;
Thousands of heathen perish
Each hour that we delay;—

They die without the knowledge
Of God's most holy word,—
Without the hopes we cherish
Through Christ, our risen Lord.

Lift up the gospel banner—
Grace, mercy, peace proclaim
To all repenting sinners,
In Christ the Saviour's name.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

The Shepherd, by His passion,
Made peace and wrought salvation:
To all in his good keeping
Now dying is but sleeping.

They go, not souls affrighted,
To judgment sternly cited;
They go, from hardships dreary,
To rest like soldiers weary.

No fears the heart molesting,
From all life's trouble resting,
They wait the glad Revival,
And sleep till its arrival.

They lay their toil-worn members
In Death's cool, quiet chambers,
And, free from care and cumber,
Like children sink to slumber.

Safe in God's love that found them,
With Christ's strong arm around them,
And sealed by his good Spirit,
To die—why need they fear it?

Thy grace, O Lord, doth teach me
No harm through death can reach me:
So, let mine eyes when closing
Be on thy cross reposing;

This heart to thee be cleaving,
To its last beat believing;
Then, till the resurrection
Give my poor dust protection.

Glad then be mine awaking,
My lips in praises breaking,
My body clad with brightness
Like the spring lily's whiteness!

From the German of Hiller.
J. D. B.

QUIETNESS AND CONFIDENCE.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

Anon.

SPIRITUAL LIFE IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.*

It is greatly more important for the Church to preserve the recollection of her more remarkable times of visitation than it can be for any nation to keep alive the memory of the most glorious incidents in its history. Revivals, when they really deserve the name, are God's works,—and we can never hear without interest of what he has done for his people in the past. But they are also types or earnests of what may still be expected; and the story of them, therefore, may always be studied with profit, as suggesting lessons for the future. Some years ago a series of tracts was published, reviewing to some extent the succession of awakenings which have taken place in Scotland since the Reformation. Most valuable information was given there in regard to the movements which occurred in Shotts, and Kilsyth, and Cambuslang, and Bute, and elsewhere. But all who are acquainted with the history of religion in that country must have felt, even after reading these tracts, that the mine was by no means exhausted; and that especially with reference to the work of Christ in the Highlands very much more admitted of being said. Believing this for ourselves, we were glad to hear that Mr. M'Gillivray of Dairsie, himself a Highlander, and one well acquainted with the north, had undertaken to supply, from independent sources, some additional illustrative facts and sketches; and now that his little *brochure* has appeared, we hasten to commend it to the attention of our readers.

The Scottish Highlands are not, geographically speaking, very distant from any part of the British Empire; but various circumstances have tended to complexion at once the personal and the social character of the inhabitants, in such a way that they may fairly be described as *having been*, at least, a race *sui generis*—a people by themselves. Their strange language, their separation into clanships, their magnificent mountain barriers, their comparatively late conversion, in many instances, to the Protestant faith, and their ordinary manner of life, all contributed something to confirm and continue the isolation. The Highlands and the Lowlands, in consequence, were not always affected at the same time by the same system of causes; and it never could be confidently affirmed that in regard, for example, to religion, similar symptoms and characteristics were to be found, north and south of the Grampians alike. Indeed, it seems to have sometimes happened that while the Church of the plains was unstirred apparently by a single breath of wind, the Church of the mountains was being moved to its heart by the ele-

* Sketches of Religion and Revivals of Religion in the North Highlands during Last Century. By Rev. Angus M'Gillivray, Dairsie. Edinburgh: John Maclaren.

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quent appeals of some great Gaelic preacher. Nor were the spiritual movements in the Highlands independent in their origin only; they were, as is well known, peculiar in their character also. The ardent temperament of the people; the prominence given to the lay element in connection with the labours of a class of catechists, styled, par-excellence, THE MEN; and the grand camp-meetings, or sacramental gatherings, to which it was the custom to resort, combine to invest them with an aspect of singularity. Hence the Highlands of Scotland must have a religious history of their own. We can imagine that such a history, if well executed, would be unusually interesting; and we are sure that, if done faithfully, it would be decidedly useful. But, in the meantime, as we have an instalment of the kind of thing we want before us, let us turn to it and glean some of the more interesting particulars which it supplies.

A somewhat noteworthy fact is mentioned in the introduction. The name of *Gustavus* is common in the Highlands, and many have wondered not a little at this; for, manifestly, it is not a word which one might have expected to find there. Mr. M'Gillivray explains it; and in his explanation we find one of those associations on which such men as Trench dwell with peculiar satisfaction. The name is, in a manner, a memorial of a remarkable historical event. During the reign of Charles I., three of the great feudal chieftains (the Earl of Sutherland, Mackay of Reay, and Munro of Fowlis) felt and confessed the power of the truth; and when, in 1630, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden commenced that struggle in defence of religion which, after his death, gave to the Protestant faith an established footing in Germany, these three chiefs, who thoroughly sympathized with him, raised a number of regiments in their own districts, and sent them to his aid. In the army of Gustavus "the Scottish soldiers met with real religion; they met with the Bible, and learned to read it; even in a camp they saw God worshipped in spirit and in truth, and many of them were savingly converted. A considerable portion of them fell in battle; but numbers returned to their own country, and were the instruments, through the divine blessing, of spreading true religion through their native land." This interesting circumstance at once accounts for the introduction of the foreign name. "When the pious soldier returned home, and became a father, he called his son after his loved commander, the Christian king!"

Four places are singled out by Mr. M'Gillivray as having been visited, during last century or about the beginning of the present, with remarkable outpourings of the Holy Spirit. In 1730, a work of grace commenced in NIGG, a small parish lying to the north of Cromarty, under the ministry of Mr. John Balfour, "a man of eminent gifts and devoted piety." "For some years the work went on very gradually, one here and one there was brought to know the truth, and there were time after time stops and intermissions. 'But in 1739,' and for years afterwards, the awakening became general in the parish. Every day of the week, Saturday not excepted, men and women crowded to the manse, 'putting the question: "What must I do to be saved?"' They received the gospel and found rest in Christ, and," Mr. Balfour remarks; "not one in forty of those who were awakened has fallen off from a religious profession, or given open scandal to it." About the same time, apparently, a similar work was going on in GOLSPIE, a parish lying on the shores of the Moray Firth. In 1731, Mr. John Sutherland became its minister. "He was a man of decided talent, very amiable and much liked as a man; but the old Christians felt that there was a defect in his preaching"—and a few of them met each Saturday, for weeks together, in the catechist's house, to pray that he might receive the anointing of the Holy Ghost. On one of these occasions Mr. Sutherland himself came to the door, and hearing some one praying aloud, he listened, and was surprised to find that he was the main subject of the supplication. Retiring for the time, he took an opportunity on the Monday following of asking an explanation. The catechist frankly told him all; and Mr. Sutherland, with beautiful simplicity, said, "Will you allow me to come to your meeting, and join you in that prayer?" The proposal was assented to, and it was not long till the godly people felt that what was lacking was now richly supplied. "Mr. Sutherland began now to preach with earnestness and unction; he longed for the conversion of his people. For some years, however, there was very little fruit; a few were awakened, but their number was so small, and the scandals of others so frequent and heinous, that he often concluded his time and labours were almost lost. In these circumstances he visited Kilsyth, and Cambuslang, and Muthill. On his return home he told his people what he had seen and heard, and he persuaded the few serious people to hold meetings for prayer in the different districts of the parish. And now, at last, there was a manifest shaking among the bones." The work advanced quietly but steadily; and the result was, that in less than nine months from the commencement of it, seventy persons in that small country parish came to their minister with the question, "What shall we do to be saved?" The two other districts noticed by Mr. M'Gillivray are STRATHNAVER and TONGUE; but we cannot stay to refer particularly to the work in either.

All who have had their attention turned to the subject of religion in the Highlands must have heard often enough of "The Men." It is, probably, impossible for any one who is not intimately acquainted with the state of society in the north to form a thoroughly correct and adequate idea of this influential class of persons; and, with the conflicting statements which have been made in regard to them, we should hesitate about pronouncing a decided opinion upon them at all. But one thing, we think, is clear,—namely, that the spiritual power which they are allowed to exercise may conceivably be an instrument of mischief and intolerance, as well as of real and substantial good; and, looking at their position simply in its relation to the question of ecclesiastical regularity, it may be doubtful whether, in all circumstances, the institution ought to be upheld. But the following description, given by Mr. M'Gillivray, is so well put that it cannot but have much weight with all who read it:—"It is quite true that the godly men of the north had no faith in mere ordination: they were not Puseyites. If a man was manifestly careless, and worldly, and graceless, and if his preaching was not the preaching of the Cross, they did not regard him as a minister of Christ at all. If a man of this stamp was settled in the parish where they lived, they would not sit under his ministry; they believed that in doing so they put their souls in peril, and rather than do it, they walked their ten or twelve miles on the Sabbath morning to the church of the nearest evangelical minister. But if they believed that the man was really sent by Christ, and that his heart was in the work, let him be ever so young, ever so inexperienced, ever so much filled with trembling at the responsibilities of

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his office, these men—the oldest and most godly among them—loved him, prayed for him, looked up to him, and encouraged his heart in the Lord." This, of course, is the brighter side of the picture. Mr. M'Gillivray himself would, we are sure, admit that among those on whose judgment, as discerners of spirits, parishes were most ready to rely, there were some resembling in certain points the Fifth Monarchy men of the Commonwealth times.

We may return to the subject. Meanwhile it is one of the best and most hopeful signs of our times—the appearance of what we may call a "revival literature;" and we know of no recent contribution to that literature, of anything like equal extent, more worthy of perusal than the small but pregnant work of Mr. M'Gillivray.

A FAMILY SONG.

O MAKE our house Thy sanctuary!
Come in to us a friendly guest,
And in our circle ever tarry;
Then shall we be for ever blest,
And thou, a house-mate, shalt these walls
Transfigure into royal halls.

Joy dwells, O Lord, where'er thou stayest,—
There blooms a heavenly blessedness;
In silk thy poorest thou arrayest,
Though men see but a ragged dress.
The purest high delight is there,
And even in want is wealth to spare.

Thou every morning us awakest,
And graciously to prayer dost call;
The household cares thou undertakest,—
Thou knowest what is best for all;
And care, though 'twere a leaden load,
Is but a feather's weight with God.

One tender bond all hearts embraces,
A heavenly bond thy hand hath wove;
The rooms are turned to temple-spaces,
Illumined with God's peace and love.
Grace is the sunshine of our home,
And there God's angels go and come.

C. T. Brooks.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXII.—THE GREATEST IN CHRIST'S KINGDOM—HOW TO TREAT AN OFFENDING BROTHER.

MATT. xviii. 1–20.

The Greatest in Christ's Kingdom.—Ver. 1. What sort of kingdom were the disciples expecting? What sort of greatness—outward or inward—did they think of? Is the desire of outward or worldly greatness a feeling which a Christian should cherish?

Ver. 2. How did Christ answer the question? Do you remember any other instances of Jesus showing a special interest in little children?

Ver. 3. What is meant by "converted?" In what respect do those converted resemble little children? [In their sense of emptiness, feebleness, dependence on others, absence of self-seeking, lowliness—the opposite spirit to that which the apostles had been showing.]

Ver. 4. Are all little children sufficiently lowly? [Far from it; and nothing is more offensive and sinful than a consequential, proud spirit in a child; but observe, the child whom Christ took up seems to have been very lowly—"as *this* little child."] Who has left us the best example of the lowly spirit? Matt. xi. 29. What, then, was Christ's answer to the question of ver. 1?

Ver. 5. Does Christ refer here to all children? [No; "one *such* child" is his expression; and it seems to embrace the idea of a *spiritual* child—one who has been converted, and become "as this little child."] What is meant by receiving one in Christ's name? [As belonging to Christ—treating one with Christian love and confidence.] What is the reward promised to such? Matt. xxv. 34, 35.

Ver. 6. What is meant by "offending" here? [Causing to stumble—tempting to the violation of duty.] What would have been better for such? Was it usual for Christ to use so severe language? What may we gather from his doing so now? [That the sin of tempting others to leave the right path is a fearfully great one.] How is this sin ever committed? [When any are taught or encouraged by others to break the Sabbath, despise the authority of parents, neglect prayer, or turn away from Christ.] What makes the sin so great? [It is an attempt to murder the soul.]

Ver. 7. What will bring the greatest judgments on the world? [The "offences," or stumbling-blocks put in the way of the godly; the persecution, hatred, ridicule, calumny raised against true believers—this is a sin which will be fearfully punished.] Why are stumbling-blocks allowed—why does Christ not make the way of his people plain and easy? 1 Cor. xi. 19.

Ver. 8, 9. [The connection is—Let him who would avoid this terrible woe, take care that he lay no stumbling-block before *himself*.] How may a hand or a foot offend, or cause us to offend? See before, ch. v. 29, 30.

Ver. 10. Who are meant here by "these little ones!" [Those who have been converted, and become as little children.] What proof does Christ give of the importance and value of such persons? Why are the angels said to be theirs? Heb. i. 14. What class of officers were admitted, in Eastern courts, to "behold the face" and have near intercourse with the king? Comp. Esther v. 12. While these exalted and honoured angels are ministering to the salvation of "these little ones," what are those that "despise" and "offend" them doing? Need Christians be distressed for the contempt of man, when the angels thus minister to them?

Ver. 11. Not only do the angels minister to such, but a still higher Being interests himself in them—who is he? While the angels are but occasionally sent forth on their ministry, what has the Son of man done to accomplish his? ["Come"—left heaven, become man.] What is here said to be the great object of his coming? How do those who hinder the salvation of the lost attempt to defeat the purpose of Christ's coming? What is the natural state of all men? [Lost! a word of deep and awful import. Have we realized this? Have we fled for refuge?]

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Ver. 12. [Christ here illustrates the joy of recovering the lost.] Where is this figure more fully unfolded? Luke xv. Who is represented by the shepherd? And who by the stray sheep?

Ver. 13. What makes him rejoice so much over that sheep? [*He has felt the pain of losing it;* the principle of *contrast* comes in: home is doubly welcome after long absence, dry land after shipwreck, health after sickness, peace after war; so the joy of possession after the pain of losing.]

Ver. 14. What makes each of "these little ones" so dear to God? [Their having been recovered from perdition.] Where else does Christ affirm the eternal safety of his sheep? And on what grounds? John x. 27, 28, 29. Is it not delightful to be of his flock?

How to treat an Offending Brother.—[Our Lord had been speaking of injuries done to Christians by the *world;* now he speaks of injuries by *one another.*] **Ver. 15.** Who is here denoted by "thy brother?" [Any brother in Christ—a fellow-believer.] What sort of trespass is meant here? [Not a public scandal, but a private wrong.] What is the first step the Christian should take in such a case—should he complain to others of his bad treatment? What then? Is this often done?

Ver. 16. What is the second step to be taken? Why were witnesses to be taken in this case? [To make the proceeding more impressive, and to be able to give the church an account of what had been done.]

Ver. 17. What is the third step? Who are meant by "the church?" [The Christian congregation acting through its regular officers.] What was to be done if the offender refused to "hear the church?" What does this mean? [That no Christian communion was to be held with him; he was not to be treated *as a brother;*—yet observe, no reviling or vehement denunciation was to be levelled against him.]

Ver. 18. What is meant by "binding and loosing?" [Forbidding and allowing.] What sort of power did Christ here give his Church? [The power of *ruling,*—of examining the conduct of the members, and acquitting or reproving them, as the case required.] Did Christ mean that they would never go wrong in this? [His words do not necessarily imply that; but only that they, and no other court or body, were the parties to whom this power was given.]

Ver. 19. From whom do we need to seek direction in such matters? Have we not most glorious encouragement? Mention some cases of the success of united prayer. Acts i. 14: xii. 5.

Ver. 20. Is it on the *number praying* that success depends? On what, then? Where is Christ's presence sure to be found? And what will that presence do? Compare Gen. xxviii. 12, and John i. 51. [It will serve as a ladder between earth and heaven, on which the angels shall ascend and descend, carrying up the petitions from earth, and bringing down the answers from heaven!]

DUTY.—God is to be Worshipped in Spirit and Truth.

Ps. cxix. Isa. xxix. Lam. iii. Matt. xv. Mark vii. John iv.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. V.

SAMUEL—*continued.* 1 Sam. iii.

What is the meaning of Samuel ministering to the Lord *before Eli?* ver. 1. [He kept always near the old priest, helping him and obeying his directions.] Was Eli strong? [No; blind and feeble. 1 Sam. iv. 15, 18.] Was he a good man? [Yes.] Had he any sons of his own? Were they good men? 1 Sam. ii. 17. What was Eli's chief fault? [He had not corrected his children enough when they did wrong, ver. 13.] Is it always a parent's duty to punish a child who is sinful and disobedient? Prov. xix. 18; xxiii. 13, 14. Can this be any pleasure to a loving father? Why then will he do it? [Because God commands him, and because he really loves his child. Prov. iii. 12; Heb. xii. 7.] How should a child receive correction? [Mildly and humbly, praying to be the better for it. Prov. xxii. 15.]

Must not Eli have been much grieved about his wicked sons? Would not he love the pious child, who was so attentive and loving to him? Where did Samuel sleep? [In some room quite near Eli, so that he could hear him if he called for anything.] What is the meaning of verse 7? [God had not yet made himself known to Samuel by any vision or dream, as he used to do to the prophets. Num. xii. 6.] What happened one night, after Samuel had lain down to sleep? ver. 4. What did he think? ver. 5. Was he unwilling to get up to help the old man? [No, he *ran* to him.] How often did he do this? ver. 6, 8. What did this show? [His ready attention to his aged friend.] What did Eli then perceive? What would he feel sure of? [That Samuel was now chosen to be a prophet of the Lord.] What directions did he give him? How would Samuel feel, when he lay down again to listen? [Very solemn and anxious.]

Did God speak again? ver. 10. What did Samuel do and say this time? What did the Lord then say to him? [Very sad and solemn things about Eli and his family, ver. 11–14.]

Does God ever call children now, as he did Samuel? [Not in the same way.] *How* does he still call them to come to Jesus? [By his word—by the voice of their pious parents, ministers, Sabbath-school teachers, &c., and by the Holy Spirit making them *feel* the truth about sin and salvation in their hearts.] Have not you been often called in some of these ways? And what is your duty at such times? [To listen attentively and obey, like little Samuel.]

Was Samuel proud and puffed up because God had spoken to him? [Not at all.] How do we know this? [He goes quietly to his work in the morning, as if nothing had happened, ver. 15.] Is he in a hurry to tell Eli what the Lord had said? Why not? [Because he knew what pain it would give him.] Does Eli insist upon knowing? Does Samuel tell him everything at last? ver. 18. What should his conduct teach us? [Never be anxious to tell either your own praises, or what will give pain to any one; but tell the whole truth simply, whenever it is duty to do so.]

What is all Samuel's conduct to Eli an example of? [The honour and love which children should show to old people. Lev. xix. 32.] Why do the aged need help and kindness so much? [Because they are often so sad, and feeble, and lonely.] May not the young learn much from the old? Must not Samuel have learned much good from old Eli?

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What was Samuel publicly known to be after this? ver. 19–21. What was he in after life? [A great prophet and judge of Israel.] Did he live to be an old man? Was he much lamented when he died? 1 Sam. xxv. 1. What is the great lesson of his history? [The happiness of beginning from childhood to love and serve the Lord.]

Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read His word,
"Speak, Lord; I would obey
The voice that I have heard:"
And when I in his house appear,
"Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

Precept.—Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man. Lev. xix. 32.

Promise.—And even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you. Isa. xlvi. 4.

Prayer.—O Lord our God, we confess how often we are careless and inattentive, when thou art calling to us by thy word, in thy house of prayer, in the Sabbath school, or when we read and hear at home. O forgive our sins, and make us more earnest, more diligent, more anxious at all times to know and do thy holy will. We thank thee for thy great love and patience, in calling us still. Teach us to know thy voice, and obey it, like the lambs of the good Shepherd, and like little Samuel of old. Make us loving and useful like him to all our aged friends; and if *we* live to be old, may we be ever thy faithful servants, whom thou wilt comfort and support to the end. Forgive us, and hear us, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"IN A MINUTE."

WHAT do you think Johnny's birthday present was? A wheelbarrow. He was six years old. And how rich he felt! "Now I can wheel mother's things home from market," he said, "and I can help father, and do ever so many things." That is right. It is so pleasant to do little services for others, especially for our parents.

For two days he often asked, "Mother, what can I wheel for you?" But she had nothing to be wheeled, and so she said,—

"Thank you, Johnny; by-and-by I shall have something for you to do." Johnny wished it was now, and not by-and-by.

About four days after, Johnny with his barrow, and some boys, were down by the frog-pond at play. And what do you think they were wheeling? Four mud turtles which one of the boys found in the swamp. I do not know how much pleasure it gave the turtles, for they could not laugh and talk about it, but the boys had good fun.

In a little while Johnny's mother called him. He heard her call him the first time, and the second, but he was too busy to mind it. His sister then came to find him.

"Johnny, mother wants you to go down street and bring home some fish."

"Don't want to," answered he.

"Yes, but mother wants you to," said his sister.

"I'm taking my turtles to ride, and I can't," cried Johnny. "I don't want to."

"Come," cried his sister.

"In a minute," screamed Johnny.

How long do you suppose that minute was? It was nearly half an hour, and might have been a great deal longer, only he pitched into the mud; over went Johnny, wheelbarrow and all. "O dear, dear!" he cried, picking himself up and looking at his dirty clothes. *Now* he thought of mother. He could run to her fast enough, now that he had need of her help, but he could not go when she needed his. Oh, the selfish little boy! His conscience smote him. He was loath to show himself; but go home he must, for who would take care of such a pitiful-looking child but mother!

Home he trudged, leaving the boys to fetch his barrow. It was a sober walk. "O dear!" he cried, coming into the kitchen; indeed, he was almost ready to cry, partly from the mud, but most for fear of what his mother would say. She heard him and turned round.

"Come here, my child," cried his mother. Ah! that is mother; she is always ready to receive her child, however sad his plight. The mother took her boy, washed him, undressed him, and dressed him again in clean clothes. She did not talk much, but she was very kind and very sad too. Ah! she did not begrudge serving him. Johnny felt her kindness, and more and more he felt his own disobedience.

"Mother," at last he said, "I am going to kill my turtles."

"Why?" asked she.

"Because," cried Johnny, "because they would not let me go down street for you."

"Did the poor turtles beg you not to mind mother?" she asked.

"Not in so many words," answered Johnny, slowly; "but they seemed to say, 'Stay, stay a minute.'"

"And do you think it was the poor little turtles that said that?" asked his mother seriously.

Johnny hung down his head, as well he might, trying to throw the blame of his disobedience on the turtles, and not where it properly belonged, on his own naughty will. Adam and Eve did just so, when they did not mind God in the garden of Eden. Eve said it was the serpent who made her do wrong. You see wrong-doing is always cowardly, trying to make excuses, and throwing the blame upon somebody else. Is it not mean?

"Do you really think," asked Johnny's mother again, "that the poor little turtles are to blame for your not coming when mother called you? Do *they* deserve to be punished?"

"No," cried Johnny, finding it hard to stand his mother's look; "no, it was only I, naughty I. It was I that said, Stay, stay; and, mother, God punished me; and you made me feel bad, you were so kind;" and tears streamed down Johnny's cheeks. "Do let me go down street now for you, mother, do."

But his mother no longer needed the little service which he had begrudged her. The fish had come up. "Send me on some other errand," pleaded Johnny. But she had nothing now for him to do. And for all that day, and for days after, a sorrowful shadow rested upon the child's heart, for that lost opportunity of serving his dear, dear mother.

Don't you think he minded her very quickly next time?—*Boston Recorder.*

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II.—JOHN BORROW,

THE HONEST SHEPHERD-BOY.

I AM going to tell you something which happened in England. It is about a shepherd-boy, named John Borrow. It was a cold, wintry morning when John left his home as usual to tend the sheep of farmer Jones. In one hand John carried his frugal meal, and in the other he held a shepherd's crook. He walked briskly along, whistling as he went, now tossing with his feet the still untrodden snow, and then occasionally running back to slide where his own feet had made a way. Had you looked into the bright, sunny face of John Borrow, you would not have been surprised at his cheerful gait. His countenance bore the impress of a happy disposition and a warm, confiding heart.

John had been carefully brought up by his only surviving parent, a poor mother; he was her only son, and though she had many little daughters to share her maternal care, still she seemed to think that her first-born, the one who was to be the stay and support of the family, needed the most of her watchful love.

Hitherto John had not disappointed her; he was beloved by all for his open, frank manner, and his generous, honest heart, and he promised fair to become all that his mother had so earnestly prayed he might be.

But, while I have been telling you a little about our young friend, he, in spite of his playing a little by the way, has reached his destination. He first deposits his dinner in the trunk of an old oak, which always serves him for a closet; and then he begins to feed the poor sheep, who do not seem to enjoy the cold weather so much as himself.

John manages to spend a very happy day alone in the meadows with his sheep and his dog. Sometimes he tries how Pepper likes snowballing; sometimes he runs up to the windmill, not far off, to see if he can get any other little boys to come and play with him. This morning, however, he had a little more business to do than usual; he had to take the sheep to another fold, where they would be more sheltered from the wind. And just as he is in the act of driving them through the large field-gate, he sees farmer Jones coming towards him.

"John," exclaimed the farmer, as he came up to the other side of the gate, have you seen my pocket-book about anywhere? I was round here about half an hour ago, and must have dropped it."

"No, sir, I have not seen anything of it; but I'll look about if you like."

"That's a man, John. Be quick, for it's got money in it, and I don't at all wish to lose it. We will hunt together."

Whereupon they both separated, one going one way and the other another, with their eyes on the ground, searching for the missing treasure.

Presently John heard Mr. Jones calling him in a loud voice from the other end of the field.

John, thinking the book was found, came running with great alacrity; but, as he drew near the old oak where farmer Jones stood, he was taken somewhat aback to see the look of anger and suspicion depicted on his master's face; and still more was he surprised when he saw the missing book lying open by the side of his own dinner, and Mr. Jones pointing to it.

"Well, sir, what does this mean?" exclaimed the indignant farmer. "I thought you told me you did not know where it was!"

John, whose amazement at the strange circumstance was very great, and whose sense of honour was no less so, felt the colour mount to his cheeks as he replied,—

"Yes, sir, and I spoke the truth."

"Then how do you account for my finding it open in the trunk of an oak, close to your dinner?"

"That I cannot do; this only I know, that I did not put it there."

But Mr. Jones would not be convinced; the fact seemed to him so clear and so self-evident, for John acknowledged he had not seen any one else about there that morning. So, after severely reprimanding the poor boy, he dismissed him on the spot from his employment.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of poor John as he slowly found his way home that evening. To be deprived of the means of assisting his dear mother was bad enough; but to be suspected of lying and stealing was to simple, honest John almost too hard to bear. He consoled himself, however, with the thought, "Mother will believe me."

Yes, and his mother did believe him, and told him not to feel angry with farmer Jones, for appearances were certainly against him, and he did not know him as well as she did. "Besides," she added, "truth must come out some time or other."

And so it did, though it was months afterwards; and I will tell you how.

John had been long seeking another situation, but no one would take him, on account of the apparent blot on his character. This cost John many a tear and many a sigh, but he trusted that God would right him; and he was not discouraged.

One day he went to see a gentleman who had inquired for a lad to work in the garden. As usual, John told his story just as it was, and his face brightened when the gentleman said, "Then that must have been your dog I saw with a book in his mouth. I was riding through the field you mention one day some months back, and I saw a dog with a book in his mouth run and put his head into the trunk of an old oak."

John clapped his hands for joy, exclaiming, "I knew the truth would come out! Then Pepper—poor Pepper!—it was his kindness to me that caused all the trouble; he thought it was mine, and he took it to where I always kept my dinner; and then, I suppose, in dropping it into the hole it came open."

John lost no time in acquainting farmer Jones with these circumstances, who was very sorry for his suspicions, and wanted to take him back; but John, who saw some chance of promotion in the gentleman's garden, declined the favour.

John remained some time with his new master as garden-boy; but he became so great a favourite, both among the family and servants, that he was afterwards taken into the house, where he remained in the capacity of confidential servant to his kind master until his death. He never married, in order that he might be the better able to support his widowed mother and his four sisters.

See, my dear children, how true it is, that "all things work together for good to them who love God."—*S. S. Banner.*

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III.—THE TWIN SISTERS.

A FEW evenings since, I was asked by a friend to go with her to visit a sick child. On reaching the house, we were shown by the mother into a room, where, in a little low bed, were two pretty children of five years, twin sisters. The sick child had begged to be laid in her own bed beside her sister. The child was suffering from that terrible disease, croup, and the peculiarly hoarse breathing we heard told too well that her hours were numbered. The twin sister by her side, in full health, was talking to herself, all unconscious of the death sleep that was stealing over the other one. They were in their little bed together for the last time: for in the morning one would wake to this world, so beautiful in childhood, so full of hope; but the other, (ah, happier child!) would open *her* eyes on that world made so beautiful by the glory of the "Lamb, who is the light thereof," that "hath no need of the sun," where is no pain, nor sorrow, nor death.

It was a touching sight, those twin sisters in that little bed, side by side, so near to each other, yet so widely separated,—one almost within the gates of the city, and just about to walk its golden streets; the other left here to walk alone, perhaps long years, till the feet would grow weary, and she should long to be at rest.

Little children, do not be afraid when I tell you that death is always near you,—it is ever at your side, you have but to turn your eyes and you will see it. It comes to the playmate at school, who has his hand in yours, his head bending over the same book; to the teacher, who guides you in the way of knowledge; to the home you love, and takes, it may be, your father, or mother; ay, even to your little bed, and the sleeper at your side awakes in heaven. But will you remember this: there is one *as* near you, yes, *more near*—the blessed Lord Jesus. If you love *Him*, if you trust *Him*, death will not make you afraid, nothing can hurt you; even death will be but the entrance to life,—a life infinitely more blessed than this.

I saw this child the next evening. All was still: I heard no distressed breathing, I saw no sign of suffering on that sweet face, but a pleasant smile, that seemed to tell me she was in the arms of the gentle Shepherd,—

> "In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
> For all who are washed and forgiven;
> And many little children are gathering there,—
> For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Do you wonder, dear children, that I call this child the happier of the two? Is it not pleasant to think of her as being safe within the fold? Will not the kind Shepherd take better care of this lamb than her parents could?—*Evangelist.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THIRST AND WATER.

"WHOSOEVER *drinketh* of the water that I shall give him," said Jesus, "shall never thirst." Both the Old Testament and the New distinctly teach that grace offered by God may only increase the condemnation; it is grace accepted by man that saves. There is plenty in the fountain, for "God is love;" and yet you may thirst again and thirst for ever. There is plenty falling, for in Christ our Brother, and for us, all the fulness of the Godhead bodily dwells; and yet you may thirst again, and thirst for ever.

Thirst and water, the appetite and its supply, are fitted into each other like a lock and key in human art, or the seeing eye and the shining light among the works of God. In these pairs, either member is useless if it be alone. However exquisite in itself one side of the double whole may be, it is barren if it want its counterpart. Water can no more nourish fruit alone than dust; dust can no more nourish fruit alone than water. Let the dust be refreshed by water,—let water saturate the dust. The two apart were both barren: their union will be prolific. Thirst without water is merely pain: water without thirst is merely waste. It is when thirst receives water, water quenches thirst, that a substantial benefit accrues. We should carefully observe this inexorable law of nature, and learn that it reigns with all its rigour in the spiritual sphere. Men who personally reject the gospel seem to expect that the gospel will save them notwithstanding. Understanding cannot be a well-spring of life to him that hath it not. The terms are, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Even the love of God cannot offer more favourable terms than these, and it remains true, that those who will not take the water of life perish for want of it. At Jerusalem, in the days of his flesh, on the last day of the feast, Jesus uttered a great cry. It was a cry of fear and grief. It came from the breaking heart of the Man of Sorrows. He feared, as the feast days were passing, lest the time of mercy should run out, and those lingerers be lost. He who knew what is in man and before him, was anxious: they who knew neither themselves nor their Judge, were confident. He cried out: they kept silence. His cry was, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink" (John vii. 37). He saw the water of life poured out and running to waste. He saw, too, a multitude of lifeless, withered, perishing souls. What he desired to see in them was a thirst that would induce them to take the offered mercy. Alas! now when the Giver cries, the needy sit silent: a time will come when the needy will cry, and the great Giver will refuse to answer! The loss of a soul is an exceeding bitter thing at every stage of the process, from the beginning to the close. Now there is water, but no thirst: then there will be thirst, but no water. If these two be not joined in the day of mercy, they will remain separate through the night of doom. If God's cry, "Take, take!" be left echoing unanswered in heaven, man's cry, "Give, give!" will echo unanswered through the pit. If God's offer be barren in time for want of man's desire, man's desire in eternity will be barren for want of an offer to meet it from God.—*Arnot.*

II.—"LORD, THAT MINE EYES MAY BE OPENED."

SETTLE it for ever in your heart, that if you do not see your infinite need of a Saviour, and Christ's infinite fitness to be your Saviour, you are lost. Then cry to Jesus Christ to open your eyes. Salvation is by faith (Eph. ii. 8), and faith is by hearing (Rom. x. 17), and you have hearing, you do hear—hear that you are blind, and the wrath of God is on you (John iii. 36), and the vengeance of hell awaits you (Matt. xxv. 41), and none but Jesus Christ can save you (Acts iv. 12), and he can! (1 Tim. i. 15.) You hear that, and I pray you make speedy use of it, or *that* will be taken away, with every other sense and power, and this death in sin

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will deepen into death in hell—death in blindness and despair for ever!

I have seen Laura Bridgman, whom God sent into this world without sight, hearing, or the power of speech. She could see nothing, hear nothing, ask nothing. To her the very thunder has ever been silence, and the sun blackness. The tips of her fingers and the palms of her hands have been her eyes, and ears, and tongue. Yet that poor sickly girl knows much of the earth, and language, and numbers; of human relationships and passions; of what is, has been, shall be, should be; of sin, and death, and hell; of God, and Christ, and heaven. And all this has gone through the poor child's slender fingers, darkly feeling the fingers of another; and thus she tells her hopes, and fears, and sorrows. And if she, groping so blindly for the Saviour, finds him, and rests her weak hands on his lowly head,—that blessed head which bows lowly enough even for this,—O how will she rise up in judgment (Matt. xii. 41, 42) and condemn, with utter overwhelming, you, O sinners! upon whose souls every sense is pouring the knowledge of God, while your eyes read his holy word, and your ears hear, a thousand times over, these tidings of great joy,—even the glorious gospel of the blessed God! (1 Tim. i. 11.)—*Blind Bartimeus, by Dr. Hoge.*

III.—COMFORT AND COUNSEL.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I am well, and I verily count more of the sufferings of my Lord than of this world's lustre and over-gilded glory. I dare not say but my Lord hath fully recompensed my sadness with his joys, my losses with his own presence. I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys; my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with himself. Go on, my dear brother, in the strength of the Lord; put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed. We employ not his love, and therefore we know it not. Let us be faithful, and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for him; and lay Christ's part on himself, and leave it there. Duties are ours, events are God's. When our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to question God's providence, and beginneth to say—"How wilt thou do this and that?" we lose ground. We have nothing to do there. It is our part to let the Almighty exercise his own office.—*S. Rutherford.*

IV.—THE CLEARING OF THE CLOUDS.

There is nothing in what has befallen, or befalls you, my friends, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side; also, that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fulness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. Everything which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer,—nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually exists, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. If your life is dark, then walk by faith, and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

These things, however, I can say with no propriety to many. No such comforts or hopes belong to you that are living without God. You have nothing to expect from the revelations of the future. The cloud that you complain of will indeed be cleared away, and you will see that, in all your afflictions, severities, and losses, God was dealing with you righteously and kindly. You will be satisfied with God and with all that he has done for you; but alas! you will not be satisfied with yourself. That is more difficult, for ever impossible! And I can conceive no pang more dreadful than to see, as you will, the cloud lifted from every dealing of God that you thought to be harsh, or unrighteous, and to feel that, as he is justified, you yourself are for ever condemned. You can no more accuse your birth, your capacity, your education, your health, your friends, your enemies, your temptations. You still had opportunities, convictions, calls of grace, and calls of blessing. You are judged according to that you had, and not according to that you had not. Your mouth is eternally shut, and God is eternally clear.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

V.—THE GOSPEL AND THE INTELLECT.

Much of what is called education is only a power of deformity, a stimulus of overgrowth in the lower functions of the spirit, as a creature of intelligence, which overlooks and leaves to wither, causes to wither, all the metropolitan powers of a great mind and character. The first light of mind is God, the only genuine heat is religion, imaginative insight is kindled only by the fervours of holy truth, all noblest breadth and volume are unfolded in the regal amplitude of God's eternity and kingdom, all grandest energy and force in the impulsions of duty and the inspirations of faith. All training, separated from these, operates even a shortening of faculty, as truly as an increase. It is a kind of gymnastic for the arm that paralyzes the spine. It diminishes the quantity of the subject, where all sovereign quantity begins, and increases it only in some lower point, where it ends; as if building the trunk of a light-house stanch and tall were enough, without preparing any light and revolving clock-work for the top. Hence it is that so many scholars, most bent down upon their tasks, and digging most intently into the supposed excellence, turn out, after all, to be so miserably diminished in all that constitutes power. Hence, also, that men of taste are so often attenuated by their refinements, and dwarfed by the overgrown accuracy and polish of their attainments. No man is ever educated, in due form, save as being a man; that is, a creature related to God, and having all his highest summits of capacity unfolded by the great thoughts, and greater sentiments, and nobler inspirations of religion.—*Ibid.*

VI.—OPEN AIR PREACHING.

"As the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the Lake of Gennesaret."—Luke, v. 1.

Observe our Lord Jesus Christ's unwearied readiness for every good work. Once more we find him preaching to a people who "pressed upon him to hear the word of God." And where does he preach? Not in any consecrated building, or place set apart for public worship, but in the open air;—not in a pulpit constructed for a preacher's use, but in a fisherman's boat. Souls were waiting to be fed. Personal

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inconvenience was allowed no place in his consideration. God's work must not stand still.'

The servants of Christ should learn a lesson from their Master's conduct on this occasion. We are not to wait till every little difficulty or obstacle is removed, before we put our hand to the plough, or go forth to sow the seed of the word. Convenient buildings may often be wanting for assembling a company of hearers. Convenient rooms may often not be found for gathering children to school. What, then, are we to do? Shall we sit still and do nothing? God forbid! If we cannot do all we want, let us do what we can. Let us work with such tools as we have. While we are lingering and delaying souls are perishing. It is the slothful heart that is always looking at the hedge of thorns and the lion in the way (Prov. xv. 19; xxii. 13). Where we are and as we are, in season or out of season, by one means or by another, by tongue or by pen, by speaking or by writing, let us strive to be ever working for God. But let us never stand still.—*J. C. Ryle.*

VII.—"WENT ASIDE INTO A DESERT PLACE."

We are told that when the apostles returned from their first ministerial work, our Lord "took them and went aside privately into a desert place." We cannot doubt that this was done with a deep meaning. It was meant to teach the great lesson, that those who do public work for the souls of others, must be careful to make time for being alone with God.

The lesson is one which many Christians would do well to remember. Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation, and secret communion with God, are absolutely essential to spiritual health. The man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be *always* preaching, teaching, speaking, writing, and working public works, is, unquestionably, a sign of zeal. But it is not always a sign of zeal according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We *must* make time occasionally for sitting down and calmly looking within, and examining how matters stand between our own selves and Christ. The omission of the practice is the true account of many a backsliding which shocks the Church, and gives occasion to the world to blaspheme. Many could say with sorrow, in the words of Canticles, "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept" (Cant. i. 6).—*Ibid.*

VIII.—THE TRIAL OF OUR FAITH.

Till tried, we know not how little faith we have. Faith must be put in the scales with something very near our hearts—yes, with what is *nearest*, for it must still be "*more* than these." The furnace must be heated in proportion to the increase of our faith. Is it because God willingly afflicts? No, but the trial of faith strengthens; faith consumes its dross. The trial is precious to God, more precious than gold, because it shall endure. It is his riches, his treasure—precious to him is it to have proof from his child—"Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." Is not every painful providence a messenger direct from the throne to our hearts—a ministering spirit sent forth to the heirs of salvation? It brings this message—Now I will put home the question in a way that shall be felt. Are we ready to say, I could have borne anything but this? Then let us remember that the greatest kindness God can do us, is to heat the furnace to the utmost. He is in fact then saying, "*Great is thy faith.*" Little furnaces are for little faith. And is not trial valuable, even to earthly affection?

Do we not seize every opportunity to give proof to expressions of love? Oh! let us count the cost when we say, we believe. It is a word of deep meaning in the dictionary of God.

IX.—THE CHASE OF THE LOST.

Some years ago, a visitor at an insane asylum observed a woman pacing to and fro in a long passage. As she would reach the wall at either end, she would look eagerly for an object of which she appeared to be in search, and then, failing to find it, she would wring her hands, and moaning piteously, commence again the round. So it was that she passed each day and night, except during a few hours of exhaustion, when in her dreams the same sad search was kept up. She was a mother who had lost her child, and then, in her grief, had become deranged.

Such may be part of the eternal punishment of those who fix their hearts upon merely temporal pleasures. Let us take the love of money. Gold is hunted and gloated over, so that the lust of it becomes a controlling passion. But then comes the grave. *There are no pockets in the shroud.* Those who come after are eager enough to seize the wealth of him that goes. See the scene by his death-bed. The words he mutters are about his money. When his mind is recalled, and his lips are aroused from their torpor sufficiently to articulate, we find that it is in the eager hunt for money that he is still engaged. As the tree falls so it lies. The consuming passion of time will be the consuming passion for eternity. But there is this difference—in time there is an object to be seized. There may be a maniac pursuit, but there is also a maniac enjoyment. But it is otherwise in a lost eternity. There the money so long coveted is gone. The chase after it lasts for ever, but its enjoyment never comes. It is not necessary for us to call in imagination to describe the terrors of that state. It is enough for us to know that the passions of this life continue to rage in the heart desolated by them, while the objects of those passions are gone. It is an incessant agonizing alternation between a frenzied search and a still more frenzied despair.

X.—"AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

What we are to look for is, not grace for imaginary purposes, but for real; not grace for future difficulties, but present; or, as the apostle has it, grace to "help in time of need." It does not, therefore, follow, that what is formidable in the prospect, may be so in the event. You may fear death while living, and rejoice in it at last. "Is this," said Dr. Goodwin—"is *this* dying? Is this the enemy that dismayed me so long—now appearing so harmless—and even pleasant!"

XI.—A PLACE FOR PRAYER.

"Where do you find a place to pray in?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling ship. "Oh," he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the mast-head."

"Sam, do you find a spot for secret prayer?" asked a minister of a stable-boy. "Oh yes, sir; that old coach is my closet, and it is the best spot on earth." Where there is a heart to pray, it is easy enough to find a place.

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DR. JABEZ BUNTING.*

ONE afternoon, soon after the Conference of 1769, Richard Boardman, a Wesleyan preacher, who was on his way from Yorkshire by Bristol to New York, arrived at Monyash, "a small village of grey stone, which, with its old church, set in lime-trees, lies sleepily in a hollow, near the road by which the traveller passes from Buxton to Newhaven." He asked whether there were any Methodists in the place, and was directed to a cottager, who gladly received him for the night. "Of course, he preached." His text happened to be that curious passage in 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10, which tells that "JABEZ *was more honourable than his brethren*," &c. The truth spoken in connection with it reached the heart of a listener, *Mary Redfern*, who in 1778 married William Bunting, then settled as a tailor in Manchester, and who, when her first and only son was born, called him by the name which was indissolubly associated with the history of her own conversion.

The incidents in Dr. Bunting's life, so far as this first volume (the only one yet published) informs us, were not at all of an exciting or remarkable character. He was born May 13, 1779, in Newton Lane, Manchester, and was baptized in the Cathedral Church of that city in the July following. When he was very young his mother, a devout Methodist, carried him to Oldham Street Chapel, and presented him to Wesley, who solemnly blessed the lad. The blessing was a rich one. The child himself cherished it; and, in later years, often told how "he used to hear Wesley preach, frequently on Easter Sundays, and at six o'clock in the following mornings; and, these early services ended, to watch his departure in his carriage, on the accustomed round of labour." He appears to have received an excellent education. Under a Mr. Pope, "an apt, laborious, and affectionate teacher," he was instructed in the Septuagint and Greek Testament—the Greek and Latin Classics—English, Greek, and Latin Composition—the translation of French—the Psalter in Hebrew—Geography, Astronomy, and the elements of Natural Philosophy. Besides, when about sixteen years of age, he was received as an amanuensis or secretary into the house of Dr. Thomas Percival, a physician of high character and cultivation in Manchester, where he remained, enjoying many educational advantages, until he was of the age of twenty. At first it was designed that he should study medicine; and if he had carried out this purpose, the probabilities are that he would have attained more than a respectable position in the profession. But a growing conviction that he ought to devote himself to the work of the Christian ministry led him to engage in services which, while they took his heart off his medical studies, drew him on insensibly to occupations with which his whole life came in time to be engrossed. Early in 1798 he gave an exhortation to an out-door congregation in Salford. By-and-by he accepted a certificate, the tenor whereof follows:—"The bearer hereof, Jabez Bunting, is an approved *local preacher* here, and may be employed as such wherever he comes." And at last, after much thought and consultation, he resolved to abandon the medical profession entirely, and give himself up to the work of itinerancy. Having passed, accordingly, through the examination usual on such occasions, he was formally received by the Conference of 1799, as a "preacher on trial," and appointed to the Oldham Circuit. Our readers are probably all acquainted with the method adopted by the Wesleyans to maintain and extend religious ordinances. They divide the country into circuits. Each of these circuits is placed under the charge of a superintendent, and to aid him in the work, a staff of ministers, greater or smaller as the case may require, is appointed by the Conference annually. There is no such principle recognised as that of a congregation having its own fixed and stationary pastor, who from Sabbath to Sabbath, for an indefinite number of years, shall break unto the same people the bread of life. The circuit embraces a congeries of congregations; and the preachers, who besides may be removed at the end of twelve months, stand in precisely the same relation to all of them. One result of this arrangement is, that a great deal of work can be got even out of a young man with very few sermons in his desk, and very little time to prepare more; for one discourse can be carried through all the churches of the district. And, no doubt, this is the explanation of the otherwise extraordinary fact, that during the two years of his residence in Oldham, the youthful itinerant preached no fewer than *six hundred and fifty times!* If "practice makes perfection" in all cases, or even if that proverb can be applied in its most qualified sense to the business of preaching, Dr. Bunting, after such an apprenticeship, ought to have been to some extent at home in the pulpit. And, indeed, this appears to have been the fact. Before he left Oldham his popularity as a preacher seems to have been thoroughly established; and ever after, as the annual Conference approached, he was assailed with applications from all quarters to concur in petitions for his transference to particular circuits. The volume before us carries us over ten years more of his life, and during that period we find him labouring in succession in Macclesfield,

* The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D., with Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his son, Thomas P. Bunting. Vol. I. London, 1859.

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London, Manchester, Sheffield, and Liverpool. Throughout we follow his career with increasing interest. Traces of the fine catholic spirit by which Dr. Bunting was distinguished in his later years, appear at the very commencement of his ministry; and already we see before us the man who, by his calm and courteous manner, his clear and discriminating judgment, and his general weight of character, afterwards commanded the respect of good men of all denominations. So far, however, as this memoir has gone, its chief interest lies not so much in the central figure which is placed in the foreground, as in the collateral sketches which are given of the origin and history of English Methodism.

When Dr. Bunting commenced to preach, the Wesleyan could scarcely be spoken of as a separate church. The "plan of pacification," indeed, had been already enacted, and the right of the ministers to dispense the sacraments had been distinctly asserted; but in most places the services were held at such hours as prevented their interfering with those of the Church of England, and he himself was in the habit, not only of frequently attending, but even of communicating with congregations connected with the Establishment. Methodism, in the first instance, was simply a society within a church, the members of which had no special ecclesiastical theories to contend for. The revival of spiritual religion was their grand and only aim; and if afterwards they became incorporated into a self-sustained and self-acting body, the result was owing less to design on their part than to the pressure of providential circumstances. This one fact invests the story told in this book with singular interest. A stranger may turn away from the history of a *sect*, he may listen with languid attention while the rise of a particular denomination is described to him; but the appearance and early progress of Methodism in England are facts which belong to the general history of Christianity; and no one is surprised, either when an Irenæus Prime, in speaking of great spiritual movements, classes the Wesleyan awakening with those of Pentecost and the Reformation, or when a Christian philosopher, like Isaac Taylor, makes the same event a subject of special study. To be admitted then, as we are here, within the enclosure—to see early Methodism in actual operation—to follow from circuit to circuit one of its most distinguished itinerant preachers—and to be introduced by the way to all the men who are most identified with the system,—these are advantages which will be regarded by Christians of every name as of real value; and the biographer has our hearty thanks, at least, for securing them to us in a measure in the volume before us.

To ourselves one of the most attractive features in the book is its side gallery of Preachers' Portraits. Literature has not flourished greatly in the Connexion. It would, indeed, be something really wonderful if a minister, after preaching six hundred and fifty times in two years, should find time to contribute anything substantial to theology. But unfavourable as the system is for study, there have appeared some writers whose learning is recognised far beyond the pale of their own communion. Such names, for example, are those of Treffry, Adam Clarke, and Richard Watson; and it is with not a little interest, that in following the footsteps of Dr. Bunting, we come into intimate connection at least with the two latter. But if Wesleyanism has not produced many distinguished writers, it ought, undoubtedly, to have produced a large proportion of distinguished preachers. It is to the pulpit that the strength of the body has been given; and although it is true that many of the ministers have not received a liberal education, still, eloquence is so certainly a gift, and much learning is so little necessary to make a popular and effective preacher, that, taking the character of the system into account, it seems reasonable to look in this communion for an unusually decided manifestation of pulpit power. If we may accept the testimony of Dr. Bunting's biographer, this natural expectation was, at least in the early days of Methodism, actually realized. Some of the men of whom notices are given were well known beyond the circle of their own immediate denomination,—*Robert Newton*, for example, "the prince of Methodist preachers to the common people." But the greater number are probably strangers to all except Wesleyans. Still, the most of them are marked by such decided individuality of character, and the sketches are in general so well done, that after reading the accounts given of Benson, Lomas, Entwisle, Brettel, and others, the reader will feel that they are strangers to him no longer. We have been struck to find connected with the history of early Methodism, names which now hold a most honourable place in other denominations. An early friend of Dr. Bunting, and a member with him of the same Christian community, was Thomas Hartwell Horne. It is affirmed also that the pattern missionary, Henry Martyn, was trained a Methodist, his father having been at first attached to the Connexion. And to the same list belong, it would appear, Dr. Liefchild, the distinguished Congregational minister, and other well-known names. It is with no feeling of bitterness, but rather with thankfulness and satisfaction, that Mr. Bunting notes the transfusion of the Methodist element into other denominations than his own.

It would, perhaps, be a little out of place, if we were to attempt here a review of the characteristic operations of the Wesleyan system, as described in the volume before us. But we cannot leave the subject without at least noticing one or two points of general interest. "In this age of great cities" (this, his biographer tells us, was one of the latest counsels bequeathed by Jabez Bunting to his successors in the work of Methodism) "let not the claims of the few and destitute be forgotten—of the plain, impressible country folk, who still form the strength and staple of the English people." This advice was in entire consistency with the theory of Wesley, who sent his preachers "not so much to the masses already partially supplied with Christian ordi-

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nances, as to those who needed them most; and on many a broad parish, and into many a dark hamlet throughout the land, the doctrine of a personal, happy, and active religion flashed as with the brightness of a new revelation from heaven." The theory is, at the least, worth considering everywhere. The towns are fed from the country villages. Very often in those retired places, if there is less open vice, there is quite as much deadness in religion. And the question is certainly a debateable one, whether the churches in aiming at the evangelization of the cities, have not taken too little account of the importance of bringing special efforts to bear on the original sources of the population. If corruption flows out of the towns into the country, irreligion is also flowing from the country into the towns.

Christians everywhere are beginning to admit that without the more active help of the laity,—that is to say, (for the truth evidently just amounts to this,) without a more general and practical recognition of individual responsibility on the part of the private members of the Church,—the speedy establishment of the kingdom of Christ in the world is not to be expected. It is well known that this is a position which the Methodists maintained from the first. Their whole system is conducted on the principle of turning every available talent to account; and there cannot be a moment's doubt that their history would have been infinitely less important if this plan had not been followed. What the employment of the lay element, then, has done for them, and the abuses and defects of their organization in reference to that matter, are subjects which clearly deserve the attention of all evangelical denominations. The biography before us is an eminently candid and thoughtful book, and the author's remarks upon the topic in question will be read by many with interest and profit. For example, speaking of a question which has of late been discussed in many quarters, that of lay preaching, he says: "Economically, we are dependent to an immense extent upon the services of local preachers. . . . . But, surely, our dependence upon this great and necessary system should induce us to maintain, improve, and guard it. Are 'babes in Christ' never employed in tasks beyond their strength; and those whose nutrition should be the first care of the Church, set to play at nurturing others? . . . . As the powers of action gradually develop and mature, there are quiet occupations, such as old Methodists were content to spend their lives upon,—the cottage, the sick-bed, the work-house, the infirmary, the prison, and the prayer-meeting, with its unpretentious words of warning."

Although it is the peculiar glory of English Methodism that it penetrated into the remote rural districts, and provided the benefits of a preached gospel for many country parishes, which would else have remained dark as heathen Africa, the system has rendered a not less important service in some of those manufacturing districts, where a sudden and extensive increase of population had created an alarming dearth of the ordinary means of grace. "The historians of our country," says Mr. Bunting, "have failed to tell how Methodism, with its simple agencies for the conversion of the common people, attended upon the rise of the manufacturing system, and in the dearth or famine of all other provision, made safe and beneficial the vast and sudden increase of the population, and of its means of wealth."

We had marked many other passages, connected alike with the personal walk of Dr. Bunting and the suggestive history of the denomination which he adorned; but, in the meantime, our limits are exhausted. In some other form we may return to the latter topic. At any rate, we shall have an opportunity of saying something further upon both points when the second volume of this valuable biography makes its appearance.

N. L. W.

BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—THE BOOK OF JOB.

[From Dr. Hamilton's Introduction to the magnificent illustrated and annotated edition of the Book of Job, issued some years ago by Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.

During this interval, the tidings of what had happened in the land of Uz had spread over the neighbouring regions, Teman and Naamah, and the country of the Shuhites, and three of Job's friends "made an appointment" to go together and try what they could do to comfort him. But at the first sight of his peerless misery, they were utterly appalled. Disfigured by disease, and despoiled of all his grandeur, they did not instantly recognise him, and when they found that in very deed this bloated lazar on the dust-heap was their old friend, whom they had so often seen radiant with happiness, and moving in the midst of his magnificence, they could only give vent to their feelings in a paroxysm of tears. "They lifted up their voice, and wept." And then, rending their garments, as a token of mourning, they took their places in silent sympathy beside the sufferer.

A week transpired before a word was spoken. Of the condoling visitors none had courage to commence, for none felt that he had any prescription equal to this mighty sorrow. Day after day they resumed their place, listening to the groans of their stricken friend, and musing on a revolution which stumbled their faith in Job, if it did not perplex their piety. At last, on the seventh day, a passionate outburst of the poor invalid broke the silence,—"Perish the day in which I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived!" But this bitter denunciation drew forth no echo. It rather confirmed a suspicion which had been simultaneously arising in the minds of all the three, and deepened

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their conviction that Job was not so good a man as they had once supposed. And, taking the initiative, Eliphaz, the oldest and ablest of the party, endeavoured to rouse the conscience of his friend. On the principle, "Who ever perished being innocent?" he hinted that there must be some crime, known only to himself, which had brought on him this awful visitation; and, with evident kindness, although on this erroneous assumption, he urged the sufferer to repent, and so profit by the chastisement. But Job's conscience was void of offence. In all his history he knew that there was no such crime as that to which Eliphaz pointed. He felt that, tried by man's standard, he had done no more to merit his misery than his sleek and comfortable companions, who had left their goods in peace; and to him such insinuations were as irritating, as to them was Job's denunciation of his destiny. Accordingly the controversy commenced. In eight orations, if not nine, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar endeavoured to convict Job of some secret fault or great transgression; whilst, as a man amongst his fellow-men, Job held fast his integrity, and would not let it go. In this he was triumphant. His visitors at last were silenced, and, as far as concerns vindication at a human tribunal, Job was victor. But just at this stage a new speaker struck in. A young man named Elihu, who had listened to the whole debate, now that his seniors had ceased, begged a hearing. On the one hand he felt that Job's visitors had been harsh, and that it was unfair to keep constantly urging against their afflicted friend the charge of hypocrisy and prodigious wickedness; but he also thought that the eagerness of Job's self-assertion amounted to an impeachment of the Almighty. In his long and fervid interpellation, he therefore sought to lift Job's thoughts from his fellow-men to his Maker, whose eye is so pure as to see sin where man does not see it, but whose heart is so kind that he afflicts only for the sufferer's profit. But whilst Elihu is yet descanting, a tornado is seen to gather. Amidst the swoop of the lightning and the roll of the thunder, the audience cannot listen, the speaker is unable to proceed. The Lord himself is at hand; and with a blaze of his excellent glory he brings to the dust the various disputants; with a crash of articulate omnipotence he concludes the controversy. And then, when every mouth is stopped,—when the sturdy self-assertor "repents in dust and ashes," and when the measurers of infinite wisdom are made to feel their minuteness,—we are allowed to see "the end of the Lord: that he is very pitiful,"* and whilst we rejoice with the patriarch in his brimming cup and redoubled blessings, we revert with satisfaction to the defeat of the adversary and the exultation of the sons of God.

This last element is too much forgotten by the readers and expounders of the book. So to speak, Job's history is a drama enacted under the eye of angel spectators. They are present at the beginning; we are reminded of them towards the close (xxxviii. 7); they are doubtless ministering spirits joyfully interposing at the end. In the endurance of Job they learn a great lesson. They see the impotence of Satan against a saint of God. They see that the great dragon who overturned the tall cedars of Eden cannot pluck up a shaking reed in Christ's garden. They see that as long as the Mediator lives in his members, it will be impossible to torture a Job out of his allegiance, or madden a believer into blasphemy. And whilst they are confirmed in their own loyalty, they are comforted by this example of triumphant constancy. Job is "seen of angels;" and in the steadfastness which neither diabolical cruelty, nor wifely urgency, nor the exasperating misconstructions of friends can move to "curse God," are made known to "principalities and powers in heavenly places" the manifold riches of upholding and preserving grace.

On the other hand, whilst this consideration adds solemnity and importance to the *denouement*, it gives a new significance to the dialogue. Each party has its own hypothesis. A silent but most active personage, Satan, seeks to render Job suspected by his friends: whilst in Job's mind he tries to awaken dark thoughts of Jehovah; his main object being all along to extort the wicked word, and wring from the writhing victim a curse against his Maker. But neither Job, nor his three friends, nor Elihu allows himself to entertain hard thoughts of the Most High. The three friends have their own theory. They hold that suffering is always penal; wherever the bolt descends, guilt is the attraction. Elihu holds that pain is purgatorial—intended to reveal secret faults and restore to the paths of righteousness; wherever there is gold to purify, there must be a refiner and a furnace. And both these theories—the *vindictive* or *retributionary* theory of the friends, and the *corrective* or *disciplinary* theory of Elihu—have a certain amount of truth, but neither is exhaustive, and both are dangerous in their personal application. Even Elihu did imperfect justice to the patriarch; and it was only when he himself appeared as his own vindicator, that justice was done to the cause of Jehovah. It was only then that it fully appeared how, in accounting for the proceedings of a Sovereign whose dominions are Immensity, any explanation must be inadequate which confines its regard to one creature or one race; and that, in every case of suffering, there is a mystery whose full solution belongs to the secret things of the Eternal. And, having given this deliverance, the veil is for a moment lifted, and in Satan's discomfiture, and Job's redoubled happiness, we are allowed a glimpse of the "end of the Lord" in the patriarch's afflictions.

* James v. 11,—the key to the book, which inspiration itself has supplied.

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II.—MISCELLANEOUS SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the second Number of the *American Theological Review* (kindly forwarded to us by the accomplished editor, Dr. Smith), we find an article on "The Land and the Book," from which we transfer the following paragraphs. The writer has evidently himself visited Palestine, and his additions to Dr. Thomson's illustrations, though slight in extent, are interesting and valuable.

THE SYCAMORE.

THERE is an illustration near the opening of Dr. Thomson's work which is beautiful and appropriate. As the whole is too long for quotation, we will indicate the main points established by the author. First, he shows that the sycamore is the same with the sycamine tree; and that neither is the mulberry, as many critics maintain. (Dr. Royle, in "Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," asserts that the sycamine is different from the sycamore, and is the black walnut.) Then he brings out with great clearness and force the meaning of no less than six different passages of Scripture. It is a tree generally planted by the wayside, with giant arms, stretching often quite across the road. This accounts for its being chosen by Zaccheus, as at once easy to climb and also affording a good view of the Saviour as he passed along (Luke xix. 4). Again, the fruit is small, very insipid, and used only by the poorer classes. Hence a gatherer of sycamore fruit would belong to the humbler classes, as Amos implies (Amos vii. 14). The tree also strikes its roots to a great depth, and in size they correspond with the large branches above; thus giving great force to the words of Christ (Luke xvii. 6), "Say to this sycamine tree, *Be thou plucked up by the roots.*" But the mulberry tree, with which some confound it, is more easily uprooted than any other tree of the same size in the country. The author might have added, that its heavy branching top gives great force to the additional statement of our Lord, "Be thou planted in the sea:" for it is not, Be thou *cast* into the sea, there to float and wear away; but, Be thou *planted* there, to grow and flourish;—a beautiful illustration of the seeming impossibilities wrought by the power of faith, as Stier says, in his "Words of Jesus" (iv. 258): "It is a perfect impossibility in the course of nature, and so is a type and symbol of the spiritual, supernatural abiding of believers firm in the tumultuous shifting sea of this world, full as it is of offence and sin." The wood of this tree is soft and of little value, thus illustrating the meaning of Isaiah ix. 10 and 1 Kings x. 27. And, last of all, it grows only on the low plains, and cannot bear the cold of the mountains. Dr. Russell omits it altogether from his list of trees round Aleppo: it cannot live in a plain so far north as that. This shows how it was one of the wonders wrought in Egypt, that their sycamores were destroyed with frost (Ps. lxxviii. 47). Dr. T. might have added to these 1 Chron. xxvii. 28: "Over the sycamore trees in *the low plains* was Baal-hanan."

THE PALM.

Another tree described by Dr. Thomson is the palm. Its stem, tall, slender, and erect, illustrates the force of the expression, "Thy stature is like to a palm tree" (Canticles vii. 7). The custom of planting these trees in courts of temples and palaces illustrates the passage, "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God" (Ps. xcii. 13). The first palm tree we ever saw was growing in the court of the Jacobite church of Bertulla, where it had been sheltered from the severe cold that had, only a few winters before, killed most of its companions in the regions round about. This was then loaded with large clusters of dates, almost ripe, which were enclosed in bags to protect them from the ravages of a species of hornet, that otherwise would destroy the fruit. The next verse, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age," is beautifully illustrated by the palm tree, which grows slowly and steadily from century to century, uninfluenced by the alternations of the seasons, and patiently yielding its large clusters of golden fruit from generation to generation. It is well known that the palm branch is an emblem of victory and rejoicing; and it is a pleasant fact, related in these pages, that "they are often woven into an arch, and placed over the head of the bier which carries man to his long home, and speaks sweetly of victory and eternal life."

"THEY SHALL SEE EYE TO EYE."

Dr. Thomson gives an interesting illustration of the passage, "Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice, with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion" (Isa. lii. 8). Expositors have felt the inappropriateness of an allusion to the sentinels of an army or beleaguered fortress in such a connection, but have not known how else to explain it. Professor Alexander says, *in loco*, "Because the prophets are elsewhere represented as watchmen on the walls of Zion, most interpreters attach that meaning to the figure here; but the restriction is *unnecessary*, since the application of a metaphor to one object does not preclude its application to another; and *objectionable*, as it mars the unity and beauty of the scene presented, which is simply that of a messenger of good news drawing near to a walled town, whose watchmen take up and repeat his tidings to the people within;"—yet he still makes the watchmen sentinels on the walls of the town. But the illustration of Dr. T. is much more in unison with the quiet rural beauty of the preceding verse, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!" The vineyards are usually on the terraced side of a hill, and as they are often far from the village, and always unfenced, they must be carefully guarded. The watchmen take their stand on the highest points, so that the eye of one surveys the whole up to the point reached by the eye of the next; and in case of alarm the watchman lifts

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up a loud cry at the very top of his voice, which is responded to by all the rest. How much more beautiful and appropriate for the good news, "when the Lord shall bring again Zion," to be communicated by these watchmen of the vineyards, than by grim warriors of the camp! One cannot help wishing that the author had told us whether the gentler sex are ever employed as *natûrs;* for if they are, it would illustrate the complaint of the bride, "My mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards,"—Heb. *notaerah*, the feminine form of *notaer*, identical with the Arabic *natûr* (Sol. Song, i. 6). But he only speaks of *grape gatherers* of every age and sex.

ALL NATIONS "OF ONE BLOOD."

Sometimes in these volumes we stumble across an illustration of the truth of Scripture which is not noticed as such. Witness the statement concerning the slaves of an Arab emir, on the east side of the Sea of Galilee, who had belonged to the family for so many generations that their complexion had softened into the bronze of the genuine Arab, and the negro features were almost obliterated;—which might have been noted as a Syrian testimony to the truth of the scripture, now doubted by many, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth"(Acts xvii. 26).

THE FIR-TREE.

The Hebrew *berosh* has been translated in a variety of ways. Our version generally calls it the fir tree; Celsius renders it the cedar; and Rosenmuller and others, the cypress. Dr. Royle, in Kitto, decides in favour of this last rendering; but Dr. Thomson maintains that it is the pine of Lebanon. "This tree the Arabs call snubar; and, in my opinion, it is the Hebrew *berosh*, concerning which there is so much confusion in the various translations of the Bible. I suppose that berosh is the generic name for the pine, of which there are several varieties on Lebanon. Cypress is rarely found there, but pine everywhere, and it is *the* tree used for beams and rafters. *Ers* is the distinctive name for the cedar; *berosh* for the pine."

THE APPLE-TREE.

Dr. Thomson says: "Askelon is especially celebrated for its apples, which are the largest and best I have seen in the country. When I was here in June, a caravan started for Jerusalem, loaded with such as would not have disgraced even an American orchard. Dr. Kitto (Dr. Royle in the 'Cyclopædia of Bib. Lit.') has laboured in several of his works to prove that the Hebrew word taffûah (better *tappûah*) means citron; but this strikes us as one of his least happy criticisms. The Arabic word for apple, *tiffah*, is almost the same as the Hebrew, and is as perfectly definite, to say the least, as our English word, and just as well understood; and so is that for citron. But this is a comparatively rare fruit. Citrons are also very large, weighing several pounds each, and are so hard and indigestible they cannot be used, except when made into preserves. The tree is small and slender, and must be propped up, or the fruit will bend it to the ground. Nobody ever thinks of sitting under its shadow (Cant. ii. 3), for it is too small and straggling to make a shade. I cannot believe, therefore, that this is the tree there spoken of. Indeed it can scarcely be called a *tree* at all, much less be singled out as among the choice trees of the wood. As to the smell (Cant. vii. 8) and colour (Prov. xxv. 11), all the demands of these passages are met by the apples of Askelon; and no doubt in ancient times, and in royal gardens, their cultivation was far superior to what it is now, and the fruit larger and more fragrant. Let *taffûah* (*tappûah*) therefore stand for apple, as our noble translation has it."

"MAKE THEM LIKE A WHEEL."

Scholars have usually rendered galgal, chaff or stubble in Ps. lxxxiii. 13. Our version translates it, "O my God, make them like *a wheel*." The same word in Isa. xvii. 13, is rendered, "They shall be chased *like a rolling thing* before the whirlwind." These volumes furnish an amusing and doubtless the correct explanation of the word; much better, at least, than Jarchi, "ball of thistle down," or Gill's "round wisp of straw." They tell us that the wild artichoke forms a globe of about a foot in diameter, and that when dry it is very light, and breaks off at the ground to follow the impulses of the storm. Once on the plain of Hamath, Dr. T.'s horse became quite unmanageable among thousands of them that rolled and bounded along on the wings of the wind. Though his eyes were half blinded with the stubble and chaff that filled the air, yet the extraordinary movements of this "rolling thing" riveted his attention. Bounding like gazelles in one direction, they would suddenly wheel round at the bidding of a counter blast, and dash away with equal speed on their new course. One of the many forms of Arab imprecation runs thus: "May you be whirled like this plant before the wind, till you are caught in the thorns or plunged into the sea." Well may our author add: "If this is not the wheel of David, and the rolling thing of Isaiah, I have seen nothing in the country to suggest the comparison."

"THE MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM."

Most are accustomed to understand that beautiful passage, Ps. cxxv. 2, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," as a picture of a high wall of defence on every side. Dr. Thomson says: "None of the surrounding hills, not even Olivet, has any relative elevation above the north-western corner of the city. But Jerusalem is the centre of a mountainous region, whose valleys have drawn around it a perfect net-work of deep ravines, the

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perpendicular walls of which constitute a very efficient system of defence. The *ravines* on the three sides of the city might be made an important protection, but the *mountains*, whose rugged ramparts and impracticable passes secured the tranquillity of Zion, are at a distance."

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Many a traveller, who, like ourselves, has wandered about the Garden of Gethsemane, glad to find at least one place free from the intrusion of superstition, a quiet spot where the soul could enjoy thoughts of what had been there, undisturbed by the lying impostures of the present, will be surprised to hear that our good missionary doubts the authenticity of the location altogether. His words are: "The authenticity of this sacred garden Mr. Williams says he chooses rather to believe than to defend. I do not even believe." This is rather startling to our cherished associations; but it is some consolation to think it is not the true Gethsemane, when we read a few lines below, that "the Latins have succeeded within a few years in gaining sole possession, and have erected a high wall around it, while the Greeks have invented another site a little to the north." Our author thinks that both are wrong, that the position is too near the city, and too close to the public road for retirement on that memorable night, and adds, "I am inclined, therefore, to place the garden in the secluded vale several hundred yards to the north-east of the present site, and hidden, as I hope for ever, from the idolatrous intrusion of all denominations."

FOLLOW ON.

"WALK on," says the generous and holy Leighton, "in the way of God's commands, though it be with weak and tottering steps. 'Nay, but,' you say, 'I cannot, I can but creep.' Well, then, *even creep*, so you are only *in* that path and *going forward* in it. Creeping will bring you strength to walk, and finally to run, yes, to mount up with wings as an eagle."

We have not given his remark in form, but in substance. Many long years ago it met our eye in one of the fainting turns of our own spiritual life. It gave us strength. May it do the same for you!

Arago says, in his Autobiography, that his master in mathematics was a word or two of advice which he found in the binding of one of his text-books. Puzzled and discouraged by the difficulties he met with in his early studies, he was almost ready to give over the pursuit. Some words which he found on the waste leaf used to stiffen the cover of his paper-bound text-book, caught his eye and interested him. "Impelled," he says, "by an indefinable curiosity, I dampened the cover of the book and carefully unrolled the leaf to see what was on the other side. It proved to be a short letter from D'Alembert to a young person disheartened like myself by the difficulties of mathematical study, and who had written to him for counsel. 'Go on, sir, go on,' was the counsel which D'Alembert gave him. 'The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness on your path.'"

"That maxim," says Arago, "was my greatest master in mathematics." Following out those simple words, "*Go on, sir, go on*," made him the first astronomical mathematician of his age. What Christians it would make of us! what heroes of faith, what sages in holy wisdom should we become, just by acting out that maxim, *Go on, go on!*

"Then shall we know, if we *follow on* to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning." If the world should refuse to open its eye to the day, because it does not begin with noon instead of the first faint struggles of twilight with the dominion of darkness, it would lose the day altogether. So with the soul which does not admit with humble and thankful gladness the first flush of the spiritual dawn, the first beams of that "true Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world." It remains in perpetual night—a night which passes at last into the blackness of darkness. But admitting and rejoicing in these morning rays, we enter on that "path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Francke, it is said, was so full of doubts and misgivings when he began to pray, that he could only say, "O God, if thou art, reveal thyself to me." Yet that faith, so weak at first, grew by praying and trusting, and those verifications which God never fails to give to his own promises, to such a heroic strength as few examples in the history of the Church have equalled. The Orphan House at Halle and many other noble Christian works attest to this day the power of those maxims, "*Try it!*" "*Go on, go on!*"—when they are transferred from the sphere of nature to that of faith.

Such is the grace and kindness of our heavenly Father, that he takes our weak beginnings, and putting into them the certainty of his own immutable purpose and the strength of his omnipotent grace, he bestows on them the fulness of heavenly blessing. He even, "discerning our thought" of penitence and return "afar off," comes toward the returning soul, longing to embrace his wandering but now sorrowful child. "Thou *meetest* him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember thee in thy ways." The prodigal said, "I will arise and go to my father,"—and "*while he was yet a great way off*, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, and said, This my son was dead, and is alive again."

Only *try it*. Oh, *taste* and see that the Lord is good. The first "taste" will tempt you to deeper draughts. The first *trial* will, by the grace of God, encourage you to further efforts, and final perseverance.

Try it. The very *experiment* is attended with more true enjoyment than the highest worldly *success*. Search

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the Scriptures. Ask for the Holy Spirit to open your heart to their light and power. Confess your sins, your darkness, lethargies, averseness. Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world! Sit at the feet of Jesus and hear his words.

If there were only one chance in ten thousand of success, the *trial* would be the wisest putting forth of time and effort you have ever made; but since the mouth of the Lord hath said, *Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth*—the success is as completely certain as it is blessed and glorious.—*Independent.*

A DEATH-BED.

FROM A TOURIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE evening sunlight stole through the window, and fell upon his pale and wasted face. It might have been only fancy, it might have been only the gilding of the mellow rays, but as my friend entered the sick man's room, he thought he could discern an expression of deep melancholy upon the thin lips of the sleeper. One emaciated hand hung over the bed-side. You could have counted the blue veins in it.

"Il povero signore," said the landlady, "ha passato la notte senza riposo. I am afraid," she continued, "that he will ne'er see the Carnival."

The minister gently advanced to the chair at the bed-side, and sat down. Stray words, at intervals, slowly burst from the sleeper's lips. The minister caught but one or two. "Mother" was slowly breathed out, and a few tears trickled down the wasted face. The murmuring of the sea upon the beach stole in through the window, and a sweet perfume from the orange trees outside the vine-wreathed finestra. The sleeper turned uneasily, then opened his eyes, and made a slight motion as if he wished to sit up in the bed.

"I heard that a countryman of mine was ill; I thought he would have no objection to see a clergyman,—may I add, a friend? How do you feel yourself now?"

The words were few, yet there was something so kind-hearted in the look which accompanied them, and in the way in which they were uttered, that the poor young fellow burst into tears. He tried to check his tears, but somehow or other the more he endeavoured to do so, the more they would flow through his thin, wasted fingers. "I feel at times so very lonely," he said, as if apologizing for his emotion. "And yet, although I may say that I have scarcely any friend or relative now, I have one Friend; and, oh! sir, only for this Book, what would become of me at times?"

There was a something in the manner in which he drew a small well-worn Bible from beneath his pillow, and in the tears which fell upon its pages, that my friend felt as if he could not utter an articulate word; he turned away, and looked out of the window for a moment.

"It is, in truth, most kind of you, sir, to come to see me." My friend turned round, and took out his Bible, and read and prayed along with him; and then, having asked him if he wished for anything that he could procure for him, and telling him that he would see him soon again, pressed his hand and left him.

My friend fulfilled his promise, and day after day he was by the bed-side of the young man, who was evidently wasting fast away. His story was a sadly simple one. He was the son of a man eminent for his piety, who, however, was dead some time since; and the young man, who held a situation in a bank, was attacked by consumption. He gathered his little money together, and set off for Nice, as a last hope. Passing through France, he fell sick, and was confined to bed for some time, and at last reached Nice weak and weary.

My friend ascertained from the poor fellow that his money was but little, some twenty pounds; and it seemed to distress him greatly that his little stock would be soon exhausted; that ere he might himself depart, his money might be gone. Poor fellow, he was quite alone in the world. My friend speaking about him, mentioned the young man's name to a brother minister, who burst into tears when he heard it. "His father was an old friend of mine," he said. My friend soon contrived to set the young man's mind at rest about money matters. He is one of those who can delicately effect that which another would give a sense of obligation in the performance of. The poor fellow day after day grew weaker. One evening, when my friend called, he was propped up in bed. His eyes were fastened upon the pages of the Bible; but at the noise of the approaching footsteps he looked up, and a glance of grateful feeling gleamed from his bright eyes.

"Well, sir, I think my time is now very short. I cannot describe how your kindness has sweetened my exile here. I cannot, but there is One who will reward you for it."

The sweet perfume of the orange and citron trees was wafted through the room; the evening sunlight fell upon the floor; and the sounds of distant music faintly came upon the ear. "Is it not a glorious scene; and yet, dear sir, I am fast hastening to a far more glorious land. Perhaps you would read, sir, that little hymn for me,—'Happy they who trust in Jesus.' I feel its truth now indeed."

My friend sat down and opened the little hymn-book. It had evidently been well pondered over, for it unclosed at the hymn he was in search of. He began to read; and as these words were uttered, the dying man's eyes lighted up with joy:—

"Since His love and mercy found you,
Ye are precious in his sight;
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands now be put to flight,—
But his presence
Keeps you safe by day and night."

"Oh, blessed Lord Jesus, how great has been thy

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love to me! Oh, dear sir, how often have I been tempted to despair! how often have I thought that God had abandoned me! and then how sweetly have I felt the everlasting arm around me, and heard his gracious promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!' Oh, dear sir, I am very fast hastening away, but I feel that all my sins are washed away by the blessed blood of the Lamb." He turned round—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

He raised himself in the bed, and then gently fell back again. My friend bent over him. The spirit was standing before the throne of its Redeemer.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A head-stone in the grave-yard of the British church marks his last resting-place. The rose and the cactus mingle round the mound; and the step of strangers from far distant lands oft lingers by his grave, as the congregation assemble at the hours of prayer. Many a feeble foot and hectic cheek passes into that house of our dear heavenly Father. Many a sorrowful heart enters there to seek some balm for its deep wound. Many a weak invalid feels how precious in truth is now the beauteous Litany of his Church; for, joining in it, he remembers no more the orange groves, and waving palms, and deep blue Mediterranean, but is present once again in his dear fatherland, and kneels once more in the village church, with sister and brother by his side;—and as the hot tears fall down his wasted cheek, he knows that though he is passing through the waters, God is with him; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow him; though he is walking through the fire he shall not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon him; because He hath said, "I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine."

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXIII.—DUTY OF FORGIVENESS—PARABLE OF THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

MATT. xviii. 21–35.

The Duty of Forgiveness.—Ver. 21. Where had Christ formerly taught the duty of forgiveness? Matt. vi. 12, 14, 15. How often did Peter think an erring brother should be forgiven? What did the Jewish doctors think as to this? [Founding erroneously on Amos i. 3, &c., they laid down that *three* offences should be forgiven, but not the fourth.]

Ver. 22. How often did Christ say we should forgive? What does this mean? [We should be ready to forgive *times without number*. See how far Christ goes beyond man's utmost thoughts!] Is this spirit of forgiveness common? Would not the world be infinitely happier if it were common? Is it a grace that can flourish in the unconverted heart?

Parable of the Unmerciful Servant.—Ver. 23. What is meant by "taking account of his servants?" With what had the servants been intrusted? What great coming transaction of the same sort may this bring to mind? Of what has every one of us to give account?

Ver. 24. What was the value of this debt in our money? [Probably two or three millions of pounds sterling.] How could a servant incur so vast a debt? [He had probably been intrusted with collecting the public revenues, and acted carelessly as well as dishonestly in his trust.] Why is the debt represented as so very great? [To denote the overwhelming amount of the sinner's debt to God.]

Ver. 25. In what respect does our state correspond to this servant's, when "he had nothing to pay?" What was the result? Were the Jews allowed to make slaves of their debtors? [Only for a limited time, and subject to many humane regulations. See Lev. xxv. 39–46.] Who were to be sold along with him? [Observe, the *family* are included in the *head*, and share his calamities or blessings.] Give other instances of this. Gen. vii. 1. Judges ii. 18; vii. 24, 25. Rom. v. 18.

Ver. 26. What effect had this sentence upon the servant? [It humbled and overwhelmed him.] What was his request to his lord? Was it at all likely that he would be able to do what he said? Can any of us ever say with truth to God, "I will pay thee all?" Are we ever disposed to say so? When men are first made to see their lost state, what do they often look to first for pardon? What *ought* we to trust to? Titus iii. 5.

Ver. 27. Did his lord accept of the servant's offer to pay all? What, then, did he do? In what way does God act towards the humbled and overwhelmed sinner? Show how God in this verifies his claim to the title given him in Eph. iii. 20.

Ver. 28. What is denoted by the words, "the servant *went out?*" [Left his lord's presence, and came away from the good influence it was fitted to have—corresponding to our "going out" from the spiritual presence of God in prayer and holy exercises, forgetting what we have learned there—following our own ways and the course of the world.] What amount of debt did the fellow-servant owe? What is denoted by the smallness of it? [That our sins against man are as nothing to our sins against God.] In what spirit did the forgiven servant ask the payment of his debt?

Ver. 29, 30. Compare this with ver. 26, and what do you remark? Might not this have reminded the unmerciful servant of his own position? Had it any such effect? How did he treat his debtor?

Ver. 31. Who are represented by these "fellow-servants?" ["The praying people of God, who plead with him against the oppression and tyranny in the world."] Give an instance. Ps. lxxix. What feelings should the sight of sin raise in our breasts? Ps. cxix. 136.

Ver. 32, 33. Into whose presence had the wicked servant again to come? What question did his lord ask him? Had he any answer to offer to it? What was he convicted by? [His

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own conscience condemned him.] Must not his lord's presence have made his conduct appear much worse than he had thought it before? [And so, what a black aspect will God's presence impart to our lives and our sins, when we are called before Him! Learn to view everything as in God's presence *now*. To uncover our sins to Him is the only way of getting them effectually covered. Ps. xxxii. 5.]

Ver. 34. Who were "the tormentors?" [Debtors often concealed their wealth, and were subjected to torture, in order that they might reveal it.] Was not the servant's punishment thus greater than before? Why was it so? [It was aggravated by the guilt of unforgiveness.]

Ver. 35. What doom will an unforgiving temper bring upon us? From what must our forgiveness come? What does this mean? [We must feel as kindly towards the offender as if he had done us no wrong. What will greatly help the Christian to this feeling? [Remembering how he has been treated by God.]

Observe, now, in this parable—1. On what terms and in what spirit does God forgive? ver. 27. 2. Whether does God forgive men *because* they have forgiven others, or *that they may* forgive others? ver. 33. 3. If we are not freely and fully forgiven, what does the law demand of us? ver. 25. 4. If we are of unforgiving temper, may we cherish the hope that we have been forgiven? 5. What is the strongest motive to forgiveness? ver. 33.

DUTY.—God's Name is to be Hallowed.

Exod. xx. Deut. xxviii. Ps. xcix. Prov. xxx. Matt. vi. 1 Tim. vi.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. VI.

MEPHIBOSHETH.—2 Sam. iv. 4.

Was Mephibosheth a poor boy? [No, he was born a prince.] Who was his grandfather? Was Saul a good king? [Not in the last part of his reign.] Who was Mephibosheth's father? Was Jonathan heir to the throne? [Yes, like our Prince of Wales.] Was he a good prince? What do we hear most of concerning him? [His great and faithful love for David. 1 Sam. xviii. 1; xx. 17.] Who was Mephibosheth's mother? [Her name is not mentioned, and probably she died when he was an infant.]

What sad event happened when Mephibosheth was quite young? [A terrible battle between the people of Israel and the Philistines, in which both his father and grandfather were killed.] What did the poor child then become? [An orphan.] Is not it a very sad thing when little children are left without a father? Are there many orphans now? What always makes many new ones? [Every war and great battle.] How should we always feel and act towards them? Exod. xxii. 22; Prov. xxiii. 10; James i. 27. What comfort is there in the word of God for them, if they are his believing children? Ps. x. 14; xxvii. 10; lxviii. 5; Prov. xxiii. 11; Jer. xlix. 11.

When news of the battle came where Mephibosheth was, what were those who had care of him afraid of? [That the Philistines would come to search for and kill the child.] Why? [Because he was next heir to the throne.] What did his nurse think she would try to do? What happened to her in her hurry to escape? What happened to the poor child? Would they be able to get a doctor soon? [Probably not, from their haste and alarm.] Would Mephibosheth suffer great pain? And what was he ever after? 2 Sam. ix. 13.

How old was he when this happened? Would he never be able to run about and play like other boys? Would not this be very sad? What would Satan tempt him to feel? [Discontent, envy, impatience, &c.] What could be the only thing that could make him contented and happy? [A new heart, loving God as his Father in heaven, and believing that all *he* appointed was right.] Was Mephibosheth a pious child? [We do not know, but we may hope so.]

Are there many poor lame and deformed children now? [Many; some born so, some suffering like Mephibosheth from accidents, or from disease.] What can make them happy? [Love to Jesus, and submission to his will.] Why does he allow such sad things to happen to them? [We cannot tell all his reasons, but we can often see that it was to make them more earnest about their souls.] If we have the use of all our limbs, how should we feel? And how should we act to those who are weak and helpless? Job xxix. 15; Luke xiv. 13.

Did Jesus heal the lame when he was upon earth? Matt. xv. 30, 31; xxi. 14. Where do we hear of the cure of cripples who had never walked? Acts iii. 1–11; xiv. 8–10. Can we expect such miracles now? But when will all God's children have perfectly strong and beautiful bodies given them? 1 Cor. xv. 43; Phil. iii. 21.

Did Mephibosheth grow up to be a man? What kind of life did he then lead? [He was rich and comfortable, with servants and a son of his own. 2 Sam. ix. 11, 12.] Who was kind to him for the sake of his father Jonathan? 2 Sam. ix.

What should we remember when we think of Mephibosheth? [God's pity and care for poor orphans, and our duty towards them.]

> In every joy that crowns my days,
> In every pain I bear,
> Teach me to find delight in praise,
> Or seek relief in prayer.

Precept.—Visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. James i. 27.

Promise.—When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Ps. xxvii. 10.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, give us, we pray thee, hearts full of thankfulness for all thy goodness to us, and full of pity and kindness for all whom we see suffering pain or sorrow in the world around us. If we are strong and in health, teach us how to serve and please thee with our bodies as well as our souls; and if thou takest our strength away, make us willing and able to bear patiently all thy holy will. Have mercy upon afflicted and fatherless children, and make them know the comfort of having Thee as their Father, and Jesus as their Friend. Oh, pardon our many sins, and make us more thankful and more holy, for our dear Saviour's sake. Amen.

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CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THREE HELPS.

"MOTHER, I shouldn't think God would punish children for doing wrong, when they can't help it," said Jamie, who sat looking out of the window a long time, thinking.

"Can't help it!" said his mother.

"No," said Jamie, "I don't think they can."

"Isn't it because they don't use God's helps to do right?" asked his mother.

"God's helps!" said Jamie. "What?"

"He has given them a guide-book, in the first place. It clearly tells the right way and the wrong way, and where they lead to—one to heaven and the other to hell. If anybody consults that book, they can't mistake about the way," said his mother.

"Is it the *Bible* you mean?" asked Jamie.

"Yes," she answered; "and lest we should get in the dark, or puzzled about the meaning of our guide-book, God has given another help—that is, his *Holy Spirit*, who, he says, 'will open the eyes of the blind,' and 'will guide you into *all* truth,'—not part way, and then leave you to get along as you can, but guide you into '*all* truth'—that you need make no mistake and have no excuse for going wrong."

"But," said Jamie, "how can you get the Holy Spirit? I can read my Bible, because it's in my very hands."

"God will give you the Holy Spirit, if you ask him for it," said his mother. "He says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' The Bible also says the Holy Spirit 'helps our *infirmities*.'"

"I don't know what that means," said Jamie quickly.

"When we see a person weakly, sickly, and not able to do what he wants to, we say 'he is *infirm*'—he needs help. God sees how we stumble, and go back, and miss the right way—how weak we are. He therefore offers his Holy Spirit to make us strong."

"That is wonderful!" said Jamie. "How God knows everything!"

"Besides all this," said his mother, "he has put a little voice inside you, which, when you are inclined to go wrong, says, 'No, no, no!' and when you do right, says, 'Yes, yes, my dear child,' very sweetly indeed."

"A voice!" said Jamie—"that still, small voice, my teacher tells about, and says it is *conscience*?"

"Do you not think, Jamie," asked his mother seriously, "that God has done his part to make little boys, and girls too, do right—not only to know the right, but to do right also?"

"Mother," answered Jamie, after a few moments' thinking, "I think God *has*. It isn't God's fault, I'm sure. Then why *don't they*?"

"Because they don't *mind God's helps*," said his mother. "If they would study their guide-book, ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten and help them, and hearken to that kind little voice inside, I am sure no child would go astray."

Tears came into the little boy's eyes, and drop after drop ran down his reddened cheeks.

"Mother," said he, "we've got *no excuse* for being wicked. God is good, very good."

II.—THE JAIL-CHAMBER.

"SHALL we take that poor child?" asked Mr. Stone, as the family sat at breakfast. "He is a bad boy, I suspect."

"My greatest fear is his influence over our children," said Mrs. Stone. "On *their* account we may well hesitate."

"Might not our children help to improve him?" asked the father, looking round on his five little ones in their pinafores, taking their bread and milk.

"I'll be his brother," said Willie, "and let him fly my kite."

"He is a little heathen, from all I can hear," said Mr. Stone. "I don't know that we can make much of him."

"But, father, we send missionaries to the heathen; and if we expect one Christian can do a great many heathens good, can't a good many Christians do one heathen good, and he not a heathen either?" asked Susy.

"We'll *try*, Susy," said her father. "Jack shall come."

Who was Jack? He was the son of Mr. Stone's brother, all whose family having died, this boy was left to be sent to his father's relatives, and he was now on his way to Mr. Stone. Jack was about nine. In a few days he arrived. He was little, and would have been handsome, only he seemed to think washing his face and combing his hair quite unnecessary. As for shoes, socks, or hat, he hated them. And he roved round the house and premises as lawless as a young buffalo on the prairies.

In these things he was gradually tamed; but more serious faults began to show themselves. He loved to torment his cousins. Dogged in his disposition, he sometimes broke into violent fits of temper, when he would destroy everything within his reach. Whipping had no effect; coaxing or reasoning had none. He did not care. That was the worst of it—*he didn't care*. Mr. and Mrs. Stone did their best to improve him. They pitied the poor child with a real father's and mother's pity. They thought, *If our Willie were so;* and that made them bear and forbear with him.

He liked to tease his cousins, especially Susy. Susy was a gentle and delicate little girl, and she used to try in her small way to make poor Jack better, "because nobody *loves* him;" and nobody's loving him seemed to her the worst of his case. One day he got very angry with her, and in his rage threw her doll into the fire, tore her hair, and actually bit and scratched her arm until the blood came. What *was* to be done with Jack? What *could* be done with a boy who behaved more like a wild beast than a boy? His uncle said he must be locked up until he could promise better conduct.

There was a chamber in the house, once used as a nursery by some former family, which had iron bars across the two windows, outside, and therefore was called the jail-chamber. It had little furniture in it, and was chiefly used as a sort of lumber-room. After setting his conduct faithfully before him, here they concluded to put Jack. He "*didn't care*," he said. Jack was locked up the rest of the day, and all night; and perhaps nobody felt more sorry for him than Susy did.

"Mother," she said, "I can't go to sleep; I keep thinking of poor Jack, alone, and no light, and nothing;" and her little lip quivered.

It was the third day, and Jack showed no signs of sorrow for his fault. "Don't care," was all he condescended to say. "Mother," said Susy, "mayn't I go and be shut up, while

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Jack just comes out to see how pleasant it is? there is no sun there, nor anything."

The mother looked into the dear child's face, and said, "Go, Susy." Susy went to Jack's door and, unlocking it, said, "I asked mother if I might not come and take your place, Jack, for you to go out and see how pleasant it is; it is so, so very dismal here, and lonely." Jack looked up and stared at her. "You are a fool for 't," said he. He, however, walked slowly out, while Mrs. Stone came along and locked Susy in. "And let him take dinner down stairs," whispered Susy, "and I'll take *his* 'dinner.'"

When Mr. Stone came home, his wife told him what had happened. Jack took his seat at table opposite to Susy's vacant seat. "You can carry up Susy her bread and water," said Mrs. Stone, handing him the tray. He took it and walked away, looking very sober, if not softened. According to Susy's wish, he stayed down stairs all the afternoon and to supper.

"Must Susy stay there all night, if I don't?" he asked towards bedtime. "Yes," answered Mrs. Stone. Tears started in his eyes. He ran up stairs, and darting into the jail-chamber, "Susy," he cried, "you are the best un I ever knowed. Susy, I'll never, never treat you so again. I'll never bite or scratch; no, never. I'm sorry,—I am. I'll try to be a good boy,—I will. Susy, what makes you so good to me?" and poor Jack cried as if his heart would break.

Jack was completely softened; and from that hour he began in earnest to amend.

Children sometimes find it hard to understand what Jesus Christ has done for them. This little story illustrates it in some measure. We disobey God; we live unmindful of his laws and his kindness; we are hard-hearted, and our unlovely tempers and dispositions shut us out from God's dear family. The Son of God pities us; he loves us; he sees how unhappy sin has made us, and he came to set us free from its bondage, and to bring us back to the comforts, the joys, and the blessings of his Father's house; and he was willing to suffer for us—to suffer *in our stead*, in order to accomplish it. What pity, what kindness, what love were his! Should it not melt our hearts, and make us truly desire, above all things else, to put away every sin, and to be meek, and humble, and good, like Jesus Christ himself?

III.—THE OLD HERB WOMAN.

Alice found her one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden-gate.

"Do you want something?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child," she answered; "I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon fade," answered the poor herb woman.

"A black woollen?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon wear out," answered she.

"A silk?" asked Alice.

"I have nothing fit to wear with it," answered the herb woman, and Alice thought as much.

"A plaid, a beautiful plaid?" asked the child.

"That will too soon go out of fashion," answered the herb woman.

"Do you care much about the fashion?" asked Alice.

"I want the dress to last me a thousand years or more!" said the old woman.

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, drawing back, for she half thought the poor woman was crazy, "do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while, and you are pretty old now."

"I shall live longer than that!" said she.

"I will ask my mother," said the little girl, much puzzled, "if she knows what dress would suit you; and perhaps she'll buy it for you."

"Your mother is not rich enough to buy it, dear child," said the old woman.

"My *father* is rich," said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.

"Do you want to dress like a queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want to be dressed like a King's daughter!"

"The old herb woman *is* crazy," thought Alice to herself; "she talks so queer. I don't know where you will get such a dress," said she aloud; "something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled," added the old herb woman; "wear it when and where you may, it will always keep white and shining!"

"Oh!" was all Alice could say. Then she added, "*I* should like such a one, I am sure. Could a little girl have one? But a little girl would outgrow hers."

"No," said the herb woman; "the dress would let itself out so as to suit you always!"

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ has wrought out for you and for me, dear child," said the old woman tenderly. "Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us his pure white robe, and make us fit to be the children of God, the great King, and live in his palace for ever. Should you not like to, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child, "I do want to be one of God's children. I always wanted to. Will he give *me* a heavenly dress, do you think?"

IV.—A WORD THAT IS NEVER BROKEN.

Building a bridge across the Niagara river below the Falls was once thought to be impossible. The banks of the river are very high and steep, the distance across nearly an eighth of a mile, and the river here boils and foams so that no boat can stand the fury of the torrent a moment. Sinking piles and building arches, as with other bridges, was quite out of the question. Yet a bridge *was* built,—a wire suspension bridge, as it is called, because it had to be hung or suspended by cables driven into huge blocks of granite on each bank. The cables were made of twisted wires. The bridge looked like a spider's thread.

But would the cables *hold*? Ah, that had to be *tried*. How frightened the spectators were when the engineer drove the first carriage over! The bridge quivered to the horses' tread. When he reached the middle, might not the weight snap it in two? Might not the horses grow restive and frightened? A terrible leap would that be into the raging waters two hundred and fifty feet underneath! But he crossed in safety. The bridge *stood* the trial. Then it had to be tried by storms. Might not a heavy gale wrench the cables from their fastenings? Gales and storms beat against it, and it

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stood. Might not rust eat off the wires? Time would tell; and time proved that the bridge could be relied on. "I am afraid to trust it, it looks so slender," said one of our party shrinking back, when we visited the Falls a year afterwards. "It has been tried," said the guide; "there is no danger;" and we crossed safely.

A new steam-boat has to be tried before passengers and freight can be trusted on board. A new railroad has its trial trips before it is thrown open to the public. A few years ago, at the opening of a railroad in Missouri, a train of cars filled with people, many of them gentlemen invited by the directors, set out from St. Louis on a trial trip. On swept the train. The party were in high spirits, when in an instant,—crash, crash! Timbers split, joists snapped, one terrible plunge, and down went the cars through a breaking bridge into the river below, a heap of ruins. *That* bridge was trusted *before* it had been tried.

We usually do not trust anything until it is tried. Boys dare not skate across a river until they have tried the new ice. The swing just put up on the tree is not deemed safe for the children until the rope is tried. A *tried* friend is a friend worth having.

he Bible tells us of something that is tried. What is it? "*The word of the Lord is tried.*" What, its declarations? Yes. And it declares that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." What, its promises? Yes. And it promises, "Him that cometh unto me I will in *no wise* cast out." John Bunyan, the wild, wicked tinker-boy, went and *found* it so. John Newton, the swearing slave-captain, went and found it so. And how many all over the world are ready to witness this day that they went to the Son of God, and found him a very precious Saviour from all their sins!

"The word of the Lord is tried." But are its *threatenings* to be relied on? Yes; when it says, "Be not deceived; neither thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God,"—Judas found it so; when it says, "The wrath of God cometh on the disobedient,"—poor king Saul found it so; when it says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." You and I must experience this happy change before we can enjoy the blessings of that kingdom.

"The word of the Lord is tried." And what then? "He is a *buckler* to all who trust in him;" he is a *sure* friend, a *strong* friend, a *fast* friend, (Ps. xxx.) In him are safety and protection from all harm,—from the sad effects of sin in this world, and its dreadful consequences in hell hereafter.—*Child's Paper.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—DEEDS RATHER THAN WORDS.

Let a man not merely speak but act the truth; let him reveal his soul in the inarticulate speech of an earnest, pure, and truthful life, and this will be a language which the profoundest must admire, which the simplest can appreciate. The most elaborate discourse on sanctification will prove tame and ineffective in comparison with the eloquence of a humble, holy walk with God. In the spectacle of a penitent soul pouring forth the broken utterance of its contrition at the Saviour's feet, there is a nobler sermon on repentance than eloquent lips ever spoke. Instruct your children in the knowledge of God's great love and mercy, but let them see that love cheering, animating, hallowing your daily life; describe to them the divinity and glory of the Saviour's person and work, but let them note how daily you think of him, hear with what profoundest reverence you name his name, see how the sense of a divine presence sheds a reflected moral beauty around your own—and this will be a living and breathing theology to them, without which formal teaching will avail but little.

* * * * *

There is a secret feeling amongst many who listen to an earnest and high-toned style of instruction, that much of what they hear, however fine and elevated, and proper to be spoken in the pulpit, is far too seraphic to be reduced to practice amidst the plain and prosaic business of life. Exhortations to communion with God, to spirituality, heavenly-mindedness, superiority to the world, its vanities and temptations—how often, for any practical purpose, do these fall powerless on men's ears! To a plain man of the world, steeped in its vulgar cares, struggling with its gross and familiar difficulties and trials, the delineations of the pulpit seem not seldom as if they belonged to a region of pietistic romance, a sort of spiritual dream-land, in which ministers and writers little acquainted with the world permit their pious imagination to revel. The theory is a fine one, they admit, but constituted as poor human nature is, there is this inseparable objection to it, that *it will not work.*

But in this, as in many other cases, experiment will be the test of truth. Men may dispute your theory of agriculture, and explanation or discussion might only serve to confirm them in their error; but show them, rugged though be the soil and ungenial the climate, your fair and abundant crops, and objection is silenced. So, in the case before us, the ideal of the Christian life, with all its moral elevation and superiority to common motives and principles, may seem to many at best but a beautiful and pious fancy, too delicate and fine-spun for the rough uses of life; but apply to it the test of experiment—reduce the ideal to the actual—show in positive experience that it is possible to bring the loftiest spiritual motives into contact with the lowliest duties,—and your conception of a religious life will be proved beyond dispute. Let not worldly selfishness take refuge in scepticism as to the possibility of a life so pure, so high-toned, so self-denied. Show that such a life is not only desirable but practicable—not merely that it ought to be, but that it can be. Live down doubt. Let men feel, as they behold your earnest, sincere, unselfish life, that God, and truth, and duty, and Christ, and immortality, are not the mere themes of a preacher's discourse, the topics of a Sunday meditation, but the real and practical principles and motives of man's working life. So doing you will silence the gainsayer, and the spurious sagacity of the worldly-minded will be completely at fault.—*Rev. John Caird.*

II.—TIMES AND SEASONS.

Do not the very uncertainty and seeming fitfulness of nature's influences act as a stimulus to the exertions of man? The fair wind that has long been waited for, and may speedily die away; the spring-tide that comes only at distant intervals, and must be taken at the flood; the balmy season propitious to the husbandman's toils; the bright moments

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favourable to intellectual exertion, when thought flows quick, and the spirits are high, and winged fancies come in precious visitations on the soul—is there not something in the very uncertainty and evanescence of these happy influences and golden opportunities that tends mightily to quicken watchfulness and stimulate effort? And should it not be so in spiritual things too? If, explain it as we may, there is any similar variableness in the times and seasons of religious influence, how urgent the motive thus presented to Christian vigilance in waiting for every favourable opportunity, and to diligence in improving it! It is not for us, indeed, always to know the times and seasons, which God hath put in his own power; but there are, perhaps, none of us who do not know from personal experience that ever and anon there come to the soul times of visitation—hours of softened feeling and deepened thoughtfulness, when the things of time lose their hold upon us, and the eternal world rolls nearer, with all its grand realities, to the spirit's eye. And are not these the spring-tides of the soul, the seasons propitious to the spiritual husbandry, every moment of which gathers round it the importance of that eternal harvest to which the rapid hours are bringing us? Are not these, in one word, the times when the spiritual gales blow freshest and fairest from the heavens, and the soul, instinct with life, feels every expanded energy yielding to the almost sensible impulses of the Spirit of Truth and Love? How precious such moments! Who that reflects on their worth would not long, and pray, and watch for their coming, and, while they continue, strain every energy to catch to the last breath the blessing which they bring?—*Ibid.*

III.—IRRESOLUTION.

"And he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not." This passage has primary reference to the Scribes and Pharisees, but will very well answer for all others who readily promise but never perform. As our Lord has said of them, they say and do not. Isaiah had them to deal with in his day; and characterized them by saying, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." These abortive, evanescent promises are the shadowy births of irresolute souls. But they indicate a large class who have ever been marching through the world in successive generations, and are now crossing the active stage of life as numerously as ever; and are incessantly saying, to all the commands of God, to all the precepts of the gospel, to all the monitions of conscience, to all that is fearful in threatenings, and to all that is gentle in entreaty, "*I go, sir.*" But they go not. They have not really a purpose to go, because they have no heart to go. It is not in them to go, but only to quiet themselves by promises, and then slide back into the old habit of doing as inclination leads,—which is anything rather than what they promise. Well and earnestly did the Saviour say of this whole class, "The publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of God before you." This mental state is the very last to be convicted. Its concealed basis is a self-satisfaction, and the false reasons for contentment are to the arrows of truth like the encasement of steel which the old heroes wore in battle; they constitute complete armour, hardly leaving the joints of the harness vulnerable to the ordinary impressions of truth.

A promise, if it contains not the elements of sincerity; if it be not underlaid with a purpose which is qualified for the difficulties of fulfilment, by reaching up to God in prayer for help; if it does not comprehend and feel the necessities of the case, is the most perfect illusion, and often the most fatal form of deception. This form of promise satisfies, because it gives a spurious encouragement to hope—such hope, however, is fearfully dangerous, because there is nothing in it which can afford even presumptive evidence of any change for the better. Hope founded on such promise is the second course in erecting a basis for procrastination, which, when once installed as a practice, steals on and on; to all warnings against delay it has a ready word: "Go thy way for this time, and to-morrow I will renounce my false refuges—I will learn of Christ—I will follow him." But to-morrow pleads the fatal precedent of yesterday; and the nearly perishing soul, enslaved in its own treachery, goes not to its work of repentance, of faith, and obedience. There is often less hope of these than of the most open and violent opposers; because there is more liability to deception, there is more self-righteousness to be divested, there are more deeply cherished gods to be taken away, before the soul will come to see its destitution. The Spirit of God can and often does remove these; but in accordance with his ordinary mode of working, the probability that he will do this, and set the soul free from its self-inflated delusions, is less; sooner will the bold transgressor be aroused than the careless promiser alarmed.—*Cong. Herald.*

IV.—"AND WHEN I'M TO DIE."

During the last two or three years of Rowland Hill's life, he very frequently repeated the following lines:—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me,—I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are so joined,
That he'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

"The last time he occupied my pulpit," writes his friend and neighbour, the Rev. George Clayton, "when he preached excellently in behalf of a charitable institution, he retired to the vestry after service, under feelings of great exhaustion. Here he remained until all but ourselves had left the place. At length he seemed with some reluctance to summon energy enough to take his departure, intimating that it was probably the last time he should preach in W——. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him, as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound; nothing, indeed, was heard but the slow, majestic tread of his own footsteps, when in an undertone he thus soliloquized—

'And when I'm to die,' &c.

To my heart this was a scene of unequalled solemnity, nor can I ever recur to it without a revival of that hallowed, sacred, shuddering sympathy which it first awakened."

When the good old saint lay literally dying, and apparently unconscious, a friend put his mouth close to his ear, and slowly repeated his favourite lines—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry," &c.

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The light came back to his fast fading eye, a smile overspread his face, and his lips moved in the vain attempt to articulate the words. This was the last sign of consciousness he ever gave.

We could almost wish that every disciple of Christ would commit these lines, quaint as they are, to memory, and weave them into the web of his Christian experience. *Confidence in Christ*, and *undeviating adherence to him*, can alone enable us to triumph in life and death.—*Belcher's Life of Whitefield.*

V.—MERCY'S FREE!

By faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me!
He bids the guilty now draw near:
Repent, believe, dismiss thy fear.
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear!
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
O yes, he did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

Jesus the mighty God hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,—
I am free, I am free!
For as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!
And when the vale of death I've passed—
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

Anon.

VI.—"BETTER DAYS."

When persons have been like myself reduced in life, and brought to a state of dependence, it is very common to hear one and another say, with a tone of pity, "Ah, I knew her in her better days. I remember so and so, in her *better* days." Nor is there any impropriety in the expression, in their sense of it. But this I know by experience, that the days of worldly ease and prosperity are seldom to Christians their *better* days. So far from it, that to the praise and glory of His name would I speak it, I have substantial reasons to call *these* my better days. These days and nights of pain—these days in which I am visited with an incurable disorder—these days of frequent anxiety from a variety of quarters—these days of almost absolute confinement and solitude, are not only my better, but my *best* days; because the Saviour condescends to be more present with me in them—to manifest himself unto me as he does not unto the world,—to stand by my bed of affliction, and speak kindly to my heart; because I am taught by affliction, and enabled by grace to cultivate the life of faith, which is as superior to the life of sense as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that, even in so very small a measure as I have known it.—*Mrs. Hawpes.*

VII.—"WHO WILL TAKE HER PLACE?"

She was greatly beloved, the old pilgrim who had gone home at last, and the bell was tolling for her funeral.

Long, long years she had served her Lord, and trusted his pardoning mercy. Life for her had brought few joys, and many sorrows; daily she knew she was drawing nearer and nearer to the river of death; but for her its troubled waves were spanned by the bridge of faith, and she had gone over in peace.

So they had wrapped her in the white drapery of repose, and over the pulseless breast folded the loving hands that had smoothed many a pillow for weary heads; and lifting her gently in her coffin, had borne her to the church where for long years she had come up to worship; and there, on the table around which she had so often sat with those who met to commemorate the Saviour's dying love, they tenderly laid down the dead mother.

There were many mourners. Sons and daughters, friends and neighbours, old and young,—all wept together. Grey hair blended with brown and golden locks, as one and another came to take the last look at the remains of the dear departed.

Low-toned and few were the pastor's words as he touchingly spoke of the aged one they had known and loved so well. "And who," he asked in conclusion,—"*who will take her place* when we meet around the table of our Lord? *Who* will sit in her seat in this house? *Who* will kneel in the praying circle where she has knelt? *Who* indeed will take her place?"

With the hot tears falling fast while she thought of the great void the dead grandma had left in their hearts, Mary L—— sat and listened; and hours after, when they had gone back to the home her grandmother's presence had rendered so beautiful, the question kept tossing to and fro in her heart, "*Who* is going to fill grandma's place?" The words clung to her as a barbed arrow; she could not, if she would, cast them off.

A sense of her own sinfulness overpowered her, and through the night watches, amid thick darkness and unbelief, she wept and prayed. When the morning dawned, to her unspeakable joy, the glorious rays of the Sun of righteousness shone clear through the mists of sin and doubt, and with an almost bursting heart she sought her mother, to impart the "glad tidings of great joy" that had come to her heart.

Mary L—— was happy beyond description,—too happy to remain inactive in her Lord's service. A sister and an intimate friend were soon made acquainted with her new-found hopes and joys; and, moved by her example, they too sought and found peace in believing.

These young ladies were pupils in an academy near ——, and soon their influence was largely felt among their schoolmates. One after another pleaded, "Lord, save, or I

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perish," and a powerful outpouring of the Spirit succeeded,—all traceable to the influence of the pastor's question, "*Who* will take her place?" "A word fitly spoken, how good is it!"—*Am. Messenger.*

VIII.—"TAKE HEED WHAT YE HEAR."

THERE is such a thing as foolhardy adventure into an enemy's country. Religious falsehood sometimes comes in such a shape as to stimulate the curiosity of the unwary, as the fruit of the tree of knowledge tempted Eve. Sometimes it is the vehicle which is attractive. It may be elegant style, it may be romance, it may be closely knit argumentation, it may be popular eloquence. The union of several such fascinations may invite the youthful student to taste the poisonous clusters, and acquire the taste for doubts and cavils. The most seductive and cunning argument against future retribution which our age has produced, is contained in a poem of high talent. The name and fame of some great heretical preacher, or some orator who delivers infidel sermons under the guise of lectures to the people, who admire and acquiesce, and go again, not knowing, in their simplicity, that the new doctrines which they drink in will presently unsettle all the religious belief of their childhood,—happier far is the fate of the vulgar, than literary advancement bought at such a price.

It is a plain maxim of common sense, not to tamper with infection; and he is a fool who, for the mere sake of proving his boldness and freedom from bigotry, rushes uncalled into the miasmatic influence of false teaching. "Take heed," said incarnate Wisdom, "what ye hear." The caution which is good for yourself, is good for your children and dependants. A little mineral admixture in their daily bread, a little morbific quality in their daily milk, would be justly dreaded as tending to wear away the health; yet the daily journal enters your doors, distilling by little and little, false, latitudinarian opinions. No marvel if you find your old age surrounded by sons who have made shipwreck of the faith. It is impossible to watch too earnestly the literature which comes into the hands of the young. If you desire them to be guarded and manly Christians, their food must be truth. It is as certain of the mind as of the body, that whatever is taken into it should tend directly to its growth and strength; all that is otherwise is noxious. Nutrition, moreover, is a gradual process, the result of repeated acts. If, then, the mind and character are to make progress and acquire firmness, there must be not slight and occasional, but regular and extensive study of God's revealed will.—*J. W. Alexander, D.D.*

IX.—RICH.

HEARKEN to the voice and call of Christ, you that are exalted by Providence above your poorer neighbours; you that have your heads, hands, and hearts full of the world. Men of trade and business! I have a few solemn questions to ask you this day.

1. You have made many gainful bargains in your time, but what will all profit you if the agreement be not made betwixt Christ and your souls? Christ is a treasure which alone can enrich you (Matt. xiii. 44). Thou art a poor and miserable wretch; whatever thou hast gained of this world, if thou hast not gained Christ, thou hast heaped up guilt with thy riches, which will more torment thy conscience hereafter than thy estate can yield thee comfort here.

2. You have made many insurances to secure your floating estates, which you call *policies;* but what insurance have you made for your souls? Are not they exposed to eternal hazards? O impolitic man! to be so provident to secure trifles, and so negligent in securing the richest treasure.

3. You have adjusted many accounts with men, but who shall make up your accounts with God, if you be Christless? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Matt. xvi. 26.) Say not you have much business under your hands, and cannot allow time;—you will have space enough hereafter to reflect upon your folly.—*Flavel.*

X.—POOR.

You that are poor and mean in the world, what say you? Will you have two hells—one here, and another hereafter? No comfort in this world, nor hope for the next? Your expectations here laid in the dust, and your hopes for heaven built upon the sand? Oh, if you were once in Christ, how happy were you, though you knew not where to fetch your next bread! "Poor in the world, but rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised" (James ii. 5),—O blessed state! If you had Christ, you had then a right to all things (1 Cor. iii. 22, 23)—you had then a Father to take care for you. But to be poor and Christless—no comfort from this world, nor hopes from the next—this is to be miserable indeed.—*Ibid.*

XI.—THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

"THE more closely we connect ourselves with them [the Psalms], the more will God cease to be to us a shadowy form, which cannot hear, nor help, nor judge, and to which we can present no supplication."—*Hengstenberg.*

"What is there necessary for man to know," writes Hooker, "which the Psalms are not able to teach? . . . . Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come; all good necessary to be either known, or done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth."—*Eccl. Polity,* B. v. c. 37.

Nor is this the language of "mere theologians" alone. With what painful interest does one read the words of Thomas Carlyle:—"David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: 'a succession of falls?' Man can do no other. In this wild element of a life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep abased; and ever with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards."—*Hero Worship.*

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NAZARETH.

YEAR by year, in the early spring-time, many a group of Paschal pilgrims had gone up from their native village to Jerusalem, and returned through the vineyards in gladness of heart, with pipe and tabret and psaltery,—summer after summer the swarthy husbandmen had reaped their harvests and trodden in the wine-press,—the elders had sat in the gate, and the maidens come forth at eventide to draw water;—a busy life had been stirring in the ancient town amidst the hills of Galilee; but of all this no record has been left. We know not the name of one of those who dwelt there for many centuries—not one of the events which must from time to time have broken in upon its deep seclusion. All that we know is, that in the troubled time of the *Judges*, on through the peaceful days of David and Solomon, and the dark period after the captivity, many generations of men were born in its humble dwellings, lived through their little circle of joys and sorrows, and then were borne out of its gates to the grave, leaving no more trace behind than the passing bird leaves in the air.

At last the veil is lifted, and we see beneath one of its meanest roofs a poor and lowly maiden, yet of high degree, for in her veins flows the royal blood of Judah, who is betrothed to a townsman in the same condition, yet of the same princely lineage. The first face that looks out upon us at Nazareth from the mist of a thousand years is the face of Mary,—the first voice that breaks that long silence is the voice of an angel. Soon Joseph and "his espoused wife" go forth on a distant journey, and, after many months, they return. They have been away in a far country; they have crossed the desert, and sat under the palm trees by the river of Egypt, and as they pass through the village street, many an eye rests on the infant whom the young mother carries in her bosom. Thus begins the story of Nazareth.

And to a surface glance it might seem an obscure beginning. It was not an incident to make much noise in a little country town, far less to awaken interest beyond its walls. Yet, in fact, it was the turning-point of its humble fortunes; and from that hour the name of Nazareth shines in golden letters in the annals of the world.

Thenceforward, for well-nigh thirty years, the Son of God—the "Word made flesh"—had his earthly dwelling there. There he was "brought up," seen from day to day on its streets like other children of the village, or sitting at the feet of some bearded rabbi in its school; and there he was "subject" to his parents in meek and gentle obedience. There, in poverty and lowliness, that sweet and innocent childhood, filled with heavenly thoughts and bright with shadows of angels, darkened into a manhood of sorrow. In the calm shadows of these Galilean hills, the Rose of Sharon opened its pure leaves and breathed its first holy fragrance, though, to most who saw it, it was "as a root out of a dry ground." There, too, in the synagogue where his youthful Sabbaths had been spent, did he first read his great commission, and clothe himself with the prophet's mantle in the name of God. And there he had the first experience of scorn and hatred, the scowl of anger and the strife of evil passions. To his townsmen, the "Hope of Israel" was only the "carpenter's son; and, but for higher restraint, they would have made the first day of his ministry the last, and the nearest cliff a Calvary. And here in one sense it may be said that the story of Nazareth closes; we are not told that he passed through its gates again.

Perhaps it is well that the place should present to the Christian mind one memory,—one image,—that the sacred emotion with which it must ever be visited should not be disturbed by any alien and secular association. It is simply the scene of the early days of Jesus—the rude porch through which the boy of Galilee entered on a rugged life—the retired school or arena in which, by thirty years' self-sacrifice, he trained and braced his human spirit for the crowd and clamour of Jerusalem, for the judgment-hall and the cross.

The town lies about six miles west from Mount Tabor, on the slope of a wooded basin or cup formed by a circle of white, bare hills. Its position is singularly secluded; the mountains close round it "like the edge of a shell, to guard it from intrusion." It lay embosomed in its pastoral glen, away from the bustling highway of events—the people dwelling, like those of Laish, "quiet and secure, and having no business with any man." The question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" need not imply that the place was of bad repute, only that it was quite obscure, plebeian, out of the world. Its appearance is picturesque, the white-walled houses, with flat terraced roofs, rising in broken tiers amid gardens of fig and olive trees and scattered vineyards, and a minaret gracefully spiring out of a dark clump of cypresses. The steep hill which overhangs the town is crowned by a solitary tomb; and from this point the eye ranges over the great western reach of the plain of Esdraelon, from Tabor among the mountains to Carmel by the sea, and beyond, catches the blue gleam of the Mediterranean waters. No one can stand on this spot without feeling that all the features of this wide landscape must have been familiar to the eye of Christ. How strange to think of the time when first the boy climbed the village cliff and gazed on the old battle-field of his country, the ridge of bleak Gilboa, and the mountain of Elijah's sacrifice, and the great waters over which the saving light of his humble

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name was to radiate to the ends of the world! With what emotion do we look on the unchanged scenes on which his eye must have rested often in these thirty years,—the soft outline of that ring of hills,—the quiet valley, with the fountain, at which he must often have quenched his thirst,—the rocks, the trees, the fleeces of silvery cloud lying about the sky as they must have lain in the golden light of summer afternoons long ago!

The chief buildings in Nazareth, as might have been expected, are monastic. The little said about it in Scripture has given more ample scope to tradition, and none of the scenes of sacred story has yielded a richer harvest of monkish legends—that weed indigenous to "holy places." Within the Franciscan convent is enclosed the Church of the Virgin, built over the supposed site of the house in which Mary lived when the angel appeared to her. A grotto under the altar, crusted with marble and lighted by golden lamps, marks the spot where the Virgin's dwelling stood—the rude hut that was transported by angels to Loretto, where it is now the Kaaba of Popish pilgrimage. The Greeks have also a Church of the Annunciation, built over a well at which they believe Mary was drawing water at the moment of the salutation. In another part of the town the pretended house of Joseph is shown,—a mere fragment of an ancient wall encased in a little tawdry chapel. It is but fair to the Latin monks to add, that attached to their convent is a hospice, in which they are bound to receive and entertain travellers of every nation for the space of three days.

The so-called "Mount of the Precipitation," the spot from which the townsmen would have cast Jesus headlong, has been fixed at a point two miles distant from the town. Dr. Robinson calls this the clumsiest of all the legends which have been fastened on the Holy Land, and that is saying a good deal. There is no occasion for removing it so far, as there are several precipices on the western hill above the village; one particularly, where a cliff forty or fifty feet in height overhangs a small Maronite church.

The population of Nazareth is about 3000, three-fourths of whom are professing Christians, though their religion is of that very low type which prevails throughout the East. Dr. Wilson passed a Sabbath there, and found very little regard paid to the sanctity of the day. To avoid disturbance, his party left the village and engaged in social worship on the top of the hill. The place seems to be notorious for all kinds of outrageous noises at all hours of the day and night.

Still, amidst all that fanaticism and superstition have done to debase the spot, the "good thing" that came out of Nazareth will preserve to its name a hallowed and undying renown. It was the name of our Lord as he walked on the highways of Galilee and Jewry,—it was the sacred stigma set up over his cross,—it was the branding epithet of his earliest followers, shouted before many a tribunal and on many a blood-stained arena. It has come to be the honoured symbol of the faith which is the one living and purifying power in the world. All over the East the worshipper of Christ is still the Nazarene. And though all that we know of the pure and sinless life that was passed there is summed up in a few lines of one Gospel, it needs nothing more. No miracle makes it famous, but the remembrance of the "holy child Jesus" is around it like a crown of light for ever. J. D. B.

DR. EBENEZER HENDERSON.

PART II.

On the return of Dr. Henderson to Gottenburg, his ordinary course of duties was resumed, till he received a call from the Bible Society to superintend in passing through the press a large edition of the Icelandic Scriptures, the distribution of which was to constitute one of the most memorable incidents of his life. It was a noble purpose of the Bible Society to provide the remote and unthought-of islanders of Iceland with the word of God. The necessity for the work appeared at every step in its subsequent prosecution. An intelligent people, and universally taught to read, it was yet found by Henderson that there was often but one copy of the Scriptures amongst the entire inhabitants of an island, or one or two in a parish. A clergyman had sought for seventeen long years to possess a copy of his own, and had been unable to secure the treasure; peasants had offered, but offered in vain, to the amount of twenty-five shillings for a copy. In one parish a folio Bible, greatly injured by use, had all its defective pages accurately supplied by the pen of a common peasant. In another, the copy which they had lent had been so long retained by the islanders of Grimsey, that the right of its possessor had become a disputed point. Even a supply of New Testaments that had been sent some years previously (1807), had tended rather to make the wants of the people more visible than afford them any adequate supply.

It was whilst suffering from this famine of the word of God that our traveller, after a passage of five weeks from Gottenburg, arriving at Reykiavik, was greeted with the Icelandic oriental salutation—"Peace be with you." His precious store of Bibles had gone before him, and awaited his arrival at seven of the principal Icelandic ports. His mission was, to traverse the inhabited parts of Iceland, littoral and interior,—to visit its principal towns and villages, not omitting its scattered hamlets and solitary farms,—to enter into friendly and familiar converse with all classes of society, more especially with those in official station, civil or ecclesiastical, and through their instrumentality ascertain the actual measure of Bible destitution, and organize the necessary plans for its relief. He was well aware of the laborious and perilous task he had undertaken. He had counted upon it as no holiday work to journey for thousands of miles in a region where the traveller had to find his own road over pathless heights, where a single slip of the foot might have precipitated him into some yawning abyss—or across rivers swollen with the melted ice, and without known fords, from their ever-changing channels—or along the deceitful sides of volcanic mountains,

"fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."

As he started upon the first and most arduous of his three jour-

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neys, a journey which comprised about 1200 British miles, he wrote to his friend Paterson,—"The Lord alone knows if ever you hear from me more. Oddur Gottshalkson, who first translated the New Testament into Icelandic, lost his mortal life in one of the rivers." In a letter at the same time to a friend in England he says,—"The journey will not be without its perils, but my hope is in the Lord. To him I commit my way, and I know he will direct my steps. What comfort that passage in the 139th Psalm affords me in my present situation,—'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell *in the uttermost parts of the sea*, even *there* shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.'" His preparation being made, his guide secured, his cavalcade of baggage horses loaded and tied to each other, he started with the convoy, customary in Icelandic hospitality, of a large party of friends. The third day brought the party within view of the celebrated Geysers. No natural phenomena escaped the intelligent, observing eye of our traveller. While steadily and zealously executing his commission as agent of the Bible Society, his enlarged mind was bent on improving the opportunities his journeys afforded of becoming extensively and accurately acquainted with the remarkable natural features of the island. He, in consequence, visited and inspected with ardent and indefatigable zeal the awfully sublime, often *terrific* scenes, which abound in that land of volcanoes, where, in strange conflict, may be seen the elements of fire and water, the boiling springs contending with the everlasting snows and ice that surround them. There he might have been seen climbing the peaks of the most inaccessible mountains, or standing between thundering masses of melting lava and rushing floods, or venturing within the sides of the volcanic crater, exhibiting an indomitable courage and spirit of adventure that alarmed for his safety even his hardy Icelandic guides. Whilst fresh from the view of the Great Geyser, his impressions of its grandeur are thus recorded:—"The whole scene was indescribably astonishing; but what interested us most was the circumstance that the greatest eruption came last, as if the Geyser had summoned all her powers in order to show us her energy, and make a grand finish before retiring into the subterraneous chambers in which she is concealed from mortal view. Our curiosity was gratified, but it was far from being satisfied. We now wished to have it in our power to inspect the mechanism of this mighty engine, and obtain a view of the springs by which it is put in motion. But the wish was vain, for they lie in a tract which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; which man, with all his boasted powers, cannot and dare not approach. While the jets were rushing up towards heaven with the velocity of an arrow, my mind was forcibly borne along with them to the contemplation of the great and omnipotent Jehovah, in comparison of whom these, and all the wonders scattered over the whole immensity of existence, dwindle into absolute insignificance; whose almighty command spake the universe into being, and at whose sovereign fiat the whole fabric might be reduced in an instant to its original nothing. Such scenes exhibit only the hiding of his power. It is merely the surface of his works that is visible. Their internal structure he has involved in obscurity, and the sagest of the sons of men is incapable of tracing them from their origin to their consummation. The utmost that we can boast of is, that we have heard a whisper of his proceedings (Eccles. iii. 11; Job xxvi. 14)."

But, amidst scenes that provoked at every step his scientific curiosity, and ministered to his taste for the sublime and beautiful, he forgot not for a moment that he was the bearer of a word of God that was more marvellous than the most wonderful of the works he has made to be thought upon. During the course of his first and his two subsequent journeys, he disposed, or arranged for the disposal, by gratuitous distribution or by purchase, of 4055 Bibles, and 6634 New Testaments, and thousands of tracts, with which the Icelanders might beguile their long winter evenings more profitably than with their national *Sagas*, and oft-reiterated traditional tales. The rapture with which his gift of a New Testament was frequently hailed may be gathered from such an incident as the following:—

He had sent, as was his custom, a notice round the neighbourhood where he travelled, of the object of his journey. In response, a young man, amongst others, had been despatched by his poor and aged parents to learn the truth of the message they had heard. On receiving a Testament, it was hardly possible for him to contain his joy. As a number of the people had at the time collected around the door of the tent, he caused the young man to read the 3d chapter of the Gospel of John. He had scarcely begun when the people all sat down or knelt on the grass, and listened with the most devout attention. As he proceeded, the tears began to trickle down their cheeks, and they were all much affected. The scene was, doubtless, as new to them as it was to Henderson; and on his remarking, after the young man was done, what important instructions were contained in the scripture that had been read, they all gave their assent—adding, with a sigh, that these truths were too little attended to. The landlady especially seemed deeply impressed with the truths she had heard, and remained some time after the others were gone, together with an aged female, who every now and then broke out into exclamations of praise to God for having sent "his clear and pure word" among them. "It is impossible," adds Henderson, "for me to describe the pleasure I felt on this occasion. I forgot all the fatigues of travelling over the mountains,—and, indeed, to enjoy another such evening, I could travel twice the distance. I bless God for having counted me worthy to be employed in this ministry, to disperse his holy word among a people prepared by him for its reception, and to whom, by the blessing of his Spirit, it shall prove of everlasting benefit."

His entire course was cheered by incidental circumstances that revealed to him that he had not come too soon—not till there had been a moral soil prepared for the good seed. No incident of this kind is more touching than one which tells of the wife of a peasant who had lost two of her children. The admirers of Wordsworth will find that their great poet has anticipated the circumstance in one of his beautiful thoughts; or rather, they will find how true his thought is to nature. Speaking to a peasant's wife—his hostess—of her children, Henderson inquired how many she had. She replied, "I have four; two of them are here with us, and the other two are with God. It is best with those that are with him; and my chief concern about the two that remain is, that they may reach heaven in safety."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply—
"O master, we are seven."

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"But they are dead, those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will—
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

Nor was he without some affecting proofs of the gratitude awakened by his services. On the eve of his final leave of the island, it burst forth with an enthusiasm that quite surprised and melted him. Learning the time of his departure, a band of the natives accompanied him to the shore, and there, on bended knees, implored that His presence and blessing, whose word he had distributed amongst them, might be with him on his voyage; and that he might carry with him a permanent expression of their grateful feelings, they presented him with some beautiful verses from the pen of their celebrated poet, Thorlakson, in which thanks to the noble missionary were interwoven with the high praises of the British and Foreign Bible Society, through whose Christian bounty he had been sent with his treasures to their Icelandic shores.

It was at the close of his Icelandic mission, and during a brief visit to England, that Dr. Henderson was introduced to the companion whose heart beat through the rest of his days in intense sympathy with his own, and who shared with him in his tastes and talents for Biblical study In his union with Mrs. Henderson, no curb was put on his missionary wanderings. At the time of the happy event he was contemplating his extensive journey from St. Petersburg to Astrachan. The attainments he had made, in spite of his ceaseless busy life, in the continental languages rendered his services of increasing value to the Bible Society. The Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Icelandic, and Russian tongues, had in succession been mastered by him; whilst contemporaneously with their acquisition he had been devoting himself to the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and cognate Oriental dialects, to which he subsequently added the Turkish, Tatar, and Persic. He had discovered his linguistic vein, and he did not leave it unwrought. It was wrought the more intensely that it was an instrument practically available in the work to which he had devoted his life.

If our limits had allowed, we should have gladly followed Dr. Henderson on his return to Russia, and glanced at the brief day of promise to that country from his services in connection with its Bible Society patronized by the Emperor Alexander, and aided by the zealous friendship of the good Prince Galitzin. But a jealous and Jesuitical faction rolled back for a season that morning dawn for Russia. The hour had not come for a free circulation of the word that maketh free indeed. Still more willingly would we have accompanied our traveller in his long and interesting journey from St. Petersburg to Astrachan, and presented, as seen by him, in their moral and physical aspects, those regions that have since become interwoven with British history, and the achievements of British arms. A journey through the Crimea, a descent into the caverns of Inkermann, a visit to "the enchanting valley of Balaklava," or to "the beautiful meandering stream of the Alma," were then rare events. These were spots as little known as they have since become imperishably famous. But we must draw our narrative to a close. The suspension of the Russian Bible Society terminated the continental labours of Dr. Henderson. On his return to England he was again cast, without any plans of his own, on the guidance of that Providence who had found for him a field in his earlier days which he had not sought. The death of the venerable Dr. Bogue, opening to him the tutorship of Hoxton, determined as it changed a second time the current of his life. The traveller, with his mature experience and varied and rich stores of learning, sat down to the quiet work of preparing for labours like his own, the rising missionary mind of the section of the Church to which he belonged. Indefatigable in action, he proved no less so in study. His mind was alike at home in both; and in both departments he has left fruits behind, for which the Church has reason to give thanks to Him who sent forth his servant as a sower to sow in many fields.

The estimation in which Dr. Henderson was held by the brethren of his own communion, as a man of learning and of Christian simplicity of heart, is expressed without exaggeration in the following tribute to his memory by the Rev. H. Allon, with which we conclude our brief narrative of a life that was not lived in vain:—"As a scholar, Dr. Henderson was a man of careful and exact acquisition, accumulating the stores of his learning in a scholarly way, subjecting them to a large degree of his own self-reasonings and judgments, and then assigning them their place in his orderly mind for available use. Perhaps the impression of acquisition was first received. His Critical Commentaries are marked by great exegetical acumen, by a patient power in evolving the sense of the text, and by a stern determination to abide by the result. Every commentator since has been largely indebted to them, and no expositor of Scripture can wisely omit a reference to them. As an Oriental scholar, Dr. Henderson stood in the first rank amongst the Oriental scholars of England—perhaps of Europe. It would be difficult to instance a religious character more conscientious, devout, and high-toned. He impressed you at once as 'fearing God above many;' pre-eminently he was 'a good man and full of the Holy Ghost.' Even in the most casual contact, you could not fail to feel that you were in the presence of a man of God. Cheerful in conversation, social in habit, and joyous in temperament, he yet diffused around him unconsciously a calm, pure atmosphere of pious feeling, in which it seemed natural to live, and the purity of which you estimated only by after contact with other forms of life. It was a piety beautiful as rare in its gentle simplicity. He was in heart a little child—'simple concerning evil, wise to that which is good.'"

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

DEATH—DESIRED OR FEARED?

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word."—LUKE ii. 29.

SIMEON speaks here as a dying man. He probably went home from this happy scene in the temple, and soon laid himself down and died. We, too, must lie down and die. We have heard of death, we have thought of death, most of us have seen death, but ere long we ourselves must experience it. A few more of these swiftly rolling years, and there will not be one of us now within these walls in the land of the living; the darkness of the grave will have closed upon us all. As we sit here and look around us, it is difficult to believe this; but it is

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notwithstanding true, as true as that yesterday or the last year is gone. In what light, then, do we regard that great change which is coming on us? With what feelings are we looking forward to a dying hour?

"We long to die," some of you may say. But let me ask you, brethren, Why do you long to die? It may surprise you to be told so, but, with the exception of this prayer before us, scarcely any wish for death can be found in all the Scriptures, which is not manifestly a sinful one. Job, Elijah, Jonah, all cried out, "Let me die;" but they were some of the very worst words these men ever uttered. They were tired of God's dealing with them, or weary of the work he had allotted them, and they wanted to get away that they might be at rest. The case may be the same with you. Bring your desire for death, then, just as you would bring any other feeling, to the standard of God's word. Before you indulge it, or even think it safe to indulge it, try it by this text. It tells you that if it is a holy desire, it is the desire, not of a wretched, but of a happy hour. It is the strongest when the soul's happiness is the greatest. It springs no more from the ills than from the joys of life. The world has in truth little to do with it. When your souls are above the world, looking down on all the vexing things in it as petty trifles, or not looking on them at all, then say, if you will, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" but when harassed and worn by worldly things, beware of such language. Take rather Jeremiah's language, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord;" or Job's language in a sober moment, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

"We shrink from death," others of you may say. You hope that Christ's salvation will in the end be yours, but you have never been able to reconcile yourselves to the dying hour that is to make it yours. "Would it were over!" you say. "For years we have been sighing for a willingness to die. We have sought it and prayed for it, but we have never felt it. Death seems to us as cold and dark a thing as ever, and as terrifying." Now you will admit at once, brethren, that this is a wrong state of mind, as well as an unhappy one; and you will be almost as ready to admit that there must be something wrong in you to produce it. This scripture, perhaps, will discover to you what this is. It tells you that Simeon's happiness in the prospect of death was happiness in a Saviour. No matter in what it consisted, it all rested on Christ, or rather flowed from him. "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation," explains it all. And you must understand this, and fully understand it, before you can participate in Simeon's peaceful feelings. Sin is the sting of death. It is guilt on the conscience that makes death so terrible to man. To do away its terrors, then, the soul must see its own great guilt done away with; it must see the sufficiency, completeness, and glory of the atonement Christ has made for its sins. And it must go further, and get something like a sight of the satisfaction and delight which God feels in pardoning sin and in saving sinners through Christ. It must connect Christ with God, see him as God's salvation; and it must connect itself through Christ with God, regarding itself as mixed up with his lofty plans and purposes, as a soul which God in his amazing mercy has formed for himself, and set apart to be an everlasting monument to the glory of his grace. And then, brethren, how shall we look on death? Prospects will open before us, feelings will arise within us, so elevating, that we shall care no more for it than the eagle cares for the fog or the cloud through which it is piercing to get to the sun. "We are going to our Saviour," we shall say, "and what matters to us the darkness, or roughness, or loneliness, of the road which leads us to him? Once with him, we shall never feel lonely again. We shall be in all the brightness of heaven, and the joy of heaven will be ours."

"This was once our language," some of you may answer, "but it is not so now; the fear of death has again fallen upon us." You, perhaps, brethren, may have to learn from this scripture that happiness in death is connected with a holy life. It gives us this man Simeon's previous character. He was "just and devout," it says, "waiting for the Consolation of Israel." Not that his just and devout life was the spring of his dying happiness, but had it not been for his devout life he would never have experienced that happiness. A man who looks to a well-spent life for peace in death makes a sad mistake. He is worse than a foolish or deluded man—he is a proud, arrogant man. He may die in peace, for his pride of heart may hold him up to the last; but it is a peace that he will think of with wonder when he is dead—it is the last moment of peace he will ever know. But, on the other hand, what is that man doing who is looking for happiness in death without a well-spent, a holy, heavenly life? He is shutting his eyes to that order of things which God has established; he is forgetting what God has told him in his word, and often shown him in the world. Think of David. See what sin did in his once happy soul. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," was his song in his youth; but what did he say in his after life? Death seems really coming upon him, and does he, like this Simeon, fearlessly welcome it as it comes? No; he shrinks from it. "O spare me," he cries; "spare me a little, that I may recover my strength." I am not fit to die. He had the same Saviour to rejoice in that holy Simeon had, or the blameless Paul had, and he did rejoice in him, but not as they did. Sin had mingled fear in his joy. They were as ready to die as a stranger is to go home, or a prisoner to go free. David, with the same Saviour for his own and the same salvation before him, hangs back. He feels, when death approaches him, as you are feeling. And what does all this tell us but that same thing over again,—sin is the sting of death? Have done with sin, brethren; have done with it in heart and

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life. Search it out, and, by the help of God, cast it away and cleanse yourselves from it. The clearest knowledge of the gospel, the most enlarged views of God's salvation, cannot stand against a worldly or undevout, much less a sinful life. Honour the Holy Spirit as your Sanctifier, and he will in the end honour himself as your Comforter. He brought Simeon up to the temple that he might show him Christ there and comfort him. Take him as your Guide, and he will lead you where you shall be comforted; where you, too, shall say, "Lord, now let me depart, for mine eyes also have seen thy salvation."—*Rev. Charles Bradley.*

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

BY J. A. ALEXANDER, D.D.

Concluded.

In the second great division of the book (ch. xiii.–xxviii.) Paul is the central figure, and the Gentile Church his field of operation. It divides itself without constraint into two parts, corresponding to two different conditions under which the great apostle laboured, which may be distinguished as his Active and Passive Ministry; or less equivocally, as his Apostleship at large and his Apostleship in bonds, the turning-point or bounding-line being fixed by his arrest at Jerusalem and subsequent captivity.

The former of these subdivisions, Paul's Active Ministry, or his Apostleship at large (ch. xiii.–xxi.), may be resolved into Missions, and the Missions classed as Foreign and Domestic; not, of course, in the familiar sense of this distinction, but employing the second of these terms as a convenient designation of his official journeys to Jerusalem; the other, as usual, denoting visits to the heathen with a view to their instruction and conversion. The two sorts of missions thus distinguished are not entirely separate in the history, but intermingled, no doubt in the order of their actual occurrence, (ch. xiii.–xxi.)

We have, first, the solemn separation, by express Divine authority, of Barnabas and Saul to this important work; their setting out from Antioch, and sailing from Seleucia to Cyprus; their preaching in the synagogue at Salamis, and journey through the isle to Paphos; the hostility and punishment of Elymas the sorcerer and false prophet, and the conversion of the Roman proconsul. At this juncture Saul assumes a new position, as Apostle of the Gentiles, takes the place of Barnabas as leader of the mission, and is thenceforth known exclusively as Paul. From the native land of Barnabas they now proceed to that of Paul, where Mark, their minister, forsakes them. From Pamphylia they pass into Pisidia, at the capital of which province Paul delivers his first apostolical discourse on record, and announces to the unbelieving Jews his mission and commission to the Gentiles. Being driven to Iconium, he there renews the same experience. At Lystra, by a miracle of healing, he excites the heathen population to do sacrifice; but by a sudden change of feeling, owing to the machinations of the Jews who had pursued him, he is stoned and left for dead, but soon proceeds to Derbe, where his mission terminates. Returning as he came, he organizes churches in the cities previously visited, and coming back to Antioch, the point from which he had set out, he reports his proceedings to the church there, and resumes his former labours, (ch. xiii., xiv.)

This mission to the Gentiles in their own lands naturally raises the question whether they must first be Jews before they can be Christians. The affirmative, maintained by certain teachers from Judea, gives occasion to a warm dispute at Antioch, in consequence of which Paul and Barnabas are sent up to consult the mother church in its representative character, maintained by the continued presence and co-operation of apostles. The decision of this body in favour of Paul's conduct, at the instance of Peter and James, is reduced to writing and sent back to Antioch, where Paul and Barnabas now again resume their labours. While they are thus employed, Paul proposes to revisit the field of their first mission; to which Barnabas consents, but on condition that John Mark shall again attend them. Paul's refusal, with the sharp dispute arising from it, leads to their temporary separation, which is overruled, however, as a means of multiplying labourers; for while Barnabas and Mark proceed to Cyprus, Paul revisits Asia Minor, having filled their places with two new associates, Silas, a leading member of the mother church, and Timothy, a convert of his own in Lycaonia (ch. xv.)

This second mission seems to have been undertaken without any express intimation of the Divine purpose; for we find them vainly trying to effect an entrance into several provinces of Asia Minor, and from some peremptorily excluded by the Holy Spirit. This mysterious failure and repulse are not explained until they come to Troas, near the site of ancient Troy, and opposite to Greece, whence the hosts of Agamemnon came against it. From this memorable battle-field a very different war is to be carried into Europe, which is now for the first time to receive the gospel. At this interesting juncture, Paul is warned in a vision to go over into Macedonia, where so many of his triumphs were to be achieved, and where he proceeds, in the face of the most violent resistance, both from Jews and Greeks, to lay the foundations of those Macedonian churches, now immortalized by intimate and indestructible association with his three canonical epistles to the Philippians and Thessalonians, (ch. xvi.)

Having fixed these central points of influence in Northern Greece, and one perhaps less lasting at Berea, he proceeds to Athens, the most famous seat of ethnic art and science. Here he shows his versatility of talent and his apostolical wisdom, by his formal and colloquial discourses in the synagogue, the market, and the areopagus, adapting his instructions, with extraordinary skill, to the capacities and wants of those whom he addressed. Although apparently without effect on the philosophers who heard him, his appeals at Athens were responded to by some, including one at least of high rank, and he left behind him even there the germ or the basis of a Christian church. At Corinth, the chief city of Achaia, he stays longer, and accomplishes more visible results, by founding that important church to which he afterwards addressed two of his longest and most interesting letters, (ch. xvii.)

Having thus, as it were, taken possession of the most important points in Greece, he turns to Ephesus, the influential capital of Asia Proper, as another fortress to be won and occupied for Christ. At present he attempts only to recon-

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noitre the defences of the enemy while on his way back to the east, reserving his attack upon them as the work of his third mission. This design he is enabled to accomplish, in a residence of three years, during which, by teaching and by miracle, he not only gained the respect and esteem of the most enlightened classes, but drew off many thousands from the worship of Diana and the practice of the occult arts. "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed," (ch. xviii., xix.)

This triumph over heathenism, in one of its impregnable strongholds, seemed to leave but one great post unoccupied, the citadel of Rome itself, to which, accordingly, while still at Ephesus, he turned his thoughts, saying, "I must also see Rome." But here a most extraordinary part of the Divine plan or purpose is disclosed. Instead of sailing from Ephesus to some Italian port, as he no doubt might have done with ease, he first revisits Greece; and then, accompanied by seven representatives of Gentile Christianity, as well as by his beloved physician, who seems now to have rejoined him, he deliberately sets his face, not to the west, but to the east, performs a miracle at the place where he had seen his Macedonian vision, puts an end to his third mission by a solemn and affecting valedictory address to the Ephesian elders, and then journeys towards Jerusalem, though warned at every step, and sometimes by inspired men, of the danger there awaiting him, (ch. xx., xxi.)

This persistency in rushing upon certain peril, in the face of such dissuasives, is entirely unaccountable except upon the supposition of an express Divine command, requiring it for some mysterious and momentous purpose. And, accordingly, on putting all the facts together, it becomes quite certain that, instead of journeying at once to Rome, and there establishing the last great centre of his operations, he was secretly directed to revisit Palestine, and there make a last appeal to his own countrymen, by whom it was foreseen that he would be rejected and delivered to the Gentiles; thus prefiguring or symbolizing, in his own experience, the transfer of the gospel from the one race to the other, and arriving at his final destination, not as he once expected, in the use of his own free will and discretion, but as a prisoner, accused by his own people, and removed by his own appeal to the tribunal of the emperor. We have here, then, the transition from his Active to his Passive Ministry, or rather from his free and unconfined apostleship to that which he so long exercised in bonds, (ch. xxi.–xxviii.)

As Paul is still the central figure of the history, this last division may be readily resolved into Apologies, defences of himself and of the gospel, upon various occasions providentially afforded, and to various auditories both of Jews and Gentiles, who are brought into a remarkable and interesting juxtaposition both with him and with each other, as accusers, persecutors, judges, and protectors. His first apologies are to the Jews, but in the presence of the Romans; one to the people from the castle-stairs adjacent to the temple, and the other at the bar of the great national council. His third and fourth defences are addressed to Roman governors, but in the presence of a Jewish delegation from Jerusalem; the former before Felix, and the latter before Festus, both as it would seem in the Prætorium at Cæsarea. His fifth apology was to Agrippa, representing both the Jewish and the Roman power, and contained a fuller statement of his true relation to the old religion, and his claim to be regarded as a genuine and faithful Jew, (ch. xxii.–xxvi.)

His extraordinary mission being thus accomplished, he again turns his eyes to Rome, as the distant but conspicuous goal of his career, which he at length attains, but as a prisoner, and after having suffered shipwreck by the way—a sort of symbol representing the vicissitudes through which the Church was to attain her ultimate and universal triumphs. Having made one more appeal to unbelieving Israel, as represented by the Jews at Rome, and having finally abandoned them to their judicial blindness, he turns wholly to the Gentiles, and establishes the last great radiating centre from which light was to be shed upon the world, until the light itself was turned to darkness, (ch. xxvii., xxviii.)

SWEDISH HYMNS:

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS' BATTLE-SONG.

Long after the southern regions of modern Europe emerge into the sober daylight of history, the twilight of legend lingers over the North. The gigantic forms of the old Sagas flit about in the gleam of the northern lights ages after the chronicles of the South are peopled with a race of solid and ordinary men and women. Four centuries after the times when the people of Milan first sang the hymns of Ambrose, nearly three centuries after Gregory the Great sent Augustine to the English, a hundred years after the Venerable Bede passed his tranquil life in the monastery near Wearmouth, translating the New Testament into Anglo-Saxon, and chronicling his own times — in Sweden Christianity was carrying on its first conflict with the fierce old Scandinavian heathenism. Anschar, "the Apostle of the North," died A.D. 835.

Thus Christendom had journeyed eight hundred years from the apostolic age before the name of Christ penetrated into Sweden. After seven centuries more, Christianity for the first time streamed into those northern regions fresh from the lips of evangelists and apostles.

The Swedish Reformation seems scarcely to have been so much a transplantation from Germany as a natural branch of Lutheran Protestantism. The inward work in Sweden appears to have followed the outward. The Bible was given to the people in their mother-tongue, and the Church ceremonies were reformed on the Lutheran model, and so the nation became Lutheran, and many among them truly evangelical. The Bible was translated from the German Bible; the hymn-book was a reflection of the German hymn-book, but by degrees native hymn-writers arose. The glad tidings could not fail to call forth the new song.

The whole history of Sweden appears to blossom into its full and characteristic development in the biography of one man. It should never be forgotten that the royal hero of Protestantism was a Swede. Swedish chronicles, otherwise so isolated, are incorporated as a central portion of European history around the persons of two Swedish kings, Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. The self-sacrificing Christian hero and the selfish mili-

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tary chief might stand as among the most strikingly contrasted types of true and false heroism.

If ever a man subordinated self to the cause he contended for, it was surely the Great Gustavus. And he had his reward in kind. The life he so unflinchingly offered to stem the returning flood of Romanism was accepted, and the flood was stayed. The hero died at Lützen, and the faith he had contended for held its ground in Germany. From that noble heart, in which northern strength and northern tenderness, the lofty heroism of an old Viking and the lowly heroism of a Christian martyr, were so wonderfully blended, one psalm has come down to us. Its composition was characteristic. The brave king was no man of letters. The fire of faith which burned in his heart was more wont to fuse the iron of heroic deeds than the gold of beautiful words. But the thoughts were in his heart; had they not inspired him in march and battle-field? So he told his chaplain, Dr. Jacob Fabricius, what his thoughts were, and the chaplain moulded them into three verses of a hymn, and the simple-hearted hero took them ever afterwards as his battle-song. On the morning of his last battle, when the armies of Gustavus and Wallenstein were drawn up, waiting till the morning mist dispersed to commence the attack, the king commanded Luther's grand psalm, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," to be sung, and then that hymn of his own, accompanied by the drums and trumpets of the whole army. Immediately afterwards the mist broke, and the sunshine burst on the two armies. For a moment Gustavus Adolphus knelt beside his horse, in face of his soldiers, and repeated his usual battle-prayer, "O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our arms, and this day's battle, for the glory of Thy holy name." Then passing along the lines, with a few brief words of encouragement, he gave the battle-cry, "God with us!" the same with which he had conquered at Leipzig. Thus began the day which laid him low amidst the thickest of the fight, with those three sentences on his dying lips, noble and Christian as any that ever fell from the lips of dying man since the days of the first martyr:—"I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation!"—"My God, my God!"—and, the last that were heard, "Alas! my poor queen!" *

A hymn so consecrated has a value beyond that of any mere words. Whether the Swedish (from which the following translation is made) or the German was the original, the translator does not know. Probably both were original; but that in the mother-tongue of the hero himself has its peculiar interest.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS' BATTLE-SONG.

(*Förfäras ej du lilla hop.*)

Be not dismay'd, thou little flock,
Although the foe's fierce battle shock
Loud on all sides assail thee.

Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,
Their triumph cannot long endure;
Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's—go at his call,
And to his hand commit thy all;
Fear thou no ill impending:
His Gideon shall arise for thee,
God's word and people manfully,
In God's own time defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesus' might;
Against themselves the godless fight,
Themselves, not us, distressing;
Shame and contempt their lot shall be;
God is with us, with him are we:
To us belongs his blessing.

The orphaned army and nation had need, indeed, of such words to sustain them for the loss of such a man and such a captain—a loss inadequately compensated even by the utter destruction on that battle-field of the imperial army. But his cause was won, and Protestant Germany was saved, not by her armies or her princes, but by the heart of that one hero, given by God.—*The Voice of Christian Life in Song.**

* Hollings' "Life of Gustavus Adolphus."

GEORGE AND ALICK.

"Well, you know, Annie, it is all very well to try to be kind to and help nice people—people whom you like. It is the nicest thing in the world to help you, Annie, because you are always so good, and kind, and gentle. But there are people to whom I never could be kind, let me try ever so much."

"But, Georgie," his sister began.

He interrupted her with some impatience.

"Oh, I know what you are going to say. You always say that we ought to like everybody. But that is nonsense. Everybody is not likeable, and I don't like people who are not likeable, and I never shall and never can.

"I did not mean to say that. I don't always say it; I don't think I ever said it," she answered quietly. "I know that one cannot like people who are not likeable. But Georgie," with much earnestness, "I know, and you know, that it is God's will, that it is God's command, that we should be kind, and tender, and gentle, and pitiful to every one, whether we like them or not."

Yes, Georgie did know that. Often had he been reminded of it. But as this was a command he often broke, he did not like to think of it. He moved restlessly and impatiently on his chair, and said, with some fretfulness:—

"Well, but how can one; at least how can a rough boy like me? You can, Annie, I know. You do. Although you are often confined to this stupid bed for weeks at a time, you do more good, and make more people happy and comfortable than any one in all the house. You are so good. It is easy for you."

"No, Georgie, it is not easy for me," she answered, her sweet, pale face flushing at his praise. "I am not always kind. But a thought came into my mind about a year ago, that has always helped me a great deal. I think God must

* London: J. Nisbet and Co.

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have put it into my mind. Indeed I am sure he did, it has helped me so much."

"And what was the thought?" George asked eagerly.

"I was thinking how difficult it was to feel kindly, to feel rightly towards those whom we don't care for, who are not pleasant; and then it came all in a minute into my head, that we should find it much easier if we could only remember ever and always that everybody we meet must be either God's friend or God's enemy."

"But how could that help?" George asked, knitting his brows, as if greatly puzzled.

Annie tried to explain.

"You know," she said, "that there are no two ways about it,—that we must either be God's friend or his enemy."

"Yes," he answered thoughtfully; "papa made me see that long ago."

"And every boy you meet is either the one or the other, whatever else he may be, nice or not, pleasant and likeable, or unpleasant and unlikeable. If he be God's friend—if he be a boy who loves our dear Lord Jesus Christ," she went on, with an earnestness of feeling which brought tears to her eyes,—"a boy whom Christ loves, and for whom he died—a boy that Christ cares for, and is ever watching over, and in whose troubles and pleasures, joys and sorrows, Christ is tenderly concerned—oh, Georgie, if he be Christ's friend, must not we like to be kind to and help him, to do him as much good, and as little harm as we can?"

"Yes, yes, I see," he answered softly, and with much feeling. Annie went on.

"And if he be a boy who does not love God," she said solemnly, "then must he be one of the wicked with whom God says that he is angry every day. And oh, Georgie, think what it must be to have God angry with you every day; to go through the world without God, never to think of him with love; to have no God to serve, no God to care for you, never to have your troubles made easy by knowing that the loving God has sent them, never to have your joys made sweet because they are his loving gift. Oh, Georgie, how dreary, how desolate! Can you help being pitiful to any one who is in such a state?"

"No, oh no," was said by Georgie's eyes even more earnestly than by his tongue. He said no more; for boys cannot speak of what they feel so readily as girls. But Annie's thought had gone deep into his heart, and as he went a few minutes after down towards the village on an errand for his father, his whole thoughts were occupied by it. Much more soberly than usual did he walk down the avenue, thinking over again all that Annie had said, and praying earnestly that God would keep it in his memory, and bring it strongly before him each time he had occasion to use it.

Such occasion was close at hand. As he came out of the gate into the road, he saw, a little way before him, a boy who, as he feared—nay, rather as he knew—was one of those wicked of whom Annie had been speaking. His name was Alick. Poor fellow, he was a cripple; he had been a cripple from his very babyhood. He had never been able to put his feet to the ground, to walk or run about like other boys, but could only get along slowly and painfully by the help of crutches. He was besides very delicate, and often suffered violent attacks of pain in his back and limbs, so that every one must have felt sorry for him, had he not been such a bad, cruel, selfish boy, that anger often drove pity away from the softest hearts. But there was this excuse for him, he had never had any one to teach him better. His mother died when he was a baby. His father was very rich, but was a coarse, hard man—one who, like the unjust judge, feared not God, nor regarded man. He was fond of his poor boy, who was his only child, but he showed his fondness by indulging his every wish, and suffering him to do in all things exactly as he pleased. So that Alick grew more and more wicked, cruel, and selfish every year, until he had come to be disliked and avoided by every one who knew him. Georgie had a particular dislike to him. For Alick, knowing that Georgie was far too brave to strike a cripple who could not help himself, took the greatest pleasure in teasing, and provoking, and working him up into passions which George could not vent upon him.

The two boys saw each other a good while before they met, and Alick had time to prepare a taunting speech which he knew would be particularly provoking to George. But George also had time to think of Alick, time to recollect what Annie had said about the utter dreariness of going through the world without God; and God, answering George's earnest prayers, caused this recollection to move his heart to the tenderest pity and concern for poor Alick. So when the mocking, provoking speech was given forth in the bitterest way, George's only answer was a look of tender, even of loving compassion.

Alick misunderstood George's feeling. He thought that look was meant to express pity for his infirmities, and pity on that account he could not bear. His cheek flushed crimson with anger, and he poured forth a volley of fearful oaths and curses upon George, who was now passing him upon the opposite side of the road. Again George only answered with that look so strangely full of deep, tender pity, that Alick's heart was stirred by it, he knew not how nor why. He felt half provoked, as if he were being cheated out of his anger, and taking up a small stone from the old wall against which he leaned, he threw it at George, hitting him pretty smartly upon the arm. George took no further notice than merely to turn round and walk backward, so as to be able to watch for and avoid future compliments of the same kind. Many such were sent after him without effect. But just as he was getting beyond reach, Alick, in a last violent effort to throw far enough, overbalanced himself, one crutch slipped from under him, and he fell forward on his face in the mud.

In an instant George was by his side, helping him to rise, and asking tenderly if he were hurt. He was covered with mud from head to foot, his face was sorely cut and bruised by some sharp stones lying under the mud, and his teeth had cut through his upper lip. Georgie raised him into a sitting posture, and did all he could for him. A little burn ran by the way-side. Georgie dipped his handkerchief in it, and kneeling beside him, tried to wash away the mud and blood from his face with the utmost tenderness and gentleness, saying all the time words of kindness and concern, and giving him those looks of deep, wistful pity.

At first Alick submitted to his kind offices without speaking; but after a few minutes he turned his head from him with a fretful, impatient, "There, that'll do," and stretched out his hand for his crutches. Georgie brought them to him, and helped him to get upon them. But poor Alick had severely sprained his shoulder in trying to save himself as he

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fell, and the attempt to use his crutches gave him the most violent pain. Selfish boys are never manly. They always think too much of their own troubles. This new pain, and the fear that he should not be able to get home, were too much for Alick. He gave way to a most unrestrained fit of crying. At another time George would have been either provoked or amused at the big boy's crying thus like a baby. But now the pity God had planted in his heart swallowed up every other feeling. He thought only of comforting and helping him.

"Oh, don't cry," he said encouragingly; "I'll get you home, never fear. See, sit here a minute, and I'll run for Annie's garden-chair, and wheel you home in it." And having seated him comfortably leaning against the wall, he ran off, and was back with the chair before even the impatient Alick could have expected him.

It was not easy to drive the chair through the soft mud, where hidden stones were constantly turning aside the wheels, jarring George's arms, and calling forth bitter complaints from the fretful Alick. But Georgie bore complaints and jarrings with equal patience and kindly good humour, and as the homes of the two boys were not far apart, he got Alick safe to his own door in no very long time.

The next afternoon when Georgie came home from school, he heard from his mother that the doctor had been there to see Annie, and had told them that Alick was very ill. He had sprained his back as well as his shoulder, and was suffering great pain, and must, the doctor said, be confined to bed for many weeks. Georgie felt very sorry for him.

"Sickness and pain are bad enough," he thought, "even when one can feel that it is our good and loving Father who has sent them; but what must they be to him?" And he asked his mother's leave to go to see if he could be of any use to Alick. His mother consented, and resolutely turning his mind from the cricket-match just beginning in the schoolyard, George went.

He found the poor boy in a pitiable state. His face was swelled from the effect of the cuts and bruises; one eye was quite closed up, and the other he could only open a little way, for a minute at a time. He could not turn himself in bed,—the sprained arm was bound to his side; he could do nothing to amuse himself; and in that motherless, sisterless home, there was no one to devise amusement for him. His father was kind and anxious about him; but it never occurred to him to sit by his bedside, and try to make the time pass pleasantly; and even if it had occurred to him, he would not have known how to do it. All that money could buy Alick had in abundance; but tenderness and kind companionship were what he most wanted, and these could not be bought.

He seemed pleased to see Georgie, and gladly accepted his offer to sit for a little with him and read to him. Georgie read aloud very well, and with great spirit, and Alick was delighted with an amusement which was quite new to him. The hour Georgie was allowed to give him passed most delightfully, and when Georgie rose to go away, he was eagerly asked to come back the next day.

The next, and the next, and many succeeding afternoons, Georgie spent by Alick's bedside, reading or chatting to him; and when he was able to use his arms, playing with him at chess, draughts, or any such game that Alick liked. That tender pity which God had put into George's heart for the poor wicked boy, he kept fresh and warm from day to day; and Georgie never grudged the time or trouble which he gave to Alick; never lost patience with him, however fretful and unreasonable he might be, but was ever ready to do what Alick wished, whether he himself liked it or not.

One afternoon they had played for a long time at a favourite game of Alick's, but one which Georgie thought very tiresome.

"Well, that is one of the nicest games in the world," said Alick, stretching himself back upon his pillows when the game was done. "Isn't it? Don't you like it?"

"No," said Georgie, looking up with an amused smile; "I don't like it much."

"Why then did you play so long without saying that you did not like it?" Alick asked much surprised.

"Because you like it. I wanted you to have what you like," Georgie answered simply; and having put away all the things, he stooped over Alick and asked him very kindly, nay, I may say very lovingly, if he thought he should have a better night, if he thought his pain was less than it had been.

"Yes,—no,—I don't know," Alick said, looking earnestly up into Georgie's eyes. "But, Georgie, I say, why do you care so much?"

"Because I am so very sorry for you," burst from Georgie's very heart.

"You well may," muttered poor Alick, glancing down at his useless, shrunken limbs. But this time there was no anger in his thoughts.

"It is not for that, not at all for that," Georgie cried eagerly, as if guessing that pity for his infirmities might be painful.

"For what then?" Alick asked, looking at him keenly.

"Because you do not know, you do not love God," Georgie answered with deep feeling. "Oh, Alick, how heartless, how dreary it must be!" and the tears rose to his eyes, and ran down his cheeks without his knowing it.

His words, spoken in that tone of intense pity, thrilled Alick to the heart. This was the meaning of all those looks of tender, yearning compassion, which Georgie so continually cast upon him. And was it then such a terrible thing not to know God? Georgie's, "how heartless, how dreary!" sounded again in his ears, and seemed to answer the question. He said nothing to Georgie nor to any one; but all night long these words came back, and back to his mind. He could not get rid of them. They were pressed down into his heart, by the recollection of all that exceeding tender pity which Georgie's eyes had so long expressed for him, and of Georgie's loving, patient kindness during his illness. And ever deeper and stronger grew the sense that his life was in truth, and ever had been, more heartless and dreary than Georgie could imagine.

Next day when Georgie came to his bedside, Alick looked him full in the face and said:—

"Georgie, can you teach me to know God?"

You may imagine how Georgie's heart leaped with joy at the question. Often had he longed to speak to Alick of his God and Saviour, but hitherto he had been afraid to do it; not afraid of what Alick might say to or of him, but afraid to hear him speak against the Lord whom he had so often blasphemed. Now his mouth was opened, and in simple, boyish speech, he poured out his heart to Alick, and told him all he

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knew of Christ's love in taking upon himself the sins of those who were his enemies. And God's Spirit going with the words he taught Georgie to speak, Alick's heart was touched, and the poor boy was brought to take Christ as his Lord and his God. C. D. B.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXIV.—QUESTIONS ON MARRIAGE—LITTLE CHILDREN BLESSED—THE RICH YOUNG RULER—THE DANGER OF RICHES.

MATT. XIX.

Questions on Marriage.—Ver. 1, 2. Towards what place was Jesus now bending his steps? For what end? chap. xvi. 21. When had he been formerly in the "coasts of Judea, beyond Jordan?" Matt. iii. 13. Though himself about to be wounded, and bruised, and killed, what did he continue to do to the sick?

Ver. 3. How did the Pharisees show their usual dishonesty and cunning? [They did not really wish information; but as there were two parties among the Jews on opposite sides of the question, they hoped to expose Jesus to the enmity of one or other of them.]

Ver. 4–6. To what authority did Jesus refer as settling the question? On which side, therefore, was the decision given?

Ver. 7–9. What apparent exception to the inviolability of marriage did they refer to? Did Moses really "command" this? [No; he only "suffered" it, ver. 8.] For what reason did Moses suffer it? Was the thing right in itself? [Observe the great wisdom of Christ: those that called for a relaxation of the law of marriage showed that they were like the Jews in Moses' time—"hard of heart;" by the very act of demanding the relaxation, they condemned themselves.]

Ver. 10–12. What opinion did the disciples entertain regarding marriage, if the tie was to be so very strict? Did Jesus agree with them? [Ver. 11. Their remark, he said, was applicable only to certain classes of persons, peculiarly situated. In ver. 12, he mentions some for whom "it was not good to marry."] Did Christ expect that all should be able to understand these things? ["He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." Some would not be able to receive it, and he did not deem it necessary to explain it to all.]

Little Children Blessed.—Ver. 13. Who probably brought the little children to Jesus? What is the *duty* of parents in this matter? What is the greatest *favour* parents can do to their children? Give an instance from the Old Testament of a good man laying his hands on children while praying for them. Gen. xlviii. 14. Did the disciples encourage the bringing of the children to Jesus? Why not? [Perhaps they thought Jesus would be disturbed by them in his teaching.]

Ver. 14. [Observe here how the opposition of the disciples was the occasion of drawing forth one of the most beautiful and delightful sayings in all the Bible. In a similar way opposition is still often overruled for very great good in the Church of Christ.] What does Jesus wish little children to do? When does he wish them to come? Prov. viii. 17. For what reason is he so much interested in them? But will any little child get into the kingdom of heaven, unless it come to Jesus? If children will not come to Jesus after so affectionate an invitation, will they have any excuse?

Ver. 15. What was denoted by the laying on of hands? [Imparting a blessing; it was the token of passing a gift or grace from one person to another. How delightful was the condition of those children with whom Christ left his blessing when "he departed thence!"]

The rich young Ruler.—Ver. 16. What was there about this young man of a favourable kind? [1. His *respect* for Jesus, acknowledging him as "good." 2. His *confidence* in Jesus, as able to instruct him. 3. Though young, he felt anxious about his soul. 4. Though rich, he desired eternal life.] What essential error did he labour under as to the way of obtaining eternal life?

Ver. 17. Did Jesus mean to deny that he was God? [Certainly not; he seems rather to have meant to draw the young man to view him as God.] In what sense is it true that "there is none good but God?" [All other goodness is *derived* from God.] Did Jesus direct him at first to the true way of obtaining life? What is the true way? Compare Rom. iii. 28 and John iii. 16. Why did Jesus lay before him the *legal* method? [To convince him that it would not do; to show him that *he could not fulfil the conditions* of this method: he must seek another.]

Ver. 18, 19. Which table of the law did Jesus specify,—duty to man or to God? Why did he specify the easier of the two? [If he could convict him of having failed in the easier, much more in the other.]

Ver. 20. Did the young man believe what he said? In what sense had he kept them; outwardly, in the letter, or inwardly, in his heart? Is an outward obedience sufficient? Where did Christ always insist obedience should come from? Did the young man himself seem to be quite satisfied with his claim to life? See ver. 16.

Ver. 21. Was the young man as devoted to duty as he seemed? What did he evidently regard in his heart more than duty? Does not this show that there may be much appearance of religion, and yet wealth, or some other earthly treasure, be the real idol, worshipped above God? Can any be in a right state, unless they are willing to surrender everything to Christ?

Ver. 22. Was this young man the better or the worse for his wealth? What harm did it do him?

Danger of Riches.—Ver. 23, 24. When was Jesus accustomed to make use of the words, "Verily I say unto you?" [Emphatic and solemn.] What is meant by, "shall hardly enter?" [With great difficulty; his riches drag him back: they take such a hold of his heart.] What proverbial expression did Christ quote to enforce his meaning? [Lord Nugent says, he was once told at the gate of Hebron "to go through *the eye of the needle*," or the *small side gate*, to make way for a train of camels. The loaded camel could not get through the small gate.]

Ver. 25, 26. What effect had Christ's saying on the disciples? Is it possible for any man, rich or poor, to find his way to heaven himself? On whom then must we ever depend? Have we much encouragement to do so? Phil. i. 6.

Ver. 27. What word of Christ's led Peter to ask this? ver. 21.

Ver. 28. What is here denoted by "the regeneration?" Acts iii. 21. Was the sacrifice made by the apostles to be regretted in view of such a distinction? [Let us look for-

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ward to that time, and try to act now in everything so as we shall then wish we had done!]

Ver. 29. Is it a real loss to forsake the most cherished delights *for Christ's sake?* What return is promised in this life? An hundred fold of what? [Probably, *of real good.*] And in the world to come?

Ver. 30. [This verse is thrown in by way of caution against *indolence* and *presumption.* Those first in privilege shall often be last in improvement; those first called shall often be the last to respond; those apparently most religious shall often be thrust out of the kingdom. Therefore, watch and pray; trust not in your own hearts. Come unto me,—follow me.]

DUTY.—God's Works are to be Studied and Admired. Job xl. Psalm xix.; cxi.; cxlv. Rev. xv.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. VII.

ABIJAH.—1 Kings xiv. 1-18.

Was Abijah a poor boy? [No; the son of a king of Israel.] Who was his father? What sort of king was he? [Very wicked.] Did he sin alone? [No; he taught the people to sin. Ver. 16; chap. xv. 30.] What was his great sin? chap. xii. 28–33.

Do we ever read of the people of Israel worshipping a golden calf before this? Who made it? Exod. xxxii. 1–4. Was the Lord very angry with them? How did he punish them? Exod. xxxii. 26–28, 35. Was he angry with Jeroboam? 1 Kings xiii. 34. Which of the commandments forbids the worship of all images or idols? Are there any people *now* foolish enough to worship golden calves? [Show how the idols of the Hindoos, and other heathen nations, are sometimes like cattle, or much more monstrous and absurd.] What should we feel for them? [Sorrow and pity, and desire to teach them about the true God.]

Did Jeroboam wish his wife and family to worship the idols along with himself? Who was the only one that did not? [The young child Abijah, ver. 13.] What is there remarkable in the case of Abijah, more than in that of Samuel, Moses, &c.? [That he should have been a pious child, when his parents and family were so wicked.]

How could he have heard the truth about God and salvation? [Perhaps from some pious servant, or visitor.] Had most of the good men in Israel left the court of Jeroboam? 2 Chron. xi. 16, 17. Then must not poor Abijah have had very few to help him? Who must have been his great teacher? [The Holy Spirit.] Would he have the Bible to read? What portions of it were written then? [The books of Moses, and perhaps Job, Joshua, Judges, and most of the Psalms and Proverbs.] But is not our Bible much larger and more complete? What should we feel when we think of this? [Thankfulness to God, and desire to improve and profit by all his holy word.] Would Abijah know about Jesus? [Yes, as the Messiah who was to come.] When he was not allowed to go to the tabernacle at Shiloh, how could he worship God? [By prayer at home.] Must not he have been sadly grieved to see all his relations worshipping the golden calves? What would he try to do for them? [He would pray for them, and perhaps try to tell them of their sin.] Would they be angry, and punish him? [Very probably.] How could a child have courage to act so differently from all around him? [Only by the grace and help of God.]

Do you remember any other of God's servants mentioned in the Bible, who were faithful to him in the midst of wicked people? [Joseph, Daniel, Obadiah, 1 Kings xviii. 3, 12. Saints in Cæsar's household, Phil. iv. 22, &c.] Are there many children now with wicked persons around them? [Show what numbers of poor little ones are in this sad case.] What ought we to do for them? [Try to give them Bibles, get them to come to the Sabbath school, &c.] And if they come to Jesus, will he help them, as he did Abijah, to be faithful?

If you have pious parents and friends, will that make you sure of being saved? [No, unless we seek Jesus for ourselves.] But ought not you to be very thankful, if your lot is different from that of Abijah and many others? And what should you feel besides thankfulness? Heb. ii. 1; Luke xii. 48.

What is the great lesson from this part of Abijah's story? [That even in the midst of sin and temptation, the children of God may still love and serve him.]

There is a path that leads to God,
All others lead astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But they who boldly walk therein
Shall come to heaven at last.

Precept.—Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord. 2 Cor. vi. 17.

Promise.—Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.

Prayer.—O Lord, who knowest all things, we pray thee to have mercy upon the poor heathen who are worshipping idols, and upon the many poor children in our own land who are born among wicked people, and have no one to teach them about Jesus. O do thou send more of thy faithful servants to find them out, and tell them the way of salvation. And send help and comfort to any who are seeking to know and serve thee through many trials and difficulties. Give us grace to improve more by all our great blessings and advantages, and to keep separate from the sins and temptations of this world, so that all may see that we are thy holy and obedient children, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE INFANT REASONER.

Willie was a very interesting little boy of five years, fond of asking questions, of hearing stories,—in fact, like all other children, fond of receiving attention,—but, as a general thing, easily pleased, and, in consequence, wore a happy, sunny look, which made us love him. One evening, after he had left us with a pleasant "Good night," I was startled to hear him say, in an angry tone,—

"I sha'n't say my prayers to you! I sha'n't say them to-night!"

"What are you saying, Willie?" said I, quietly entering the room. He hung his head; but when his naughtiness was spoken of, the pride of resistance as well as the unsub-

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dued passion of his heart were aroused, and he answered, sullenly,—

"I can't see God, and I sha'n't pray to him."

"Do you only love those you see?" I asked, in a tone of surprise. "Then you only love your father, and mother, and little brother when you can see them; and when you go to your home, far away, you will forget grandpa, grandma, and all of us. That's great love, isn't it?"

"Oh, Aunt Effie, I don't mean that; you know I don't; for I have seen you all, and we can come and see one another. But I never saw God."

"Suppose, Willie, you had never seen me, and to-morrow morning your mother should show you a beautiful book and say, 'Aunt Effie sent this to you;' and in the afternoon there should come a dear, kind little girl, who should say, 'Willie, your Aunt Effie sent me to play with you, and she sent these bright flowers, so that we can play Fairy Queen;'—would you not think at once, 'How good and kind Aunt Effie is!' and would you not love her?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Effie: it would be so plain, I should know you were good."

"But God does a great deal more than I have said. He does send beautiful flowers, so that you can find them everywhere; he has sent you so many good, kind friends to love you and take care of you, that I should grow tired to name them all. Besides, he takes care of you in the darkness, all the night."

"Oh, no, Aunt Effie; mother takes care of me,—because when I cry she comes to me in a minute."

"Yes; but who takes care of your mother?"

"Grandma."

"And who takes care of her?"

"Grandpa."

"And who takes care of him?"

"He can take care of himself! Why, Aunt Effie!—a great, big man! he knows just what to do."

"Oh, yes, Willie,—very easy it seems when all is still and quiet; but what if God should send the quick lightning to burn the house in the night, or if a fierce robber should come, or if he should grow very sick? what then? Could your grandpa hold the lightning back in the clouds, or while sleeping keep the robber from the door? You see, Willie, that if God, who made us, who made everything, did not take care of us, nobody could."

"Well, Aunt Effie," urged the child, with an expression of intense interest, "I see God takes care of us; but you said he made everything, and I don't believe that. You said yesterday we had no right to say what we can't prove; and you can't prove God made this bedstead!"

"Who did make it?"

"Why, a man, to be sure!"

"What did he make it of?"

"Of wood; can't you see?"

"Yes; but where did the wood come from?"

"It came out of trees."

"That is right. Now tell me who made the trees grow, who made the man, and who gave him sense enough to make the bedstead, and I will tell you who made it."

"Aunt Effie, grandpa makes trees grow!"

"No, Willie; grandpa puts the little trees in the ground, and waters them: he wants them all to live; but some die. Those trees which you helped him to plant to-day only took the place of trees he put there last year, but which did not live. If he could make them grow, would he have done the work twice in the same place?"

"Aunt Effie, I know something now! God didn't make grandpa's axe! You can't say anything to that. You can't make me say he did."

"Willie, what is the axe made of?"

"Of iron and wood. I know about the wood; but the iron, Aunt Effie, I think, it isn't made at all!"

"Well, where does iron come from?" I asked.

"I can't tell, Aunt Effie; but it didn't grow, and man didn't make it."

"No, Willie; it is in the ground. God put it there, and man finds it, all mixed with the sand. He first digs it out of the earth, makes it very fine, then separates the grains of iron from the sand, and puts it in a very hot fire, where it is melted and runs all together in a large lump. Then he hammers it to make it solid; and after all this work it is ready to be melted, to be made into different things for us to use. Do you think now that God had nothing to do with grandpa's axe? He made all things; and, though you should try all night, you cannot think of anything he did not make."

"Oh, Aunt Effie, just let me get in your arms while we talk about the blanket. Can you make me say he made that?"

"Oh, yes, easily enough," I answered. "The blanket is made of wool. God makes wool grow on the sheep, and gives man knowledge to make it into blankets."

"And did he make moonshine, and flowers, and rain, and sunshine, and every little thing?

"Yes, Willie. And will you go to sleep without thanking him for his goodness, and asking him to take care of you, and make you good, and keep us all safe, well, and happy?"

"Well, Aunt Effie, I will say my prayers; but I wish you would talk so to me every night when I'm not bad."

Years passed. We were again together, and sat looking at some pictures, when Willie suddenly lifted up his earnest eyes to mine, saying, "Aunt Effie, do you remember the night when I was a little fellow and wouldn't say my prayers, how you preached to me? I never remembered anything half so well."

At first I could not recollect; but by telling me what I had said he recalled it to memory; and I could not but feel, as I reflected upon his words, that the impressions we make upon the minds of children are more lasting than we imagine. After that early acknowledgment of God as Creator and constant Benefactor, would that child become an infidel? Was Voltaire far wrong as to the value of early impressions when he said, "Give me the first five years of a child's life, and I will give you all the rest?"—*Sunday School Banner.*

II.—A FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK.

"I WISH I had a fortune-telling book," said one of three boys, as they walked down to the river to go swimming; "I want to know what my luck is to be. I've tried to buy one, but there's none to sell."

"I've got one," said the barber's son.

"Got one!" cried Bill Staples eagerly; "why didn't you tell of it before? Where is it?"

"Down at the shop," answered the barber's son.

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"And it *does* tell what's coming to pass, does it?" asked the third boy.

"Yes, it *does*."

"But how do you know?" asked the third boy; "you haven't lived long enough to know if it has told your fortune right."

"Why, you see it's a very old book," said the barber's son. "My grandfather had it, and it told his fortune; then my father had it, and it told *his*; and it all came to pass."

"It beats all," cried Bill Staples; "what a prize! Why don't you go round telling fortunes? You'd make lots of money."

"I'm afraid nobody would believe me," said the barber's son humbly.

"Well, *show* it to us," said they.

"Come down to the shop to-night," he said; "come just after we shut up; that's the best time to read it."

"Sell it to me," cried Bill Staples; "how will you trade now?"

"Can't part with mine," answered the barber's son; "but you can get one where mine came from."

'I'll have one as certain as my name is Bill Staples; but we'll come and try our luck with you."

"Agreed," said they all.

The two boys were before time, and hung round the shop until every customer had gone and the shutters were put up; then in they went. The barber's son asked them to be seated, and drew a little table out, and placed a lamp on it. Then he went to the back part of the shop, and opening a little trunk (for, as you may well think, such a book was kept very carefully), took it out, and laid it on the table, the boys narrowly eyeing him all the time. "There," he said, in a very sober tone, when he laid the book on the table,—"there, boys, is my fortune-telling book. What it says is *sure*." The two apprentices scrambled to the table.

"*The Bible!*" they exclaimed at once, shrinking back.

"Yes," said the barber's son, "that is my father's Bible; and it says there are but just two ways for you and for me to try our chances by in this world. One is called the 'broad way,' and the other the 'strait and narrow way.'"

Such a fortune-telling book they were not thinking of; but, my young readers, it is the *only* kind that does not deceive us.—*Child's Paper.*

III.—FOLLOWING CHRIST.

"And there were with him other little ships."—MARK iv. 36.

We should always be ready to follow Jesus.—These little ships put to sea after him directly Christ put to sea, and wherever he went they went. Had he gone north or south, east or west, they would have trimmed their sails accordingly. They were determined to be with Christ. They remind us of Ruth, who, when her mother-in-law kissed her, and bade her farewell, was by no means to be got rid of so easily. "Nay," she said, "entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me" (Ruth i. 16, 17). They remind us of the poor demoniac in the Gadarene country, who, when Christ had cured him, and wished him good-bye, "*besought him that he might be with him*" *evermore* (Luke viii. 38).

So it should be with us, dear children! we should make it our study to *follow* Christ; that is, to follow his *commands*, his *wishes*, his *example*—to keep putting our hearts into his keeping—to spend each day in endeavouring to get nearer to him, to know more of him, to be more like him. We cannot see him—oh, that we *could* see him! but we can believe that his eye is upon us, and do whatever we think will *please* him.

Suppose your beloved mother were to die and go to heaven, and before she left you, she gave you a little book in her own handwriting, telling you what she would like you to do when she was no more. If you sought to do all these things, you would be *following* her, though she was out of sight. And has not Jesus told us what he likes us to do? Has he not done it all himself, to show us that it *can* be done, and *how* it ought to be done? And shall we not follow him? Will you lie idle high and dry, like a good-for-nothing boat on the shore? Will you not rather launch away at his call, and go sailing after him, till at last you come in sight of him in the fair haven above?

Oh, how happy are they who have thus overtaken him, and are now with him, as those "little ships" were, beholding his glory, and basking in his smiles! I see their white robes, and hear their glad songs, and long to be amongst them. God speed them thither!

We are safe whilst we keep close to Christ.—The storm was a tremendous one—it must have sunk them if they had been alone; but they were "with him," therefore they weathered it. *His presence did not prevent the storm*—perhaps Satan raised it on purpose to *drown* him, and his apostles, and all who were with him. "Now I have got them," he said; "they shall never set foot on shore again." Neither did Christ *at first interfere for them*; "he was asleep on a pillow;" they were sinking, but he slept on! He would try their faith to the utmost. He wished to prove whether they really believed that they could not be lost just because they were with him, and he was with them; but "they doubted," and running to him, they woke him up, crying, "Master, Master, *we perish!*" And *then* "he arose, and rebuked the wind, and the raging of the water," and they were safe! Satan did his worst; the waves did their worst; the winds did their worst; but they were *safe!* They went through it all—these "other little ships," they came out of it all, they were SAFE—because they had kept close to Jesus!

How would you feel were you cast adrift in the middle of the Atlantic in a washing-tub? There was a sailor lad who clung to a floating plank for two whole days and nights, a thousand miles from shore; and it rained and froze, and blew a hurricane; but when he was picked up, his eyes rolled, and his hair "stood on end." Poor fellow! he was crazy. How differently he would have felt had he spent those two terrible days and nights on board a large vessel, with plenty to eat and drink, and a nice warm berth, and cheerful companions, and a wise captain to take the responsibility! He would not have minded the wet and cold, he would not have minded the howling wind or the darkness. So with us: we "shall have tribulation"—storms will come; but if we are following Jesus, we may lay aside our fears, we are under his protection,—we "*shall never perish.*" Whenever, therefore, we see a storm rising—whenever we are in danger, let us "wake him," as it were, by our prayers,

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and he will either *still* it or bring us *through* it. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. x. 13); "*So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do unto me*" (Heb. xiii. 6).—*The Fleet of Fishing Boats. By the Rev. James Bolton.**

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—A BED OF REST.

If we are confident that a friend is gone to be with Christ, death is even now swallowed up of life; and the thought of what the soul is to inherit, both before and after the resurrection, and its contrast with the experience of the lost, should make us joyful in tribulation. True, we cannot, by any artifice or illusion, make death itself cease to be a curse. Full of beauty and consolation as it may be—nay, we will call it triumphant—yet nothing saddens the mind, for the time, more than the sight of true beauty. In heaven, things beautiful will not make us sad; nor will the remembrance of a past joy, which so inevitably has that effect upon us here. We are beholding a sunset. Day is flinging up all its treasures, as though it were breaking to pieces its pavilion for ever and scattering the fragments; and now, when all seemed past, one more flood of glory streams over the scene, but only for a moment; then comes a last touch of pathos, here and there, like a more distant farewell, a whispered good-night. Have tears never come unbidden? do we never feel sad at such a time? Is not the whole of life, past, present, and to come, then tinged with sombre hues? and all because the dying day expires with such beauty and peace! Not so when a storm suddenly brings in night upon us. Then we are nerved and braced; we hear no minor key in the voice of the departing day. It is perfectly natural, therefore, to weep over our dead, even when everything in their departure is consolatory and beautiful. It is interesting to observe that it was even when He was on his way to raise the dead body of his friend, and thus to comfort the weeping sisters, that "Jesus wept."

Let us more and more love the Christian's grave. Angels love it. Two of them sat in the tomb where the body of Jesus had lain; they loosed the napkin that was about his head, and "wrapped" it "together in a place by itself;" and when Jesus had left the place, instead of following him, they lingered to comfort the weeping friends on their arrival at the sepulchre. Can it be Michael, guardian of the dead Moses and his grave, on "the great stone" which has been "rolled from the door of the sepulchre?" Is he thinking how he will one day hear the command, "Take ye away the stone" which covers all who sleep in Jesus? As the cross is hallowed by the death of the Son of God upon it, the grave is hallowed for the believer through the Saviour's burial. There are three places which must possess intense interest for a glorified friend. One is his home, another is his seat in the house of God, and another is his grave. Let us cherish that spot. We do well to visit it. Sometimes approaching it with sadness and fear, we go away with surprising peace—looking back for a last view, and feeling towards the spot as we do when we are leaving little children in the dark for the night—unutterable love, we find, has cast out fear. Those graves are treasures which Heaven has made sure—"sealing the stone, and setting a watch." Of those who still live, we are not certain that, in the providence of God, they will henceforth be an unmingled source of comfort. But they who are in those graves are garnered fruits—are finished works—are each like the rod of Aaron laid up in the ark, which "bloomed blossoms and yielded almonds." All else which is dear to us on earth may seem changeful or changed: the property may have disappeared, the home may have been broken up, the plighted faith and love may have been recalled, the whole condition of life may have been altered; but we visit that burial spot, and there is permanence. That fast-anchored isle has defied the surges and roaring currents: the grave seems beautifully constant; it has not betrayed our confidence; it is not weary of its precious charge; it has kindly stayed behind to permit and encourage our griefs when all else may have fled. The winter's snows have fallen, the tempests have beaten there; and now, this April or May morning, it is as steadfast and quiet as when the slumber there began.—"*Catharine.*"

* London: Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.

II.—A FULL VIEW OF CHRIST.

I know that there are those among you who never have seen God in Christ, who have not practically grasped or felt his *Divinity*. You show this by perpetually doubting his ability to redeem you, his power to save you, his Godlike promises. There are others of you who virtually ignore his *humanity*, inasmuch as you have not strength of heart to credit his sympathy with your distress, to believe in his great human love, or to appreciate his willingness to redeem you from all your defilement and your guilt. There are many persons who never appear able to accept both these grand aspects of Christ's person and character at once, who cannot feel that he has knit the divine and human together in indissoluble unity, that "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself" (2 Cor. v. 19).

Many men pay such exclusive deference to his mighty words, to the glorious things that he has *said*, that they lose sight of the sublime and wondrous thing which he has *done;* they practically neglect the offering of his soul for sin, the ransom he has paid for sinners, the propitiation that has been set forth, and the righteousness that has been revealed in his blood.

Others there are who yield such exclusive attention to the vicarious sacrifice which Christ offered for sin, that they practically discard his mastery and regal rights, and dare to disobey his commands; and not a few are sound in the faith, but destitute of the spirit of Christ. They never aim at, or at least never succeed in *so* bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, as that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in their mortal bodies (2 Cor. iv. 10).

It has been well said, "If you wished to look at a portrait of Raphael's, what would you think to see only the forehead uncovered, and then only the eyes, and so on, until all the features had been separately seen? Could you gain a true idea of the picture as a whole? Yet this is the way men look at the picture of Christ in the Gospels, reading a few verses and mottoes here and there, and never considering the life in its wholeness and harmony."

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III.—"THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL ARISE."

He rises in the dispensation of the gospel. Whenever this enters a nation or a village, *He* is evidently set forth, and the savour of his knowledge diffused. It is then said to the place, and to the people, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

He rises in spiritual illumination. Then he is revealed in us. He is presented to the eye of the soul. He is seen in a new manner. He fixes and fills the mind; he governs the life.

He rises in renewed manifestations. For sometimes he hides his face, and we are troubled. Then we anxiously ask, "O when wilt thou come unto me?" Then we wait for him more than they that watch for the morning—and when we behold him again, find a brighter day.

He rises in ordinances. What fresh and enlivening views of him have we often in meditation, in prayer, in his own supper, in reading and hearing his word! Hence, says Cowper—

> "Sometimes a light surprises
> The Christian, while he sings;
> It is the Lord, that rises
> With healing in his wings."

But how will he arise in the irradiations of heaven—in the morning of immortality; making a day, to be sullied with no cloud, to be followed by no evening shade! Their sun shall no more go down.—*Jay.*

IV.—THE WRATH OF MAN SHALL PRAISE HIM.

The superlative example of this is the death of the Son of God. It was a divine decree that this great sacrifice should be offered for human redemption. If we might for an instant entertain such a supposition, as that there had not been in that peculiar people a wickedness so extreme as would perpetrate the deed; doubtless it would by other agency have been effected. But there was no need of any extraordinary agency; it was only for Providence to leave human nature to its course, and the deed would be done. There was no creation of a special and extraordinary malignity and delusion to accomplish the object. God only suffered man to evince and display, by the very fact itself, how dreadfully the race was depraved and fallen. The long process of "*wrath*" went on, in desperate malignity; each stage was an advance towards accomplishing the *human* purpose, but also *that of God.* There was no extraordinary interposition to frustrate the design. It was accomplished! and the wrath of man triumphed. But, over this temporary and deluded triumph of wickedness was the sovereign triumph of the divine purpose and the divine mercy! And thus that wrath of man is turned, victoriously, to the glory of God, in the case of every human being that has been, or shall be, saved for ever, through the efficacy of that sacrifice.—*John Foster.*

V.—A LITTLE WHILE.

"Well, Molly," said the judge, going up to the old apple-woman's stand, "don't you get tired sitting here these cold, dismal days?"

"It's only a little while," said she.

"And the hot, dusty days?" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," answered Molly.

"And the rainy, drizzly days?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while," answered Molly.

"And your sick, rheumatic days, Molly?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Molly?" asked the judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," answered the old woman devoutly; "and the troublesomeness of the way there don't pester or fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the judge; "but what makes you so sure, Molly?"

"How can I help being sure, sir," said she, "since Christ is the way, and I am in him? He is mine, and I am his. Now I only feel along the way. I shall see him as he is in a little while, sir."

"Ah, Molly, you've got more than the law ever taught me," said the judge.

"Yes, sir, because I went to the gospel."

"Well, Molly, I must look into these things," said the judge, taking an apple and walking off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.

VI.—"WE WILL COME UNTO HIM."

This promise is one which He fulfils in the daily communications of his word and Spirit. Earth has no lovers who meet so often as Jesus and his bride. The lowliest and poorest Christian, God honours with daily visits. He comes at the time of prayer—he occupies the mercy-seat at the stated hour of worship; and into the closet where the good man goes, he goes along with him. He is closeted there with God; and comes forth like a warrior from his tent, inspired with courage, and armed for the battle of life. Happy man! he sleeps at night in God's arms; happy man! in every trial he weeps on God's bosom; happy man! although his fare be but a crust of bread and cup of water, he dines every day at heaven's royal table.

Contented, nor coveting the luxuries which wealth commands, he has bread to eat and company to keep the world knows not of; and, although he be the poorest of God's poor ones, there are none of the great ones of this earth who, with their privileged and prized access to court, move in such high society. Could you see the angels who wing their flight to this straw-thatched cottage—the telegraph of prayer, that, with extended lines stretched up to the throne, is ever working—the messages that go up, and the answers that come down—Jesus himself descending to bow his kingly head at that lowly door, with "Peace to this house" on his lips, gifts in his hand, love beaming in his eye, and burning in his bosom,—you would not wonder how the poor pious man can suffer so many hardships, and yet live so contented. Pitying the poverty of riches, the meanness of rank, the littleness of greatness—envying no man his high acquaintances, coveting no man's large estates—all he needs is to wear his honours meekly; with a rank higher than kings possess or kings can bestow, with a patent of nobility that never can be forfeited, all he needs is to be "clothed with humility;" while he opens his heart and invites his Lord to come in, all he needs is to do that with the modesty of the man who said, "I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter beneath my roof."

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ERRONEOUS VIEWS OF PERSONAL OBLIGATION.

BY THE REV. DR. WAYLAND.

I THINK it obvious that the New Testament is a message from God, addressed not to nations, or societies, or masses, or to any ecclesiastical caste, but to every individual of the human race. It treats of the relations which every one of us holds to God, and of the duties which he requires of every one of us personally. Every one of us must give an account *for himself* unto God. The duties which the New Testament imposes must be performed, not by the votes of the masses, but by the acts of the individual,—not by representatives, but by each man for himself. Moral obligation is in its nature intransferable, and it is of moral obligation exclusively that the word of God treats. It tells us of the duties which we owe to our Creator and Redeemer, and these duties can never be performed by substitute. So far as I know, this rule applies to every precept taught by Jesus Christ. What could be more absurd than to suppose ourselves at liberty to lie or steal if we only procured some one else to be honest and tell the truth for us? Does not the same principle apply equally to all the other precepts of the Gospel? Do we keep the law, or break it?

Let us turn for a moment to the views which prevail in most of the churches of every denomination. There can, I think, be no doubt that the Saviour requires every redeemed soul to make the extension of the kingdom of Christ the great business of his life,—to labour personally with men for their salvation, to invite them to come to Christ that they may escape the wrath to come. There cannot, then, be a disciple of Christ, whatever be his condition, on whom this obligation in all its strictness does not plainly rest. But how do we perform this duty? We form ourselves into churches, delegate the labour of extending the kingdom of Christ to a single individual, and consider ourselves absolved from the duty imposed upon us by simply ministering to his physical wants. The Master summons us all to personal labour in his vineyard, and we combine together and send, in the place of several hundreds, a single individual. To render our conduct consistent, we prescribe qualifications for the discharge of a Christian duty which Christ has never prescribed, and then excuse ourselves from doing his bidding because we have not these self-imposed qualifications. We seem to suppose that no disciple is at liberty to invite sinners to come to Christ unless he has consumed many years in the study of heathen classics, and become familiar with the opinions of men for eighteen centuries on the teachings of Christ. It required the wisdom of Omniscience to express the ideas of God in the words of Jesus so simply that a little child can understand them. We assume that these very teachings are, of all writings on earth, the most enigmatical—nay, that they are in fact committed to a learned priesthood, who are authorized to interpret them to us. But this learned caste seem to find almost as much difficulty in understanding the revelation as their less favoured brethren. They open the book and spread over it a covering of the opinions of the so-called Fathers, and over this another from the logomachy of the schoolmen, and over this another from the polemics of the Reformation, and over this another from the metaphysical divinity of a later age, and over these, last of all, a thick veil of German neology; and then they wonder that through all these they cannot decipher the letters of light traced by the finger of God manifest in the flesh. Thus the vision is become unto us as the "words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot, for it is sealed: and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I am not learned." Thus, to escape the obligation of personal duty, we make the word of God of none effect, we deny the right of private interpretation, and are thoughtlessly embracing one of the most fatal errors of Romanism.

The same tendency to do the will of God by substitute, instead of doing it each one for himself, may be observed in our attempts to accomplish some good design, or to arrest the progress of some enormous evil. Christ commands every one of us, individually, to follow his example, and, laying hold of the weapons of faith and love, with holy boldness commence the warfare against every form of vice and oppression. It is on the efforts of single men, moved by a common love of Christ and guided by the indwelling Spirit, that the gospel relies for success. We, however, take a different course. Instead of commencing this labour, each one for himself, we prefer to merge our individuality in extensive voluntary associations. We meet in assemblies, we deliver platform orations, we pass strong resolutions, and we return home well pleased with the belief that, though we have not reformed a single sinner, we have made a powerful impression on what we term the American mind. In this conviction we remain perfectly at ease until the next anniversary, when we meet again, make speeches, pass resolutions, and, although we have not touched the burden with one of our fingers, wonder that the work of reformation is not already accomplished. We proceed in the same manner in the matter of ordinary benevolence. Jesus Christ has made it the duty of every one of

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his disciples to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick and the prisoner, to speak words of comfort to the disconsolate, and to carry the good news of salvation to publicans and sinners, the lost, the forgotten, and the abandoned; and he has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He has taught us that personal labour in these forms of charity is a means of spiritual improvement, just like prayer or fasting; he has subjected it to the same rules, and promised to it the same rewards. How do we obey this precept? We form a society, to which each member contributes a miserable mite, and thus a sum is annually collected no greater than that which many of these individuals expend in thoughtless extravagance. We employ an agent to distribute these little offerings, and never ourselves come into personal contact with poverty, wretchedness, and crime. Thus the work of charity is, as we suppose, adequately, as it certainly is economically, performed. It costs no sacrifice. It cultivates the Christian graces neither of the benefactor nor the recipient. In all this, do we keep or break the commandment of the Redeemer?

Before I close, suffer me to add a remark respecting missions. The command of the Saviour to his disciples is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." To fulfil this command is the very object for which the Church of Christ was constituted, and for which each individual Christian lives. For himself and for his fellow-men he seeks first the kingdom of heaven. To this object the plan of his life should be subordinated. Every disciple of Christ should hold himself ready at all times to spend his life in any place where he can the most successfully labour for the conversion of souls. With these views I do not see why a Christian merchant, or mechanic, or physician, is not bound, just as much as a minister of the gospel, to ask, Is it the will of the Master that I shall serve him in a heathen or in a Christian land? The cause of Christ requires the aid of all men of every calling. Men of the world go to heathen lands by thousands for the sake of gain; why should not Christian laymen accompany them, and labour to rescue souls from perdition? The heathen are corrupted by the example of ungodly civilized men; why should not their unholy influence be corrected by the precept and example of godly men? Or, if the Christian layman believes it to be his duty to remain at home, the principles which govern his life are not on that account in any manner changed. He accumulates not for himself, but for others, and all that he possesses is to be consecrated in simplicity of heart to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ.

But how do we obey the injunction of the Master? We form associations for the purpose of extending the kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, we devolve upon a few of our brethren the labour of superintending the work, and suppose that our duty is performed by simply making a contribution to this form of charity. This contribution, however, is too small to occasion the self-denial of the most insignificant luxury. We send a few missionaries abroad, and a few to our own destitute localities; but let me ask, at our present rate of self-denying effort, what millions of years must elapse before the kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ? Are we in this matter obeying or breaking the commandment of the Master?

I need not any further multiply illustrations. Suppose, however, a visitor from another sphere, acquainted with all that has been done for the salvation of man, and knowing the infinite consequences which result from keeping or breaking the commandments of Jesus, should visit our world, pass through our marts of business, enter our families, frequent our places of amusement, go with us to our magnificent temples, and make himself familiar with the vice and misery festering everywhere around us,—where would he look for the disciples of the holy, self-denying Son of God? If he made simple obedience to the commands of Jesus the foundation of his judgment, would he not decide that the love of the Father was hardly to be discovered among us? But, beloved, there is such a Visitor ever present with us, whose word is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. He said not a word, when he was on earth, which did not express the unchangeable law of the eternal God. That law is as great and powerful now as at the moment when he uttered it. He has said, "Unless a man deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me, he cannot be my disciple. In vain do ye call me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The law of Christian discipleship has not changed, for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Nor is this all. When we break the commandments of Christ, we of necessity teach men so. We are set forth before the world as the living exponents of the precepts of Christ, and men understand them to mean whatever they see us actually doing. Hence the young convert, misled by our example, quickly forsakes his first love, and sinks his religion into a thing of creeds, and formulas, and outward professions. The impenitent ask us what is the change which we insist upon as necessary to salvation, since the men who have passed through it are no better than themselves? They hear from the pulpit much about human depravity, regeneration, heaven and hell, victory over the world, and of unreserved consecration to Christ; but they hear little of them anywhere else. These, if they be truths, do not influence men's lives; and the inquirer denounces the whole system as a worthless imposture. Beloved, does our practice give occasion to no such errors as these? If we enter not the kingdom of heaven ourselves, the mischief does not terminate here—those that

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are entering in we shall hinder; and on whom will the sin of their destruction rest?

Pardon, I beseech you, my plainness. But if these are the true sayings of the New Testament, ought they not to be spoken plainly? Was there ever a time, since the coming of Christ, in which the whole world stood in such perishing need of a universal revival of religion as the present? Was the world ever so universally open to Christian effort as it is now? The voice of God's providence seems emphatically to say to us, "Go ye up and possess the land." But can we ever go up until we cast ourselves loose from the entanglements of the world, and, in reality as well as in form, consecrate our whole selves and all that we possess to the service of Christ? May God enable us to reflect upon the solemnity of our position; may Zion arise and shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments; and thus may the will of our Father who is in heaven be done on earth even as it is in heaven.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

[Many of our readers will have perused with deep interest the tract from which the following narrative is taken. We feel constrained, however, to give this portion of it a place in our pages. It is a record of the beginning of a most glorious "year of the right hand of the Most High." We would commend the whole tract to all our readers who have not yet perused it. Its title is, "The History and Prominent Characteristics of the Present Revival in Ballymena and its Neighbourhood. By the Rev. Samuel J. Moore, Ballymena."]

A FRIEND informs me that, in September 1857 was commenced, in a little school-house near to Connor, County Antrim, "*The Believers' Fellowship Meeting.*" The society consisted at first of four young men—John Wallace, James M'Quilkin, Robert Carlisle, and J. Meneely. The two first mentioned had lately removed from Ballymena, where, some short time previously, they had seen themselves, and been found by their Saviour. The special object of their society was prayer that God would bless the preaching of the gospel in the Connor congregation, and their own labours, and those of others, in connection with the prayer-meetings and Sabbath schools throughout the district. The society soon ceased to be a secret one; and slowly one kindred spirit after another was introduced, on the recommendation of some of the original members. For a few months they had to walk by faith. The seed, however, was not long cast upon the waters till the tide ebbed, and the tender blade sprung up. They wrestled on. They prevailed. Surely when God's set time is come—when he intends signally to answer prayer, he disposes the supplicant to plead, and, with growing anxiety, to plead on till the blessing is secured.

The first observable instance of conversion occurred in December following. A young man became greatly alarmed. After some time, in answer to earnest prayer by himself and others, he found peace and confidence. Early in January a youth in the Sabbath-school class taught by one of those young men, was brought to the saving knowledge of Christ as his Saviour. Special prayer, about the same period, was frequently offered in the Fellowship Meeting in behalf of two persons who, some three months afterwards, joyfully professed their faith in the Lord Jesus. Faith grew. Hope brightened. "The power of prayer" began to be known, and felt, and seen. The spring communion came on. Throughout the extensive parish, consisting of some thousand families, it was generally known that, lately, persons had been turned to the Lord among them—some moral, and some wildly immoral. A few had heard of a similar triumph of divine grace beyond the Atlantic. The services were peculiarly solemn. The Master's presence seemed to be recognised, and his call heard. A great impulse was given to consideration and seriousness, intensifying and extending these general precursors of conviction and revival. The old prayer-meetings began to be thronged, and many new ones established. No difficulty now to find persons to take part in them. The winter was past; the time of the singing of birds had come. Humble, grateful, loving, joyous converts multiplied. They, with the children of God, who in that district had been revived—greatly refreshed by this divine Spirit—are now very numerous. There are, on an average, sixteen prayer-meetings every night in the week, throughout the bounds of that one congregation—*i.e.*, about one hundred weekly. The awakening to a sight of sin, the conviction of its sinfulness, the illumination of the soul in the knowledge of a glorious Saviour, and conversion to him—all this operation, carried on by the life-giving Spirit, was in the Connor district for more than eighteen months, a calm, quiet, gradual, in some cases a lengthened process, not commencing in, or accompanied by, a "smiting down" of the body, or any extraordinary physical prostration more than what might be expected to result from great anxiety and deep sorrow. Thus, it is worthy of being noticed and remembered, that the present American revival began in 1857—so did the revival in Connor; the one began in the month of September, so did the other; one youth in each of the movements dates his conversion, November 1856; prayer—fervent, confiding, and unceasing—was, and continues to be, the prominent characteristic of the one and of the other; laymen—one or six in the one case, and four in the other, were the prominent agents in commencing, as they continue to be in carrying on, the work in the one country as well as in the other. Oh! that it may become as extensive in the Old as it is in the New World!

In the beginning of this year a convert from Connor visited his friends near Ahoghill; and, through his urgency and prayers, the Holy Spirit awakened nearly all the family to a deep sense of their sins. These became missionaries to their neighbours and friends; and about the middle of February hundreds through the parishes of Drummaul and Ahoghill were overwhelmed with convictions of sin, its dangers and demerits; and during the month of March, in private houses, and barns, and school-houses, and churches, prayer-meetings were conducted and addressed by recent converts, attended by multitudes *in* the houses, and *around* them. In their own private homes, as well as at these meetings, many persons were violently convicted. I say *violently*, for in the great majority of cases known to the public in the Ahoghill and Ballymena districts, the process of conviction has been altogether of a different type from that known in the adjoining parish of Connor up till that time. This phase will be referred to subsequently, when I come to speak of the physical characteristics.

In Ballymena the work began early in April. The first convict—I think I may truly say convert—who is resident in

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town, is a lad some sixteen years of age. His was a purely mental process. He was not smitten, like many, prostrate and helpless to the ground in agonizing horror. He had deep anxiety, great fear, for some weeks. He found Jesus to be his own Saviour. He rejoiced in peace, yet with trembling; for among his companions he could find no kindred spirit, perhaps for nearly a month. Others had been previously "struck" in Ballymena, in the streets and in the public-houses, on the market days; but they were from the country. The second and third persons belonging to the town, and also the second and third persons whom I had seen under agonizing convictions of sin, were two females of mature years, pretty well instructed in gospel doctrine, and of good moral character. They continue faithful to Jesus, and I am persuaded will do so. The one sighed heavily and wept bitterly, the other seemed absorbed in thought or overwhelmed in sorrow. I engaged in very earnest prayer; but I soon had to cease, and remain there for perhaps ten minutes in silent admiration of the sweet, and intensely anxious, and most powerful and appropriate prayer I had ever listened to. The next visit I was called to make was to an Arian family, and soon afterwards to a Roman Catholic family. In none of these cases, except in the last-named household, did the now common hysteric phenomena make their appearance. On my return, after two days' absence, at a meeting of Synod, I found the town in a state of great excitement. Many families had not gone to bed for the two or three previous nights. From dozens of houses, night and day, you would hear, when passing along, loud cries for mercy by convicts, or the voice of prayer by kind visitors, or the sweet, soothing tones of sacred song. Business seemed at a standstill. In some streets four or five crowds of people, in houses, and before the open doors and open windows, engaged in prayer or in praise, all at the same time. However the Miriams might fret or fume, a very large number of the people, during the past few days, had been metamorphosed into prophets and precentors. A goodly number of young men in business establishments in town, and not a few young workmen—shoemakers, carpenters, sawyers, and labourers, who were depending for their daily bread on their daily wages—gave up almost their entire time, day and night, during the first week, to minister to the religious instruction, and physical and spiritual comfort, of the poor stricken sufferers. I put this on record to the honour of these *young* members of the Church. Many of them are Sabbath-school teachers. I bless God that, instead of ranking among the scoffers at religion, they and their female fellow-teachers are among the readiest and most efficient agents for its diffusion. But for them in this crisis I do not see what would have been done; for in their first alarm, the people of both town and country would demand that a minister, an elder, should be in a dozen places at once. Prayer-meetings, in town and country, became very numerous. In private houses they were held all hours of the day and night. At first they were held in the principal Presbyterian churches, every evening; latterly they are held alternately in these churches. At each meeting addresses are delivered and prayers offered by converts, the minister presiding. In the Parochial School-House in town a weekly meeting has latterly been held, for lecture and prayer. Also, in the Methodist Chapel there are frequent meetings during the week. These meetings have been continued for three months, and still the interest is unabated and the attendance undiminished. For the last few Sabbaths the evening assembly has been in a sloping field opposite to Brookvale Cottage, addressed principally by laymen—generally recent converts—presided over by a minister. For four or five weeks past a union prayer-meeting is held in the Town-Hall on Tuesday and Friday, at noon, attended by ministers and members of the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist churches. Persons from England and Scotland, and many parts of Ireland, were to be seen perambulating the streets and lanes of Ballymena during the past months—ministers, missionaries, Sabbath-school agents, and cool, inquisitive business-men, anxious to witness with their own eyes and ears *this strange thing*, of which they had heard in their distant homes—a half-dead soul revived by God's Spirit! a poor lost sinner, with God's "arrows sticking fast in him"—his crimes over him like a thick cloud—"his iniquities a burden too heavy for him to bear"—his heart sore pained within him, "the terrors of death having fallen on him"—fearfulness, and trembling, and horror overwhelming him—now crying, again shouting, screaming for mercy—again unintelligible to auditors—a modern Hezekiah, "chattering like a crane or a swallow." One in twenty of these inquirers, perhaps, returned home apparently dry, cold, sceptical, puzzled. Many returned having caught a spark of the celestial fire, to be fanned into a flame in their own localities. These strangers were, I believe, invariably treated by the poor people visited, with politeness, though such frequent calls interfered very much with their domestic quiet and *industry*, now so indispensable, after a period of non-employment, in consequence of bodily weakness, and although some were inquisitive to an extent very injurious to the peace of uneducated persons. Now that "His work's reviving all around"—in Broughshane, Ballymoney, Coleraine, Magherafelt, Cookstown, &c., &c.—we are likely to be deserted. I feel very grateful for the valuable assistance rendered us at our evening and noon-day prayer-meetings by ministers from a distance, belonging to the Assembly, and the Establishment, and the Free Church; and to young business men, and to some students from Belfast, who promise to be burning as well as shining lights. Some of these spent a week with us.

The Author, the Great First Cause of this great change, we know, but the early instrumentalities, as to both persons and places, are in many cases hidden. I have spoken of the Connor Fellowship Meeting; but that manifestly was the result of the then recent exertion of the Spirit's quickening power upon the persons constituting that society. In the hearts of some of these the reviving Spirit had begun to work a year, in others two years, before the date of that society for special prayer. This Connor enlightenment, so far as practicable, was kept unnoticed and unknown. It seems to have been so gradual and gentle, like the dew on the mown grass, that the parties did not feel *constrained* for a time to compel others to come in; or it may be they were "sick of love," as very many now frequently are, and, in the sweets of enjoyment, felt, if they did not say, in the language of the bride—"I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that you stir not up, nor awake my love till he please." One member of the flock wandered a little way beyond the parochial limits, and touched with a live coal from the altar himself, his words, and tears, and prayers, kindled a flaming fire in the hearts of others, and *impelled* them to go and beseech sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Besides, tidings of the American revival reached

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this country. Our Church courts directed ministers to consider the subject, and to preach on it. This was generally done throughout our Presbytery, and I presume throughout the congregations of our Synod. American newspapers, especially *The New York Observer*, were regularly read by some of us; and thus the subject kept fresh and prominent before the mind. From an early period in the history of the movement in America and in Connor, I know that the daily, I might say hourly, prayer of some earnest spirits was—"*Come, Lord Jesus, come!*"—"*Spirit of God, O Holy Spirit, come!*" and that many an hour—a day's sweet, refreshing revival, did these supplicants enjoy, months, many months before the awakening was so marked or so extensive as to attract the notice of either the Church or the world. Many a freezing and crushing these spirits got in the interim, so that their seasons of depression almost counterbalanced their seasons of holy delight. How they rejoice for the few weeks past in the sympathy of hundreds of kindred spirits, ay, of mere babes in Christ, as to time, far, far ahead of them in faith, and zeal, and holy love! They feel that they have the upper-hand now—may the Spirit of Jesus enable them to keep it! In the first and third Presbyterian churches in Ballymena addresses were delivered, and prayers presented to God, a few weeks before the revival *made its appearance* in town, by two of the original members of the Connor Fellowship Meeting. As already noticed, a youth belonging to Ballymena had been previously brought to Christ after weeks of anxiety. By the services just mentioned, the attention of the working classes was particularly arrested; but when the Spirit's power began to be extensively and manifestly exerted in prostrating the moral and immoral in conviction of sin, no means different from the usual church ordinances were being employed. On some that power seemed to fall like a sun-stroke. Perhaps it would be wrong for me not to add that the Sabbath-school system has been most vigorously worked in this and in all the neighbouring towns and districts for some years past. Our teachers are generally punctual, persevering, prayerful, and not a few of them very well qualified. Years ago I have rejoiced at the deathbeds of many Sabbath-school teachers and scholars. And although a preacher myself, and not applying, nor desiring that others should apply, the remark to myself, I think it only justice to my ministerial brethren in this district to say, that I believe the gospel has for years been as faithfully, and fearlessly, and affectionately preached by them as ever it was in any land since the days of the apostles. This, however, was no more than their duty; and because I am persuaded that this duty has been as faithfully performed in the other towns and districts where the revival did not take place so soon as here, or where there is not even yet any extraordinary awakening, I am forced to the conclusion, that however indispensable a faithfully-preached gospel is to sustain and advance the Christian, and to prepare the minds of men for hastening to the Saviour, as soon as the Spirit shall reveal them to themselves and reveal Christ to them, it is not by the might nor the power of preaching, but by the mighty, sovereign, free Spirit of the Lord, that a genuine revival of religion is commenced and carried on here or elsewhere. The Holy Spirit, therefore, has all the glory; and any man who would present himself as "a revivalist," would be pitied by all, praised by none.

ACORN SHELLS.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

On many parts of our coasts, between high-water and low-water marks, the rocks and stones are to be found encrusted all over with a peculiar little shell-fish. It has no power, like the limpet and other such creatures, to move about from place to place in search of food, at least in this the perfect stage of its existence; but wherever it first settles and begins to grow, there it must remain rooted to the spot. But like every other living thing, it waits not in vain upon God, who, in accordance with the nature and habits he has given it, sends it also its meat in due season.

When the tide is out and the rocks are left dry, the little acorn shell is closed and motionless; but when the advancing water begins to wash over it, immediately the jointed shell is opened, and rapidly and regularly the little creature casts forth its silver net into the tide, seeking diligently to gather the provision which the open and liberal hand of the great Creator brings within the reach of the tiniest of his creatures.

It is a beautiful sight on a calm summer day, to look down through the still, clear water, on the side of a rock covered with acorn shells, at the busy little hands waving and grasping in all directions with the utmost grace and agility.

A striking comment it is on the words of Psalm civ.: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them *they gather:* thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good."

The Bible sends us to draw lessons of spiritual profit from every object of animate and inanimate nature, and we think there is one special lesson these little creatures may teach us: During six hours the waters of the sea gradually withdraw from the shore, and during other six hours they as gradually rise over it again. Thus, for several hours of the twelve, the acorn shells are left dry and bare. It is only at stated times and for limited periods that the opportunity of obtaining nourishment is brought within their reach; but then, they *diligently use their opportunities.* Only the dead, empty shells are idle when the waters rise over them. Wherever there is life within, then be sure the jointed back will be opened, and the feathery hand stretched busily forth.

Now, while in one sense it is quite true that at no time are the bread and water of life far from any of us, still it is also true that there are special times and seasons when they are brought to our very lips; and at such seasons, if our souls would live, it especially behoves us to open our mouths wide that the Lord may fill them. The daily reading of the Bible, and prayer in secret and in the family, are such seasons; but the

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strength and nourishment brought by them to our souls will only be in proportion to the diligence with which the hand of faith is stretched forth in prayer, to grasp and appropriate the spiritual food presented. How often do these daily tides of divine grace and blessing pass over sleepy and insensible souls, who, unconscious of their emptiness and of their need, put forth no effort whatever to lay hold of and secure the blessing brought so nigh them! But they that are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, are filled *in*, though not *by*, God's ordinances; and the hand of the diligent maketh rich in the very same circumstances in which an idle soul suffers hunger.

And God's own day, the holy Sabbath, is like a high spring-tide of blessed opportunity, to hungry, waiting souls. Despised, profaned, and lightly esteemed as it is by those whose minds are limited to the things of time and sense, every moment of Sabbath time is precious in the eyes of those who have been made alive unto God. With diligence, eagerness, and earnestness, such wait upon God in his ordinances, and find themselves abundantly satisfied with the provisions of his house.

Now, dear reader, how is it with you? There are few in this favoured land of ours round whom, one whole day in seven, the waters of life do not flow in rich abundance. Everywhere on that day "the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and he that *heareth* says, Come; and whosoever *will*" is invited to "come, and take of the waters of life freely." But all in vain does the invitation fall on deaf ears and on surfeited hearts, which, feeding on ashes, "*will not* come to Christ that they might have life." And empty and profitless are the most precious ordinances to slumbering, idle ones, whose hand of faith lies folded in their bosom, and who will not be at the trouble to stretch it forth to lay hold of and carry to their mouths the blessing so richly provided and so liberally offered, to those who will only "taste and eat thereof."

O hearers of the word! crowding all our churches on the blessed Sabbath-days, are you remembering and acting on these words, familiar to so many of you,—"That the *word* may *become effectual to salvation*, we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation, and prayer; receive it with faith and love; lay it up in our hearts; and practise it in our lives?"

In Ezekiel's vision of the waters of the sanctuary, it is said, "It shall come to pass that everything that *liveth*, which *moveth*, whithersoever the rivers shall come, *shall live*;" and it is added, (solemn words to those over whom these waters have been flowing, Sabbath after Sabbath for years, in vain!) "but the miry places thereof, and the marshes thereof, *shall not be healed;* they shall be given to salt." Like those very high tides which occur only in spring and autumn, and which bring their full and lipping supplies even to the few scattered and high-lying colonies which at other seasons get little more than spray, or an occasional wash from a wave, times of special refreshing from the Lord's presence are seasons of spiritual opportunities, which watchful souls highly prize, and give all diligence to improve.

The Lord's people know what it is to have such merciful visitations on their own souls; when they receive a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost, and are enabled to make such a new and vigorous start in the divine life as seems sometimes to themselves, as it were, a re-conversion. It is essentially the same when the Lord in his sovereign mercy, as he is graciously doing in many places in the present day, pours forth his Spirit on churches and communities; and then the work of the Lord makes more progress in a single day than in years at other times.

Oh, that all were stirred up to make good use of such blessed opportunities!—that God's own people would plead, and pray, and strive with redoubled diligence, when the power of the Lord is so manifestly present to heal! Now is the time to seek for personal growth in grace and holiness; now to plead on behalf of friends and relatives; now to use every means, casting forth the net on all sides to catch men;—and for those who are not his people, to cry mightily to the Saviour, who they hear is passing by, for grace to receive him, and so receive power to become the sons of God. For none can tell how soon the tide may turn, and ebb, and fall, and the day of merciful visitation be over and gone for ever.

There are many other periods of opportunity for spiritual blessing which might be specified, such as youth and health, affliction and prosperity,—all "tides in the affairs of men," which, taken at the full, used and improved, lead the diligent soul rapidly on to honour and glory, blessing and immortality. But these may all be summed up, in the last place, in *one* time, which comes only once to every man, and which, if not rightly used whilst he has it, never returns to be used better. *Life* itself is such a period; and as none can tell what a single day may bring forth, nor if he has a morrow in his life, *now*, *to-day*, is the time for such to work diligently, making his calling and election sure.

Now is the accepted time, *now* the day of salvation; *now* Jesus is stretching out his hands to save, and God is ever to be found seated on a mercy-seat; *now* Christ and all the benefits of the new covenant are within the reach of *whosoever will;* and he that now eateth and drinketh of the bread and water therein provided, shall never hunger and never thirst for evermore. But soon to writer and reader life and life's opportunities will be *over*, and over *for ever*.

If now we do not become partakers of the grace of God, never, never, never again shall the sweet offer of it come within our reach. Then the idle soul shall suffer hunger,—hunger that shall never be satisfied. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

C.

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WAITING FOR CHRIST.

We wait for Thee, all-glorious One!
We look for thine appearing;
We bear thy name, and on the throne
We see thy presence cheering.
Faith even now
Uplifts its brow,
And sees the Lord descending,
And with him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee, through days forlorn,
In patient self-denial;
We know that thou our guilt hast borne
Upon thy cross of trial.
And well may we
Submit with thee
To bear the cross and love it,
Until thy hand remove it.

We wait for Thee; already thou
Hast all our heart's submission;
And though the spirit sees thee now,
We long for open vision;
When ours shall be
Sweet rest with thee,
And pure, unfading pleasure,
And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope,—
The time will soon be over;
With childlike longing we look up
The glory to discover.
O bliss! to share
Thy triumph there,
When home with joy and singing
The Lord his saints is bringing!

From the German of Hiller
J. D. B.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

The world shall yet be cited,
By fires of judgment lighted,
Before the great white Throne;
Then a clear line shall sever
The good and bad for ever,
For Christ will search and prove each one.

The shame in darkness lurking,
The sting in conscience working,
Red murder's secret hand;
The eye that rolled in lewdness,
The mouth that mocked at goodness,—
The wicked heart in light shall stand.

The cries of souls sin-broken,
The good man's deeds unspoken,
Meek charity's kind hand;
Eyes wherein pure tears glisten,
Lips whereto pure minds listen,—
The Christian heart in light shall stand.

Where shall men seek for cover,
What veil their guilt draw over,—
Who then a mask may wear?
Who trust in falsehood shameless,
Who boast of virtue blameless,
When, as they are, all stand forth there?

Lord, let this solemn Vision
Be ever for monition
Before my spirit clear;
That, through life's every winding,
I may be chiefly minding
How I in Thy pure sight appear.

From the German of Hiller.
J. D. B.

THE HIGHEST LOVE.

There is this that is admirable in the love of God: it need be subjected to no restraint, check, or circumscription. This is true of no other affection. The well-ordered mind, in bestowing its love on other objects, however worthy it may deem them, will always be mindful of the possibility of change or of death, and so control its affections that it may not wreck all in one venture.

But in the love of God there is no excess. We may love him with all our heart. God cannot change. "I am Jehovah," he says; "I change not." He is "the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He cannot die. He is "the living God," "the everlasting God."

I have seen a vine betake itself to a young tree, climb up along the slender trunk, wind its tendrils around the weak twigs, and send out its branches to the outermost boughs, until it had overspread it with its luxuriance; and then, fruiting heavily, bear down and break its frail support, so that both came together to the earth, a shapeless and smothered mass of fruit and foliage.

Thus it is with a heart which bestows an unchecked and excessive love on anything perishable. It kills its object, and perishes itself by the very excess of its affection.

And I have seen a vine grow up the side of a rock. How firm its hold! How well-proportioned and beautiful its expansion! How securely its clusters hung and ripened in the open sun!

Thus it is with the soul which loves God. And oh! it is sweet and blissful to have something which it is safe to love, which it is holy to love, which we cannot love too much, which can never change or die in our embrace,—so that we shall not find a cold, dead thing in our embrace, instead of the living and lovely object

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which at first we infolded (or thought we did) in our affections. It is blessed to have something to love so great, so true, so good, so imperishable, that we may love with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our strength, and with all our mind.

Thus we may love God, and him only.

And this, too, is excellent in the love of God,—that it purifies, exalts, and assimilates to God the soul which exercises it. There is no affection which so powerfully transforms the soul as love. When it is fixed on the Holy One, how deep and powerful the transformation! It was beautifully said by Chrysostom, that "the touch of the holy Redeemer sanctified the impure woman who kissed and wept on his feet." So our love of God—which in this life must always be a weeping and prostrate love, from the thought of our sins and shortcomings which mingle with it—transforms the soul to the resemblance of Him whom we so embrace and adore.

And this greatest of virtues has the greatest rewards and blessings promised to it. James speaks of "the *crown of life* which the Lord hath promised to *them that love him.*" Peter says, "Whom, having not seen, ye *love;* in whom . . . ye *rejoice* with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Paul declares his certain *knowledge* "that *all things shall work together for good to them who love God;*" and that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for *them that love him.*" John has said still more mysterious things about its power and blessedness: "He that *loveth* is *born of God*, and *knoweth God;* he that *loveth dwelleth in God* and *God in him.*"

What infinite issues, then, hang on the answer to that question, "*Lovest* thou me?"

How shall we attain, how shall we grow in this love of God, which transforms all the events of our earthly lot to good, brings us to the highest holiness, security, and happiness that man is capable of in this life, and to a greatness and a blessedness beyond all human experience and comprehension in the life to come?

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts *by the Holy Ghost given unto us.*"

And, "if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father *give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?*"—*Independent.*

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTATORS.

I.—EXPOSITORY.

"**Now**, if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is."—1 Cor. iii. 12, 13.

The context, gold, silver, and precious truth; and wood, hay, and stubble, error. If by the foundation which Paul had laid were intended the first converts in Corinth, then the above terms would naturally be understood of good and bad members of the Church. The sense would then be, "I laid the foundation of the Church in Corinth by receiving true believers to its communion; let others take heed with what kind of members they build up the Church." But as the foundation which Paul laid is expressly declared to be Jesus Christ, or the truth concerning his person and work, the words above mentioned must refer to true and false doctrines. "I have laid the foundation of Christ crucified; do you take heed with what kind of doctrine you carry on the work." Besides, the whole discussion has reference to preachers and their duties. *Precious stones* here mean stones valuable for building, such as granite and marble. Gold and silver were extensively employed in adorning ancient temples, and are therefore appropriately used as the symbols of pure doctrine. Wood, hay, and stubble are the perishable materials out of which ordinary houses were built, but not temples;—wood for the doors and posts; *hay*, dried *grass* mixed with mud, for the walls; and *straw* for the roof. These materials, unsuitable for the temple of God, are appropriate symbols of false doctrines.

Every man's work shall be made (or *become*) *manifest.* In this life it may be disputed whether a man's doctrines are true or false. He may have great confidence in their truth, and set himself above his brethren, and even above the Bible. But his work hereafter will appear in its true character. *For the day shall declare it. The day* does not mean indefinitely *time*—"Time shall declare it;" nor the day of tribulation; nor the day of light and knowledge as distinguished from the present ignorance; but the great day, the day of judgment, or, as it is so often called, the day of the Lord. That day shall make manifest the truth or falsehood of the doctrines taught, *because it is* (*i. e.*, is certainly to be) *revealed by fire*—literally, *in* or *with* fire. In 2 Thess. i. 7, 8, it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed in flaming fire;" *i. e.*, in the midst of flaming fire. Fire is the constant symbol of trial and judgment. The meaning therefore is, that the day of the Lord will be a day of severe trial. Every work will then be subjected to a test which nothing impure can stand. The context shows that the word *day*, and not *work*, is the nominative to *revealed.* "The day of judgment shall declare every man's work, because that day shall be revealed with fire."

And the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. The figure is that of a building on which many workmen are engaged. Some use proper materials, others wood, hay, and stubble. The building is to be subjected to the test of fire. The wood, hay, and stubble will be burnt up; only the solid materials will stand. False doctrine can no more stand the test of the day of judgment than hay or stubble can stand a raging conflagration.

"If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."—1 Cor. iii. 14, 15.

This is an amplification of what precedes. If the materials employed by a spiritual builder stand the test of the day of judgment, he shall receive the reward of a faithful servant. *Which he hath built thereupon; i. e.*, upon the foundation. Comp. ver. 12. *If any man's work shall be burned, i. e.*, if the

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materials used by any builder shall not stand the test of that *day, he shall suffer loss* (see 2 Cor. vii. 9; Phil. iii. 8); that is, he will lose his reward.

But he himself shall be saved. Just as a man who has built his house of combustible materials, though he may escape when the fire comes, his property is lost, and all his labour comes to nothing. The apostle is here speaking of those teachers who, although they retain the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, yet combine them with error. This *is* plain from ver. 12, "If any man shall build on this foundation." It is not enough, therefore, that a minister hold fast to fundamental truth; he must take heed what he teaches in connection with that truth. If he mingles with it the wood, hay, and stubble of his own philosophy, he will find himself a loser on the day of judgment.

Yet so as by fire; i. e., with difficulty. Comp. 1 Pet. iii. 20; Jude 23; Zech. iii. 2. He will just escape with his life, as a man is rescued from a burning building. His salvation will not only be effected with difficulty, but it will be attended with great loss. He will occupy a lower place in the kingdom of heaven than he would have done.—*Dr. Hodge.*

II.—PRACTICAL.

"And as he spake, a certain Pharisee besought him to dine with him: and he went in, and sat down to meat."—LUKE xi. 37.

LET us notice our Lord Jesus Christ's readiness, when needful, to go into the company of the unconverted. We read that "a certain Pharisee besought him to dine with him." The man was evidently not one of our Lord's disciples. Yet we are told that "Jesus went in and sat down to meat."

The conduct of our Lord on this occasion, as on others, is meant to be an example to all Christians. Christ is our pattern as well as our propitiation. There are evidently *times* and occasions when the servant of Christ must mix with the ungodly and the children of this world. There may be seasons when it may be a duty to hold social intercourse with them, to accept their invitations, and sit down at their tables. Nothing, of course, must induce the Christian to be a partaker in the sins or frivolous amusements of the world. But he must not be uncourteous. He must not entirely withdraw himself from the society of the unconverted, and become a hermit or an ascetic. He must remember that good may be done in the private room as well as in the pulpit.

One qualification, however, should never be forgotten when we act upon our Lord's example in this matter. Let us take heed that we go down into the company of the unconverted in the same spirit in which Christ went. Let us remember his boldness in speaking of the things of God. He was always "about his Father's business." Let us remember his faithfulness in rebuking sin. He spared not even the sins of those that entertained him, when his attention was publicly called to them. Let us go into company in the same frame of mind, and our souls will take no harm. If we feel that we dare not imitate Christ in the company which we are invited to join, we may be sure that we had better stay at home.

"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."—LUKE xii. 48.

The lesson of these words is one of wide application. It demands the attention of many classes. It should come home to the conscience of every British Christian. His judgment shall be far more strict than that of the heathen who never saw the Bible. It should come home to every Protestant, who has the liberty to read the Scriptures. His responsibility is far greater than that of the priest-ridden Romanist, who is debarred from the use of God's word. It should come home to every hearer of the gospel. If he remains unconverted he is far more guilty than the inhabitant of some dark parish, who never hears any teaching but a sort of semi-heathen morality. It should come home to every child and servant in religious families. All such are far more blameworthy, in God's sight, than those who live in houses where there is no honour paid to the word of God and prayer. Let these things never be forgotten. Our judgment at the last day will be according to our light and opportunities.

What are we doing ourselves with our religious knowledge? Are we using it wisely, and turning it to good account; or are we content with the barren saying, "We know it,—we know it," and secretly flattering ourselves that the knowledge of our Lord's will makes us better than others, while that will is not done? Let us beware of mistakes. The day will come, when knowledge unimproved will be found the most perilous of possessions. Thousands will awake to find that they are in a lower place than the most ignorant and idolatrous heathen. Their knowledge not used, and their light not followed, will only add to their condemnation.

"Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity."—LUKE xiii. 12.

We need not doubt that this mighty miracle was intended to supply hope and comfort to sin-diseased souls. With Christ nothing is impossible. He can soften hearts which seem hard as the nether mill-stone. He can bend stubborn wills which "for eighteen years" have been set on self-pleasing, on sin, and the world. He can enable sinners who have been long poring over earthly things, to look upward to heaven, and see the kingdom of God. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. He can create, and transform, and renew, and break down, and build, and quicken, with irresistible power. He lives who formed the world out of nothing, and he never changes.

Let us hold fast this blessed truth, and never let it go. Let us never despair about our own salvation. Our sins may be countless. Our lives may have been long spent in worldliness and folly. Our youth may have been wasted in soul-defiling excesses, of which we are sorely ashamed. But are we willing to come to Christ, and commit our souls to him? If so, there is hope. He can heal us thoroughly, and say, "Thou art loosed from thine infirmity." Let us never despair about the salvation of others so long as they are alive. Let us name them before the Lord night and day, and cry to him on their behalf. We may perhaps have relatives whose case seems desperate because of their wickedness. But it is not really so. There are no incurable cases with Christ. If he were to lay his healing hand on them, they would be "made straight, and glorify God." Let us pray on, and faint not. That saying of Job is worthy of all acceptation, "I know that thou canst do everything" (Job xlii. 2). Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost."

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"Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—LUKE xiv. 27.

It costs something to be a true Christian. Let that never be forgotten. To be a mere nominal Christian, and go to church, is cheap and easy work. But to hear Christ's voice, and follow Christ, and believe in Christ, and confess Christ, require much self-denial. It will cost us our sins, and our self-righteousness, and our ease, and our worldliness. All—all must be given up. We must fight an enemy who comes against us with twenty thousand followers. We must build a tower in troublous times. Our Lord Jesus Christ would have us thoroughly understand this. He bids us "count the cost."

Now, why did our Lord use this language? Did he wish to discourage men from becoming his disciples? Did he mean to make the gate of life appear more narrow than it is? It is not difficult to find an answer to these questions. Our Lord spoke as he did to prevent men following him lightly and inconsiderately, from mere animal feeling or temporary excitement, who in time of temptation would fall away. He knew that nothing does so much harm to the cause of true religion as backsliding, and that nothing causes so much backsliding as enlisting disciples without letting them know what they take in hand. He had no desire to swell the number of his followers by admitting soldiers who would fail in the hour of need. For this reason he raises a warning voice. He bids all who think of taking service with him count the cost before they begin.

Well would it be for the Church and the world if the ministers of Christ would always remember their Master's conduct in this passage. Often—far too often—people are built up in self-deception, and encouraged to think they are converted, when in reality they are not converted at all. Feelings are supposed to be faith. Convictions are supposed to be grace. These things ought not so to be. By all means let us encourage the first beginnings of religion in a soul. But never let us urge people forward without telling them what true Christianity entails. Never let us hide from them the battle and the toil. Let us say to them "Come with us"—but let us also say, "Count the cost."

"The last state of that man is worse than the first."—LUKE xi. 26.

The tendency of a backslider, or a man who has at one time professed religion, but afterwards turned back to the world, to become worse than he ever was before, is a painful fact, but a notorious one. The possession of clear knowledge of the gospel combined with deliberate choice of sin and the world, seems the parent of the most hardened state of soul to which mortal man can attain. Ford quotes a striking sentence from "Cowper's Letters" on this subject: "I have observed that when a man who once seemed a Christian has put off that character and resumed his old one, he loses, together with the grace which he seemed to possess, the most amiable parts of the character that he resumes. The best features of his natural face seem to be struck out, that after having worn religion only as a mask, he may make a more disgusting appearance than he did before he assumed it."

"If the salt have lost his savour."—LUKE xiv. 34.

This striking and solemn saying about the "salt which has lost its savour," is found on no less than three distinct occasions in the Gospels. (See Matt. v. 13, and Mark ix. 50.) The spiritual lesson of the passage is fearfully overlooked. The sinfulness of sins against light and knowledge, and the possibility of being given over to a reprobate mind, are points not sufficiently dwelt upon by preachers, or considered by hearers. Men seem to forget that there is such a thing as an unpardonable sin, and that if salt has once lost its savour it cannot be seasoned again.

But the general teaching of the New Testament appears to be, that nothing is so displeasing to God as the misuse of knowledge, and the wilful turning away from truth once seen and acknowledged, to the service of sin and the world. The Bible teaches, in fact, that no sinner is so unlikely to be saved as the man who, after making a high spiritual profession, falls away and returns to the world; and no heart so unlikely to be changed as the heart which once professed to love the gospel, but afterwards became cold and indifferent to it.

I can certainly testify, after sixteen years' ministry, that by far the most hopeless and painful deathbeds I have attended have been those of backsliders. I have seen some such persons go out of the world without hope, whose conscience really appeared dead, buried, and gone, and on whom every truth, and doctrine, and argument, appeared alike thrown away. They seemed to have lost the power of feeling, and could only lie still and despair. I fear the true account of such persons' state of soul was the sentence of our Lord on which I have now been dwelling.

"He ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore-tree."—LUKE xix. 4.

How little and insignificant are the things on which a soul's salvation often turns! We are told that Zacchæus "sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not, because he was little of stature." Curiosity, and nothing but curiosity, appears to have been the motive of his mind. That curiosity once roused, Zacchæus was determined to gratify it. Rather than not see Jesus, he ran on before along the road, and "climbed up into a tree." Upon that little action, so far as man's eyes can see, there hinged the salvation of his soul. Our Lord stopped under the tree, and said, "Come down; I must abide at thy house." From that very moment Zacchæus was an altered man. That very night he lay down a Christian.

We must never "despise the day of small things" (Zech. iv. 10). We must never reckon anything little that concerns the soul. The ways by which the Holy Ghost leads men and women to Christ are wonderful and mysterious. He is often beginning in a heart a work which shall stand to eternity, when a looker-on observes nothing remarkable. In every work there must be a beginning, and in spiritual work that beginning is often very small. Do we see a careless brother beginning to use means of grace, which in time past he neglected? Do we see him coming to church and listening to the gospel after a long course of Sabbath-breaking? When we see such things let us remember Zacchæus and be hopeful. Let us not look coldly on him because his motives are at present very poor and questionable. Let us believe that it is far better to hear the gospel out of mere curiosity, than not to hear it at all. Our brother is with Zacchæus in the tree! For anything we know he may go farther. Who can tell but that he may one day receive Christ joyfully?—*Ryle's Expository Thoughts on Luke*, vol. ii.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXV.—LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD—REQUEST OF MOTHER OF ZEBEDEE'S CHILDREN—TWO BLIND MEN HEALED AT JERICHO.

MATT. XX.

Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard.—[This parable is one of acknowledged difficulty. The resemblance between the parable and what it illustrates is not so close as usual. It seems to have been spoken, in the first place, as a mild reproof to the spirit of Peter (chap. xix. 27), who appears to have thought that he and his companions were entitled to claim *as their due* a greater reward than other followers of Christ. The parable teaches that God is sovereign; he may do what he wills with his own; if he give largely to those called late, he does no injustice to those called early. It is not meant to be taught that in point of fact all the members of the kingdom of heaven shall receive precisely alike. Christ taught differently on several occasions (chap. x. 42; xix. 29; xxv. 14–23). In this parable eternal life is viewed as a mighty whole—"the pearl of great price," which every member of the kingdom receives. Those called to Christ early, and who have served Christ long and laboriously, must not murmur if hoary sinners are invited into the kingdom at the eleventh hour, as freely and as cordially as they were at the first. Over the door of the kingdom are these inscriptions: "He is able to save them TO THE UTTERMOST that come unto God by him." "Him that cometh unto me I will IN NO WISE cast out."]

Ver. 1. In what neighbourhood was this parable spoken? See chap. xix. 1. What product was Judea or Judah celebrated for? Gen. xlix. 11; Isa. v. 3. This man being a householder, would also be owner of—what? Whom does the *householder* represent? And the *vineyard*?

Ver. 2. Was not this a very small sum? [The Roman penny was of more value than ours. It was the common pay of a Roman soldier. For a twentieth part of it a man might get a day's food in certain inns.]

Ver. 3, 4. What miserable state did the householder wish to rescue these people from? In which book of the Bible is idleness very specially reprobated? [It is the more remarkable that Solomon so reprobated it, because in the East it is an almost universal vice.] In what matters is idleness most sinful, and diligence most imperative? 2 Peter iii. 14. However active men may be in worldly matters, if they are not *working in the Lord's vineyard* what must they be held to be?

Ver. 5–7. Is it right that any servant of Christ should be doing nothing in his vineyard? Does Christ call us merely to enjoy ourselves, or to work besides? In reality, is it possible to have the enjoyment of the kingdom without doing any of its work?

Ver. 8. When did the law of Moses require labourers to be paid? Deut. xxiv. 15. In the kingdom of God is there anything corresponding properly to *hire*? Eph. ii. 8. [We must not push the parable too far; in this point the parallel does not hold.]

Ver. 11, 12. Is not murmuring a very common failing of mankind? At what period of their history were the Israelites notorious for it? Should we not watch and pray much against so odious but common a spirit?

Ver. 13–15. In reality, did they blame their master for injustice or for goodness? Is there not something very bad in finding fault with God for being too good? [Wherever there is envy this bad spirit exists.]

Ver. 16. How were "the last first, and the first last" in this case? [The first had marred their service by their envy and murmuring, the last had not. In many of those that are "called," the prevalence of this envious and murmuring spirit will show that they have not been "chosen."]

Bring now together the leading lessons of this parable. [1. God is sovereign, and may bestow his gifts, when, how, and on whom he pleases. 2. All should be actively employed in some way in the vineyard. 3. Yet the door is open even at the eleventh hour, to those who have been idle all day. 4. We must not murmur nor grieve at the goodness of God to others. We should attend to our own duty, and be thankful for our own wonderful mercies. What Christian has not cause to sing for himself the 103d Psalm?]

Christ announces his Sufferings and Death.—**Ver. 17–19.** Had not Christ announced these things before? Chap. xvi. 21; xvii. 22. Why so often? [At each new stage—each fresh approach to the scene. 1. At Cæsarea Philippi. 2. In Galilee. 3. Now, near Jerusalem.] What additional features of the case did he announce now? Why would he be "delivered to the Gentiles," that is, Romans? John xviii. 31, 32. What connection had this with the *crucifixion*? [Crucifixion was a Roman, not a Jewish punishment.] What do we gather from these repeated allusions of Christ to his sufferings and death? [How much they were in his thoughts! what a deep shadow they cast on him! What a dreadful thing it must have been to Christ to read the 53d of Isaiah—that chapter which is so full of consolation and hope to us! What a deep mystery is the love of Christ!]

Request of Mother of Zebedee's Children.—**Ver. 20.** Who were the sons of Zebedee? Mark x. 35. [Probably their father was now dead.]

Ver. 21. What grievous but common error did this request indicate? [Excessive anxiety for the worldly advancement of her children.] Show how inconsistent this request was with the spirit of the parable just spoken; and of the announcement respecting himself just made by Christ.

Ver. 22. Was Christ pleased with their request? What was figuratively denoted by a cup, and baptism? [A career of suffering and trial.] Was their answer to Christ's question deliberate, humble, and true? On what occasion did Peter speak with equal confidence? Matt. xxvi. 33.

Ver. 23. How was the first part of this verse fulfilled in James? Acts xii. 2. And in John? Rev. i. 9. What does the last clause mean? [The words in Italics had better be omitted. The meaning is, "Is not mine to give except to those for whom it is prepared of my Father."] For whom does the Father prepare such places? Dan. xii. 3.

Ver. 24. Was this indignation of a holy kind? Were they distressed because their brethren had sinned, or angry because they had sought to be higher than they?

Ver. 25–27. Is love of worldly greatness and power a Christian or a heathen feeling? What does Christ teach us to regard as true greatness? [Being like God, and *useful* to others.] Who then is the greatest prince in Christ's kingdom? [He that is holiest and has been most useful—done most good to the souls and bodies of men.]

Ver. 28. Did Christ cherish the ambitious spirit of James and John? Was it a mere casual thing for Christ to minis-

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ter to others. [He *came* for this very end.] What was the crowning act of this ministry of Christ? For what end does Christ say that he died? [Mark, Christ taught by *example* as well as by precept. And what a glorious example it was! Oh, for grace to make us like him,—in his self-sacrificing spirit, his contempt of worldly grandeur, and his appreciation of the true greatness—that of doing good!]

Two Blind Men Healed.—[See questions on similar miracle, chap. ix. 27–31, page 254.]

DUTY.—God's Day is to be kept Holy.

Exod. xvi.; xx. Isa. lviii. Luke xxiii. Rev. i.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE. No. VIII.

ABIJAH—*continued.* 1 KINGS xiv. 1–18.

WHAT happened now to Abijah? ver. 1. What kind of sickness was this? [It must have been fever, or some other very serious illness.] Were his parents alarmed and distressed? What did this show? [That they loved their pious child, though they were so wicked themselves.] Where does Jeroboam tell his wife to go? ver. 2. Whom was she to consult there? Did Jeroboam know Ahijah? [Yes; he had brought him a message from the Lord long before, ch. xi. 29–39.] Why did not the king consult his own false gods and prophets? [Because his conscience told him they could not help him. Ps. cxxxv. 15–18; Isa. xlvi. 7.]

Was Jeroboam's wife to go as the queen? Why was she to disguise herself? [Because he was ashamed, or afraid, to let the prophet know that he was sending to consult him in his distress.] What was she to take with her? [Such a present as a plain woman from the country would bring.] What are we told about the prophet? ver. 4. How does he receive the queen? ver. 6. How did he know who she was, when he could not even see her? [God had told him, ver. 5.] What does this teach us? [How impossible it is to hide anything from the Lord. Job xxxiv. 22; Ps. cxxxix. 1–3; Jer. xxiii. 24.]

What kind of message does the prophet give the queen to take to her husband? [A very awful one, ver. 7–11.] What kind of deaths were all his family except Abijah to die? [Violent and shameful, ver. 11.] But what was to become of the good young prince? [He was to die immediately of this sickness.] Why? [Because the Lord loved him, and determined to take him to heaven at once, and not allow him to see the sorrows coming on his sinful family.]

Was it not a pity for Abijah that he did not live to be king? [No; to depart and be with Christ must always be far better than any earthly honour or happiness, Phil. i. 23; Rev. v. 9, 10.] Would he be willing to die? [No doubt; perhaps he even wished it, for he must have had many trials.] What does the prophet say was found in him? ver. 13. What was that "good thing?" [A new heart, full of love to God, which the Holy Spirit had given him.] Is there any "good thing" in our hearts by nature? Rom. vii. 18; Jer. xvii. 9. How are we to get them changed? Ps. li. 10; Luke xi. 13.

When did Ahijah say the child should die? How would the poor mother feel at hearing all this? What kind of journey would she have back to her home? What would be the first thing she would ask when she arrived? What would she hear? ver. 17.

How did the people feel at the death of the young prince? ver. 18. What did this show? [That though he was but a child, Abijah had behaved so as to make the people love him, and expect much from him as their future king.] How would his parents feel? [Very sad and miserable.]

When we are sick, is it right to consult doctors? But from whom ought we to seek help mostly? Is it right to pray for recovery? [Yes, but we ought to pray most for submission to the will of God in all things.]

What is the chief lesson to learn from Abijah's story? [That we should not lament too much the death of pious children or young people, because God may have called them away in love, to spare them much trial. We ask long life for them, but he may see that early death will be far better.]

How soon may health and strength have fled!
My life may soon be past.
O smile upon my dying bed,
And love me to the last!

Once did the blessed Saviour cry,
"Let little children come:"
On this kind word I would rely
When I am going home.

Precept.—Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live. Isa. xxxviii. 1.

Promise.—Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Ps. cxvi. 15.

Prayer.—O heavenly Father, though we may be strong and well now, let us not forget that sickness and death may soon come. O make us ready for all thy holy will. Let there be some good thing found in these hearts of ours; let the Holy Spirit, for Jesus' sake, take away our hard and stony hearts, and give us hearts of flesh. We cannot do this ourselves; we beseech thee to send thy Spirit to do it for us. Then we shall be prepared for health or sickness, life or death. We pray thee to be very merciful to any who are now lying on a sick-bed, or soon to die. And make us all more thankful when we are well, and more patient when we are sick, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN."

"WHOSE are we, then?" I think I hear some of my little readers exclaim. "Oh! I suppose we belong to our parents, and that is what Aunt Sophy means."

Yes; all children belong to their parents in one sense, but then who gave you to your parents? It was God who gave you to them to be their child; but then you belong to him still, and all that you have is his.

So the little girl who said, the other day, that "her tongue was her own, and she could say what she liked with it," was mistaken. Her tongue was not her own, but God's. Then if your tongue belongs to God, how should you use it? Why, as he would wish you to use it.

If your uncle should give you a pony, you would not ride

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on it through his wheat-field and destroy all his wheat, would you? No; you would be so grateful, that you would wish to use the pony for his service; and if he had any errands to do, you would be glad to mount the pony's back and ride off to do them for him. Just so you should feel with regard to what God has given you. He has given you a tongue with which you can speak and make your wants known. Is it right for you to use it in saying unkind words, lying words, or profane words? No, for they are all hateful to the Holy One, who has bestowed the gift upon you. But kind and gentle words, and words of prayer and praise to him, are what he delights in. Then if you can with your tongue teach any one about Jesus, or persuade another to do what is right, you should use it in God's service.

But you belong to God, not only because he made you and takes care of you, but because Jesus died for you; he has suffered for you that you might be his. "Ye are bought with a price," even the precious blood of the Son of God. If you had suffered very much for another, would you not think that the person for whom you suffered ought to do those things which please you? Oh, then, be as grateful to Jesus as you would like to have another be to you, and use all that you have in his service. Do not let your feet carry you where he would not like you to be, or your eyes look upon anything displeasing to him, or your tongue say anything which he has forbidden, and do not even think anything which Jesus cannot approve. "Ye are not your own."

II.—IMPORTUNITY IN PRAYER.

[The importunity implied in the command, "*Seek* and ye shall find," and more plainly inculcated in the parable of the "unjust judge," is pleasantly illustrated by the following incident in "child-life."]

Lucy, Agnes, and Fred Hopetoun were to have a holiday. A picnic by the River Ard was to furnish its chief occupation. Mamma had put up her children's contribution to the rural feast somewhat hastily, and in so doing had forgotten to put into the basket a drinking cup. Lucy, as they were about to leave the house, observing the neglect, hastily thrust into the basket a "little pink china mug, a very pretty little drinking cup, which mamma was very fond of, and which she had got when *she* was a child." As Fred and Lucy were drinking from the river after the dinner, Fred broke the cup. Both felt sorry, and Lucy felt that she should not have taken it from the house. They agreed not to tell their mamma what had happened, till she should ask them about the cup. Lucy was very unhappy, and when, in a day or two, mamma, missing the cup, asked if she knew where it was, made herself more wretched by answering, "No!"

At length the whole truth was known, and mamma was greatly grieved to think that her little girl, whom she had never before doubted, had now told a lie. She retired with a sad countenance to her room, leaving the children by themselves. Now was Lucy's distress complete.

"O Lucy, what will you do?" said Agnes.

"What should *you* do, Agnes? I don't know—I shall break my heart!" cried Lucy.

"*If I were you, I would go and sit down at mamma's door, and never go away till she forgave me!*"

Here, my reader, is importunate prayer. Thus should the sinner sit down by the cross, the door through which alone we can get back into the fold of God, and never go away till forgiven.

Lucy could not do this. She remained where she was, weeping bitterly, and saying, "I shall never be happy again!" Agnes, however, sharing with true sympathy the distress of her sister, could not bear it longer. She hurried away to do herself what she had urged her sister to do—to sit at the door till mamma should let her in, and forgive Lucy. Her words were—"O mamma, you *must* forgive Lucy!" Here is importunate prayer for another. When the disciple pleads thus with God, waiting, in the name of Christ, till he finds access to him, then, we believe, will God hear him in behalf of the anxious sinner, and forgive.

III.—THE FLOWERS.

How could little flowers bloom
If the sun were gone?
All their tints and sweet perfume
Would be quickly gone.

How can little children's hearts
Bring forth flowers of love,
Unless Christ the Lord impart
Sunshine from above?

Love, and gentleness, and peace
Are the Saviour's flowers;
He himself brought forth all these
In this world of ours.

Oh! how patient and how kind
Jesus used to be!
He will put his gentle mind,
If I ask, in me.

So, though I am weak and small,
Like the little flowers;
In His strength I've power for all;
For his strength is ours.

Anon.

IV.—CHILDREN'S HELP.

THERE was a terrible storm one cold winter's night, a few years ago, and a ship was wrecked just opposite a fishing village in the north. The crew got into a boat and rowed for the shore. They were not a dozen yards from the beach when their boat grounded on a sand-bar, and stuck fast. The fishermen ran down to help them, and the sailors flung them a rope, and told them to pull with all their might. The fishermen did so; but, though they were very fine fellows, they could not manage it. Then their wives said, "Let us take hold, and pull too." But, though the *women* strained every nerve, the boat did not move! At last the *children* asked to join in; and those who could, got hold of the rope, and the rest got hold of their fathers' smocks and their mothers' gowns, and then came the "long pull! and the strong pull! and the pull ALL TOGETHER!" and the thing was done! the boat shot over the sand-bar, and the poor shipwrecked sailors were saved!

The *children's weight made all the difference in the pull!* Well, and so may your weight, dear children, in the missionary work.—*Rev. James Bolton.*

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V.—A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

EARLY last autumn, while making my annual trip to the West, I entered a train just starting from St. Louis. It was crowded with passengers, and I could only secure a seat by accepting the offer of a friend to occupy his little daughter's place, and take the child upon my lap. Directly in front of me was a family of emigrants, whose appearance both pleased and interested me. They were from New England, and on their way to Minnesota to settle,—a father and mother and three children, the youngest a babe in its mother's arms. They were uncomfortably crowded, the father holding his little daughter, and Willie standing by his father's knee. Willie was a noble-looking boy of about four years, and the eldest of the little group.

After the train had started, a very gentlemanly-looking person, who sat nearly opposite the party, observed that the child was standing, and coaxed him to a seat upon his knee. Willie was a little shy of the stranger, but he made such kind and persuasive advances to his acquaintance that the child soon grew cordial and confiding. He prattled freely, and listened with delight to several well-told stories from his new friend. At length he grew weary, and laid his head, with all a child's trust and frankness, upon the manly arm which was kindly folded around him. The gentleman then turned to converse with the stranger who shared his seat. Politics was the theme, and the talk soon became earnest and exciting. Suddenly Willie started, and began to cry, and, slipping from the seat which he had liked so well, begged to go to his mother. The gentleman could not pacify him, and he let him go to his friends. The child whispered his grief to his mother, and soon fell asleep.

An hour or two passed; Willie awoke refreshed, and amused himself with his little sisters. The gentleman whom he had left so suddenly again offered the boy a seat upon his knee. The child hung his head, and refused to go. The gentleman offered him his knife, his pencil, and at last his gold watch, to tempt him to his side; but all in vain. "Why, Willie," he said at length, "what is the matter? why will you not come to me?" Willie was mute, but decided. The gentleman appealed to the parents. "Your little boy has changed his mind, and concluded not to like me; hasn't he?" "Willie," said his mother, "you must tell the gentleman why you won't go to him." The child raised his head, and looked gravely and sadly into the face of his questioner. "Mr. ——, *you swear!*"

The secret was out, and little Willie's sudden aversion to one whose kindness had at first won his heart was explained and justified. He had been taught to fear the Lord, and he would not own as friend one who took his holy name in vain.—*Child's Paper.*

VI.—A VISIT FROM THE ANGELS.

Two young girls found Jesus, and they were so happy, they wanted, like him, to go about doing good; so they went to see a poor old blind woman, and took her a basket full of food and hearts full of love. "Now," they said, "don't you want us to read you a little about the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Oh, yes," answered the poor blind woman. And after they read, "Now, shall we not have a little prayer-meeting with you?" they said. "Oh, yes," answered the poor blind woman; and that was the best of all.

When her pastor made his next visit, what do you think she told him? "Oh, I have had a visit from the angels since you were here," said she.—*Ibid.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THE VICTIM.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN one of New England's most beautiful valleys, about three miles from D——, is a deep gorge in the mountains known far and near as the Glen. The valley is bounded on all sides, save the narrow opening where you find ingress, by huge flint boulders of adamantine hardness, that seem to have been severed from the mountain side only by the force of some fallen thunderbolt, that has marked its course by a scar of more livid whiteness. Not a living thing is to be seen. In the centre of this gloomy place stands a huge square stone, bearing some faint mystic characters, and according to the popular tradition, stained with a crimson dye that the storm and sunshine of years vainly sought to efface—the blood of human victims that often bathed this high altar of savage superstition. In years before our fathers came, it was a favourite haunt of the Indian priests, and it is said that even after the "white man" ruled in the land, some of the tribe would return yearly to dance around this consecrated stone under the light of the midnight stars.

One day in the year 17—, the hunter, "Wild Tom," as the neighbours termed him, had been wandering far away among the mountains, seeking deer. A furious storm arose, and much against his will (he owns) he was forced to seek shelter in this wild glen. Lit by the lightning flashes, he had just succeeded in securing himself and rifle from the pelting storm under a shelving rock, when the air was rent by a horrid shout. But he could see nothing, so he lay perfectly still, thinking it might have been the weird voice of the wind as it rushed through the mountain passes. Ere long the rain ceased, and he could scarcely believe his eyes, as the gorge was lit by the flickering glare of pine torches, revealing the dusky forms of seven or eight Indian priests, busy in some, to him, unknown preparations, while on the ground, bound with thongs, lay a young squaw. She seemed to rest in the stillness of death, till, one approaching her as if to unloose the bands, she gave one piercing shriek. This was more than "Wild Tom's" humanity could endure, and regardless of personal safety, he fired his unerring rifle. The savage fell lifeless at the maiden's feet. The others stopped one instant, looked at the prostrate form of their companion, and, doubtless thinking they had heard the angry voice and witnessed the vengeance of the "Great Spirit," fled from the spot.

Our hunter descended from his fastness and bore to the settlement the intended victim. There she was kindly cared for, and health soon returned to her lithe form; but the mind had been shattered beyond repair, and deep sadness, so foreign to buoyant youth, seemed to settle like a cloud about her. She preferred to dwell alone in a little cabin on the outskirts of the village, where none were so welcome as the children, for whom she wove bright-coloured dinner baskets,

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or taught the boys to bend the bow and trim their arrows. The simple gospel, taught in the log church by the earnest pastor of this flock in the wilderness, sank deep into her heart; and her mind, enfeebled though it was, seemed lit to comprehend the glorious gospel plan of salvation. At her own request she was called by a Christian name, and the memory of old "Aunt Alice" is still enshrined in the heart chronicles of more than one aged inhabitant of this valley. One text of Scripture was her especial delight: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." These words, first tuned to melody by Israel's sweet singer, found an echo in the "contrite heart" of one of America's copper-coloured daughters.—*Sunday School Times.*

II.—"SEARCH ME, O GOD."

It is easy to commit to memory the seemly prayer of an ancient penitent, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts" (Ps. cxxxix. 23). The dead letters, worn smooth by frequent use, may drop freely from callous lips, leaving no sense of scalding on the conscience; and yet, truth of God though they are, they may be turned into a lie in the act of utterance. The prayer is not true, although it is borrowed from the Bible, if the suppliant invite the All-seeing in, and yet would give a thousand worlds, if he had them, to keep him out for ever.

Christ has declared the difficulty, and solved it: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John xiv. 6). When the Son has made a sinner free, he is free indeed. The dear child, pardoned and reconciled, loves and longs for the Father's presence. What! is there neither spot nor wrinkle now upon the man, that he dares to challenge inspection by the Omniscient, and to offer his heart as Jehovah's dwelling-place? He is not yet so pure; and well he knows it. The groan is bursting yet from his broken heart: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 24). Many stains defile him yet; but he loathes them now, and longs to be free. The difference between an unconverted and a converted man is not that the one hath sins and the other has none; but that the one takes part with his cherished sins against a dreaded God, and the other takes part with a reconciled God against his hated sins. He is out with his former friends, and in with his former adversary. Conversion is a turning, and it is one turning only, but it produces simultaneously and necessarily two distinct effects. Whereas his face was to his sins and his back to God, his face is now to God and his back toward his sins. This one turning, with its twofold result, is in Christ the Mediator, and through the work of the Spirit.

As long as God is my enemy, I am his. I have no more power to change that condition than the polished surface has to refrain from reflecting the sunlight that falls upon it. It is God's love, from the face of Jesus shining into my dark heart, that makes my heart open, and delight to be his dwelling-place. The eye of the just Avenger I cannot endure to be in this place of sin; but the eye of the compassionate Physician I shall gladly admit into this place of disease, for he came from heaven to earth that he might heal such sin-sick souls as mine. When a disciple desires to be searched by the living God, he does not thereby intimate that there are no sins in him to be discovered: he intimates rather that his foes are so many and so lively, that nothing can subdue them except the presence and power of God.—*Arnot.*

III.—A THOUGHT FOR DRUNKARDS.

While the proclamation, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God," is, in its aspect earthward, a terror from the Lord to alarm the guilty; it is, in its aspect upward, a consoling promise to the heirs that their home in heaven will not be disturbed by those wild bears that terrified or tore them in the house of their pilgrimage. When the Lord, and they who waited for him, had, in symbol, entered into the eternal rest, "the door was shut." The clang of the shutting door resounds in both directions,—a terror, indeed, to those that are without, but a thrill of joy unspeakable through all who are within. "Nothing shall enter that defileth."

IV.—FAMILY PSALMODY.

Singing of psalms must be used in thy family. The Lord Jesus and his family did practise this duty. Matt. xxvi. 30: "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." David, in that psalm at the dedication of his house, speaketh that his glory should sing praise to God and not be silent (Ps. xxx.). Our tongues are called our glory, not only because by our speech we excel beasts, but chiefly because therewith we should glorify God. It is observable, that most of those places which prophesy the Gentiles' conversion, do mention their worshipping the true God by singing (Ps. cviii. 3; c.; lxvi. 4; Isa. liv. 1; and lii. 8). The Holy Ghost, when he commandeth that the word should keep house with us, doth also enjoin us to teach and admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with grace in our hearts to the Lord (Col. iii. 16; Eph. v. 19; James v. 13).

This ordinance will much quicken holy affections, and help a Christian to serve God with more cheerfulness. When the Israelites were singing the hundred and thirty-sixth psalm at the bringing in the ark, the glory of the Lord filled the house (2 Chron. v. 13). The sweet singer in Israel was the man after God's own heart.

Only, reader, be careful to sing David's psalms with David's spirit, and not, like a nightingale, to sing by rote. "I will sing with my spirit, and I will sing with understanding," is the best tune to set all David's psalms with.—*Swinnock.*

V.—THE SPIRIT WORKING ONLY THROUGH THE TRUTH.

Suppose that a person wishing to send a message from London to Edinburgh by lightning, knows how to construct an electric battery; but when he comes to consider how he will transmit the impulse through hundreds of miles, he looks at an iron wire, and says, "This is dull, senseless, cold, has no sympathy with light; it is unnatural, in fact irrational, to imagine that this dark thing can convey a lightning message in a moment." From this he turns and looks at a prism. It glows with the many-coloured sunbeam. He might say, "This is sympathetic with light;" and in its

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flashing imagine that he saw proof that his message would speed through it. But when he puts it to the experiment, it proves that the shining prism will convey no touch of his silent fire, but that the dull iron will transmit it to the farthest end of the land. And so with God's holy truth. It alone is adapted to carry into the soul of man the secret fire which writes before the inner eye of the soul a message from the unseen One in the skies. Other proposed conductors may flash more in the showy light, but they will not convey the invisible fire.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

VI.—ZEAL AND PRUDENCE.

To combine zeal with prudence is indeed difficult. There is often too much self in our zeal, and too much of the fear of man in our prudence. However, what we cannot *attain* by any skill or resolution of our own, we may hope in measure to receive from Him who giveth liberally to those who seek him, and desire to serve him. Prudence is a word much abused; but there is a heavenly wisdom, which the Lord has promised to give to those who humbly wait upon him for it. It does not consist in forming a bundle of rules and maxims, but in a spiritual taste and discernment, derived from an experimental knowledge of the truth, and of the heart of man as described in the word of God; and its exercise consists much in a simple dependence upon the Lord, to guide and prompt us in every action. We seldom act wrong, when we truly depend upon him, and can cease from leaning to our own understanding. When the heart is thus in a right tune and frame, and his word dwells richly in us, there is a kind of immediate perception of what is proper for us to do in present circumstances, without much painful inquiry; a light shines before us upon the path of duty: and if he permits us in such a spirit to make some mistakes, he will likewise teach us to profit by them; and our reflections upon what was wrong one day will make us to act more wisely the next. At the best, we must always expect to meet with new proofs of our own weakness and insufficiency; otherwise, how should we be kept humble, or know how to prize the liberty he allows us of coming to the throne of grace for fresh forgiveness and direction every day? But if he enables us to walk before him with a single eye, he will graciously accept our desire of serving him better if we could, and his blessing will make our feeble endeavours in some degree successful, at the same time that we see defects and evils attending our best services, sufficient to make us ashamed of them. —*John Newton.*

VII.—WHAT—WHEN—HOW.

I KNOW the Lord loves you, and you know it likewise: every affliction affords you a fresh proof of it. How wise his management in our trials! How wisely adjusted, in season, weight, continuance, to answer his gracious purposes in sending them! How unspeakably better to be at his disposal than at our own! So you say; so you think; so you find. You trust in him, and shall not be disappointed. Help me with your prayers, that I may trust him too, and be at length enabled to say without reserve, *What* thou wilt, *when* thou wilt, *how* thou wilt. I had rather speak these three sentences from my heart, in my mother tongue, than be master of all the languages in Europe.—*Ibid.*

VIII.—"IT IS MEET THAT WE SHOULD MAKE MERRY."

NOTHING ought to give us such true pleasure as the conversion of souls. It makes angels rejoice in heaven. It ought to make Christians rejoice on earth. What if those who are converted were lately the vilest of the vile? What if they have served sin and Satan for many long years, and wasted their substance in riotous living? It matters nothing.—"Has grace come into their hearts? Are they truly penitent? Have they come back to their Father's house? Are they new creatures in Christ Jesus? Are the dead made alive and the lost found?"—These are the only questions we have any right to ask. If they can be answered satisfactorily we ought to rejoice and be glad. Let the worldly, if they please, mock and sneer at such conversions. Let the self-righteous, if they will, murmur and find fault, and deny the reality of all great and sudden changes. But let the Christian who reads the words of Christ in this chapter (Luke xv.) remember them and act upon them. Let him thank God and be merry. Let him praise God that one more soul is saved. Let him say, "This my brother was dead, and is alive again: and was lost, and is found."

What are our own feelings on the subject? This, after all, is the question that concerns us most. The man who can take deep interest in politics, or field-sports, or money-making, or farming, but none in the conversion of souls, is no true Christian. He is himself "dead," and must be made "alive again." He is himself "lost," and must be "found." —*Ryle.*

IX.—FEAR OF GIVING OFFENCE.

How great the mistake of fancying that our usefulness depends upon the esteem and favour of those around us! "Above all things avoid the name of an enthusiast," say many grave persons, "and beware of giving offence, for this will ruin your character, and take away all your influence."

O shameful deceit!—to impose as it notoriously does upon so many grave people! Who are the world, but a vast multitude, encouraging each other to despise Christian self-denial and communion with God, for the sake of pleasure, wealth, and power? And shall we be conformed to them? No!—to be useful as Christians, and to live as Christians, we must imitate the zeal and love of those whom the world could never endure. Give over, then, fearing anything but hypocrisy before God, and cowardice in his cause before men. Desire nothing but to live the life of a Christian. Halt no more between God and the world. If the spirit of the world, pride, carelessness about the soul, and neglect of Christ, be not hateful to God, and destructive to men, the gospel is an imposition. Do you abhor that thought as blasphemy? Abhor as much a fawning upon Christ from year to year in your closet, calling him your Lord and God, and then coming out to consult the world, how far they will allow you to obey his plain commands, without saying that you are a Methodist.—*Venn.*

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THE LAST DAYS OF JERUSALEM.

No. II.

IT was on the eve of the Passover, in the year 70, when citizens of Jerusalem, still hale and vigorous, could speak of an old Passover-time when they had seen three crosses on Golgotha, that the cohorts of Titus took up their position round the walls. Never had the city been so crowded as at this, the last festival that was to be kept by the nation in the Temple of its ancient faith. By the computation of Josephus, grounded on the number of victims required for the paschal sacrifice a few years before, upwards of two and a half millions of Jews, pilgrims and residents, were annually congregated at this season within the walls of Jerusalem.* Allowing for some exaggeration, it is probable that the number on this occasion did not fall short of this estimate, through the outlying population being driven in from the country on the capital as their last asylum, while the influx of foreign Jews was as great as ever, as if some presentiment had drawn together in this crisis the far-scattered members of the Hebrew family, to assist at the funeral rites of the Old Covenant, and die on the steps of the Altar.

The multitude of its inhabitants proved the weakness of Jerusalem, and added fearfully to the miseries of the siege. Looking at these swarming masses cooped up within the ramparts, a broad mark for Roman catapult and scorpion, as well as a reeking hot-bed of pestilence, Titus might have used the grim remark of Alaric when he led his Goths centuries later against Rome itself, "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed."

The approach of the common foe stilled for a time the unnatural strife of factions within the city. Their furious passions subsided as the water sinks in wells before an earthquake. Before the Romans had completed their preparations for the siege, some daring sallies were made by the Jews, in one of which Titus was cut off from the main body of his forces, and exposed for a time to imminent peril, from which he was only rescued by his personal bravery. More than once the Roman squadrons recoiled before the impetuous onset of the patriots, and learned, as they had never yet, the strength of religious enthusiasm,—the stern, unblenching valour of men fighting for altar and hearth.

Slowly the besieging force threw up its embankments, and crowned them with many-storied towers plated with iron, from which an unceasing shower of stones and deadly missiles was kept up on the walls to clear them of their defenders, and give full scope to the battering-ram. For miles round the city, all the trees were felled for the siege-works, and the luxuriant gardens in the valleys and on the slopes, the summer retreat of the citizens, disappeared,—a blooming landscape turned into a bare, brown, tent-studded desert. The ditches were filled up with fascines; mines were pushed under the walls, met by counter-mines from within, so that furious contests took place in the dark galleries underground; while above, the walls crumbled before the heavy shock of the iron-bound engines. After more than two months' incessant exertion, the Romans had broken through the two outer lines of rampart, and found themselves in front of Antonia, the bulwark of the Temple. By this time the horrors of siege had reached a terrible height within the city. Famine and pestilence were doing their deadly work; robbers and assassins broke into the dwellings of the wealthy, and murdered or tortured their wretched inmates; bands of ghastly fugitives trying to escape were ruthlessly driven back to die; and a dismal line of crosses stretched along the open space before the walls, to which the captives were nailed in sight of their countrymen. The dead became at last too numerous for the living to bury. They were cast over the walls, or left in mouldering heaps, over which the defenders had to climb their way to the ramparts. The silence of despair settled down over the once joyous city, broken at whiles by an ominous, dirge-like voice, as a gaunt, wild-eyed figure roamed restlessly through the streets and along the walls, crying night and day, "Woe to Jerusalem! A voice of woe against the city and the Temple, against the bridegroom and the bride, and against all the people!" At length the voice changed its strain, and cried on a day, "Woe to me also!" and at that moment a stone from a Roman catapult struck the herald of evil, and stretched him lifeless on the ground.

In front of Antonia the Roman general suspended his operations for a time, in hope of inducing the besieged to come to terms. A party among the Jews would willingly have given up the contest, and even formed a plot to open the gates to the enemy. The treachery was discovered, and the bodies of the conspirators hurled, in sight of the Romans, over the battlements. A wall of circumvallation was now thrown up round that part of the city which still held out, literally "compassing it round, and keeping it in on every side." The whole efforts of the besiegers were concentrated on the assault of Antonia, the Malakhoff of Jerusalem. From every tier of the movable towers the Roman engines thun-

* The lambs slaughtered amounted to 256,500, and taking ten as the average number of the company who could partake of the same victim, the total number of worshippers would be 2,700,000. This excludes persons ceremonially defiled.

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dered against it, and the colossal rams butted its rocky base; but it remained impregnable to force, and was only carried at last by surprise in a night assault. The besieger had now scaled the Rock of Judah, and had his foot firmly planted on the heights from which his foes had defied him. The fortress was demolished, with the exception of one wing, which was reserved as a watch-tower, from which the Romans could look down into the courts of the Temple.

A strange sight met their eyes there. Up to this time the daily sacrifice had been offered on the great altar, and the appointed prayers repeated, but this was now at an end. The voice of devotion was drowned in the clash of arms. The nation's shrine was now its embattled stronghold; priests and Levites swelled the ranks of its defenders; courts and porticoes bristled with weapons. The time was too solemn for forms which had long lost the spirit and life that once were in them: the sacred recesses were thrown open, the Holy of Holies profaned by the intrusion of armed men. All that gorgeous ceremonial had been swept away, as the decks of a battle ship are cleared for action. The blood of Judaism, ebbing from the extremities, was now collected at the heart for one throb of gloomy enthusiasm,—one wild spasm of fiery, ineffectual valour. It would even seem that in this supreme hour of their destiny, the Jews clung to the hope that the Almighty would interpose by miracle to forbid the desecration of his sanctuary by a heathen foe. But that guardian Presence had long departed; the Lord of the house had been driven out from it when he came. The mark of His cross was yet hardly effaced from Calvary, and over these crowds of desperate men brooded the shadow of the curse. His blood was upon them; Eternal Justice was in alliance with their enemies; and on the side of doomed Israel was no Joshua to stretch forth his terrible spear,—no Elias to call fire down from heaven.

The northern cloister of the Temple, fronting the fortress, was set on fire by the Jews themselves, who had strongly intrenched themselves within the inner enclosures, and wished to prevent their assailants from finding cover. On this open space, amid smoking ruins, sanguinary conflicts raged. The Romans had to fight their way every foot of ground up to the great northern gates of the Temple. These were plated with silver, to which fire was applied till the sheathing melted, and the wood-work kindled beneath. Lighted brands were cast into the enclosure; the flames spread rapidly round the whole range of porticoes, till they reached the royal porch of Herod, with its columned aisles and superb decorations,—the crowning monument of his work of restoration. These were totally destroyed. John and Simon, the Zealot leaders, now retreated with many of their adherents from the Temple, and crossed to their last citadel in Zion by the bridge, which they broke down behind them. But multitudes were left behind without a chance or even a wish to escape, and in the conflagration which raged a whole day and night, and begirt them with a ring of fire, hundreds of wounded and helpless beings perished—impotent folk lying in the porches of this burning Bethesda. The outer case or shell of the holy building was thus consumed, and as the flames died down, the House itself, the core of all this perished magnificence, was revealed, standing naked and defenceless, yet untouched by the stain of fire,—an Ark stranded on a scorched and blackened pile of ruins.

Multitudes had resolved rather to die than forsake the consecrated spot; and all round the Temple, huddled together on its steps, and in its innermost cloisters, men, women, and little children, might be seen awaiting in dismay or desperation their last hour, as the fugitives on some lonely mountain top, the last undrowned island of the deluge, might have watched the gradual rise of the waters, and made vain signals to the distant ark,—a crowd of blanched and wasted forms, from whom the life had been for long months oozing out drop by drop, and amongst whom were many of gentle nurture, whom want had driven to the most revolting extremities. And now there was whispered among them a tale enough to curdle the blood with horror,—how, as long ago had been foretold, "the tender and delicate woman" had come to look with the wolfish eye of famine on the child of her bosom, and all the springs of a mother's love had frozen into pitiless cruelty against the life that had been born from her own. This was the last drop in the overrunning cup of misery which Jerusalem had to drain,—"affliction such as had not been from the beginning of the creation which God created, neither should thereafter be."

It was the eve of a sultry August day, and the light of its last sunset lingered with a rosy flush on the marble cloisters of the Temple, and glittered on the golden spikes along its roof. The flames were still smouldering in some of the out-buildings, and by the orders of Titus, the soldiers were endeavouring to extinguish them. Maddened by the sight of the men who had wrought their ruin, and were now polluting by their presence the sacred precincts, the Jews once more made a desperate sally. They were quickly driven back and closely pursued, and a Roman soldier, climbing on the shoulders of his comrades, flung a lighted torch through one of the gilded lattices in the body of the sanctuary. The flames burst forth. Titus, who had shown the utmost concern to preserve the building, rushed to the spot, but all endeavours to arrest the conflagration were vain. It was now too late to restrain the fury of his soldiers, who had begun to slake their thirst for revenge by a ruthless massacre of the helpless multitude. Trampling on each other in their eagerness to force their way into the shrine and rifle its treasures, they burst like a torrent through all the gates of the edifice, sweeping everything before them. The pavement was strewn with mangled corpses; round the altar the slaughtered lay in heaps, women and children, the aged and infirm, to whom no mercy

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had been given; the stairs of the holy place were swimming with blood. Through this scene of appalling carnage,—

> "Where the flush'd soldier, rough, and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand, did range
> With conscience wide as hell,"

Titus pressed forward through the veil into the Holy of Holies, and gazed awe-struck on its sacred mysteries. The flames had not yet reached it, and he would have gladly saved this splendid fragment from the wreck. But the soldiers had had a glimpse of its silver-plated gates and gold-fretted windows, and one of them, who had stolen in behind his general, thrust a firebrand between the hinges of the door, and the work of destruction was complete. From base to pinnacle the flames leaped up till the whole summit of the Temple-mount seemed a sheet of fire, the great conflagration reddening the sky of night, and lighting up the city and its background of hills in the darkness, casting a lurid gleam on the faces of thousands gazing on the dismal sight from every height, and along the battlements of Zion; while the wild shouts of the victors, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled with the hungry roar of the flames, and the crash of the cedar roofs as they fell into the glowing furnace beneath. Well might the survivors of all this evil groan aloud in their anguish, for they stood round the funeral-pyre of their ancient faith. The sacred mount of Israel was now the burning altar, on which a nation was perishing by the stroke of divine justice, and the glories of a long and brilliant era passed away as the lingering smoke-wreaths of the consuming Temple dissolved in heaven.

The day was the 10th of August, a sinister date in Jewish annals, as the anniversary of the destruction of the first Temple by Nebuchadnezzar.

The victorious legions carried their standards round the blazing pile, and planted them before the eastern gate, where Titus was saluted by the proud title of "Imperator," and sacrifices offered to the guardian deities of Rome; and thus the weird of Jerusalem was accomplished,—"the abomination of desolation was seen standing in the holy place." But the triumph was not complete as long as the upper city held out within its lofty and massive bulwarks on the opposite height. The Zealot chiefs had here prepared for a final stand, all access to their stronghold from the Temple side being cut off by the destruction of the bridge. Coming forward on the jutting fragment of the viaduct, Titus sought a conference with the Jewish leaders. His offer of mercy on submission was disdained; they had sworn to defend themselves to extremity. The slow labours of the siege had to be resumed, but the Romans were best aided by the suicidal feuds that raged within. The ruffians of the Zealot-party plundered the dwellings of the citizens, and quarrelled over the spoil. To the reign of brutal violence and rapine succeeded the miseries of famine, and when at last the Romans breached the wall, they encountered but a feeble resistance. John and Simon, the chiefs of the war faction, took refuge in the subterranean caverns or galleries with which the limestone hills of Jerusalem are pierced in all directions. They were soon forced by want to come forth and surrender themselves; Simon rising unexpectedly like an apparition, arrayed in gorgeous vestments, on the Temple platform, to which he had burrowed his way. John was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment: Simon reserved to walk in chains in the train of his conqueror through the streets of Rome, and to be strangled on the eve of the triumph in the dungeons of the Mamertine.

The buildings of Zion were levelled to the ground; and by the middle of September, five and a half months after the investment of the city, Jerusalem was a heap of ruins. Three of the towers which had been its ornament and defence were suffered to stand, as memorials of its ancient strength and trophies of an illustrious conquest. The massive foundations of the present Turkish Citadel of Jerusalem are believed to be a portion of Herod's Tower of Hippicus. As the Roman general, after his victory, surveyed the site and defences of the city, he exclaimed, "God has been my helper! God it was that cast down the Jews from these formidable walls! For what could the hands of men or their engines have availed against them?"

The sacred furniture and vessels of the Temple had been removed by the priests on the eve of its overthrow, and placed for security within the walls of Zion. On the reduction of this last stronghold, they fell into the hands of the conqueror; and these regalia of the Hebrew commonwealth—the seven-branched candlestick, the golden table of shewbread, the silver jubilee trumpets, and the ark that held the roll of the law—were borne before the chariot of Titus along the Sacred Way of Rome and up the Hill of the Capitol. These trophies were sculptured on the inside of the arch which was reared in the Forum to commemorate his triumph. Time, which has ruined so many later monuments, and turned the Forum into a cattle-market, has laid a light hand on these venerable memorials; and as the stranger from a far country passes under the arch, on his way to the Coliseum, which, within a stone-cast, uplifts its mountain-pile of masonry,—giddy tiers of arches on arches, through which the clear sky shines in blue ovals,—these effigies of Jerusalem and its glory look quietly down, like faces out of the far past, with a tragic history stamped in every line of them. The sculptor carved these stone images with the originals before him, stained by the rough legionary's hand; and there they remain indelible after conquerors and captives, emperors and popes, monks and pilgrims, and all the life of eighteen hundred years, have flowed on in a restless tide beneath them, as if they were the realities, and men only the shadows. No Jew to this day will pass under the arch which records the humiliation of his country, and which stands, with its unmouldered imagery

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guarded by some signal providence, to attest how literally the predictions of his own sacred books were fulfilled.

The number of persons slain during the siege is computed at 1,100,000, and of prisoners 97,000. Of the vast multitude of captives many were sold as slaves; thousands were compelled to fight with each other or with wild beasts, on the holidays kept in the cities through which Titus passed; and those who were dragged in his train to Rome had to labour in chains and bitter servitude, like their forefathers in Egypt. The Coliseum or Flavian Amphitheatre, which could contain 80,000 spectators, the most splendid monument of the era of Vespasian and Titus, was mainly built by their Jewish captives.

Nowhere is the hand of Him who had chosen and so long preserved this singular race—keeping through ages of darkness the lamp of a pure faith burning in a remote and narrow nook of the world—more apparent than in the events which accompanied and resulted from the destruction of their Holy City and the dispersion of its people. As long as the Temple of the Ancient Covenant stood, the heart even of the Christian Jew turned by a natural gravitation to a visible city of God—an earthly Jerusalem—the cradle, the sanctuary, the home of his devotion. The sacred shadows of that holy hill reached into the furthest land of his wanderings, and drew his thoughts to the altar where his fathers had knelt. But when Jerusalem lay in ruin, the spell of locality and symbolism was broken. On the morrow of that night which was reddened by the fires of the Temple, the new faith rose up in its spiritual glory, its gracious face shining with a light that streamed downwards on it from the Jerusalem that is above. No longer trammelled by forms nor chained to place, it was made free of every city of earth, and could point the eye of men of all races and all lands to the one true and abiding City of God. Till then, the ark of Christianity had been, in a sense, moored to the coast of Palestine; the Roman sword cut its fastenings, and sent it forth on its open voyage of charity to visit and bless every shore of the world. Nor can there be a clearer evidence of the divinity of our faith than this—that while Christianity, essentially Jewish in its origin, started, alert and free, on its career of peaceful conquest, from the ruins of the Temple, the Judaism from which it sprung has ever since been sitting helpless and forlorn amongst these ruins. The one stands amongst men with the fixed and stony look of an Egyptian statue; the other moves hither and thither like an Angel of Peace and Blessing. Christianity goes forth bearing her olive-branch among the nations; Judaism still sits a weeping captive beneath the palm.

"Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn!—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!"

J. D. B.

A LIFE'S DAWN, DAY, AND TWILIGHT.

Some time ago, the proprietors of a newspaper offered a number of prizes for sketches of the lives of working men, to be written by themselves. A very large number were given in; and the gentlemen who acted as adjudicators were much struck at the very frequent and grateful references made in these autobiographies to the labours of James Stirling.*

The name is possibly new to most of our readers; but the fact just stated fairly suggests the idea that it might be worth their while to make themselves acquainted with it; and, with the help of Mr. Wallace's brief but graphic memoir, we propose here to give an outline sketch of his character and history.

He was born on the 6th of March, 1774, and died on the 20th of the same month, 1856, at the age of eighty-two. It was a long life; but as he often affectingly lamented, it was but the "*gloaming*" of it which he gave to the service of his Maker. His parents were of humble rank, his father, at the time of his marriage, being a ploughman, his mother a dairymaid. They belonged, however, to that best class of Scottish peasantry, whose home life Burns has so exquisitely represented in his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" and their children enjoyed the great advantage of having a good example set before them, and of receiving as good an education as their narrow means would allow. Young Stirling's term at school was two years—not long, certainly, but sufficient to admit of his learning the elements of reading and writing. He was then introduced into the active business of life in the capacity of a herd. First he was hired out to people who kept a public-house, and who rented besides a small farm. Their tavern (which is still extant) stands "at the side of the gate leading to the parish church of Strathblane." In this service he continued for five years, but all the while he lived with his father, and the home influence counteracted any injurious effects which might have followed from too great familiarity with the ways of the "Kirk House." After this he was employed for twelve months as assistant to a shepherd and drover of cattle to and from Balfron moors and the surrounding hills; and while lying out on the open hills, with his senses in constant contact with the sights and sounds of nature, he became inspired with that intense love of the beautiful in earth and sky which contributed so materially to make him, what Mr. Wallace declares he was, "perhaps the most popular orator that ever Scotland sent forth from amongst her artisan population." This year among the mountains of Balfron appears to have been one of the happiest and most fruitful in his life. "Whilst I was at my sheep and cattle herding," he says himself, "I always took such books as came in my

* The Gloaming of Life: A Memoir of James Stirling. By Rev. Alexander Wallace, Author of "The Bible and the Working-Classes." One of the excellent publications of an exceedingly useful and energetic body, The Scottish Temperance League.

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way to the moors with me, and read them there." The list of books thus devoured was somewhat miscellaneous. There were the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Scottish Worthies," "Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualised," "History of Britain," by Stackhouse, and along with these were "Wallace and Bruce," "Robinson Crusoe," "Robin Hood," and "Æsop's Fables." "When reading 'Wallace' and some passages in the 'Scottish Worthies,' my heart swelled to my throat. Then I would read aloud to give vent to my feelings, until the tears flowed in streams from my eyes. . . . . Thus, though among beasts all day, far away from the dwellings of men, and often cold, wet, and hungry, sources of purely rational enjoyment and improvement were not awanting. The volumes of revelation and nature, history and poetry, beguiled the tedious hours, sweetened the toils, and calmed the bitterness of mind arising from poverty and servitude, elevating me, in my own estimation, to be one of nature's own nobility." But the boy who was afterwards to be first a sot, and then an orator and reformer, had at this time another spring of happiness and enjoyment. This was in the exercise of his religious feelings. The solitude of the moor often became to him a glorious temple peopled with bright visions and hopes. He was now from home, but he did not neglect the duty of prayer. Indeed, as in the list of books which he took to the hills with him we have a pleasant picture presented to us of the literary tastes of the Scottish peasantry of last century, in what he says of his devotional habits we have an equally satisfactory impression given us of their simple and unaffected piety. "In Balfron," he says, "two of the men had their beds beside mine in an outhouse —the one went every night to the barn, the other to the byre to pray. My resort was an old stane dyke, round the kail-yard."

The Dawn of the life was bright and hopeful. What might not have been expected of one whose poetic temperament, and love of books, and religious tendencies manifested themselves so early and under such disadvantages, and who at the age of seventy was to electrify crowded audiences with his eloquence. If not a Milne, or a Ferguson, or a Murray, who all commenced their career as "herds," he might have been a Christian Hogg, or Michael Bruce, or Nicoll. But the sky overcast before the sun had reached its meridian, and although at the "Gloaming" there was light again, it was only after a day so dark, and gloomy, and sad, that, as on the brink of a deadly swamp, we almost hesitate to pass into it.

Young Stirling had gone home from Balfron on a visit to his mother. While there he began to assist her in some household matters; and, awkward as he was at the work, he succeeded in pouring a quantity of boiling water on his foot. A long confinement followed, so long that another herd was procured in his place, and he was thrown out of a situation. At this juncture a brother-in-law of his, who was foreman to a shoemaker in Paisley, proposed that he should come into that town and learn his trade. The proposal was agreed to; and the book and nature-loving shepherd from the moors of Strathblane was by-and-by wearing a leathern apron in a close and low-ceiled Paisley work-room. The change was in no sense one for the better. "Oh, how sad was the change that I now experienced," he exclaims; "from converse with God in prayer, in his word and works, from contemplating the wonders of creative power in earth and sky, in mountain and stream, in hill and dale, to a dingy, low-roofed garret; from hearing the heath-cock hail the new-born day, and the bleating of lambs, blended with the varied notes of the cuckoo and the curlew, the plover and the lark, the blackbird and the thrush, to the unhallowed sounds of oaths, and curses, and shop-slang, and disgusting, low, and filthy language! . . . My life was miserable in the company of such beings compared with my former companions—'collie,' the cattle, and the sheep. *I could pray amongst them without fear of being laughed at; but here all pretension to religion was a subject of ridicule, and the duty of prayer was soon given up.*" To trace the steps by which in such society evil habits were contracted is not necessary, and, indeed, would not be possible within our limited space. Suffice it to say that Stirling became a *drunkard*. Like most of the class, he had of course his lucid intervals, longer or shorter in duration. There was a year during which his mother lived with him, and he worked in his own house; there was a considerable length of time also before and after his marriage; and there were briefer seasons, when, after debauches worse than usual, conscience got the ascendency; but, during the long period of forty years, the wretched man was held in fetters by his debasing appetite for drink. The usual effects followed on his business, on his family, and on *himself*. "It was sad to see him," says Mr. Wallace, "become wholly unable, from the restless craving of appetite, to sit even for a few hours together at his work. In his shirt-sleeves, bare-headed, and without neckcloth, he would keep oscillating between his stall and the street, till he met with some 'drouthy crony' who would stand treat for a dram; or, failing this, he would beat about from door to door till he could borrow a sixpence, so that he might have the means of adding fuel to the consuming spirit within. When Milngavie (the place in which he now lived) would neither yield a penny nor a dram, and when mean-spirited publicans gave him the cold shoulder, and he could no longer meet him with a sixpence, he would walk to Strathblane or to Campsie, in the dress which we have described, when he scarcely ever failed in 'raising the wind.' Three or four pounds' worth of boots and shoes would sometimes go to a public-house; but the money which should have been paid for these, and which should have been taken home to provide for his own family, had all been drunk before." But it is needless to multiply illustrations of the unspeakable misery which blights a household when the head of it becomes the victim of intemperance. Cases of the kind are too common throughout the whole country to make it possible that any reader of this has not had direct knowledge of that misery from what has come under his own observation. It is quite enough to say, then, that Stirling's life during all these years was just that of a drunkard of the lowest, saddest, and most hopeless type. What that was few will have any difficulty in imagining; and, of course, he would have passed away without giving occasion for any particular speculation or remark, had it not been for that miracle of grace by which he was rescued from the fearful pit, and set free, in the twilight of his life, to serve the God whose laws he had for so long been openly transgressing.

The change was brought about in a very affecting way. This is his own account of it:—"I had been all day in the public-house; and at night, when I came home, my wife, as usual, was reading a chapter to the children. When she was so engaged I went in, slipping like a condemned criminal. The portion of Scripture read was the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, in which these words occur, 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with

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him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.' Our youngest boy, then about four years old, was lying with his head on his mother's lap, and just when she had read these awful words, he looked up earnestly in her face and asked, 'Will father be a goat then, mother?' This was too strong to be resisted. The earnest, innocent look of the child, the bewilderment of the poor mother, and, above all, the question itself, smote me to the heart's core. I spent a sleepless, awfully miserable night, wishing rather to die than live such a life. I was ashamed to go to church on the following Sabbath. I stopped at home, and read the 'Six Sermons on Intemperance,' by Beecher, which had found their way into the house, but how I never knew. But so it was, that, when looking about the house for some suitable book to read on the Sabbath, I laid my hand on them, and they seemed as if written and printed, and sent there for me alone. I was now decided; my resolution was taken as it had never been before. All the men on earth could not tempt me to drink, clear or brown, thick or thin." "God," says Mr. Wallace, "has many avenues through which he can reach the heart of man; and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he can ordain strength, and still the enemy and the avenger." James Stirling became from this date a new man—his minister giving it as his decided opinion that, contemporaneous with (and probably it was the real spring of) his reformation in manners, the long-besotted drunkard became the subject of a saving change.

We now get out again into the light. Stirling had still some twenty years of his life to run; and most pleasing it is to observe the evidence so abundantly furnished, that his conversion was genuine and abiding. "After the formation of the Temperance Society," says one, writing from this neighbourhood, "he began to rise immensely in character, and usefulness, and honour; and, with the exception of the spirit dealers, was treated with wonderful deference by all classes—the rich and the poor. He felt he was no longer the poor, self-degraded, and despised thing he was; a new impulse had been given him, and henceforth he devoted all the energies of his naturally vigorous and powerful mind to the promotion of everything that was good." "All things," says he himself, "put on a new appearance—my wife, my family, my trade, my countenance, my clothing. I saw all nature happy around me. My heart was happy within me—happy at having overcome my besetting sin—happy in the inward beaming sunshine of content. *Those sights and sounds that delighted my youthful fancy became delightful again.*" In one sense he seemed to be renewing his youth; his heart came again as the heart of a little child.

There was something specially appropriate in the manner in which Stirling spent the Gloaming of his life. Under the deadly shadow of intemperance he had himself been nearly ruined, and he now devoted himself, with amazing diligence and earnestness, and, as has been already hinted, with extraordinary eloquence and success, to the mitigation of the evil. His first efforts were put forth in his own immediate neighbourhood; but his fame as a speaker soon spread, and first in Glasgow as a district missionary, and afterwards throughout the country generally, as the earliest agent of the Scottish Temperance League, he became engaged formally in the crusade against what some sadly call the national vice of Scotland. Reviewing in 1853 his labours in this cause, he says, "I have, in the course of sixteen years, visited nearly five hundred places in Scotland, England, and Ireland. Many of these places I have visited from six to sixteen times over, and have addressed nearly five thousand meetings in churches, halls, schools, and barns, and in the open air, and sometimes in large tents erected for the purpose, and once in a village 'smiddy' on the Borders." We never had ourselves an opportunity of hearing Stirling speak; but everywhere in Scotland, among the artizan population especially, are to be met with those who have; and the testimony of any of them we have conversed with has always been in entire harmony with the following description by Mr. Wallace:—"The village school-room was crowded. Prayer was offered; and now the old man proceeded with such earnestness, originality, eloquence, and graphic power to depict, sometimes in his own native Doric, and again in the most powerful words which the purest English could afford, the evils under which the village groaned. He spoke home, however, to the hearts of the miners, many of whom had come to hear him with great prejudice. He was aware of this; but a few well-told anecdotes at the outset—rough indeed they might seem to fastidious ears—and a few homely allusions to the occupation of his audience, with now and then a well-thrown in technical phrase, as if he wrought in the pit from his boyhood, took every heart by storm, and secured in behalf of his statements an amount of practical sympathy which threatened, for a time at least, to shut every public house in the village. We have still a vivid recollection of the rare power which the old man wielded over that assembly, composed for the most part of very rough and rude materials. At one moment we saw the big tear coursing down the face of many of these miners, and at another the whole assembly was convulsed with laughter. The change which took place for the better was truly astonishing; and had the reformation not been checked by a variety of untoward circumstances, that once wretched clachan would have become a model village."

In labours such as these Stirling spent the closing years of his most chequered life, growing, as all felt who came into contact with him, increasingly spiritual and earnest minded. He was a monument of grace—a striking illustration of what even a drunkard, sunk in deepest mire, may hope through grace to become; but it is instructive to read that—as if to show that even after sin has been forgiven there may natural evils spring up which will afflict us all our life long—the reformed inebriate, during all the light that shone around him at eventide, could never get altogether above the horror of the darkness which beset him during the time he was in the depths. "He was subject at times to great mental depression, when 'he was made to possess the sins of his youth,' and the memory of his drinking days came up like a dark, impenetrable cloud between him and the sunshine of Christian peace and hope. He was cast into 'depths,' and from these he could not even at times cry for help." But the time came when the Lord delivered him out of all his troubles; and now, as we trust and believe, the drunkard of forty years stands before the throne clad in the white robe, and with the palm branch of victory in his hand.

It is a strange history. The Dawn, the Day, and the Gloaming of it have each their several parts of interest. We wish for the little book which contains it, among the working-classes especially, an extensive circulation. H. L. W.

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"THY WILL BE DONE."

THE argument of submission, how perfect, how brief! We might make it very brief. God has the right; he has the power. It is a necessity that we bow; of no avail that we be or do anything else. But when we join to these the wisdom, the goodness, this necessity, in the filial heart, is changed to a perpetual joy.

Wisdom is intelligence directed by goodness—in God perfect knowledge, boundless goodness. Taking now these three—power, knowledge, goodness—each without limit, we find a resting-place for the soul. If we believe in God, we believe he has these three great qualities; and whatever occurs affecting our welfare has emanated from these,—of course, was not only right, but best—best in the great plan of God, and best for us as individuals. That sorrowful event comes shining with a divine wisdom, and imbued and hallowed with an all-blessing love.

It is well to consider our own imperfection and incompetency. Somebody must govern—not everybody—each in his own affairs; it must be some one over all. Who is ready for the great prerogative? Suppose it submitted to our option, placed within our power to have this event take place or not, this sickness terminate in death or recovery. We may indeed pray for recovery, and do all we can to promote it; but beyond that, to take the responsibility, say the word, live and not die, who would dare do it? How incongruous our short-sighted exceptions to the doings of the all-knowing and ever-living Jehovah,—struggling often against the hand that is holding us back from the precipice—weeping often that we are denied the opportunity of hastening and sealing our own destruction! How fitting that these views of God on the one hand, and of ourselves on the other, prompt as the heart's unceasing prayer—"Thy will be done!"

This sentiment is strengthened by the thought of our ill desert. How unsuitable that we complain at a stroke which causes but a temporary smart, when justice might inflict a blow which would bury our hopes for ever! How much more becoming to look up and admire the forbearance of God—be melted and be thankful, as we view the gentleness and the tenderness of the divine heart!

To the same end the methods of Providence are a prolific and comforting study. The entire administration of God is a book, showing more and more that, however trying the progress, the issue will be glorious. A few pages of this book have been written out by an unerring pen, and are now held up for the correction and reproof of an ever-distrusting world. There is many a Christian living who can turn to his own private history, and select the dark passages, times, places, when things went contrary to his own mind,—went as seemed to him ruinously. Who can follow the chain down to the crisis where God's result came out, and there see that result rising up, bright as a noonday sun, scattering all the gloom of the past, and opening a clear vista into the future? This, we believe, is the experience written in the progress of every life that faith orders and controls, proving that God can do far better for us than we can do for ourselves. And shall we not trust him, and calmly bow to all that he in his benignant sovereignty ordains?—especially when it is added that by so doing the Christian honours God, inasmuch as he reveals a faith in his character and word which abides all assailing forces. Our faith, in its true efficacy and glory, is made manifest by the Spirit. Herein is furnished the best evidence that we possess the pearl—better than the highest raptures. If we can be quiet, peaceful, unmurmuring, when crossed; if, when the bereaving stroke falls heavily, we can say, in the promptings of filial emotion, "Thy will be done," we have firm ground for the belief that we are not bastards, but sons.

Great is the satisfaction, the solid comfort, in such a case—the insurrections of passion kept down, the whole soul kept in sweet harmony with the divine ordering—of course, no possible room there for disappointment and disturbance. That saying of God through all is delightfully verified, "He shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Stayed on Thee—our own will swallowed up in thine—a child-like yielding to every pressure or stroke of thy hand. In the event, every element and power of the soul breathes only whispers of peace, and wakes often the emotions of joy. The secret of Christian happiness is in letting God govern us—whole-hearted in this desire, and then vigilant and faithful in governing ourselves. The two go together. Submission to the divine government, the discipline of self-government. Submission is a discipline. It is a great work, a high attainment—the last step in the soul's struggles toward perfection, to its resting-place in the will and the bosom of God.

THE RESERVE GROUND.

"UNCLE," said little Milly, "where is my garden? All the rest of the children have a part of the garden to take care of, and I want something to do. Won't you give me a garden?"

"Well, Milly," said her uncle, laying his hand caressingly upon the head of the little orphan girl who had recently been added to his family, "I don't know what I can give you. The garden is already pretty well divided among the children. There is nothing left where there are flowers—I suppose you want flowers?—unless it is the reserve ground. Would you like to take care of that?"

"O yes, I don't care what it is, if it only has flowers. Will you please to tell me where it is, and what I am to do?"

"Let me first tell you what a reserve ground is; perhaps you don't understand it. It is the place where we put in a great abundance of seed in order that we may

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have plenty of plants to draw from, when any vacant place occurs in the borders. We start slips in one part of it, and whenever there are extra shoots of valuable plants, we put them there to remain until there is a call for them. So you see that though you will have charge of the reserve ground, still I shall always have a hand in it, bringing in new slips for you to look after, and taking out those plants that are sufficiently grown to be removed to the borders. You will get a good many flowers—indeed, your aunt calls it the wilderness, there are so many—but it will be more frequently disturbed than any other part of the garden. Do you think you will like it?"

"O yes, very much!" said Milly, with delight; yet she understood but little of her uncle's somewhat mixed explanation of the nature of a reserve ground—only that she was to have plenty of flowers and she was satisfied.

Still greater was her pleasure when she was introduced to the little plot of ground, with its pit in the corner, which was to be under her especial care. It was a very flourishing part of the grounds, she thought—so full of everything. To be sure, they were heaped together without any special regard to order; the flowers were grown in *masses*, most certainly; but with her their great value depended on their number.

And Milly, once instructed in her duties, took very good care of the reserve ground, keeping out the weeds that were so determined to overrun the rich soil, and getting an abundance of flowers from her *forests* of stocks, and balsams, and asters. True, her uncle would fill up the vacant spaces with a great many slips that she did not admire very much—he cut the leaves so close when he put them into the ground that it destroyed all their beauty, and then they grew very slowly.

But he brought her many fine shrubs and beautiful roses, which came forward rapidly, and amply repaid her for the want of enjoyment she found in the naked-looking little slips.

One of these roses—a very beautiful perpetual—had gained her special affection. It was only a tiny shoot from the side of her aunt's highly prized Malmaison when it was brought to her, but it had plenty of root, and, once established in her reserve ground, it grew luxuriantly, so that before the first season was over it came out with a fine show of buds, and Milly rejoiced over it as her especial treasure. When the first rose opened she bore it in triumph to her aunt.

"Why, Milly," said her uncle, who sat by, reading his agricultural paper, "your Malmaison is not in bloom, is it?"

"Yes, uncle," said Milly, proudly, "it is full of buds, and this is the first flower."

Her uncle folded his paper deliberately, and laid aside his spectacles, and started for the reserve ground, followed timidly by Milly, who wondered if he doubted her assertion.

But when she reached the spot, what did she find, but her uncle with his horrid thumb and finger pinching off all the buds from her treasured rose-tree.

"It must not blossom yet, Milly, dear," said he kindly, when he noticed the choking look with which she witnessed his predatory work. "I have a special mission for this rose. We wish to have the strength all go to the forming of the tree for the present. It won't grow as well if we let it blossom now. Indeed it might kill it, if it should bloom much this year. If it comes into bud again, you will pinch them off as I am doing. Will you remember, my child?"

Milly thought it was very hard, but the idea that it might kill her beautiful rose to bloom too soon was sufficient, and when the next array of buds appeared, her unwilling hand performed the office which her uncle had assigned to her of pinching off the early promise of bloom. Her uncle never knew what it cost her to do this, for Milly loved the flowers. He only knew when she told him that she had followed his directions, and he rewarded her by saying that she was a very thoughtful little girl, and was doing nicely by her charge.

When the next spring came, Milly watched anxiously every swelling leaf-bud in her rose-tree, rejoicing afresh over each new shoot that started, and thinking that now surely her rose was strong enough to be allowed to bloom.

It was the object of her first care in the morning when she went to look after her reserve ground; and in the evening when she came from school, her first thought was to see how her rose had progressed through the day. But there came a day when, on hastening to her reserve ground after her school hours were over, she found that her beautiful rose was gone. There was the soil turned carefully away from where the roots had spread, and the marks of the spade that had been used in this deliberate depredation.

"Peter, where's my Malmaison?" she called with brimming eyes and choking voice, to the man who was rolling a wheelbarrow heavily at a little distance.

"Moved it to the lawn," said the man, going on with his wheelbarrow.

Milly threw herself down on the turf, and let the tears rain over her face without stint. There came to her mind a vague idea of the nature of a reserve ground, and the kind of ownership she held in its possessions. Her uncle had said something about a *special mission* for that rose, but she understood very little about any special mission for rose-trees, other than to bear flowers in the spot where they grew.

While she still indulged her unmeasured grief, her uncle came back from his task of seeing the rose-tree well planted in the lawn, to remove the traces of its uplifting from the reserve ground, and was upon her before she had time to start up and hide her tears.

"Why, Milly," said he, "what is the matter? Is it the rose-tree, child?" he added, patting her kindly. "Why, my little girl, you did not wish it to grow in this

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unsightly place, did you? It would be a mere waste of its beauty. You shall still have the rose-tree for years, if you like, in the place where it stands on the lawn. You surely could not wish us to waste it here."

But this reasoning was all lost on Milly. She could not understand how that could be wasted beauty which grew so gloriously in the garden that she called her own. It was no waste to her. She could enjoy it wholly where it had stood, and where it had seemed all her own. It was another thing out on the lawn, where every one could see her in what she feared they might think the silly occupation of counting every leaf and shoot that grew. The rose might still be called by her name, but it was no longer under her care, no longer her own in reality. Visitors swept by with their spreading silks and praised it. It was no place for the timid child to nurse the thing she loved.

Many a time had the beautiful rose-tree shed its crown of flowers before the little girl had ever turned her steps to the spot where it stood. The time came when she learned to love it even among the fine shrubs on the lawn, but there had been a transition of spirit with her before this day. She knew that it was a garland of beauty in the spot where it stood, the glory of all eyes that beheld it; but for her it had been transplanted to another world—a world from which by habit and timidity she was debarred.

Years passed away, and Milly dwelt in a home of her own,—a home that one of the strong hands of the earth had planted, and chosen her to be the light thereof. A throng of fairy little ones called forth her ceaseless love, and claimed from her a care that knew no rest. Milly was busier in keeping out the foreign elements from the weed-sown soil of the human heart, than she had ever been in the charge of her reserve ground. Very weary she grew at times, and ready to faint in view of the task before her, but the tireless love of the little flock, and the wonderful beauty into which they grew, were enough to cheer her when the way grew rough. There was one among them—a restless little fellow with a broad, jutting forehead, and deep blue eyes that you could not fathom, so were they swimming with life, and love, and joy—that required from her more than the usual share of a mother's attention. Now he was clambering recklessly up her knee, and clasping her in an embrace that well-nigh stifled her, and before she had recovered breath he was gone, soiling his hands and tearing his garments by climbing to the top of the summer-house to trim the grape-vines, as he had seen his father do, pressing determinately against any obstacle that came in his way, and overcoming it if it were possible to be overcome, and astonishing all who heard him by the curious reasons he gave for his erratic ways. Over his books there was the same restless energy, that made him the wonder, the study, the delight of all who knew him. In the household he was the centre of affection and of action. Though one of the younger members of the flock, it was to him that all explanations were appealed, round him that all attraction seemed to cluster. He was the pride of his father, the wonder and delight of his mother.

But there came a day when Milly returned to her home from one of life's school-tasks that had called her thence, to find this pride of her house laid low,—uprooted from the soil of affection where he had grown, torn by violence from the fond arms that encircled him, with the lids closed over the joy of those blue eyes to be raised no more. Veiled for ever behind an impenetrable curtain was the laughing love that had made her task a blessing.

Terrible was the grief with which the fond mother sank beneath the stroke, robing herself in darkness and refusing to be comforted, for the light of her household was no more.

For many days she moved stonily about the tasks that claimed her, as if the blow had changed her into marble; and it was but by slow degrees that the love of the little ones who remained to her called her back to a full interest in the work of life. Heavy and gloomy was the path by which she was led back from the valley of sorrow to the garden of affection, where her children claimed her cheerful love. But with eyes that had been touched as with a coal from off the holy altar, she came to look upon her charge anew at last.

"My reserve ground!" she murmured, as she gathered them fondly about her. "My noble flower has been transplanted to the heavenly garden, because our Father had a better place for him to fill. He waits for us with the arms of his love outstretched, and its warm glow kindled with a heavenly fire that cannot cease to burn. Death cannot sever us. He is still mine. Let me look hereafter upon this garden of my love as a reserve ground, where I am to labour faithfully, but upon whose treasures the Father hath the strongest claim. And let me only seek that the plants I have reared may be mine in the heavenly gardens,—mine in the spot for which I have trained them."—*Independent.*

THE OLD WEAVER.

JOHN MULLANE had been at work at his loom for some time in silence, but he suddenly laid down the shuttle, and addressing his wife, who was knitting by the fire, said, "Why then, Kathleen, what are we to do if we can't make up the rent by Michaelmas; and it's coming fast?"

"Don't be down-hearted, John, dear; only put your trust in God, and maybe he'd help us."

"True enough for you, wife, and that was the very thing my boys said in their last letter."

"And I'm thinking, John, there might come another letter soon now, and help in it too, as you often got before."

"So it might, wife, for sure never was a father who had two such sons as I have."

"And, for that matter, never was a step-mother who had two such step-sons as I have. Wasn't it only this time twelvemonth they sent me something to buy a new cloak, for fear I should be cold coming on the winter? O John,

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isn't it a pity that they've picked up such queer notions about religion in the strange country?"

"Well, Kate, I don't know what to say about that; I have been thinking a deal about it, and isn't it plain, I ask you, Kate,—isn't it plain that if these new notions about religion, as you call them, are queer, they are good too, for isn't it they that made them the boys that they are? Broken-hearted as I was the day they turned their backs on old Ireland to go to America, I can't deny they had their faults like other people's children, and could be a little idle and a little wild, too, sometimes, and I hadn't much hope of their doing very well in the strange land. It was the book they met in America—the word of God, as they call it in their letters—that made the great change in them; or, as they themselves say, it was God himself by the book, who did it. You know, Kathleen, how they tell me every time they write to get that book and read it for myself, because it shows us how to be happy in this present life, and for ever and ever in the life that is to be hereafter."

"I do know it, John. Still, I'd advise you to do nothing about it until you tell the priest, at anyrate."

The old weaver made no answer, but took up the shuttle and went on with his usual work.

Not many days after this conversation took place, Mrs. Mullane's hopes concerning the arrival of a letter from America were fully realized. Old John received one from his sons, containing not only enough to pay his rent, but what would be sufficient to make the old couple very comfortable during the coming winter. This letter, and those which preceded it, from these two dutiful young men to their aged father, were most interesting, being written not only with the greatest love, but also with the greatest wisdom. They never failed to entreat their parent to procure immediately a copy of the word of God, and to offer up all his prayers through the only Mediator, because the Scriptures assure us that there is "one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 5).

The old weaver appeared to have received the advice of his absent children as kindly as it was offered. At length it was put into his heart, doubtless by the Holy Spirit, to act accordingly. He found means to purchase a Bible privately, and anxiously commenced the perusal of a book from which his sons had learned so many good things.

This precious volume the poor old man kept concealed in a hole in the wall, close to where his loom stood. When he became tired of his work, as was often the case, he had recourse to his Bible, and as he read he not only found the poor weary body refreshed, but before long his soul understood the experience of those to whom God shall teach knowledge, and whom he shall make to understand doctrine, "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing" (Isa. xxviii. 12). The moment that a footfall was heard on the path which led to his cabin-door, or that any other indication of his being interrupted appeared, he would instantly put his book into the secret place, stopping up the hole with a stone, so that not even his nearest neighbour ever suspected that he had a Bible.

After a while the old man's strength began to give way rapidly; he soon became very ill, and it was evident that his end drew near. This his wife perceived, not without much sorrow of heart, for they had been affectionate companions in weal and woe. They were just then expecting the usual remittance from America, and she said to him one day, "Is it your will, John, that part of the money we are to get from the boys, after your death, be given to the priest to say masses for your soul?"

The dying man's answer to this question was as follows:—"No, wife, no. You have been a kind and faithful nurse to me since we came together. If any money should be sent by my sons, you are most welcome to it. Keep it for yourself, for you have well earned it. But as to giving any of it to the priest, oh! don't think of it—don't think of it. All my trust is in the great High Priest. What should I want of masses? I want no masses, for I believe that the blood of Jesus has cleansed me from all sin."

In this blessed hope the poor old Irish weaver passed away unknown to man, his fellow-Christians being unacquainted with the simple history of his conversion from darkness into the marvellous light of God's truth, until some time after. "True it is," as the narrator of this interesting case observed, that "the Lord calls out his own, and brings them to himself, how, when, and where he will."—*Tract Magazine.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXVI.—CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM—PURGING OF THE TEMPLE—THE BARREN FIG-TREE CURSED.

MATT. xxi. 1–22.

Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.—Ver. 1. From what place had Jesus last come? chap. xx. 29. What parable has its scene laid in the road between Jericho and Jerusalem? Luke x. What other village lay close to Bethphage? Mark xi. 1. [The exact site of Bethphage is not certainly known: both villages lay near the eastern foot of Mount Olivet, about a mile and a half from Jerusalem.]

Ver. 2. How was Christ accustomed to travel? What feature of his character did this exemplify? What infirmity of the flesh did it make him familiar with? John iv. 6. What do you suppose was his reason for wishing to ride into Jerusalem on this one occasion? [To assert his claims as a king: to let it appear, for once, how he *ought* to be received! Why did he select so humble an animal as an ass's colt? [To show how little he regarded worldly pomp and display.]

Ver. 3. How did Christ in this show his kingly power—1. Over men's *property;* and, 2. Over their *hearts?* [1. By demanding the animals. 2. By making the owners willing to surrender them.] In what respect were the owners of the ass an example to us? [When "the Lord hath need of" anything of ours, we should most cheerfully give it up.] What king of Israel was remarkable for this spirit? 2 Chron. xxix.

Ver. 4. By what prophet was this spoken? How long ago? [Observe how remarkably all that was foretold of Christ by the prophets, from Moses to Malachi, was fulfilled—how clearly this shows that the prophets were inspired, and that Jesus was the Son of God.]

Ver. 5. [Mark the character in which Christ now came—"thy king."] Were the Jews really willing to have Christ for their king? John xix. 15. Are men naturally willing that Christ should reign in their hearts—willing to do all

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that Christ requires? When do they become willing? Ps. cx. 3.

Ver. 6. What did the two disciples thus exhibit?

Ver. 7. What was denoted by their putting their clothes on the ass? [Their willingness to give up for the honour of Jesus even their clothes. The reference is probably to the loose outer garment which they often threw off.]

Ver. 8. Was the multitude, as a whole, actuated by genuine attachment to Christ? Mention other instances, in the history of the Jews, of temporary enthusiasm for what was good? By what emblem did Christ afterwards show the necessity of a vital and abiding union to him? John xv.

Ver. 9. What is the meaning of Hosanna? [Literally, "Save now" (see Ps. cxviii. 25); used here as an expression of confidence,—"he will save." "In the highest," or loftiest region of power.]

Ver. 10, 11. Were the multitude not from the city? [Only a part. Many had accompanied Christ from a distance, having come up to the passover.] What is said here of the multitude? Is it enough to be moved with curiosity regarding the Saviour? What else must we be?

Purging of the Temple.—Ver. 12. What further proof of his kingly authority did Christ now give? Was this the first time he had purged the temple? See John ii. Who were the money changers? [They furnished the exact coin that had to be paid for the support of the temple. See chap. xvii. 24.] For what purpose were doves sold? See Luke ii. 24. In what spirit did these traders probably carry on their business? [Probably in a greedy, avaricious, over-reaching spirit—a spirit utterly at variance with the impressions the place should have produced. In God's house we should breathe God's spirit; a solemn horror of sin, a desire to honour God, and love to our neighbour, should be reigning in our hearts.]

Ver. 13. Where is this written? Should not every place of worship still be "a house of prayer?" What part of public worship should this make us very careful in? [Think how delightful it must be to God to see a whole congregation engaged in united, hearty prayer to their Father in heaven!] When may we be said to profane the sanctuary like these traders? [When we carry into it worldly thoughts, and allow ourselves to muse on schemes of worldly business and gain,—especially if our schemes are of a dishonest sort; in the one case, we steal from God, in the other from man.] Which of these is the greater sin? Which is the more common? Which do men consider the more heinous? "Will a man rob God?" Mal. iii. 8.

Ver. 14. What further proof of kingly authority did Christ now give? [Over the powers of disease and darkness.] What striking prophecy regarding his kingly office did he thus fulfil, Ps. lxxii. 12, 13. What lesson of encouragement do these miracles afford to us?

Ver. 15. What feeling were the chief priests and scribes actuated by?

Ver. 16. Whom did they wish Jesus to rebuke? Did Jesus consider the children too young to be in the temple? or too young to take part in his worship? What lessons does this teach as to the attendance of children at church, and what they should be doing there?

The Fig-Tree Cursed.—Ver. 17. With whom was Christ accustomed to lodge at Bethany?

Ver. 18. [See how Christ was continually exposed to the miseries of this life, as well as to other evils, in working out redemption for his people.] Might not Christ have worked a miracle for his own relief? Why did he not do so? See on chap iv. 3, 4. [Observe, the very day after he rode as king into Jerusalem, he was at a loss for a meal!]

Ver. 19. Was it the usual season for figs? See Mark xi. 13. What led Christ to think there might be fruit on the tree? [The sight of *leaves;* because the fruit of the fig-tree should appear before the leaves.] Why did Christ curse this tree? [This is evidently to be understood *allegorically*,—the fig-tree with leaves, but without fruit, is the emblem of the professing Christian who does not bring forth the fruit of the Spirit, Gal. v. 22, 23; the doom of such persons is represented in this acted parable. The case of the Jewish nation was probably in Christ's mind.] Mention other occasions on which Christ spoke of the indispensable necessity of fruit?

Ver. 20–22. Was the miracle on the fig-tree meant merely to inspire terror? What was it designed to show the power of? [Faith and prayer.] Is it not a very singular assurance Christ here gives to his disciples? [Observe, we must view it in the light of Christ's own conduct. As Christ never asked anything of God *for mere personal gratification*, but only *for the furtherance of God's work*, so this assurance must mean that every real obstacle to that work would be removed, and everything needful for promoting it would be granted, in answer to believing prayer.] Do you remember any other encouragements to prayer given by Christ? Do not these things show that men should pray much more than they do?

DUTY.—Parents to be Reverenced.

Gen. ix. Exod. xx. Deut. xxi. Ruth i. Prov. iv. Prov. xxx. Eph. vi.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. IX.

CHILDREN AT BETHEL.—2 Kings ii. 23, 24.

Who was Elisha? [A great prophet of Israel.] Whose servant or minister had he been? 1 Kings xix. 19–21. What did he become after Elijah had gone up to heaven? [His successor, by the Spirit of God coming upon him. 2 Kings ii. 15.] How did he spend his life? [In going through the land teaching and exhorting the people.]

What was Bethel? [A town in the land of Israel.] What does the name mean? [The house of God.] Who first gave it this name? Gen. xxviii. 16–19. What did the wicked king Jeroboam place there? 1 Kings xii. 28, 29, 32. Was not this a great insult to the true God?

What kind of people lived in Bethel? [Some true believers, ver. 3; but many wicked men, worshippers of the idol.] When Elisha visited the town, what would he do? [Reprove the people for their sin, and tell them how God was angry with them.] What would they feel towards Elisha? [Anger and hatred.] What did they teach their children to do? [To laugh and mock at the holy man.] Were the prophets often treated in this way? 1 Kings xix. 10; 2 Chron. xxxvi. 16; Jer. xx. 2; Matt. xxiii. 37, Acts vii. 52. What does this show? [The great sinfulness and dislike to what is good, which is in man's heart.]

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What happened one day when Elisha was passing by? ver. 23. What did they call after him? What did they mean by this? [Perhaps to bid him go away from them altogether; or they had been taught to mock at his account of Elijah having gone up to heaven, and were bidding *him* "go up" there too.] What kind of children must they have been? [Very bold, wicked, and impudent.]

Would Elisha turn round and warn them kindly of their sin against God? [No doubt, or he had often done so before.] But when they persevered in their wicked language, what did he at last do? ver. 24. What does this mean? [He solemnly told them that the wrath and curse of God was upon them for their sin.] Must not this have been very painful for him to do? Why did he do it? [Because God made him feel it his duty as a prophet.] Had the prophets often such painful messages to deliver? 1 Kings xx. 41, 42; xxi. 20–24; 2 Kings xxii. 15–17; Isa. lxv. 14, 15. &c.

What dreadful punishment came upon these wicked children after Elisha had gone away? What kind of animals are bears? Why are she-bears always the fiercest? 2 Sam. xvii. 8; Prov. xvii. 12; Hosea xiii. 8. Had there been many children together? How many did the she-bears kill? Must not it have been a very dreadful sight? What would be felt in the whole town afterwards? Would the children that escaped ever forget that dreadful day? Would it not make them repent of their sin, and ask pardon of God and the prophet? [We may hope so.]

Do we ever read of God sending wild beasts before or after this to punish sinners? 1 Kings xiii. 24–26; xx. 36; 2 Kings xvii. 25. What does this teach us? [That he can make use of any of his creatures to fulfil his will.]

What is the chief lesson from this sad story? [The great sin and danger of any who despise, or mock, or treat ill any of God's people.] Are there any children now like those wicked ones of Bethel? Will they be destroyed by wild bears? [That is not likely.] But how will God now punish them? [He can do so in many ways; and if they do not repent, even if they escape any great punishment in this life, their souls will be lost for ever.]

Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

I hate to walk, I hate to dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

Precept.—Now, therefore, be ye not mockers, lest your bands be made strong, Isa. xxviii. 22.

Promise.—Blessed is the man that standeth not in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, Ps. i. 1.

Prayer.—O Lord God, great and holy, who canst not bear that which is evil, we beseech thee to make us have more fear of sin, and more hatred to it, because it is the abominable thing which thou hatest. Keep us from all evil and sinful speaking, and let us never forget that whatever words we say thou art hearing us. Teach us to keep away from bad companions, and to feel true love for all thy people and servants. May we always honour and respect our pastors and teachers; and give us thy blessing with all they teach us. Have mercy upon those children who are going on in the ways of evil. And, oh, pardon *our* many sins, and give us new hearts, for the sake of thy dear Son, our Saviour, Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—LEONORE AND BILL BRIGGEN.

Leonore was a pale and feeble child. That she might gain strength and get roses on her cheeks, she was taken to the sea-shore by her parents. Old Mrs. Briggen, a fisherman's wife, was hired to give her a daily bath, and old Bill Briggen often took her out upon the great wide sea in his fishing-boat.

Bill Briggen and his wife were rough in their looks and rude in their manners. But their hearts were true and warm, and they were so kind and so gentle to Leonore, that she soon learned to love them with very strong affection. The fisherman told her stories of the sea, and she told him stories of the land. Snugging close to the side of Betty Briggen, in the stern of the boat, she listened with wonder and delight while the old man sung sea-songs, and talked of porpoises, of the silver-shelled nautilus, and other wonders of the deep deep sea which rolled so grandly around them.

Leonore was a good child, and she often talked about heaven to the simple-hearted fisherman and his wife. They listened with much interest to her beautiful pictures of the glorious land. One day poor Bill Briggen sighed and said—

"Eternity! ah! I has yet to hoist sail in them seas, and have not a notion how to pilot 'em."

Leonore gave him a Bible, and told him it was a chart by which he might steer to the port of heaven.

The fisherman took it gladly. Leonore went home with her father, General North, but she did not forget to pray, especially on stormy nights, for her dear old sailor, Bill Briggen and his wife Betty.

A few months passed and Betty Briggen wrote to General North. Thinking you would like to read her letter I will print it. It is a very touching epistle :—

"Sir, your Honour, General North,

"In hopes this finds you well, and madam, and the young darling lady, as it leaves me a poor desolate widow. Sir, it was with my poor Bill as he always said; he went out, and returned home one dark night no more. 'Bet,' says he, 'I'll take out our Bible no more; then, if I should be lost, you'll have that to cast anchor by.' But he was always minding of it at home. He took wonderful notice of all it had to say of the sea; and that very last night, as he lighted up the lantern, and turned up that part where the good Lord came walking right firm where the worst sea was chafing, in the eye of the wind, and catched hold of the hand of the poor fisher, Peter, when he was lost, as we speak, in the tempesting waves, it seemed as if he knew all afore him, for he lifted up a prayer like to none but a last; and he said to me, 'Bet,' said he, 'if your old man some night should come back with his fish-nets no more, what we read from the book will be the picture of him—the waves all a tempest, and dark, and he sinking.—ah, then, Bet, there'll be a hand that will catch hold of your Bill's, and heave him up to that life in Eternity. I shall know the hand, Bet; for 'twill be His who was nailed on the tree. If it please the good God I should happen of that, don't you fret over the salt sea for me, but hoist a prayer up where the stars lie afloat up above! There's no tempesting

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waves for your old man up there, Bet; for He rules there who walked on the wind, and hushed up the storm with the breath of his mouth. O Bet,' says he, as he turned off to go, 'there's no sail scuds so fast afore a fresh breeze in our seas, as a prayer to them skies!' I was a-letting him out, and didn't I note how there shone out a star from the darkness right above him as he spoke! And when I look up to them now, don't they seem to my senses all kindled brighter for joy that my poor Bill is up among them. And I got a friend to put these few words on paper, as madam ordered I should. But I hope your honour, and madam, and the darling young lady will come again, though my poor Bill and his boat harbour no more on this shore, but I can do all as regular and well as before, and not one of the gentlefolks has found me lagging yet; but I take a lazy step back again now, for there's no husband awaiting; and sometimes I could just not go at all; only I take my first look at the Bible, and, though I can't read, I can tell where the words mostly lie, and they turn up in my mind with the sound of the voice of my old man. So no more at present from your unworthy servant, BETTY BRIGGEN."

Poor little Leonore cried nearly all day over that letter. She was sorry poor Bill was dead; but she was glad that her Bible had guided him to the port of heaven.

I hope Leonore's example will be followed by every little girl and boy among my readers. Speak of heaven and the Bible, my dear children, to all with whom you have to do,—to the servants in the house, to the hired man on the farm, to your playmates, to your brothers and sisters, and to father and mother. Who knows but that you, like Leonore, may direct some poor Bill Briggen to the Saviour in heaven!—*Sunday School Advocate.*

II.—THE WISH OF JOHNNIE BRIGGS.

"I WISH I were a kitten," said little John Briggs.

How sad he did look, poor John Briggs! Before him was a blazing fire. The snow fell without; many a child was crying with cold.

"What would you like to be a kitten for, Johnnie?" said his mother, her shining needles click-clacking through the bright red yarn that was fast growing into a stocking to make Johnnie's toes warm.

"Kittens don't have to go to school, nor go to bed at seven, nor get up at six; nor—nor—"

"Say their prayers," said Mrs. Briggs, trying to help him out.

This struck Johnnie as being quite odd, and he burst out in a laugh, that made the white kitten open her grey eyes, and sit winking at him, as if she too were pondering on the strange thoughts that would come into Johnnie's head.

"Nor be kissed by father and mother, nor have Christmas presents, new books, new boots, new balls; nor pleasant cousins to come and play with them; nor have nice rides; nor kind parents to get them all they want; nor a Bible to read, a Christ to save them, a heaven to go to. Why, what a delightful thing it must seem, to be a little kitten, and sit and sleep by the fire from morning till night!"

"O mother!" cried Johnnie, blushing as red as his new stockings, "I didn't think of all that. Come here, kitty; I s'pose *you'd* like very well to be a little boy, and have all the nice things I have; but you can't possibly be anything but a kitten, or at best a great cat, while *I* can grow into a man, and be a teacher, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or even perhaps a minister—who knows?"

"I hope my little boy will never make any more foolish speeches," said his mother, gravely. "You cannot possibly be anything better than you are, except a better boy. Ask God, dear Johnnie, to give you a *thankful* heart."

So the mother gathered together her shining needles and bright red yarn, and went to get supper for little Johnnie, who thought, as the kettle sang, and the toast grew brown, that he would never wish to be a kitten again.

And when he knelt at his mother's knee that night, he asked God to forgive him for being ungrateful.

III.—LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

SOME have thought that in the dawning, in our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children than their parents ever know,
And that, if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom, trickle through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer; but I knew a little child,
Who, among the thyme, and clover, and the bees, was running wild—
And he came one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces, chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of careless way;
And he drank the cooling water from his little silver cup,
And said gaily, "*When it's morning, will the angels take me up?*"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;
But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing could be heard,—
"Oh," she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the child;
Up she starteth from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room,
And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Nevermore his "Now I lay me," will be said from mother's knee,
Nevermore among the clover will he chase the humble bee;
Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope,
And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

Rev. E. H. Sears.

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IV.—I MUST DO MORE FOR MY MOTHER.

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologised for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him, by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the instant reply; "but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said his interrogator; "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it; what is the matter?"

"For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied with half-reluctant frankness,—

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes, as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other, but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.—*S. S. Times.*

V.—PRAYING BETTER THAN STEALING.

Some poor families lived near a large wood-wharf. In one of the cabins was a man who, when he was sober, took pretty good care of his family; but the spirit-shop would get his earnings, and then they suffered. In consequence of a drunken frolic he fell sick. The cold crept into his cabin, and but one stick was left in his cellar.

One night he called his eldest boy, John, to the bed-side, and whispered something in his ear.

"Can't do it, father," said John aloud.

"Can't; why not?" asked his father angrily.

"Because I learned at the Sabbath school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents' too!"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Well, then, mind and do what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, for his father wanted him to go in the night and steal some sticks from the wood-wharf; so John said to his father, "I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing, I know;"—and when he crept up into the loft where his straw bed was, he did go to God with his prayers. He prayed the Lord's prayer, which his Sabbath-school teacher taught him, only he put something in about the wood, for he knew God could give wood as well as "daily bread."

The next noon when he came home from school, what do you think he caught sight of the first thing after turning the corner? A bundle of wood before the door, *his* door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor sent it; but he did not know who *they* were. He believed it was God; and so it was.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—A PRIMITIVE MISSIONARY.

Wm. C. Prime makes the following mention of an old man with whom he met in the East, and who had been traversing the world at his own charges, to distribute the Word of Life:—

"I shall never forget an old man whom I met one day in Jerusalem. He was a tall, slender, weary-looking man. As he walked, he stooped a little, gazing steadfastly at times on the pavement, as if he loved those stones,—fragments of the sacred stones of old time—the rocks worn with His feet who trod them under the load of the cross. But my old friend was no stone worshipper; and when you spoke to him, he lifted his eyes cheerfully, and there was a smile of serenity on his face, and a light gleaming out of his eyes that went at once to your heart.

"This man was an American. He told me one day his history. It was brief and touching. He had wandered far away from Connecticut, and had suffered many a severe trial. But he was earnest, faithful, and patient. He had taken the idea some years ago that it was as well for him to employ himself on an independent mission, as to waste his life in working for bread and clothes. He thought it his duty to go and distribute Bibles the world over. And so he went. His mission was a strange one, and was it not noble? He asked no aid, connected himself with no society, took no letters of introduction. He was a poor mechanic—I think he was a ship carpenter—and he went away unheralded, without farewell, alone, lonely, yet always the same kind, cheerful, earnest old man. He took a second class passage to England—worked a while there till he got a little money, and went on to Malta. Here he paused, and began to distribute Italian Testaments among the sailors of the Italian fish and fruit boats, and other traders with Malta. He told me many stories of his labour in this way. He said he was frequently stoned; once he was nearly killed at the foot of the Nix Mangiari stairs. But he worked a little when he was short of funds, bought a few Testaments, and again cir-

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tributed them; and I rather think he was right in his humble boast, that he had got more copies of the Italian Testament into the Roman States than had the British and American Bible Societies and all other institutions. Then he went to Constantinople and all through the Levant, and finally he reached Jerusalem, and his pilgrimage was ended. There he would tarry till his Master should call him up. I used to meet him daily in the streets of the Holy City. He was a favourite everywhere. The missionaries of the Church of England, the very monks of the Terra Santa, seemed to love him. He was so meek, so quiet, so like his Master. I have never met with a man who seemed to be more wholly and simply devoted to the work he had undertaken. He was engaged in scattering Testaments among the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, and Jews of the city. He asked no aid. He accepted money to be expended on Testaments, but never a piastre for his own purposes.

"If any reader hereof should be in the Holy City next winter, or was there last winter, I wish he would write me whether my old friend lives, or whether he rests in dust with David and his line. Who does not envy him his work and rest? I think that man is a hero; and when the dead rise up around the Holy City—Hebrews of old days, and Syrians and Egyptians, Crusaders, Saracens, and Moor and Turk—among the calm countenances of apostles and martyrs that shall be conspicuous in the throng, I believe none will be more calm or shine with whiter light than his."

II.—FINDING FAULT WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions: hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending. If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behaviour makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been, through the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been very good to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is, to him, a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say, "Good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.—*The Mother at Home.*

III.—BOTH SIDES.

In the Song of Solomon describes the experience of His church, it shows the dark as well as the bright side. No one part of it is the experience of every individual at any particular time. Some are in his banqueting-house, others upon their beds. Some sit under his banner, supported by his arm; while others have a faint perception of him at a distance, with many a hill and mountain between. In one thing, however, they all agree,—that he is the leading object of their desires, and that they have had such a discovery of his person, work, and love, as makes him precious to their hearts. Their judgment of him is always the same, but their sensibility varies. The love they bear him, though rooted and grounded in their hearts, is not always equally in exercise, nor can it be so. We are like trees, which, though alive, cannot put forth their leaves and fruit without the influence of the sun. They are alive in winter as well as in summer; but how different is their appearance in these different seasons! Were we always alike, could we always believe, love, and rejoice, we should think the power inherent, and our own; but it is more for the Lord's glory, and more suited to form us to a temper becoming the gospel, that we should be made deeply sensible of our own inability and dependence, than that we should be always in a lively frame. I am persuaded a broken and a contrite spirit, a conviction of our vileness and nothingness, connected with a cordial acceptance of Jesus as revealed in the gospel, is the highest attainment we can reach in this life. Sensible comforts are desirable, and we must be sadly declined when they do not appear so to us; but I believe there may be a real exercise of faith and growth in grace when our sensible feelings are faint and low. A soul may be in as thriving a state when thirsting, seeking, and mourning after the Lord, as when actually rejoicing in him—as much in earnest when fighting in the valley as when singing upon the mount; nay, dark seasons afford the surest and strongest manifestations of the power of faith. To hold fast the word of promise, to maintain a hatred of sin, to go on steadfastly in the path of duty, in defiance both of the frowns and smiles of the world, when we have but little comfort, is a more certain evidence of grace, than a thousand things which we may do or forbear when our spirits are warm or lively. I have seen many who have been upon the whole but uneven walkers, though at times they have seemed to enjoy, at least have talked of great comforts. I have seen others for the most part complain of much darkness and coldness, who have been remarkably humble, tender, and exemplary in their spirit and conduct. Surely were I to choose my lot, it should be with the latter.—*John Newton.*

IV.—"LET HIM ASK OF GOD."

Most persons, when at first spiritually enlightened, are in the case of the blind man at Bethsaida when his sight was half restored—he saw men like trees, walking. He had no clear perceptions, no definite ideas. But—another touch of the same miraculous finger!—he looked again, and the men walked, and

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trees stood still, and the boats gleamed over Gennesaret, and Bethsaida smiled back to the summer sky. In the outset of a spiritual earnestness, it is not the warm and radiant gospel which glads the exploring vision, but a cold and hazy version of it. It is not a gospel over which the love of God sheds its flood of endearment, but a gospel in a mist—a gospel of conflicting attributes—a gospel of dim love and doubtful kindness. And it is not till a power from on high imparts clearer perceptions and intenser vision, that, like the joyful scenes which rushed on the fully opened eyes of the Bethsaidan, the scheme of mercy stands out in assuring distinctness, and then melts in upon the soul in its genial beauty and overwhelming glories. Now, my friends, if any of you are in this case—if you have for some time wished a clear theology and a soul-satisfying religion, this is the way to get it. You have, perhaps, sought it in books and in sermons. Perhaps you have sought it in the Bible and in close thinking, and have not found it. Seek it "from above"—seek it in prayer. Don't shut the Bible and forsake the sanctuary. Don't fling away the book, or cease to reflect and meditate; but seek the wisdom from on high. It is not plainer preaching, certainly it is not a clearer Bible that you need; but it is a clearer eyesight, a power of sharper discernment, and a more perspicacious insight in yourself. This "opening of your eyes," this exaltation of your faculties, God alone can give; but he will give it. You lack wisdom?—ask it of God.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

V.—THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

You have read in your own history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades.

There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awaking, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and, though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.—*Ibid.*

VI.—ARTISTIC PSALMODY.

The great mistake as to the singing in public worship is, a desire to make it artistic. In Rome and Paris people rush to the churches to hear the singing; they care nothing for the other parts of the mass. Such is the case in many Protestant churches, where devotional singing has given way to the operatic. We have heard of a church where the preaching is voted a bore, but where fashionable people resort to hear sacred songs sung by professional singers from the opera—where the singing costs more than the preaching! How much better is it to go to such churches, where the praying and the preaching are mere accompaniments to the singing, than going to the opera! The truth is, that we sacrifice the devotional in the proportion that we cultivate the artistic beyond a given line. People that know not a note in music can sing the praises of God so as to excite their devotional feelings, if the tune is a familiar one. And these form the great majority of ordinary congregations; and it is in reference to these, and not for the few cultivated ears, that the singing of congregations should be conducted. We heard the choir of the Sistine Chapel, and of St. Peter's, and of St. Paul's; but, as far as devotion is concerned, their singing bore no comparison to that we have heard in Scotch churches, led by a precentor from a seat under the pulpit; or in a Methodist church, when the brethren had a good time. The singing in which most of the people can unite, may not be the most tasteful and classical, but it is the best for the people,—it is the most devotional. It may grate upon the ears of young misses from boarding-schools, and of young gentlemen of operatic tastes; but because it elevates the religious feelings of the people, it is harmony in the ear of Heaven. When even soldiers are led to the deadly breach, it is always under the inspiring influence of words and tunes in which battalions may unite. If the "Marsellaise," as Lamartine says, was to Frenchmen as "a recovered echo from Thermopylæ," why should not our Christian psalms and hymns be so sung as to be recovered echoes from Calvary? As singing is the part of public worship designed to unite all the people in concert, it is a desecration of it to surrender it to a committee of artisans in the gallery.—*Dr. N. Murray.*

VII.—"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed whilst conscience slept,—
Promises made but never kept,—
Hatred, battle, and strife:
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and mis-spent day,
We find sadly at last,—
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,—
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit-
We stand before him humble, mute—
Waiting the word he breathes—
Nothing but leaves!

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THE RAGGED-SCHOOL TEACHER.*

SEVERAL years ago, in a town frequented for sea-bathing, a lad of eighteen—a poor emaciated cripple—might have been seen painfully wending his way on crutches to the house of a medical man, at an hour set apart for gratuitous patients. His face was covered with patches of plaster, his head enveloped in an old black handkerchief, and his whole appearance indicated long continued disease and poverty. Seeing that he was a stranger, and curious to know what had brought so helpless a being from his home, the doctor was led to inquire into his history as well as his ailments. He learned that his name was Alexander ——, and that he had left Dundee to benefit his health by a week at sea-bathing. He was by trade a boot-closer, but had not been able for some time to earn a living. He had eighteenpence a-week from his parish, and had borrowed as much more from a friend on the security of his weekly allowance. Thus, with three shillings and a firm trust in Providence, he had set out for the sea-side. His financial arrangements were as follows:—for lodgings he was to pay 1s. 6d. a-week; and 3d. a-day for bread. To improve in some degree this meagre bill of fare for an invalid, the doctor presented him with the remnant of a ham, already well attenuated at his own breakfast table. This trifling gift drew forth expressions of gratitude so peculiar, and indicative of a mind so superior to his circumstances and appearance, that the doctor was led to mention his case to one or two benevolent individuals, who at once contributed a small sum to enable Sandy to prolong his stay, and to improve in some degree his style of living. Under this change of circumstances his health improved so much that he began to look for work; and having found a shoemaker willing to employ him, he resolved to remain where he was, and was soon able to dispense for a time with the assistance of his kind benefactors. Circumstances having occurred to prevent his remaining in his first lodging, he thought it might be better and more economical to hire a small room and furnish it for himself. Having consulted his friend the doctor on the subject, he wrote out a list of articles which he could "not do without," and another of those which he could "do without, but would be the better of." This list has been lost—which is unfortunate, as it might have formed an amusing contrast to the accounts which young householders have sometimes to settle. So far as the writer recollects, the indispensable articles were—a bed, a stool, a can for water, a kettle or pot for cooking, a spoon, a plate, a basin. The articles of luxury were—a chair, a table, a jug, &c. Sandy's room was better furnished than he expected; but many comforts were still awanting. He was frequently obliged to retire very early to bed to save fuel and candles, until an old woman, who lived in a room below, invited him to come down in the evenings and read by the light of her fire.

"At this time," to use the words of one to whom he was afterwards much indebted, "he had scarcely any education, except what he had been able to acquire for himself. Having merely the power to read, he made use of it at every moment of rest (not leisure) from his daily toil; or rather, when unable to work from bad health, he read, and thought, and planned for the future." And his plans and schemes did not terminate on himself. Many, situated as he was, might have thought they did well if they were not burdensome to others; but Sandy believed that every follower of Christ has a work to do for his fellow-creatures. I am unable to give a detailed account of his private religious feelings; but it was evident that he knew and loved the Saviour, and earnestly desired that others should share the same blessed privilege. He thirsted for knowledge chiefly as a means of usefulness. The great object of his life seemed to be to obtain more light himself, and to communicate it to others whose situation was even more pitiable than his own. His former friends, becoming aware of his ardent desire for education, again contributed for his support, that all his time might be spent in acquiring it. He was introduced to the notice of several masters in a large educational establishment, who allowed him to attend their classes gratuitously. One of them in particular, whose words have been already quoted, took a warm interest in him, and, knowing that his object was "to learn to teach," he not only gave him lessons, but allowed him to sit as a spectator during all the exercises, that he might observe the method of tuition. In course of time a few junior pupils were intrusted to him; and, with a mixed feeling of earnestness and delight, he experimented on the best way of urging them forward. He was thus gradually fitted to attempt a small adventure school among the class whom he wished to benefit, and succeeded in gathering a few poor children around him. At this time the subject of ragged schools was much talked of everywhere, and during the summer, Sandy, having obtained the means of travelling in humble style, set out on a tour of observation, visiting the ragged schools of several towns in Scotland. I had often noticed Sandy before, but it was only after his return from this trip that I first made his acquaintance. His appearance had greatly altered; although still a cripple and an invalid, he looked intelligent and cheerful,—respectably attired,

* From an excellent little treatise on "Christian Charity," by an anonymous hand, which we cordially recommend. Nelson & Sons. 1859.

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too, although his coat had spent its best days on the back of another wearer, and his satin stock was somewhat more shiny than when it first issued from the shop. He was full of the subject of moral training: he had observed and reasoned like an old philosopher, and now longed for action. And his sphere was getting ready. There were at that time about fourteen friendless and almost homeless children, whom the parish authorities did not know well what to make of. These poor little outcasts wandered about in a half savage state, and when collected together at first they presented a strange enough appearance, with their dirty faces, their matted hair, and clothes of nondescript character, worn with little regard to age or sex. It was curious to hear one fully equipped in girl's clothes addressed by his companions as Jamie; while another little individual in cap and jacket announced herself a girl. So it was resolved that a small ragged school should be organized, after the most approved fashion, and that Sandy should be the teacher. Subscriptions were raised, rooms taken, and a brighter day began to dawn on the little paupers. Their teacher entered on his work with the utmost enthusiasm. His first object was to stir the dormant affections of his pupils, and to create in them a moral sense. Divine grace and natural instinct alike taught him how to reach their deeper nature; for in his case "the gospel had found a fitting lodgment, in a large and loving human heart." Talking to him about them, I alluded to the difficulty he must find in making them submit to rule. "Ah, ma'am," he said, his eyes kindling, "I'm a believer in *the omnipotence of love!*" As he went on to speak of the divine method of reclaiming the lost, and of the almost miraculous power of kindness, his face glowed with enthusiasm. There was a sort of moral grandeur about him at that moment, for his spirit was soaring far above his poverty and weakness, and allying itself to the great truths which are yet to overturn all opposing systems and remodel the world. He then explained that these children were so accustomed to blows and kicks, that the only effect of a thrashing would have been to stir up a wild attempt at resistance; but kind words fell on their ears like strange sweet music. They had, of course, like other children, the capacity to love and to delight in looks of approbation and sympathy; but it had never been developed. They had known little of that love which welcomes the helpless infant with smiles and words of endearment,—the natural heritage of childhood. As these children were put entirely under Sandy's care, one of his sisters left a weaving loom in Dundee, and came to assist him in the household department. Besides the fourteen boarders, he soon acquired an addition of nearly thirty day-scholars—some of them the children of poor but respectable parents, who were able to pay a small fee—others whose fees were paid by a charitable lady. It was pleasant to visit this humble school,—there was such order, and at the same time so much animation and cheerfulness. The teacher seemed to have the power of eliciting every spark of latent feeling in his pupils. His word was law, and his approving smile seemed a sufficient reward. They felt that he was their friend; that his regard for them was sincere and most disinterested, (for how soon do children detect selfishness and hypocrisy!) He stimulated their energies and excited their hopes. He was himself hopeful, and the sight of his self-forgetting, untiring zeal, and almost joyous activity, in spite of much physical weakness, taught a humbling lesson to some who were inclined to magnify petty troubles, and to "give up" at the sight of a difficulty. He may have had times of heart-sinking; but they spread no gloom over his face, and gave no sadness to his tones. He may have had to "wrestle hard with sin, and doubt, and fear;" but it was known only to Him in whom all his confidence was placed, and whose sympathy and help are never wanting to his people in the hour of need,—to Him who, when on earth, could forget hunger and weariness when telling a sinner of the water of life, and went on ever doing his Father's work, till he had drunk the last bitter drop and passed through the last agony of his work of expiation, and, looking at a law honoured and a world of transgressors saved, could say, with an intensity of satisfaction known only to himself—"It is finished."

It must have been deeply gratifying to Sandy to observe the marvellous change (outwardly at least) which soon became apparent in these children. So far as he carried his experiment it was completely successful. His former teacher, the gentleman already alluded to, having gone to visit him, found him and his youthful charge at dinner. He says, "Their happiness at that dinner-table was unmistakable; but two were sitting apart. I inquired the reason. With a peculiar smile he said aloud, there was a moral discipline and division in his school; that these two had conducted themselves improperly; that it would never do to allow the moral principles and excellent conduct of the others to be contaminated. This he said in the hearing of all, so that by judicial sentence they sat by themselves at the end of the table, waiting till they should give proofs of penitence before re-union with the other members of the household." On "New-Year's Day" it was resolved to give the children a treat in the shape of pies and oranges; but before partaking of these dainties they were convened in the school-room. About forty boys and girls, dressed in the best attire they could muster, sat on benches forming a square; a row of ladies, with here and there a gentleman, sat behind. Several hymns were sung by the pupils, and appropriate little addresses given. Sandy's came last, and one could not help admiring the way in which genius touches all the salient points of a subject apparently without effort. There was refinement in his language too; for in sentiment and feeling Sandy was a true gentleman. A shrewd listener, who felt interested in the children, remarked afterwards, "O how easy it is to do a work when you have the right tool!" And the work promised well. What the results might have

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been had Sandy been spared a few years longer, can now, of course, be only matter of conjecture. The real fruits of his earnest labours will be known at a future day. We hoped that he would have lived to be a model ragged-school teacher. But a nobler destiny awaited him. The time was drawing near when the aspiring soul was to be freed from the diseased, decaying body. In less than two years from the time that the children were put under his care, his strength began to fail. He struggled on until the mid-summer holidays, and then lay down on that bed from which his body was carried to the grave. But even when laid prostrate he continued to regulate the daily proceedings of his household. His sister proved a most assiduous nurse, and a kind friend to the children; but she owned that all her words had not the effect of a look from him. They were as much as ever under his control, and he gave them advice and direction when his eyes were becoming glazed in death. A Christian neighbour one day talking with him of his hopes regarding eternity, he said earnestly, "I trust in the blood and merits of Jesus Christ alone." He often seemed to be engaged in prayer, and supposing himself alone on one occasion, was heard to say, "Blessed Jesus, what would I be without thee now?" It was touching to see the children on the day after his death, they looked so wretched and bewildered. With tears they begged permission to attend his funeral. And they did so, walking hand in hand down the wet street to the quiet church-yard, on a dark and stormy autumnal day. Poor children! they knew that they had lost their best earthly friend. Others might pity them, might provide food, and clothing, and education, but who in this wide world would love them as Sandy had done?

A DAY WITH CHRIST.

BY THE REV. J. P. THOMPSON.

It may enable one better to realize what it is to live with Christ, to conceive of him as being present bodily as he was with his first disciples. Suppose then that Christ is at your side, just as he was daily with Peter and John—are you quite willing to have him observe all your conduct, to know how you are occupied, what you say and do through all the day? He is not present as an austere censor, but as a personal friend—kind, patient, forbearing; yet he is pure and holy, and is grieved and offended at any departure from the perfect law of rectitude and love. And now, with Christ thus at your side, you are supposed to act in all respects as you are accustomed to do, assuming nothing for the occasion. How far are you prepared to submit to the personal inspection of Christ?

He enters the *family*. He rejoices in the genial play of affection, and in the innocent mirth of the fire-side. The little prattler on your knee engages his attention and receives his caresses. He is a cheerful, affectionate, considerate visitor, entering with interest into every subject relating to your happiness. But what impression does the general, the usual course of affairs in the family produce upon the mind of such an observer? How much place is given to religion? Is God honoured in your house? Is your family worship so conducted—I speak it reverently—that Christ himself could join in it, or could at least be an approving spectator? How much of the conversation of the family is upon topics agreeable to Him? And to what extent is your conversation upon domestic affairs and secular things characterized by a tone of natural and cheerful piety—the recognition of God's providence, of moral obligation, and of the superior importance of spiritual things?

In the whole economy of the household, in the intercourse of the several members of the family with each other, how much is there of the spirit of kindness, subduing irascibility and fretfulness, and causing the day to glide smoothly and pleasantly onward? How far are your expenses, your style of living, the education of your children, in a word, all your domestic arrangements, regulated so as to meet the approbation of Christ? Endeavour thus to entertain Christ in your family for a day, and you may discover whether you do truly live with him.

From the family Christ now accompanies you to your place of *business*. He observes your deportment in your intercourse with the world. He is with you in the counting-room, he is with you in the shop, he is with you on 'Change; wherever you go, Christ is at your side; whatever you say or do, Christ is a witness of it. He sees with what temper you bear the disappointments and vexations of the day; he sees upon what principles you conduct your business, and for what end—whether you are in haste to be rich, or whether, while "not slothful in business," you are still "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Christ stands by you when you are making a bargain, knows whether you speak the truth or take advantage of your neighbour. If you act just as you are accustomed to do, how much will Christ see in you to approve, and that will cause him to rejoice in such a representative; or how much that will cause him to blush for the honour of his name?

From your family and your place of business Christ next goes with you into *society*. Perhaps the company to which you introduce him is a circle of relatives or of Christian friends, who have met for social entertainment. Such a company ought to be congenial to his spirit and feelings. Does it prove to be so? In your deportment and that of your fellow-Christians in a social party, are your topics of conversation and methods of entertainment such that Christ will feel quite at home there, and as a cheerful friend can participate therein?

But perhaps the company to which you introduce him is of a different character—a gay, worldly party. As Christ enters this brilliant assembly, is he not struck with the incongruity of your going to such a place in quest of enjoyment? And as the entertainment of the evening proceeds, the giddy dance begins, the games are

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introduced, the wine circulates freely, and the flippant conversation grows more noisy as night wears away, does not he wonder more and more that any disciple of his should take pleasure in such scenes, and court their excitement?

Possibly He is gratified at seeing how that young disciple, whose relations to society have casually brought her into such a position, maintains her consistency, and demeans herself as a Christian in the presence of the gay and giddy world. But when you are again invited to such a party, be sure that you ask Christ to go with you, and that you keep him at your side.

Leaving these scenes, Christ next attends you to your *closet*. He observes whether you resort thither cheerfully, or by constraint of conscience and of habit; whether you enter it in a hurry, and, after a hurried prayer and a listless, mechanical reading of the Scriptures, rush forth again to the world of business or of pleasure where your heart has mainly been; or whether your closet is a favourite resort, which you delight to seek, and where you love to linger, that you may hold near and intimate converse with him. Are you willing that Christ should thus enter your closet with you?

He attends you also to the *prayer-meeting* and to the *house of God*. He knows what passes in your mind before going—whether you go cheerfully or of constraint, after a long conflict between duty and inclination. He knows what preparation you make for these social and public religious services, and in what spirit—for he reads the heart—you engage in them. Would you be willing to perform these duties as you are accustomed to do, with Christ at your side as a close observer?

And in the same manner Christ takes notice of what you do for his *cause*. He knows whether you visit the poor, converse with the impenitent, seek out the vicious and degraded, and in what spirit you perform such labours. If you are a Sabbath-school teacher, he sits by your side, and observes whether you hear your class mechanically, or whether with kindness and patience you adapt your instructions to them personally, and are intent upon their salvation. Christ is at your side, too, when an appeal is made to you for a charitable object, and he sees how you regard it, what excuses you offer for refusing it in private, or how much you put into the contribution-box when such an appeal is made in public. Are you quite willing that Christ should see and know, as a personal observer, just what you are doing for his cause?

If you will endeavour thus to conceive of Christ as with you in the body for a single day, you may judge how far you truly live with him.

THE DIAL AND FOUNTAIN.

The day its course appointed calmly holds,—
Morn wears to noon, and noon to starry night,
And, as a fruitful seed, each dawn unfolds,
In fair succession, all the hours of light.

The river glideth seawards,—ever full
From bank to bank, the abounding current sweeps;
And, fenced by quiet hills, the lonely pool
Clasps the same shadows in its stainless deeps.

The sprouting grain that flushes all the Spring
Its future perfectness may surely know,
And wait serenely for its ripening
Through Summer suns to Autumn's golden glow.

Alas! that he for whom the sunlight shines,
And the sweet seasons all their wealth mature,
Can track his path by no unfailing signs,
Nor front the future with a glance secure.

His daybreak may not shine all round his sky,
No mellow fruitage crown his hopeful prime,—
Death, near the gate of Life, may ambushed lie,
And strike him in the middle-watch of Time.

The river of his Life a while expands,—
Trees fringe the banks, and fair winds crisp the tide,
But soon it wanders out through burning sands,
And Night beholds it lost in deserts wide.

I followed once a streamlet up a dell,
Where birds were warbling in the early day,
And traced its waters to their parent-well,
Beside which stood a dial mossed and grey.

"I only count Time's sunny hours," *—so meant
The antique legend quaintly carved above;
"Then count one now," I cried, and stood content
In thoughtless mood to watch the shadow move.

Slowly it crept a while, but suddenly
Traversed the dial-plate with ominous haste;
One moment, and the sun yet climbed the sky,
The next, he sunk far in the darkening west.

The fountain, too, that rippled o'er the lips
Of its scooped basin, ceased at once to flow;
Its waters, struck with chill by that eclipse,
Stopped, and shrank murmuring to the spring below.

Then o'er my spirit, with an instant glance
Of light, shone forth the import of the sign;
A wind-like sound sighed through it as in trance,—
The access of a voice not undivine:—

"Soon on thy path shall dreary shadows fall,
And the free air grow heavy to thy breath,
And all the springs of Thought be dried, and all
Thy fond hopes trodden in the dust of death.

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* Non horas numero, nisi serenas.

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"But the still stars will charm the evening air,
And duly will the dawn go up the East,
And Nature's framework still be firm and fair,—
The Temple standing longer than the Priest.

"Yet mourn not that so soon thou must depart,
Whilst Nature changeless works in earth and sky;
No higher life is stirring in her heart,—
Thou hast a spirit that shall never die!

"Therefore thou hast no certain hold on Time,
Because with an immortal being blest;
Thy soul is alien to this earthly clime,
And only in the Infinite can rest.

"Then break the cords that bind thee to the dust,
Lift up thy spirit to its high estate;
Put on thy shining robes, and tread in trust
The path that leadeth to the Heavenly Gate.

"If Life's light darken, through that higher sphere
Give thy ethereal hopes their radiant range;
And, fair through Death, those mansions shall appear
Where calm Perfection triumphs over Change!"

O surely much of Heaven was in that hour,—
And often to my heart will memory bring
Its vanished vision, with reviving power,—
The darkened Dial, and the dried-up Spring!

*Vision of Prophecy and other Poems.**

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

THE RESURRECTION BODY.

BY CHARLES HODGE, D.D., PRINCETON.

"But some [man] will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"—1 Cor. xv. 35.

The discussion of the fact of the resurrection being ended, the apostle comes to consider the manner of it. He supposes some objector to ask, *How are the dead raised up?* This may mean, How can a corrupted and disorganized body be restored to life? And the next question, *With what body do they come?* may refer to the result of the process. What is to be the nature of our future bodies? Or the latter question may be merely explanatory of the former, so that only one point is presented. *How, i. e.*, with what kind of body are the dead raised? There are, however, two distinct questions; for although the two are not connected by *καί, and*, but by the particle *δέ*, which might be merely explanatory, yet the apostle really answers, in what follows, both questions, viz., How is it possible for life to come out of death? and, What is to be the nature of the body after the resurrection? The latter difficulty was the main one, and therefore to that the most of what follows refers. The great objection in the minds of the Corinthians to the doctrine of the resurrection was evidently the same as that of the Sadducees. Both supposed our future bodies are to be like our present ones. Our Lord's answer to the Sadducees, therefore, is the same as that which Paul gives to the Corinthian objectors. The future body is not to be like the present. To reject a plainly-revealed and most important doctrine on such grounds as these is wicked as well as foolish, and therefore the apostle says in the next verse—

"[Thou] fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die."—Ver. 36.

It is not, *Thou* fool, but simply, Fool! an exclamation both of disapprobation and contempt (Luke xii. 20; Rom. i. 22; Eph. v. 15). It does not, however, necessarily express any bitterness of feeling; for our blessed Lord said to his doubting disciples, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" (Luke xxiv. 25). It was the senselessness of the objection that roused the apostle's indignation: The body cannot live again because it dies. Fool! says Paul, a seed cannot live unless it does die. Disorganization is the necessary condition of reorganization. If the seed remain a seed, there is an end of it; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit (John xii. 24). The seed is as much disorganized, it as really ceases to be a seed when sown in the ground, as the body when laid in the grave. If the one dies, the other dies. Death is not annihilation, but disorganization—the passing from one form or mode of existence to another. How then can the disorganization of the body in the grave be an objection to the doctrine of a resurrection? It may be said that the apostle does not pursue the objection; that the body is not only disorganized but dispersed; its elements scattered over the earth, and embraced in new combinations: whereas in the seed the germ remains, so that there is no interruption of the organic life of the plant. To those who make this objection our Saviour's answer is, 'that they err, "not knowing the power of God." Who knows where the principle of the organic life of the body is? It may be in the soul, which, when the time comes, may unfold itself into a new body, gathering or re-gathering its materials according to its own law; just as the principle of vegetable life in the seed unfolds itself into some gorgeous flower, gathering from surrounding nature the materials for its new organization. The identity between the present and future body is implied in the apostle's illustration. But it is his object neither to assert that identity nor to explain its nature. The latter is a very subordinate point. The Bible clearly teaches that our bodies hereafter are to be the same as those which we now have; but it nowhere teaches us wherein that sameness consists. In what sense is a sprouting acorn the same with the full-grown oak? Not in substance, not in form, not in appearance. It is, however, the same individual organism. The same is true of the human body. It is the same in old age that it was in infancy. But in what sense? The materials of which the body is composed change many times in the course of an ordinary life, yet the body remains the same. We may rest assured that our future bodies will be the same with those which we now have in a high and satisfying sense, though until the time come we may be as little able to explain the nature of that identity as we are to tell what constitutes the identity of the body in this life. The same body which is sown in tears shall be reaped in joy. To doubt the fact of the resurrection, because we cannot understand the process, is, as the apostle says, a proof of folly.

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other [grain]:"—Ver. 37.

The first clause of this verse stands, as it were, absolutely.

* Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas.

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And *as to* that which thou sowest—*thou sowest not the body that shall be.* That is, you do not sow the plant, but the *bare grain; i. e.*, the simple, naked grain—*it may be of wheat, or of some other grain.* The point of the illustration is, that what comes up is very different from that which is deposited in the ground. You sow a seed,—a plant appears. You sow a natural, corruptible body,—a spiritual, incorruptible body appears. Nature itself, therefore, teaches that the objection that the future body must be like the present, is of no force.

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body."—Ver. 38.

What is deposited in the earth is very different from that which springs from it. Every seed produces its own plant. The product depends on the will of God. It was determined at the creation; and therefore the apostle says that God, in the continual agency of his providence, gives to each seed its own appropriate product, *as he willed,—i. e.*, as he originally purposed. The point of this is, if God thus gives to all the products of the earth each its own form, why may he not determine the form in which the body is to appear at the resurrection? You cannot infer from looking at a seed what the plant is to be; it is very foolish, therefore, to attempt to determine from our present bodies what is to be the nature of our bodies hereafter.

"All flesh [is] not the same flesh: but [there is] one [kind of] flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, [and] another of birds."—Ver. 39.

If even here, where the general conditions of life are the same, we see such diversity in animal organizations, flesh and blood appearing in so many forms, why should it be assumed that the body hereafter must be the same cumbrous vehicle of the soul that it is now?

"[There are] also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial [is] one, and the [glory] of the terrestrial [is] another."—Ver 40.

There is no limit to be set to the possible or actual modifications of matter. We not only see it in all the diversified forms of animal and vegetable life, but in the still greater diversities of heavenly and earthly bodies. What Paul here means by *bodies celestial* is doubtful. 1. Many suppose the reference is to angels, either on the assumption that they too have bodies, or that the apostle refers to the forms in which they appear to men. When they become visible, they must assume some material vehicle, which was always luminous or glorious. Of the angel who appeared at the sepulchre of Christ it is said, "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow" (Matt. xxviii. 3). There is a great contrast between the bodies of these celestial beings and those of men. 2. Others suppose that the reference is to the bodies of the saints in heaven. There are many kinds of bodies here on earth, and there are also celestial as well as terrestrial bodies—the one differing from the other in glory. 3. The common opinion is, that the apostle means what is now generally meant by "the heavenly bodies," viz., the sun, moon, and stars. To this it is objected that it is to make the apostle use the language of modern astronomy. This, however, has little force; for whatever the ancients conceived the sun, moon, and stars to be, they regarded them as bodies, and used the word σῶμα in reference to them or to the universe. The common interpretation is also sustained by the context, for the sun, moon, and stars mentioned in the next verse are evidently included in the heavenly bodies here intended.

"[There is] one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for [one] star differeth from [another] star in glory."—Ver. 41.

Not only do the heavenly bodies differ from the earthly bodies in glory, but there is great diversity among the heavenly bodies themselves. How different is the sun from the moon, the moon from the stars, and even one star from another! Standing, therefore, as we do in the midst of this wonderful universe, in which we see matter in every conceivable modification, from a clod of earth to a sunbeam, from dust to the lustre of the human eye, how unutterably absurd is it to say, that if we are to have bodies hereafter, they must be as gross, and heavy, and as corruptible as those which we have now!

"So also [is] the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption."—Ver. 42.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. That is, as the heavenly bodies differ from the earthly bodies, and as one star differs from another star, so the resurrection body will differ from our present body. The apostle does not mean that as one star differs from another star in glory, so one risen believer will differ from another. This, no doubt, is true; but it is not what Paul here says or intimates. His object is simply to show the absurdity of the objection founded on the assumption that the body hereafter must be what it is here. He shows that it may be a body, and yet differ as much from what it is now as the light of the sun differs from a piece of clay. He therefore proceeds to show wherein this difference consists. The body *is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption.* The figure of the seed is again introduced. The bodies of the saints are as seed sown in the ground; not there to be lost or to remain, but, at the appointed time, to rise in a state the very reverse of that in which they were committed to the dust. *It is sown in corruption; i. e.*, it is now a corruptible body, constantly tending to decay, subject to disease and death, and destined to entire dissolution. *It is raised in incorruption.* Hereafter it will be imperishable; free from all impurity, and incapable of decay.

"It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."—Ver. 43, 44.

The apostle contemplates the body as at the moment of interment, and therefore these predicates are to be understood with special reference to its condition at that time. It is the dead body that is sown in dishonour, despoiled of the short-lived attractiveness which it had while living. It is raised *in glory; i. e.*, in that resplendent brightness which diffuses light and awakens admiration. It is to be fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Son of God (Phil. iii. 21). *It is sown in weakness.* Nothing is more absolutely powerless than a corpse—it can do nothing and it can resist nothing. The weakness which belonged to it in life is perfected in death. *It is raised in power.* The future body will be instinct with energy,—endowed, it may be, with faculties of which we have now no conception. *It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.* This compre-

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bends all that has been said. A natural body is a body of which the animal life is the animating principle; and a spiritual body is a body adapted to the rational, immortal principle of our nature. We know from experience what a natural body is. It is a body which has essentially the same properties as those of brutes. A natural body consists of flesh and blood; is susceptible of pain and decay; and needs air, food, and rest. It is a mere animal body, adapted to the conditions of an earthly existence. What a spiritual body is, we know only from Paul's description, and from the manifestation of Christ in his glorified body. We know that it is incorruptible, glorious, and powerful, adapted to the higher state of existence in heaven, and therefore not adapted to an earthly condition. *Spiritual*, in this connection, does not mean ethereal, refined, much less *made of spirit*, which would be a contradiction. Nor does it mean animated by the Holy Spirit. But as a natural body is a body adapted to the principle of animal life, the spiritual body is a body adapted to the principle of rational life. The Bible uses these terms just as we do, without intending to teach that the *life* is a distinct substance or subject from the *rational spirit*, but only that as we have certain attributes, considered as living creatures, in common with irrational animals, so we have now a body suited to those attributes; and, on the other hand, as we have attributes unspeakably higher than those which belong to brutes, we shall hereafter possess bodies adapted to those higher attributes. The Bible recognises in man only two subjects or distinct separable substances, the soul and body.

(To be continued.)

JESSIE HAY.

"My soul desired the first ripe fruit."—MICAH vii. 1.

VERY early in the history of Thornvale [a reformatory school], the Hays became its inmates. They were orphans. Their parents, from the indulgence of dissipated habits, had died early. Their other relations were worthless people. Altogether, the children might truly be said to belong to the degraded classes, and the circumstances of their case were exactly those that our institution was specially intended to relieve. Jessie might be eight years old, and Georgina four, at the time I first knew them. Of course, they were altogether without education, and as destitute of religious knowledge as any children in a heathen land.

Neither their appearance nor manners were so degraded as from their previous history one might have expected. Georgina was indeed a pretty, engaging child; and Jessie, though plain and stupid-looking, had nothing coarse or repulsive about her. At this time I hardly recollect anything distinctly about their personal appearance. The leaves of many an autumn have strewed their graves, and their very names are now forgotten in the school; but to those who watched over the school there were circumstances of hope and encouragement connected with the last illness of the elder one that can never be effaced.

We all know what it is to long for the morning, whether we are watching by the sick-bed of the near and dear, or whether we are tossing sleeplessly on our own weary couch—with what joy do we hail the first faint rays of dawn, telling us that the long dreary night has passed away!

In a similar manner were we longing for the dawn of spiritual life at Thornvale; but year after year had passed away, and no outward sign was given. I see now how unreasonable our expectations then were. We had forgotten the weakness of our own best resolutions when unexpectedly exposed to temptation. We made no allowance for the additional force of early associations in our children. We sent them into the world well equipped with all manner of moral and religious instruction, and we expected them to return scathless from their encounter with the temptations and struggles of actual life. And when we found that this was not the case,—that almost every girl occasioned us more or less anxiety and disappointment,—we felt not only grieved but disheartened.

We will now return to the Hays. After one or two months' residence in the school, the little Georgina sickened, lingered for a few weeks, and then died. During all her illness, it was beautiful to observe the unwearying sisterly love of the elder child: night and day she watched the little sufferer, bore with her fretfulness, and anticipated all her wishes. After Georgina's death, Jessie attracted but little attention. Her mind appeared slow, her appearance was very ordinary, and in her conduct there was nothing observable either to correct or to commend. She grew very tall, and displayed a rather greater turn for house-work than for anything more intellectual, for at the age of ten she could not read; her memory, however, was retentive, and, according to the custom of the school, she could repeat a good many texts and hymns. About this time I found her one day in bed, suffering from a slight cold. I promised she should have whatever she wished. This promise appeared to please her very much: her wish was a very moderate one—an orange. That evening her illness so rapidly increased that she was removed to the Infirmary, where, in a few weeks, symptoms appeared of a most dangerous and painful disease of the spine. When I first saw her in the Infirmary she was suffering great pain—a thing mournful to see in any one, but especially in a child, when you know you can afford no relief. I tried to soothe her by speaking of our Saviour's love—of his great sufferings endured for us—of his agony on the cross—and how the thought of all he suffered and endured might help to support her under the pain he saw meet to lay upon her. I felt my words were very weak, and probably they were more so than I thought, for at that time I had had little experience of sorrow and suffering. The child said nothing, and I did not think she either understood or attended to me. Accidentally, many weeks elapsed ere I saw her again. I found her much the same. I asked if she remembered what had been said to her. To my great surprise, she repeated the substance, if not the very words I used, and added, with touching simplicity, "I have tried to do as you bade me."

Jessie's religious privileges when in the Infirmary were limited; but from this time it pleased God to bless in a remarkable manner any opportunity of religious instruction she might from time to time receive. The natural dulness of her intellect disappeared, and it soon became affecting and delightful to observe how her eye brightened at the Saviour's loved name. In the midst of her sufferings, the thought of his suffering and of his dying love appeared to dwell within her, and thus she was enabled to submit uncomplainingly to the very painful measures that were deemed necessary in her case—chloroform not being then discovered. Although hardly ever free from pain—although for nearly two years

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lying on a little bed in an Infirmary ward, surrounded with distress of every kind, the child preserved a wonderful cheerfulness. "I am never weary," was her unvarying answer. She repeated the hymns she had learned at school, and her childish faith was kept undimmed by any feeling of doubt.

Her gentle patience and thankful gratitude endeared her to all in the ward. The nurse loved her as her own child; the convalescent patients esteemed it a favour to nurse her and read to her; and thus month after month went past. She at last could not lift her head nor move a finger. "Death has forgotten me," she sadly said, as a young companion from Thornvale was brought to linger a few days, and then to die, in the bed next to hers.

"What do you wish for most, Jessie?" I one day asked.

The child gazed earnestly at me, her countenance flushed, her eyes filled with tears. She hesitated, and whispered, "A new heart."

It was with deep joy I gazed upon that poor emaciated child. I felt the dawn had indeed arisen. I saw in her not only a lamb whom the Saviour was carrying in his arms from amidst the thorns and briers of earth to the green pastures and still waters of heaven, but the much longed for first-fruits of our poor labours—a seal that these labours were not unowned by God—a pledge that his blessing was resting over us, and a precious incentive to unwearying, persevering work.

I never saw Jessie again, as a few days afterwards the much-desired time of deliverance arrived. Her nearest relatives assembled in a little group by her bed, to await the moment when the struggling spirit would be at rest.

Those who have stood by the death-beds of believers must have noticed, in many instances, the fulfilment of the promise, "At evening time there shall be light;" and in several instances, even more than this, how that to some is apparently given a glimpse of the approaching glory ere they leave the body.

In Bunyan's beautiful allegory, the pilgrims dwelt a few days in the land of Beulah before they crossed the river. Agonizing pain prevented any resting in Beulah for Jessie, but it seemed as if a glimpse of the celestial gates had been given her.

She was lying quiet and still—the conflict was apparently over—when suddenly it seemed that some sound had caught her ear. She listened, and eagerly, joyfully exclaimed, "Yes, I am coming now!" One or two more breathings—fainter and fainter—all was still.

MORAL MIRRORS.

"Ellen, dear, when grandmamma held the looking-glass to me this morning, that I might see how crookedly my collar was fastened, suppose that, instead of thanking her and putting it to rights, I had been very angry, and gone with it all day as it was, what would you have thought of me?"

"O aunt, you could not have been so silly, when it was only kind of grandmamma to show you. Besides, if you had not made it right immediately, Mrs. Mason and the other ladies would have thought you very untidy-looking, would they not?"

"Or, Ellen, yesterday, when you went to get ready for school, and looking in the glass found you had so carelessly smeared your face with ink, suppose that instead of coming to me for help to get it removed, you had flown into a passion with the mirror and broken it in pieces, and then gone to school with your ink-blurred face."

"Now, please tell me what you mean, dear Aunt Mary, for you know quite well I would not have been so wicked, nor have done such an absurd thing."

"Well, my dear, I saw a little girl this morning do something very much the same, and something as wrong and absurd as getting angry with her looking-glass, and refusing to wash her face by its counsel. When grandmamma was speaking to you about the faults of your manner, and your carelessness in being always a little too late for everything, is it not quite true that you were very angry, and showed it as much as you dared; and instead of being sorry, and resolving to try to be better, you were thinking in your heart that grandmamma was very unkind and unjust, that you were by no means so bad as she said, and that you would take no pains to act differently?"

Ellen blushed deeply, and hung her head as she said, "Dear Aunt Mary, how did you know I felt like that?"

"Because, my dear, the Bible says, 'As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man,' and I saw in your face the signs of what I have sometimes felt in my own evil heart when some one was reproving me for my faults; and now, I want my dear niece to understand, that just as it was well for me that I had some one kind enough to show me my want of neatness, and a good thing that you got a glimpse of your stained face in the looking-glass before you went to school, so it is a good thing for us to have friends kind enough to show us defects in our manner and character, which we might never find out for ourselves until we had met with a great deal of ridicule and censure. Wise and faithful reproof is especially a great blessing to young people, when their habits are being formed and their character developed,—it is a kind of moral looking-glass, where they may learn their spots and blemishes as they appear to others; and if they are wise, they will be grateful for its aid in seeking to lay them aside. You know we have all such proud hearts; we like to think as well of ourselves as possible, and we flatter ourselves very much in our own eyes; and, therefore, it is of such consequence that we should sometimes have an opportunity of 'seeing ourselves as others see us,' in order to correct our own too partial estimate.

"I remember a lady once telling me that, as she was going up the broad staircase leading to the Picture Gallery in Bath, her attention was drawn to an advancing figure, which she did not at first recognise to be the reflection of her own person in a large mirror. When she saw it was indeed *herself*, she said she felt both surprised and *mortified*: and so she found she had been cherishing a flattering ideal of her own personal appearance. However, she wisely made the best use she could of the faithful reflection, improving her appearance as far as possible by re-arranging her dress and hair, which had been much disordered by a high wind. She remarked that often afterwards the thought of that little incident had been of use to her, enabling her to benefit by disagreeable discoveries of what others thought of her, whether these discoveries were accidental, or made by well-meant reproof, or even unkind censure.

"You know the Bible says, 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,' and 'the *wise* in *heart receive* commandment.' They know it is for their good, although it is not always

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pleasant; and instead of being proud and angry when told about their faults, they set themselves at once to endeavour to lay them aside. But in order that this may be done aright, there is another kind of moral mirror we need to look into, if we would have our faults really extirpated, and not merely the appearance of them removed. You know it is only surface evils that our friends can see and tell us about, but we need help to trace these down to the seeds and roots from which every outward wrong thing springs, that both evil and the appearance of it may be destroyed together. You can tell me, Ellen, what looking-glass will show us our hearts?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, the Bible can. One verse says it is a 'discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart;' and another in James,—here it is,—I will read to you: 'For if any man be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into *the perfect law of liberty*, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.'"

"Yes, my love, that is the very passage I had in my mind when I spoke of moral looking-glasses. The Bible, however, has the marvellous power of showing us what we *actually are*, by giving us a perfect reflection of what we *ought to be*. Looking into the 'perfect law of liberty' shows us how little that law is written on our hearts, and how much we are still 'sold under sin;' but we are told also how and where to look for the liberty with which Christ makes his people free: 'But we all, with unveiled face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the *Spirit of the Lord*.' There is no use of our looking into the glass to be angry at the unlovely image of ourselves we see there, or to despair of ever being better, or, as James says, to go away and forget all about it. We should rather seek to have the evil pardoned and subdued, and ourselves renewed in the spirit of our minds, *after the image* of God, 'as obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance: but as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.'"

"But, aunt, do you call such little things as those for which I am generally blamed sins? I never think of them as anything so bad. I mean such things as being a little rude in my manner or unkind to my companions,—not meaning it, you know, but from not thinking,—or being careless, and late, or untidy, and all those sort of things."

"Yes, my dear child, I think it is of consequence you should distinctly understand that everything that is 'not lovely and of good report' in your conduct and manner, either arises from some *present* evil principle working in your heart, or, at least, has once done so. Try those faults you mention by Bible principles, and then you will see whether they are sins or not. If you are loving your neighbour as yourself, and keeping ever in mind the golden rule, do you think there would ever be the least shade of rudeness or unkindness in your manner? And if you remembered the fifth commandment, and were duly impressed by the respect and obedience you owed to your parents and teachers, would you ever annoy and vex them by disregarding their expressed will, even in such small matters as fixed times and personal neatness? But I know that *habits* once formed from positive neglect of our duty to others, often remain long after it is the anxious desire of our hearts to please, and love, and serve them in all things.

"I have sometimes told you of the white ants in India—how they leave an exact cast or mould of everything they destroy, so that it is only by a close inspection that one can discover they are mere appearances, from beneath which every particle of the original substance has vanished away; so, I think, appearances of evil often disfigure even very good people, long after the evil itself has ceased to exist. The habit of a cold, harsh manner sometimes remains after the heart of the individual has been warmly filled with love to God and man. An affected manner formed in youth may remain through life, when the person has become quite simple and genuine. But even such spots and blemishes, which are only memorials of sins and follies which are past, give bad impressions and hinder usefulness; and as the Bible says we are to avoid even the 'appearance of evil,' we should carefully seek to get rid of such faults, even when we know in our own hearts we mean no harm by them.

"Now, my dear child, will you try to remember what I have been saying about 'moral mirrors,' both human and divine? and when any one, whether kindly or unkindly, gives you a glimpse into the one, will you try not to be proud and angry, but go at once to the other, and by the combined aid of both reflections, seek to arrive at the truth concerning yourself in the matter complained of; and whether it is evil, or only an appearance of evil, rest not till it is quite taken away. I trust my dear Ellen has really given herself to the Lord Jesus; and you know you sometimes tell me that it is your anxious wish to please him in all things, so I will close our conversation at present, by giving you a passage which will show you that his will is, that you should aim after 'holiness in *all manner* of conversation,' and thankfully receive and use everything which may aid you in laying aside the sins which most easily beset you, so that you may '*perfect* holiness in the fear of the Lord:'—

"'Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having *spot*, or *wrinkle*, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without *blemish*.'"

C.

PAPER PREACHERS.

WHAT can be done for the heathen? Their number is so great—six hundred millions! And missionaries are so few—only one to a million of people! Their lands are far away, and often unhealthy; and those who go there to preach the gospel may soon sicken and die. What can be done?

We must send them *paper preachers*. Do you ask what these are? We answer, they are Christian tracts and books. These go forth as messengers of peace—bearers of good news—teachers of truth, to those who are ready to perish, telling them that the Son of God came from heaven, and that he is able and willing to save sinners.

These preachers can go almost anywhere. They can enter the deepest forests—go up the longest rivers—across the most dreary deserts—and climb the highest hills. They travel at little cost, can bear heat and cold, and live without food. They get into the idol-temples and kings' palaces, and speak without a sound being heard. They go into Indian

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wigwams, African kraals, Hindoo huts, and on board Chinese junks. They enter places to which the living preacher has never gone; and their loving words have led many of the heathen to cast away their idols, and to look to Jesus as their Saviour.

Let us follow them, and see what some of these paper preachers have done, though we can tell only a very small part of their doings.

A few tracts were once carried by some men returning from a heathen feast into a distant part of India. They came into the hands of some learned men, who read them and who talked about them. At length they got a tract which had in it a part of one of the Gospels. They read that, and wonderful preaching it was to them. After some time had passed, they found a man who had seen the missionaries, and could tell them more about the Christian religion. These men then met in a heathen temple, and in the presence of the idol they knelt together and prayed to the Saviour of sinners. What these men knew was all got from *small books*. They soon very much wished to see a living preacher; and when, after a while, they travelled a long distance to a missionary station, and made known their feelings, the missionaries said they seemed like Christians who had been long taught in the ways of truth.

In Assam, a country in the East Indies, a little girl, who for two years had attended the mission school, came one day to tell her teacher the sorrow she felt for sin. A few days after, as she was going to the school-house, she picked up a torn leaf of a tract, which contained an invitation to sinners to trust in the atoning blood of Christ. She read it again and again, and showed it to one of her school-mates, saying, "What beautiful words!" She carefully laid up the torn leaf, and every day took it out to read. By degrees her soul found peace and hope, her fears fled, and she became a true Christian.

A young woman in Burmah felt a great wish to learn to read, that she might study the sacred books of her country. After some trouble she was able to read them, and for ten long years she tried to find in their pages the peace for which she longed. But she could not obtain it; when one day a friend brought her a Christian tract, which pointed out the only way of rest for a sinner. After some time she heard where the missionary who wrote the tract lived. She soon went in search of him, and when she found him, she was further taught in the truths of God's word. For some years she lived as a Christian, and then died in the faith. In her last hours she was happy in the thought that she should soon meet her pious teachers who had gone before her to heaven. "But first of all," she said, "I shall hasten to where my Saviour sits, and fall down and adore him, for his great love in sending me those who could lead me in the path to glory."

If we look to other parts of the world, we shall see how these paper preachers are valued. A missionary's wife in the Feejee islands heard one day a great clatter of children's voices outside her house. On going to learn the cause, she found seven little girls who had come a distance of four miles. Each grasped in her arms a bundle of bread-fruit. They were asked, "What are you going to do with these?" "We have come," they said, "to buy a book." The lady then went in-doors and brought out seven books that had been printed for the young of these islands. She told them that four bread-fruits was the price of a book; for it is often found better to sell the books, than to give them away. One merry little girl at once placed before the lady five large ones, and said she would give them all; but she was told that only the right number would be taken. There then came forward a timid little girl, who had in her basket only three bread fruits—and, indeed, they looked as much as she could carry; but the book could not be bought with these; they were to be sold for four. The girl who had one over stepped up again as quickly as before, and gave it to the little child who was in need. This settled the business, and off they went in high glee.

About thirty years ago the people in the South Sea Islands had never seen a book, nor did they know that there was any way of getting or giving knowledge but by speech. Now they know the value of "speaking leaves," as they call tracts and books. Such is their desire for them that they will travel ten miles in a small canoe, in the open sea, to obtain a single copy, for which they offer fruit and native cloth. Many have come thirty or forty miles on land, carrying a burden all the way, that they might buy a book. One of these natives fenced off a plot of ground, planted it with arrow-root, and waited till it was ripe. He then prepared it for use, and getting with it into his canoe, spread its sail to the wind, and steered for a missionary station. After sailing for some miles, a sudden gust of wind filled the little sail, and upset the canoe. The poor fellow soon got his canoe right again, and himself safe in it, but the arrow-root had gone to the bottom of the sea. He turned his canoe round towards home, which he reached with a sad heart. But as soon as he got there, he planted a fresh plot of arrow-root, and waited until it was ready; then he set out once more, sailed again over the open sea, reached the station, and bought a book. The next day he was on his return, full of joy that he had got what he had so long wished to possess.

One more little story. A missionary in the East Indies was giving away tracts, when a little boy, about eight years old, asked for one. At first he was refused, for tracts were then very scarce. But the child begged so hard, that one called "The Way to Heavenly Bliss" was given to him. Some days passed, and the little fellow came again with the same request. "But have you read the other?" he was asked. "Yes," said he; and standing before the missionary and several heathens, he repeated the whole tract from the title to the end. Well done, poor little heathen boy.

Thus we see that books and tracts reach the dark spots of the earth, and, like rays of light, serve to guide some from among the heathen to heaven.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXVII.—CHRIST'S AUTHORITY DEMANDED—PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS—PARABLE OF THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

MATT. xxi. 23–46.

Christ's Authority Demanded.—Ver. 23. By whom was this question asked? Who else are mentioned by Mark and

* New series of short stories (Missionary Packet)—Religious Tract Society.

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Luke? What celebrated council did these parties form? [The Sanhedrim.] What had it been the custom of the enemies of Jesus to demand from him before? See ch. xii. 38; xvi. 1. [They seem now to have wished Jesus to declare himself a prophet from God, so that they might have him under their cognizance.] What sort of plot was this question the result of? See Luke xix. 47, 48.

Ver. 24. [Observe the calmness and patience of Jesus—though interrupted by his enemies in the most hostile spirit, with what temper, judgment, and meekness, he answers them.]

Ver. 25, 26. Was John the Baptist well known in the district of Jerusalem and Judea? Matt. iii. 5. If they had admitted the divine authority of John, what would they have been obliged to admit respecting Jesus? How so? Was it creditable to them to be afraid of the people? [Observe how proud, haughty, domineering men may, at heart, be but cowards.] What does the fear of man bring? Prov. xxix. 25. This teaches us that we should fear none but—whom?

Ver. 27. If they had been honest inquirers would Jesus have given them this answer? Why did he reply to them thus? See on ver. 23.

Parable of the Two Sons.—Ver. 28, 29. What sort of people were represented by the first son? ver. 31. Show how the conduct of that son corresponded with that of the publicans and harlots. Was there anything hypocritical about this son?

Ver. 30. Whom did our Lord describe under the emblem of this son? Was this son honest in his statement? Does this remind you of any passage in the Sermon on the Mount? Matt. vii. 21.

Ver. 31. Did Christ's hearers give a sound answer to his question? Did Christ mean to make light of outward morality and respectability of character? What then did he mean? [1. Men may be outwardly moral, yet in heart and life rebels against God. 2. Outward morality may lead to their being puffed up with pride, and becoming utterly blind to their real state. 3. *Of the two sorts of men* there is more hope of the one than the other embracing the gospel, and getting to heaven.] Does Christ commend any for not professing to do the will of God, so as to justify those who make no profession? [No; he commends them for *repenting* of not having professed; we should neither profess without performing, nor perform without professing, but both profess and perform.]

Ver. 32. [Christ here explains his remark, and applies it to his hearers.] What is meant by John coming in the way of righteousness? [John came walking himself in the way of obedience, and calling on others to do so.] What class gave his teaching the right reception? How were the rulers of the people doubly guilty? When we see very wicked men repenting of their sins and fleeing to the Saviour, what effect should this have on us?

Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen.—Ver. 33. Christ again employs the imagery of a vineyard; were vines much cultivated in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem? See Gen. xlix. 11; Isa. v. 3. Observe the successive steps in laying out a vineyard—what are they? Who is represented by this householder? And who by the husbandmen? What does the vineyard itself denote? [The religious privileges of the Jews—their covenant-relation to God; whenever God grants privileges, he looks for corresponding fruit.]

Ver. 34, 35. Who are meant by the servants? What kind of fruits were expected from the husbandmen? Mention any of the prophets who were treated in this manner. 1 Kings xxii. 24; 2 Chron. xxiv. 21.

Ver. 36. Were the latter class of prophets (those who *wrote* their warnings) treated better than the first? See Jer. xx. 2; xxxii. 2; xxxvii. 16. [According to tradition Isaiah was sawn in sunder by king Manasseh, and Jeremiah stoned to death in Egypt.]

Ver. 37. To whom did Christ point in this verse? See Heb. i. 1, 2. Might the rulers have known that he was "the Son?" [Observe the peculiar feeling of reverence and honour we ought to have for Christ. See Ps. xlv.]

Ver. 38. In their intense selfishness, what did the husbandmen do? How does this apply to the rulers of the Jews? [It was to gratify *selfish ends* that they killed Christ; they looked on him as an enemy to their temporal interests,—he drew away the people from them; hence their hatred. What an odious tyrant is Selfishness! what crimes he commits!—may God deliver us from his power!]

Ver. 39. In what way might it be said that Christ was cast out of the synagogue? [Delivered to the Gentiles, ch. xx. 19.] What saying regarding the carnal mind does this illustrate? Rom. viii. 7. Are we in any danger of acting in the same spirit now? [If we reject Christ, and refuse to obey his warnings and commands. We must seek a new, obedient, loving heart from above.]

Ver. 40. Can the selfish and wicked expect always to get their own way? What is there ever facing them at the end of their career? Rom. ii. 3.

Ver. 41. Was this a correct answer? Did Christ's hearers understand its application to themselves? What words of Nathan's to David might have been addressed to them? 2 Sam. xii. 7. When was this sentence first inflicted? [When the Jews were deprived of their national privileges, and Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans.]

Ver. 42. From what psalm is this quoted? On what recent occasion had words from that same psalm been used by the people themselves? ver. 9. Who is meant by "the stone?" And by "the builders?" How was that stone rejected? How did it become the head of the corner?

Ver. 43. What is meant by the kingdom of God here? [Covenant-privileges,—the standing of God's peculiar people.] What is now the mark of all who compose the kingdom of God?

Ver. 44. "Whosoever shall fall on this stone," *i. e.*, shall stumble against it—be offended by it—refuse to make use of it—what shall the consequence be? "On whomsoever it shall fall," *i. e.*, fall as an enemy—whosoever shall, by actively opposing Christ, stir up against himself Christ's power—what shall befall him? [Observe here, even to *neglect* Christ is a fatal loss; to *oppose* Christ is complete and terrible destruction!]

Ver. 45, 46. Had this awful and very peculiar warning any good effect? [Observe the dreadful effects of hardening the heart; and remember the exhortation, Heb. iii. 13. And see in these parables of how little avail are knowledge of the truth and all outward privileges, unless saving and sanctifying grace be sought and obtained from above.]

DUTY.—Cruelty and Malice to be avoided.

Gen. iv. Gen. xxxvii. Eph. iv. Col. iii. Tit. iii. 1 Pet. ii.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. X.

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.—2 KINGS iv. 8–37.

WHERE did this boy's parents live? Were they poor or rich? Were they pious people? Who often in his journeys passed by their house? ver. 8. What did the mistress of the house ask him to do? Did he often visit them in this way? Were they glad of it? What did the Shunammite propose to her husband? ver. 9, 10. Why did they build a room for him? [Perhaps their house was not large, or they knew the prophet would prefer being quiet and alone.]

What should the conduct of these good people teach us? [To value much the society of God's ministers and servants, and invite them to be with us as much as possible.] May we not also learn a lesson of kindness to strangers? What does the apostle say about this? Heb. xiii. 2. Who entertained angels unawares? Gen. xviii. What family did Jesus often visit when he was on earth? Luke x. 38; John xi. 1–5; xii. 1, 2. What pious woman, after her conversion, opened her house to the apostles? Acts xvi. 15, 40.

Did Elisha take possession of the little chamber? ver. 11. How did he feel towards his kind friends? [Very grateful, and desirous to make some return for their kindness.] What did he offer to do for them? [To ask the king, or the captain of the army, for anything they would wish to have. ver. 13.] How could Elisha do this? [Because he was so much respected by the king and all the people.]

What answer did the good woman make to Elisha's message? What did she mean by this? [That she was quite contented and happy in her own place, and wished for nothing more.] Had she *everything* she wished for in the world? [No; she had no children.] Why did she not say this? [Because she knew God only could give her a child.] Had she ever prayed for one, like Hannah? [Probably she often had; but now, as it did not seem the will of God, she was content.] What should we learn from her answer? [The duty and happiness of a contented spirit. 1 Tim. vi. 6, 8; Heb. xiii. 5.]

How did Elisha find out what would be the greatest happiness for his friends? ver. 14. What did he tell the woman? [That next year she should have a son, ver. 16.] How could he know this? [God must have revealed it to him, in answer probably to prayer.] Did she believe him? [Hardly.]

Did God fulfil the word of his servant? ver. 17. What would the Shunammite and her husband feel when the little boy was born? [The greatest possible joy and happiness.] Do we hear of their having any other children? Then must not this only child have been their great object of love and care? When he was able to walk, what did he like to do? [To go out with his father among the reapers in the fields.]

What did the boy do one summer day? ver. 18. Was he quite well then? But what did he soon complain of? ver. 19. What was the matter with him? [Perhaps a stroke of the sun, which often kills even men in those very warm countries.] What did the father tell a servant to do? Why did he not go home with him himself? [He did not think the child seriously ill.] But was he very ill indeed? What did his poor mother do? ver. 20. When did the child die?

What does this part of the story teach us? [How very *suddenly* death may come to any of us.] Do we hear of such things now? And what should this make us earnest for? [To be always prepared to die.] How? [By having our sins pardoned and our hearts made new, for Jesus' sake.]

Let me ask, if I were dying,
(And I very soon may die,)
On what hope am I relying?
To what refuge could I fly?

Precept.—Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. xxvii. 1.

Promise.—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Ps. xxiii. 4.

Prayer.—O Lord God, who livest for ever and ever, we pray thee to make us, thy poor children, ready for the time when we must leave these bodies in the dust, and go to an eternal world. Give us true faith and trust in Jesus, so that we need not fear for our souls' salvation; and keep us walking in the way of holiness, so that we shall be ready at any time for death. O blessed Jesus, we thank thee that thou hast suffered and died for sinners, and so taken the sting of death away for all who believe in thee. Be our friend and guide through all our life, and be very near us when we come to die. Heavenly Father, pardon our sins, and bring us at last to thy heavenly kingdom, for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

AT a place in South Wales, a mountain-torrent rushes through a chasm in the rocks surmounted by an arch formed of an immense piece of rock, thus making a natural bridge, which is called the Devil's Bridge. The scenery is wild and beautiful. Standing on the summit of the arch and looking down into the gulf below, beholding the torrent foaming at your feet, you cannot but be struck with the sublimity and grandeur of the scene.

There are several such natural bridges in England, and most of them bear the unhallowed name which we have recorded—the Devil's Bridge—to which, in times past, when ignorance and superstition were rife among the people, was usually attached a legend ascribing the placing of the piece of rock that forms the bridge across the chasm in its present wonderful position to Satan, who, it is said, wanted to get over himself, or to help some one else across. But now, happily, all such foolish and sinful tales are exploded, and although we cannot tell by what means rock was so placed, yet we know that it must have been by the power of God.

But there are other and real Devil's bridges, which are far more common than these. They have no beauty, but are so ugly that we abhor them, and yet so deceitful and insnaring, like all Satan's work, that we often use them. True, they may conduct us over a difficulty that stands in our path, like the yawning chasm and the foaming torrent; yet they as surely conduct to sorrow and shame. Let us consider some of them.

A lad idles on his way to school, or plays truant for an hour or two; then, as he goes into the school, he dreads the anger of his master and the punishment of his fault; and as

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he considers how best he may get over his difficulties, Satan, ever near, makes a *bridge* for him, and he tells his master "he had to go on an errand for his father."

A girl, while going about her work, meddles with that which she ought not; presently a crash, and, behold, she has broken a glass, a cup, or a plate. Then comes the fear of discovery and her mother's anger, and instead of at once confessing her fault, she turns about in her mind how she may cover it. Satan makes a *bridge* to carry her over her difficulty; and, carefully replacing the broken pieces in such a way as to appear whole, she leaves the discovery of the accident and the blame of it to another.

A child comes to school with lessons unprepared Sunday after Sunday, with the oft-repeated excuse, "Please, teacher, I had no time." But, alas! this is only another of the Devil's bridges—an excuse for idleness, as I proved in my own class the other day by promising a book to all who learned their lessons; and the following Sunday all had found time to do so.

My dear children, I wish I could make you see that *lying* and *deceit*, in all their many forms, are but Devil's bridges. True, they may help you in the meantime over an obstacle, or difficulty, or danger; but, alas! do they not lead to something more terrible?—*S. S. Banner.*

II.—THE TREE OF A THOUSAND USES.

In a library at Venice there is a work of Cicero, the great Roman orator, written on the inner bark of a linden-tree. I am sure you would like very much to see it, and wonder why any one took the trouble of writing on so coarse a material. But the purpose for which this bark was employed is only one of hundreds of uses to which the linden can be applied.

Do you know the linden-tree, with its fragrant gold-tinted blossoms, and its pleasant, cool shade? It is often planted in cities, where its thick branches screen so well the houses from both sun and dust, while they shelter swarms of bees, who come to gather the honey-drops from their leaves. In the beautiful months of June and July, a great many children can be seen in Switzerland, some climbing the linden-trees, others standing under their shade, all busy pulling and gathering the blossoms.

Virgil, the great Latin poet, of whom you will learn when you are older, has written some beautiful lines about the honey made from the linden-flowers. It is indeed even now considered the best, and it is always interesting to observe the industrious little bees humming their good-humoured song all the time they work; thus giving little children, and old ones too, a lesson of cheerfulness ever to be remembered.

The drink made of the linden-blossoms is used instead of tea by the inhabitants of whole mountain districts. That is the reason why there the children watch with eager eyes their first opening; and a pretty sight it is to see the little ones, accompanied by their mothers, or in merry troops, as they go, on some bright afternoon, to fill their baskets with the sweet-scented flowers, happy enough if during their harvest-time they have not been mistaken by the bees for some of the blossoms themselves, and have been stung.

The linden-blossoms are also used for medicinal purposes, and are sold by the village children to those who go round the country every autumn in order to purchase them as well as other wild dried flowers.

Not less useful are the bark and the wood of that pretty tree. The inner bark is manufactured into matting, used for packing, or protecting fruit-trees from the frosts in winter.

You may have seen some pretty little boxes, pen-holders, and card-cases, called "Tunbridge ware." These are made of the wood of the linden, which is very smooth and close-grained. In St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, I have seen some exquisite clusters of fruits and flowers, carved also from the same wood by a celebrated English sculptor. Artists use the charcoal of the linden for sketching, and find it better for that purpose than any other.

The uses of this valuable tree are so numerous and varied, and they have been so long known, that even in the time of Pliny it was already called "The tree of a thousand uses."

Nothing is useless in creation. God has made all things for some good purpose, which in his wisdom he leaves us to find out. What an unfailing source of profit and pleasure would you find in your walks and rambles, did you learn to look with an inquiring and discerning eye on the beautiful works of God's hand!

III.—A DOG STORY.

"My eldest son was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed and ran for his life. He struck into the woods, and the dog gained upon him, when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and stumbling over a stone, he pitched over a rock and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, perceived the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about, and went off for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within the reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there, or have dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog did not bring him help. He drew up his leg, and it hung at a right angle, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune, and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to arrest attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety, that the family followed him to the place where the child lay. Now observe that this dog was pursuing this boy as an enemy; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to pity, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men, not all Christians, help their enemies when they are down. Some do not help their friends when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be good men. I do not say that he *reasoned* in this matter, but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right kind of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. As few dogs will read the record, I commend the example to all *mankind* for their imitation."—*Lutheran Mag.*

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IV.—THE FAMILY ALTAR.

One day a gentleman was riding on a western prairie, and he lost his way. Clouds arose in the sky, and not seeing the sun, he quite lost his reckoning. Night came on, and as he knew not which way to guide his horse, he let the horse take his own way. It was a western horse, and was therefore likely to understand prairie life better than his rider, who was not a western man. By-and-by a light glimmered in the distance, and it was not long before the faithful animal stopped before a log-cabin.

"Who's there?" somebody shouted from within.

"A benighted traveller," answered the gentleman. "Can you give me a night's lodging?"

"You're welcome," said the man, appearing at the door.

The gentleman was thankful enough to give up his saddle, and give his bridle to the master of the log-cabin. He found the family at supper—man, wife, and children; and a place was soon made for the stranger.

Some time in the evening the man asked, "Are you a minister of the gospel, sir?"

"No," answered the gentleman; and seeing the man look disappointed, he asked why he wished to know.

"O sir," answered the man, "I hoped a minister had come to *help me to build a family altar*. I had one once, but I lost it coming over the Alleghanies. It is a *great* loss."

"Perhaps I can help you to build one, though I'm not a minister," said the gentleman, who always had one himself; and after a little more talk, the man handed him an old family Bible. He read, and they sang a psalm, and all knelt. The gentleman prayed first, then the man prayed, and the wife and children said "Amen;" for it seemed as if each wanted to have a little part in building up the family altar.

"Sir," said the man when they arose, "there's many an emigrant that loses his family altar before he gets here—and after, too; sir, it's a *great loss*."

Yes, many family altars are lost. Some are lost in politics, some in travelling, some in moving, some in the hurry of harvest, some at stores and shops; it is an unspeakable loss. Abraham never lost his, yet never family travelled farther and moved oftener than his. But wherever he pitched his tent he set up his family altar, and called upon the Lord; and the Lord blessed him wherever he went. Children as well as parents have an interest in *keeping* the family altar. Don't let it be lost. If father forgets, let the children gently and respectfully remind him: "Father, we haven't yet thanked God for his goodness, or prayed to him for forgiveness." No father, I am sure, but will thank a child for thus helping him in his duties. It is good to sing, and praise, and pray around the family altar. "Blest be the tie that binds" a family around its altar. They are dearer to each other for being near to God.—*Prairie Herald.*

V.—THE TEMPTER.

Jane Rand came in to speak to Hattie Emerson. Hattie was keeping house while her mother was gone out.

"Come, Hattie," said Jane, "I want you to go down the lane and pick some May-flowers with me. My mother does not want me to go alone; but if you will go, I may; so do come, Hattie."

"I cannot," answered Hattie, "I am keeping house. Mother has gone away, and she told me to stay at home."

"Pshaw," cried Jane, "the house will keep itself; your mother will never know you left it. The flowers will all be picked if we don't go, and we shan't be gone a great while; we shall get back long before she does. Do go, Hattie!"

"Oh, I can't!" said Hattie; "I should like to, but I can't. Are the flowers pretty? How beautiful the sun shines!"

"They are beautiful flowers," said Jane; "and we'll have the first pick; and we'll carry some to Miss Janeway. Come; one race down the lane. One, two, three, and away! Come, don't be set."

"Mother told me *not* to leave the house," said Hattie.

"Oh, she just said so. She'd let you take one scamper down the lane, *I* know. Come; and I've a pocketful of nuts, half for you; and two red apples—you shall have one. We'll eat them out on the grass."

Hattie had a wistful, half-a-mind, want-to-go look on her face.

"I am sure I should like of all things to go, if—" she stopped.

"You *can* go if you want to, if or no if; your mother will let you; besides, she'll never know it. Mothers need not know everything their children do; mine don't, I reckon," said Jane, with a sly, foxish glance in her eye.

"Mine *does*," cried Hattie, shaking her curls, and as it seemed also, shaking off the tempter's power. "You are tempting me to disobey and hide from my mother, Jane, and I shall *not* go this afternoon; you need not try to persuade me any more,—I cannot go."

Jane now saw in Hattie's face that it was of no use, so she flung herself out of the room in a pet, calling Hattie hard names; but Hattie did not hear them.

In what character does Jane appear? In the character of a *tempter*. How she tried to make Hattie disobedient and unfaithful, by promising her good things! Oh, I wonder if boys and girls, when they tempt others to do wrong, remember whose example they are copying. They are copying Satan's. He was the first tempter. When he saw Adam and Eve good and happy in the beautiful garden of Eden, he crept into the garden to try and persuade them to disobey God. He made great promises to them, all the while knowing that if they disobeyed they would lose the friendship of God, be cast out of their lovely garden home, and become sinful and unhappy like himself. Do you ever try to persuade your companions to do what you know at the time they ought not to do? If you do, then you are a tempter, as Satan was, and as he still is. Be afraid lest you become more and more like him. Oh, pray to God with all your heart that he would keep you from following so dreadful an example. "Lead us not into temptation." Pray that you may not be tempted to become a tempter.—*Child's Paper.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—"IF THOU WOULDEST BELIEVE."

Our way is, if we could see the glory of God, then we would believe. Christ's way is just the contrary—we must

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first believe, and then we shall see the glory of God. We say, If the Lord would glorify himself in performing his promises, and in hearing our prayers, then we would believe strongly. But this is an inverting of Christ's order. Martha was a believer in Christ, and expressed faith several ways. It appears in the joint message she and her sister sent to Christ, "Behold he whom thou lovest is sick." "Now Jesus," it is said, "loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." A blessed family, and few like it: all loved of Christ, and doubtless lovers of Christ. But they built more on his love to them, than on their love to him, like humble and wise believers. Martha said unto Jesus, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Her sister Mary said the very same. It is likely none ever died in Christ's presence while he was on earth; he cured all that employed him. "But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask, God will give it thee." Here was some faith. When Christ pronounced that "her brother should rise again," she acts faith as to the doctrine of the resurrection: "I know that he will rise again, in the resurrection at the last day." When Christ goes on in preaching himself, and asks her of her faith, she answers bravely, "Yea, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." A confession this like Peter's (Matt xvi. 16). What then was wanting in this good woman? Why does our Lord put such an *if thou wouldest believe* to one that did believe so much and so well? Because, notwithstanding her faith in Christ's person as the Christ the Son of God, the Saviour of the world; notwithstanding her faith in his power, yet in this instance of the raising of Lazarus she expected nothing. When Christ bids them take away the stone, she put in a kind of objection or demurrer, saying that he had been dead four days. She that believed Lazarus should rise at the last day, could not believe that he should rise after death had held him but four days! Such is the very nature of unbelief or of weak faith in true believers: they can, or rather think they do, believe greater and harder things, when not much tried about them, better and more easily than smaller or easier things that their faith is called to a present exercise about. Let all Christians, in all their approaches to the throne of grace, behold this as written on the open gates to his throne, and hear it proclaimed by him that sitteth on it, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Some believers are apt to think that a trembling, fearing frame is fitter for them, and that raising of expectation of good from God will prevent or hinder humility and lying low before the Lord. But they are quite mistaken that think faith and humility are inconsistent. A pleader for and expectant of grace, for grace's sake, is an humble believer, and the right courtier at God's throne.—*Traill.*

II.—PARENTS LAYING UP FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

How much? Is a parent bound to work harder than he is able, or to deny himself the comforts of life, to lay up for his children? If in moderate circumstances, is he bound to lay up all he can save and earn for them, over and above what he wants himself? Must it *all* be saved for them? May he give nothing away, because he is not rich? May he repulse all the agents of missionary and other charitable agencies, by saying, I have nothing to spare? If he is rich, may he hoard up all his great estate for his children? or if not all, how much? These are serious questions—cases of conscience, I think, and not always easy to be settled.

Indeed there is no general rule, applicable to all cases, by which they can be settled. Where there is a large property, some families will need more and some less. There are limits beyond which it is not safe for a rich man to go in laying up money for his children. He may have a great deal more to leave than would do them any good; so much more, that if no good could be done with it, it were better for them to have thousands of it cast into the sea, than to have it all laid up for them. It is proverbial that very few rich men's sons, who inherit their large fortunes, succeed so well in the world, become so respectable and useful, as many of those who begin with little or nothing. And what is the reason? They have much better educational privileges. Their social position gives them every desirable advantage. They *ought* to succeed a great deal better. And why do they not? The reason is too apparent not to be known and read of all men. Their money brings along with it temptations to idleness, extravagance, dissipation, and other kindred vices, which but few of them can resist. Poor human nature is too weak to endure such an ordeal. The sad experience of ages and generations proves it.

A rich father might just about as well charge his executors to load a boat down to the scuppers with his property, and put his sons aboard, and launch her upon the broad Atlantic without compass or rudder, as to leave his hundreds of thousands to be divided among them. They would be about as likely to founder, or be dashed upon the breakers in the one case as the other. Every man who accumulates, and lays up an estate large enough to make his children rich without industry or economy, knows that he is throwing away his money; or rather, what is infinitely worse, that he is exposing them to ruinous temptations, which all experience shows he has no reason to expect they will resist. And yet, after all, how many are inflicting this really irreparable injury upon their own offspring! The conclusion of the whole matter, then, is,—that while parents ought to lay up something for their children, they are not bound, *they have no right*, to lay up so much as will, in all human probability, do them immeasurably more harm than good.

What then shall the prosperous bankers and merchant princes, and other rich men, do with their property; and what motive can they have for continuing their lucrative employments?

There are two ways in which they can dispose of all they have, and can add, that will be pleasing to God and useful to men. One is, by distributing it where it is wanted with their own hands; and the other is, by bequeathing it where it will do most good when they are gone. The first method is, on many accounts, the surest and best. By becoming his own executor, the man of wealth knows where his property goes, and has the happiness of seeing and enjoying the good which it does. He leaves no chance for quarrelling over his will, and defeating his well-considered intentions in the distribution. Such perversions are not rare where the greatest care has been taken to make assurance doubly sure. It is one of the happy signs of the times, that so many rich men are finding out, by their own experience, how much more blessed it is to give than to receive while they are here to enjoy it.—*Dr. Humphrey.*

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III.—"ALWAYS TO PRAY."

Prayer is the very life-breath of true Christianity. Here it is that religion begins. Here it flourishes. Here it decays. Prayer is one of the first evidences of conversion (Acts ix. 11). Neglect of prayer is the sure road to a fall (Matt. xxvi. 40, 41). Whatever throws light on the subject of prayer is for our soul's health.

Let it then be graven deeply in our minds that it is far more easy to begin a habit of prayer than it is to keep it up. The fear of death, some temporary prickings of conscience, some excited feelings, may make a man begin praying after a fashion. But to go on praying requires faith. We are apt to become weary, and to give way to the suggestion of Satan that "it is of no use." And then comes the time when the parable before us ought to be carefully remembered. We must recollect that our Lord expressly told us "always to pray, and not to faint."

Do we ever feel a secret inclination to hurry our prayers, or shorten our prayers, or become careless about our prayers, or omit our prayers altogether? Let us be sure, when we do, that it is a direct temptation from the devil. He is trying to sap and undermine the very citadel of our souls, and to cast us down to hell. Let us resist the temptation, and cast it behind our backs. Let us resolve to pray on steadily, patiently, perseveringly, and let us never doubt that it does us good. However long the answer may be in coming, still let us pray on. Whatever sacrifice and self-denial it may cost us, still let us pray on, "pray always,"—"pray without ceasing,"—and "continue in prayer" (1 Thess. v. 17; Col. iv. 2).—*J. C. Ryle.*

IV.—THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPIRIT THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

In that heart to which the Spirit of God testifies that we are his children (Rom. viii. 16), doth the same Spirit create many fervent ejaculations, strong cries, and unutterable groanings (ver. 26). The testimony of the Spirit is ever attended with the spirit of prayer. That glorious glimpse shining into the soul, and assuring it of salvation, is so sweet, so heavenly, so inspiring (literally ravishing), so transcendent, and incomparably above all earthly joy, that it warms the spirit of a man with quickening life and liberty, to pour out itself in the presence of his Lord and his God, before the throne of grace;—sometimes in more hearty, triumphant, and, as it were, winged prayers; at other times, in those which are more faint and cold, yet edged with infinite desires that they were more fervent, and therefore by the way, as it were, mingled and perfumed with the sovereign and satisfactory incense in the golden censer which the Angel of the Covenant holds in his hand.—*Bolton.*

V.—TREASURING UP WRATH.

The condemnation of the wicked is begun in this life. As heaven, so hell is in the seed, before it is in the fruit. The wicked on this side hell are tunning and treasuring up that wrath which hereafter shall be broached and revealed. The wicked have even here hell in its causes. When thy lust asks, How canst thou want the pleasure? let thy faith answer by asking another question, How can I bear the pain of such a sin? Put sin into its best dress, and it is but gilded condemnation.—*John Newton.*

VI.—A COMMON CASE.

Last Sunday a young man died here of extreme old age, at twenty-five. He laboured hard to ruin a good constitution, and unhappily succeeded; yet amused himself with the hopes of recovery almost to the last. We have a sad knot of such poor creatures in this place, who labour to stifle each other's convictions, and to ruin themselves and associates, soul and body. How industriously is Satan served!—*Ibid.*

VII.—A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

The greatest enemies of God will be but contemptible creatures at the last judgment. What underlings then shall those appear, and be, who now are principalities and powers! Satan, who hath had so many followers, adorers, who now is the prince of the air, yea, the god of this world, shall then openly appear to be a trembling malefactor at the bar of Christ. As once Joshua's soldiers set their feet upon the necks of the Canaanitish kings, so the poorest saint shall at the last judgment trample upon these fallen angels. Death speaks the impotency of men, but judgment even that of angels. Legions of angels shall no more oppose Christ than can a worm all the angels of heaven. Methinks, even all the crowned, sceptred, adorned, adored monarchs of the world, if enemies to Christ, should tremble at the approaching of judgment. The greatest safety and honour even of a king will then be to be a subject to Christ, and what the Emperor Justinian was wont to call himself,—the meanest servant of Christ. Robes will then fall off; the dimmer light of human glory will be obscured when the Sun of righteousness shall appear. Let us neither fear nor admire the greatness of any, but of Christ; much less that which is set against Christ. How great is the folly of Satan's subjects! they serve a master who is so far from defending them, that he cannot defend himself from judgment.—*Jenkyn.*

VIII.—COME IN! COME IN!

Come in, come in to Christ, and see what you want, and find it in him. He is the short cut, as we used to say, and the nearest way to an outgate of all your burdens. I dare avouch you shall be dearly welcome to him. Angels' pens, angels' tongues, nay, as many worlds of angels as there are drops of water in all the seas, and fountains, and rivers of the earth, cannot paint him out to you. I think his sweetness, since I was a prisoner, has swelled upon me to the greatness of two heavens. Oh, for a soul as wide as the utmost circle of the highest heaven that containeth all, to contain his love!

IX.—IDLENESS.

Idleness is the very rust and canker of the soul; the devil's cushion, pillow, chief reposal; his very tide-time of temptation, as it were, wherein he carries with much care, and without contradiction, the current of our corrupt affections, to any cursed sin.—*Bolton.*

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. IX.

THE PERSONAL LOVE AND LEAD OF CHRIST.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

"And he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."—JOHN x. 3.

IN this parable, Christ is a shepherd, and his people are his flock. And two points, on which the beauty and significance of the parable principally turn, are referred to in the text, which might not be distinctly observed by one who is not acquainted with the peculiar manner of the Eastern shepherds. They have, in the first place, a name for every sheep, and every sheep knows its name when it is called. And then the shepherd does not drive the flock, as we commonly speak, but he leads them, going before. To these two points, or to the instruction contained under these two analogies, I now propose to call your attention.

I. "He calleth his own sheep by name." As we have names for dogs and other animals, which they themselves know, so it was with the Eastern shepherds and their flocks. This fact is shown historically by many references. It is to this, for example, that Isaiah refers when he represents the Almighty Creator as leading out the starry heavens like a shepherd leading his flock: "Lift up your eyes and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number; he calleth them all by names." The shepherd in this view is not as one who keeps a hive of bees, knowing well the hive, but never any particular bee in it; but he has a particular recognition of every sheep, has a name for every one, teaches every one to know that name and follow at the call. This also is signified in the words that immediately follow: "The sheep follow him, for they know his voice,"—words that refer not so much to the mere tones of his voice, as to the fact that he is able, as a stranger is not, to call the names they are wont to answer as their own.

Under this analogy stands the tender and beautiful truth, *that Christ holds a particular relation to individual persons; knows them, loves them, watches for them, leads them individually, even as if calling them by name.*

* * * * *

This was one of the great uses of the incarnation; reducing God to a human personality, that we might believe in that particular and personal love in which he reigns from eternity. For Christ was visibly one of us, and we see, in all his demonstrations, that he is attentive to every personal want, woe, cry of the world. When a lone woman came up in a crowd to steal, as it were, some healing power out of his person, or out of the hem of his garment, he would not let her off in that impersonal, unrecognising way; he compelled her to show herself, and to confess her name, and sent her away with his personal blessing. He pours out everywhere a particular sympathy on every particular child of sorrow; he even searches out the youth he had before healed of his blindness, and opens to him, persecuted as he is for being healed, the secrets of his glorious Messiahship. The result, accordingly, of this incarnate history is, that we are drawn to a different opinion of God; we have seen that he can love as a man loves another, and that such is the way of his love. "He has tasted death," we say, not for all men only, but "for every man." We even dare to say, "For me,"—"who loved me and gave himself for me." Nay, he goes even further than this himself, calling us friends, and claiming that dear relationship with us; friends, because he is on the private footing of friendship and personal confidence,—"The servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but I have called you friends." He even goes beyond this, promising a friendship so particular and personal that it shall be a kind of secret, or cypher of mutual understanding, open to no other,—"a new white stone" given by his King, and "in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

Indeed, I might go on to show, from every particular work and turn of this gospel, how intensely personal it is. What is communion that is not communion with particular souls? Is it the communion or fellowship of God that he reaches only great bodies of men? If he promises comfort or support, whom does he comfort or support, when he touches no individual person? The promises to prayer—whom does he hear, when he hears the prayer of nobody in particular, and for nothing in particular? The work of the Holy Spirit in souls—what is it, in all its degrees and modes; in their calling, their guidance, their sanctification; what can it be imagined that he does which is not personal, the bestowment of a convincing, illuminating, drawing, renovating grace, exactly tempered to, and by, the individual blessed; a visiting of his intelligent person, at just the point of his particular want, sin, sorrow, prejudice, so as to exactly meet his personality at that particular time? We speak, indeed, of the Holy Spirit as falling on communities, or assemblies, but we must not suppose that he touches the general body and no particular person. On the contrary, if we understand our-

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selves, he reaches the general body only by and through individuals,—save that there is an effect of mutual excitement, which is secondary, and comes from their sense of what is revealed in each other, under the power of the Spirit in each. How then can it be imagined that God effectually calls any person by his Spirit, without dispensing a grace most distinctly and even adaptively personal?

So it is, in short, with everything included in the gospel as a grace of salvation—everything in the renewing, fashioning, guidance, discipline, sanctification, and final crowning of an heir of glory. His Saviour and Lord is over him and with him, as the good shepherd, calling him by name; so that he is finally saved, not as a man, or some one of mankind, led forth, by his Lord, in the general flock, but as the Master's dear Simon, or James, or Alpheus, or Martha, whose name is so recorded in the Lamb's book of life.

And in this view it is, I suppose, that the church, in baptizing her children, takes there, at the font, with a most beautiful and touching propriety, what she calls the "Christian name"—as if it were Christ's own gift—a name bestowed by him, in which he recognises the child's discipleship, and which, as often as it is spoken, he is himself to recognise as the calling of his Master's voice: "And he calleth his own sheep by name."

Consider now the—

II. Point of the text: "He leadeth them out." It is not said, you observe, that the shepherd driveth them out, for that was not the manner of shepherds, but that "he leadeth them," going before to call them after him. This, indeed, is expressly and formally said in the next verse: "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him." Hence those poetic figures of the Old Testament—"The Lord is my shepherd, he leadeth me beside the still waters"—"Thou leddest thy people, like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron"—"Give ear, O Shepherd, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." The same custom of going before the flock pertains even now, it is said, in the sheep-walks of Spain.

What a beautiful image, or picture, to represent the attitude and personal relationship of Jesus among his followers,—*That he does not drive them on before, as a herd of unwilling disciples, but goes before himself, leading them into paths that he has trod, and dangers he has met, and sacrifices he has borne himself, calling them after him, and to be only followers!* He "leadeth them out."

If driving could do any good, he might well enough drive his flock as a body, caring nothing for any one of them in particular; but, if he is going to draw them after him, he must work upon their inclinations, draw them by their personal favour to him, and must therefore know them personally, and call them to follow, as it were, by name. Just the difference will be observed in this matter that pertains between the Eastern shepherds and those of the west and north. No sooner do we come upon this latter fashion of driving flocks a-field, than we see the noting, knowing, and calling of particular sheep disappear. When the driving and thrusting on before becomes the manner, there is no need of getting any one of them under a power of confidence and attraction—no need of noting them individually at all. So, if driving were in place, Christ might well enough let fall the fires of Sodom behind his flock, and drive them out, as he drove Lot's family, or his vain-hearted wife, out of the city. But no disciple is a real disciple till he becomes a follower, going after the Shepherd, as one that follows by name and is drawn by love.

Here, then, is the beauty and glory of Christ, as a Redeemer and Saviour of lost man, that he goes before, always before, and never behind his flock. He begins with infancy, that he may show a grace for childhood. He is made under the law, and carefully fulfils all righteousness there, that he may sanctify the law to us, and make it honourable. He goes before us in the bearing of temptations, that we may bear them after him, being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He taught us forgiveness by forgiving himself his enemies. He went before us in the loss of all things, that we might be able to follow, in the renouncing of the world and its dominion. The works of love that he requires of us, in words, are preceded and illustrated by real deeds of love, to which he gave up all his mighty powers from day to day. He bore the cross himself that he commanded us to take up and bear after him. Requiring us to hate even life for the gospel's sake, he went before us in dying for the gospel—suffering a death most bitter at the hand of enemies exasperated only by his goodness, and that when, at a word, he might have called to his aid whole legions of angels, and driven them out of the world. And then he went before us in the bursting of the grave and the resurrection from it—becoming in his own person the first-fruits of them that slept. And, finally, he ascended and passed within the veil before us, as our forerunner, whom we are to follow even there. In all which he is our shepherd, going before us, and never behind; calling, but never driving; bearing all the losses he calls us to bear; meeting all the dangers, suffering all the cruelties and pains which it is given us to suffer, and drawing us to follow where he leads.

And then we see what kindred spirit entered into the teachers that he gave to lead his flock. They were such as followed him in the regeneration—going up at last, according to his promise, to sit on thrones of glory with him. And it is remarkable that the apostles took it as incumbent on them always, in their Master's law, to require nothing of others in which they were not forward themselves. Thus, when Paul says, once and again, "I beseech you be ye followers of me; brethren, be followers together of me,"—it has a sound, taken as it may be taken, of conceit or vanity; but when we look upon him as a man who goes after Christ, in the ways of

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scorn and suffering patience,—in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft, receiving more than once his forty stripes save one, beaten with rods and stoned out of cities, running the gauntlet through all sorts of perils,—in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, accounted as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things,—when we see him tramping on heavily thus, bearing his Master's dark flag of patience and loss, and calling others to follow—we only see that he has taken Christ's own spirit, and despises even to send the flock before him where he does not lead himself.

Ah! we have seen things different from this: teachers that bind heavy burdens and lay them on men's shoulders, which they themselves will not so much as lighten with the touch of their fingers; priests and confessors that feed their lusts out of the charities extorted from the poor, imposing on them loads of penance in turn, to humble them and keep them in subjection; philanthropists publishing theories and great swelling words of equality, and tapering off in the commendation of virtues they themselves do not practise, and even inwardly dislike. All such are men that drive a flock. But Christ, the true shepherd, the eternal Son of God, wants nothing in his flock that he does not show in himself. He goes before them, bearing all the bitterest loads of sacrifice, and facing all the fiercest terrors himself, only calling them gently to come and follow: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. My yoke is easy, and my burden light."

The uses and applications of this subject are many. The time allows me to name only a few that are most practical:—

1. A great mistake, or false impression, held by most worldly minds, and even by some who profess to be disciples, is here corrected—viz., the mistake of regarding the Christian life as a legal and constrained service. It is as if the flock were driven by the shepherd, and not as if it were led by the shepherd's call going before. In this image, or figure, is beautifully represented the freedom of the disciple. He is one who is led by a personal influence, one who hears the voice and answers to the name by which he is called. He could not be thrust on, as in a crowd, by mere force or fear. Christ wants to lead men by their love, their personal love to him, and the confidence of his personal love to them. And therefore the representation is, not that he is a shepherd going behind, with dogs, to gather in the flock and keep them before him, but that he draws them after him, and gets them into such a training of confidence, that they will hear his call and follow. The whole relation, therefore, of discipleship is a relation of liberty. No one goes to his duty because he must, but only because his heart is in it. His inclinations are that way, for his heart is in the Master's love, and he follows him gladly. It no doubt seems to you, my friends, when you look on only as strangers to Christ, that this must be a hard and dry service, for you see no attraction in it. But the reason is, that your heart is not in it. With a new heart, quickened by the grace of Christ, all this would be changed. It will then seem wholly attractive. All the currents of your love will run that way, and the freest freedom of your nature will be to go after Christ. No sacrifice will be hard, no service a burden. The wonder now will be, that all men do not rush in after Christ, to be his eager followers. God grant that even to-day you may have this truth, as an experience, in the choice of Christ and the renewing of his promised Spirit.

Brethren, are there some of you that hold this same impression of the life of duty? If so,—if you have no knowledge of this freedom in Christ,—the sign is a dark one for you. Perhaps it is not exactly the same impression that you hold. It may be that you have it only in a degree accordingly as you are over-legal in your conceptions of duty, and rob yourself in that manner of its comforts. Let your mistake be now corrected. See, in particular, that Christ is not behind you, but before, calling and drawing you on. He wants your faith, wants your love,—not a minute, and scrupulous, and careful piling up of legalities. You are not to stand off, doing something for him that he is to examine and report upon as accepted by statute conditions; but you are to go after him, and be with him, and keep along in his train, feeding in his pasture, and following where he leads. This is the liberty, the beautiful liberty of Christ. Claim your glorious privilege, in the name of a disciple; be no more a servant, when Christ will own you as a friend.

2. We discover in this subject what to think of that large class of disciples who aspire to be specially faithful, and hold a specially high-toned manner of life, but are after all principally strenuous in putting others forward, and laying burdens upon others. Christ, we have seen, goes before when he leads, and so did his apostles, calling on the saints to follow. But there is a cheaper way some have, in which they beguile even themselves. It is a kind of righteousness with them that they have such stern principles of duty and sacrifice. How greatly are they scandalized, too, by the self-indulgence, the parsimony, the show, the pleasures, the vanities, of others who profess the Christian name! And in all this they may be sincere, and not hypocritical. They only find it so much easier to be stiff in their judgments, and self-renouncing in their words and exhortations, that they slide over, only the more unwittingly, their own looseness and deficiency in the very things they insist on. How many preachers of Christ fall into just this snare! Pray for us, brethren, for our temptation is great. Christians of this class commonly have it as a kind of merit, and how many Christian ministers repeat the same thing, that they never ask it of others to follow them. God forbid that they should indulge in

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any such conceit as that! Yes, God forbid, indeed, the conceit, for it would be one; and, what is more, God forbid that others be ever found as their followers; and for just the reason that they do not follow Christ. They half consciously know it themselves—hence their modesty. Would they could also understand how great a thing it is in Christ and his first messengers, that they go before, to lead in all sacrifice and suffering—doing first themselves whatsoever they lay upon others. I believe, my brethren, that there are almost none of us who do not slide into this infirmity, complimenting ourselves on the high principles we hold, and the severe standards we set up, in our words and judgments, when, in our practice, we fall low enough to require some such kind of comfort to piece out our evidence and satisfaction. And then we compliment, again, our modesty, that we do not propose to be examples to others! How much more and more genuinely modest should we be, if we judged only as we practised, and set forward others in words only as we fortify words by example! Let us understand ourselves in this—that we are not what we talk, or stand for with our words, but what we do and become.

3. Consider, in this subject, what is true of any real disciple who is straying from Christ—viz. that his Holy Shepherd, folding the flock and caring for it as a shepherd should, does not let him go, or take it only as a fact that the flock is diminished by one, not caring by what one. He knows which one it is; and, if the wanderer will listen, he may hear the Shepherd calling his name. The love of Christ, as we have seen, is personal and particular, and he watches for his flock with a directly personal care. Do not imagine, then, if you consciously begin to fall off, or stray, that you are no longer cared for by the Shepherd. Christ follows you with his personal and particular love, and will not let you go. That same tenderness which melted the heart of an apostle, when he said, "Who loved me and gave himself for me," pursues you still. It is faithful, patient, forgiving, and true; it waits and lingers, it whispers and calls, saying, "Will ye also go away?" holding on upon you by a personal and persistent love, that will not be content till you are gathered back into the fold, to be, as before, a follower. And the same is true where the love of many waxes cold, and whole bodies of disciples are chilled by worldliness, or carried away by common temptations. It is not the mass only, or the general flock, that Christ regards. Each one he follows and calls, as truly as if he were the only one. The wrong they do him, and the grief he feels, is personal. By name and privately he deals with each, gathering him back, if possible, to prayer and holy living, to faith, and sacrifice, and works of love. By these private reproofs, and these tender and personal remonstrances, brethren, he is calling after all you that stray from him to-day. And, if you think you have personal apologies, or have been stolen away by temptations you could not detect, he knows exactly what is true, and will make every true allowance; and, as being faithful to you, he will make no other. Whatever grace you want to bind you up and establish you, he waits to bestow. He will not only forgive you, readily and completely, but he will embrace you heartily, and take you again to his confidence—the same sweet personal confidence in which you stood before. O thou wavering, faltering, failing disciple! come thou, at his call, and see!

Finally, consider the close understanding with Christ, the ennobled confidence and dignity of a true discipleship. To be a disciple, is to have the revelation of Christ, and the secret witness of his love in the soul. It implies a most intimate and closely reciprocal state. According to the representation of the parable, the Holy Shepherd knows his own sheep with a particular knowledge, and calleth them by name; while they, on their part, know his voice and follow. "A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." And he also says himself, "I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." Oh, this deep and blessed knowledge—the knowledge of Christ—to be in the secret witness of his love, to be in his guidance, to be strong in his support, to be led into the mind of God by him, and have our prayers shaped by his inward teaching! so to be set in God's everlasting counsel, and be filled with the testimony that we please him!—this, all this it is to know Christ's voice. Happy are we, brethren, if the sense of this knowledge be in us.

And what can fill us with a loftier inspiration, or lift us into a more sublime and blessed confidence, than this,—the fact that Christ, the Eternal Shepherd, has a personal recognition of us, leading us on by name, and calling us to follow? No matter whether he call us into ways of gain or of suffering, of honour or of scorn, it is all one, with such a leader before us. Nay, if we go down to sound the depths of sorrow, and ennoble the pains of sacrifice, and perfume the grave of ignominy,—what are these but a more inspiring and more God-like call, since he is now our leader even here. O, my brethren, here is our misery, that we think to go above Christ, and find some cheaper way, when, if we could truly descend to his level, and take his cross to follow, we should be raised in feeling and power, ennobled in impulse, glorified with him in his joy. After all, the secret of all our dryness, the root of all our weakness, our want of fruit and progress, our drought and desolation, is, that we cannot follow Christ. First we cannot believe that he has any particular care of us or personal interest in our life; and then, falling away at that point from his lead, we drop into ourselves, to do a few casual works of duty, in which neither we nor others are greatly blessed. God forbid that we sacrifice our peace so cheaply. Let us hear, oh, let us hear to-day, the Shepherd's voice. Let us claim that inspiration, that ennobled confidence, that comes of being truly with him. Folded thus in his personal care, and led by the calling of his voice, for which we always listen, let us take his promise and follow, going in and out and finding pasture.

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BIBLICAL TREASURY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

FOUNDED CHIEFLY ON REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL INDIA.

PART V.—MAN.

I. DOMESTIC LIFE.

One of the household duties of females.—Matt. xxiv. 41, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill."

Rev. xviii. 22, "And the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee."

These passages apparently take it for granted—first, that the task of grinding for Eastern households is devolved upon females; and second, that the noise made by the millstones they employ is one of the most characteristic sounds of a city. Both of these assumptions are correct of India. Throughout its vast central regions there is not, so far as we know, a single steam engine, or watermill, or windmill; and the operations generally performed here in large manufactories, are, as a general rule, undertaken there by each household for itself. The grinding required is all done with a simple mill, or quern, of which the figures generally given in books are sufficiently correct. It is turned sometimes by one woman, sometimes by two. In the latter case they sit on the ground, one at each side of the horizontal millstones, and both together seizing the upright handle, make the upper millstone revolve with great speed. The grinding for the day is generally over long before the rest of the family are awake. As you journey through India, you hear in every village, hours before daybreak, the monotonous but not unpleasant noise made by the revolving millstones,—one of the very few sounds that break in on the stillness of an Indian night. Were it to be said of any Eastern city or village, as it was of the mystic Babylon, "And the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee," it would be tantamount to the prediction that the place indicated should be deserted by its inhabitants, and given over to perpetual desolation.

Beds.—Mark ii. 11, 12, "I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all."

As the most general "bed" among the natives of the East is a rug, and the principal bed-clothes the cotton plaid worn during the day, nothing could be easier than for the cured paralytic to bundle the whole up and carry it off; as indeed the poorer classes of Hindoos when they travel are accustomed to do with their "bed" every morning.

Mourners.—Matt. ix. 23–25, "And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw THE MINSTRELS AND THE PEOPLE MAKING A NOISE, he said unto them, Give place; for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn. But when the PEOPLE WERE PUT FORTH, he went in," &c.

Mark v. 38, 40, "And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and seeth the TUMULT, AND THEM THAT WEPT AND WAILED GREATLY . . . . BUT WHEN HE HAD PUT THEM ALL OUT, he taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying," &c.

When any native of Central India was lying on his deathbed, his relatives maintained a solemn silence as they watched the indications that his spirit was departing; but the instant he expired, they poured forth bitter wailings. As the first sharp sounds of grief broke on the startled ear, one was for the moment greatly affected, but soon it grated on the feelings to find the wailers cry all in unison, with occasional pauses of almost death-like stillness, followed again by tuneful outbursts of grief. It was impossible not to feel that nature was outraged; hence the effect was less than would have been produced by much less extravagant demonstrations of sorrow. Still, do what people will against good taste on such occasions, the impressive character of death will always assert itself, and never was there the least temptation to indulge in a smile. It was otherwise when there was nothing sadder in the case than the departure of a youth from home to push his way in the world, perhaps to what men call fortune. Occasionally a young man might be seen at this interesting juncture in his history, led by his female relatives out of the city, to near the mission gate. Arrived at that part of the road, with every eye it was believed yet unearful, and every voice certainly mute, the whole female members of the party, as if at a preconcerted signal, were overcome by excessive emotion, and passionate cries broke forth of the usual rhythmical sort. In such instances, it must be acknowledged, it was difficult for a European to refrain from laughing. There was, however, a redeeming feature in both these cases; whatever might be the extravagance of the outward manifestations, they were still the visible symbols of grief undeniably sincere. But once introduce into sorrow the elements of time and tune, and the best musician becomes the best mourner. The temptation thus put in the way of poor human nature is too great for it to be expected to resist; and, in consequence, while the one or two friends that weep over the body of the wretched beggar Lazarus are sincere, the relatives of Dives eke out the somewhat scanty manifestations of grief, which alone are natural in the case of one who, with a splendid position for doing good, yet lived solely for himself, by calling in professional mourners, who shed tears for money, and rend the air with screams set to music, for which a handsome price will be paid. The labourers do not do their work perfunctorily, but look as sad as can be desired. We have not had an opportunity of visiting wealthy Hindoos when death was in their household, and cannot therefore say whether or not hired mourners are ever employed on such occasions—certainly they were so among the Jews. It was people of this kind who, at Jairus' house, were so little impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, that they threw off all pretence to sorrow, and gave vent to mirthful ebullitions of scorn for what the Saviour said. And we see how odious their hardness of heart and vile hypocrisy must have appeared in his eyes, when he put them all out, as on another occasion he scourged the mercenary traffickers from the temple. So much for the merely pretended mourners—

> "But with the heart that ever felt the sting
> Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing."

And the "Man of Sorrows," true to his character, showed that he could not merely respect, but even tenderly sympathize with genuine grief, by taking with him into the chamber of death the real mourners, the father and mother of the deceased maiden, and restoring them their loved one lost for a season, thus making their grief give place to transports of adoring joy.

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Mode of carrying children.—Isa. lxvi. 12, "Ye shall be borne upon her SIDES." Isa. lx. 4, "Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy SIDE."

Possibly the second of these passages, and without doubt the first, refers to the mode of carrying little children in the East, which is different from that prevailing in Europe. We have all seen a boy trudging to school on an examination morn, with a huge pile of books strapped together, and resting against his side, so as to require but little support from his arm. We must have also admired the dexterity with which swallows manage to rest nearly the entire weight of their bodies against the upright frames of windows. Indian children are taught to cling in a similar manner to the sides of their nurses. An arm put around them is then quite sufficient to prevent them from falling. The advantage of this mode is that it is much less fatiguing than the common practice; its disadvantage, that it imparts to the nurse who is carrying a child an inelegant waddle, from the weight being thrown all on one side.

Ornaments of boys, &c.—Exod. xxxii. 2, "And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your SONS, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me."

It will be seen from this verse that the Jewish boys, equally with the girls, were in the habit of wearing earrings; and such is the case among the Hindoos at the present day. The earrings used are of various kinds; not unfrequently they consist of rings ornamented with pearls. Nor are these the only effeminate ornaments seen on Eastern boys; there are many others, such as beads, bracelets, anklets, &c. Even men are often met with thus contemptibly adorned.

Ornaments of women.—Isa. iii. 21, "And nose jewels."

Compare also Gen. xxiv. 47, Prov. xi. 22, Ezek. xvi. 12, and Hosea ii. 13, in all which passages it is believed there is a reference to "nose jewels," though this is not always made plain in our translation. It has been mentioned that there are various ornaments which Eastern females wear in common with boys, and even with men. That of which we have now to speak is generally, though not quite exclusively, confined to women. It is often a large ring, perhaps ornamented with emeralds, pearls, or both. To the European taste it looks very disfiguring; and when of expensive materials, is so tempting to thieves, that, as we have somewhere read, their last act when escaping from a house they have plundered is often to twitch the ring out of the nose of some sleeping female, and then, before she has had time to recover from the fright and pain, vanish amid the darkness of night.

Travelling.—2 Kings iv. 24, "Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive, and go forward; slack not *thy* [or rather the] riding for me, except I bid thee."

It has been pointed out by various authors, that if we omit the pronoun *thy*, which is not in the original, we shall have a very distinct allusion to the mode of travelling still general in Egypt and the neighbouring countries. When you land in Alexandria or Aden, and mount one of the donkeys instantly thrust on your attention, not to say into your face, the owner never thinks of consulting your feelings with respect to the performance of the journey; temporary halts for the purpose of looking at any objects of interest on the way he specially abhors; it is not to aid you in indulging an idle curiosity, but to obtain as speedily as possible an exhibition of the fare that he has hired his animal out; and if you linger or stop on any pretext whatever, the speedy descent of his bludgeon on the beast you ride, setting it off into a smart gallop, admonishes you that he is master, and is not inclined to abdicate his high office for your gratification. So well do the donkeys remember former cruel treatment from their drivers, that the very sight of the latter approaching is sometimes enough to make them go off in the utmost alarm. The poor Shunammite, who desired to reach the prophet's house as speedily as she could, and, besides, wished to be left during the whole period of the journey undisturbed in her sad musings, gave her servant directions continually to keep the animal on which she rode moving forward pretty smartly, unless indeed, overcome with fatigue, she were herself compelled to call a halt. The words she employed were few, and probably delivered with calmness, but they gave a glimpse into her heart, and showed it to be well-nigh sinking under a burden of unutterable woe. R. H.

HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.*

LITTLE May sat by the round table in the kitchen, looking very serious and rather sad. She might well look sad, poor child, for a small piece of bread and a little tea, or rather coloured water, drained for the second or third time from the tea-pot, was all that she had for her breakfast that morning; and there was still less in prospect, for the cupboard was quite empty, and so was her mother's pocket—there was not a single penny in it. Where the money was to come from neither May nor her mother could tell; for May was too young to work for her living, and her mother could not get any work to do. The rent, too, must be paid that week, if possible, for the landlord declared he would not wait after that time; so that altogether there was much distress in that poor dwelling.

Little May's mother was a Christian woman; she endeavoured to put her trust in God, and to teach her child to do the same. But it was hard work to be patient and hopeful when want was actually staring them in the face; and the mother's heart sank within her, as she looked first at May and then at their scanty breakfast. She did not care so much about herself, but she could not bear to see her little girl without sufficient food to eat. She tried to speak cheerfully, to keep up May's spirits; and when she found it was impossible to do so, and that, in spite of all her efforts, she could not restrain her tears, she told May to put on her bonnet and run about out-of-doors; it was a fine morning, and the air would do her good. She felt that she could bear her trouble better alone.

So May went, like a dutiful child, although she would rather have stayed with her mother. She did not run about, though; she walked along very slowly and very quietly, for her little heart was full of sorrow. May was a timid, reserved child; and I do not think her mother knew how thoughtful she was, or how keen her feelings were. Poor little May! she went on and on for some time, wondering what would become of them, and wishing she could do something to help her mother.

* Forming the first chapter of a charming little book for the young—"Little May; or, Of what Use am I?" London Religious Tract Society.

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"But there is nothing that I can do," she said to herself with a deep sigh; "oh, if I were only bigger, how hard I would work!"

Other people were busy at work, if May was not. As she passed farmer Gray's fields, some of the men were ploughing, some were digging, and some were attending the cattle. Presently she stood still to watch Perkins, the old gardener, sowing some seeds and tying up his plants; then she saw the washerwoman's girl trudging along with a bundle of linen which she seemed hardly able to carry; and close behind her was Bill Stevens, who earned eighteen-pence a-week by going somewhere to clean boots and knives before his school-time; yes, everybody, little May thought, was of some use in the world, except herself. Even two little ragged, sunburnt, beggar children, whom she met at the corner of the lane, and of whom she felt half afraid, were doing more than she was towards getting their own living; for they had each just obtained a good thick slice of bread and butter, by asking for it at a cottage door; but May, if she could not work, certainly could not beg. Then what *could* she do? Nothing! And as she came to this mournful conclusion, May's grave little face looked even graver than it had done before. But at length the nice fresh air which swept over her pale face and tinged it a fresh rose-colour, seemed to soothe and cheer her, and she felt less sad than when she set out. She began to gather the flowers which grew on each side of her path; and they were so fine, and smelt so sweet, that while plucking them and forming them into a large nosegay, she almost, if not quite, forgot her dinnerless home.

But in seeking for flowers, May had not considered how far she was going, and now she felt tired, for she had come a long way. There was a large log of wood lying beside a white gate close by, and she sat down on it to rest herself. This gate was the entrance to a long garden and shrubberies, which led to a handsome-looking house; but little May was so weary with her ramble, and so troubled with her sad thoughts, that she did not notice either the garden or the house. She sat for some time, the soft tears falling like rain-drops on her flowers, till the chirp, chirp of some sparrows who were looking about for their lunch, and one of which had descended to pick up a crumb not far from May's feet, roused her and made her lift up her head. She watched the bird as it flew off with its prize, and then she remembered a verse which she had learned on the last Sunday: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" (Matt. vi. 26.) "Surely," said May, "if God feeds the sparrows, he can give us some bread. I will ask him."

So May knelt down, and, in her own childish, simple language, asked help from her heavenly Father. She was always in the habit of praying aloud, and feeling that she was alone, she did the same now. "I am so hungry," pleaded little May, in her clear, earnest tones; "and mother is hungry too. We have no bread left, and no money to buy any. O God, please to send us some soon." This was the substance of her prayer, and she rose up with a lightened heart, for she believed that God had heard her, and that he would in some way supply their need. Oh, what a comfort it is, even to little children, to pray when they are in trouble!

Little May did not know that her prayer was heard by any one but her heavenly Father. But it was; and God intended that it should be, for that was the means through which he meant to answer it. On the other side of the thick hedge which separated the garden from the road, was a gentleman, the master of the house, doing a little gardening, an occupation of which he was very fond. He had listened with some curiosity to the unexpected sound of a child's voice, and little May's touching petitions deeply affected him. He peeped over the hedge, and watched her get up from her seat, and begin to retrace her steps without seeing him; and when he had ascertained which way she was going, he hastened across a field or two adjoining his grounds, the opposite end of which brought him out into the lane considerably in advance of May; for it was a much shorter cut, and he walked very fast. Then he turned round, and walked slowly towards May, that he might meet her as she came up. When she was near enough, he stopped, and spoke to her, and said, "Have you gathered these pretty flowers?"

"Yes, sir," answered May, dropping a low courtesy.

"But you would be very glad if you could turn them into a nice loaf of bread, wouldn't you?"

May looked up in surprise.

"I think you are hungry," he said, "are you not? And you have no bread left at home, have you?"

"No, sir," said May, still more astonished.

"Nor yet any money to buy some with?"

"No, sir," repeated May; "mother spent all she had yesterday. Have you been to mother, sir?" she asked half shyly; for how could a stranger know all about their affairs unless he had gained the information from her mother?

"No," replied the gentleman with a smile, for he perceived her meaning; "I do not know your mother, and I never saw you before to-day. What is your name?"

"May Thornton, sir."

"And where do you live?"

"In Prospect Place, sir; just by the church."

"Well, little May," he said, "if you will sell me these flowers which you have gathered, I will buy them of you."

"O sir, they are not worth buying," said May, her cheeks flushing with pleasure.

"I think they are," said the gentleman, "and I should like to carry them for a little boy at my house, who does not know where to find them so well as you do. Here is the money for them; go home, and tell your mother to get you some dinner with it; and tell her also that I am coming to see her soon." He put a shilling into May's hand as he spoke.

Oh, how happy little May looked and felt! But she hesitated to keep it all. "It is too much, sir," she said, "a great deal too much."

"If I buy your flowers," said the gentleman pleasantly, "I must give you my own price. Who has given you that money, May?"

"You, sir."

"But who has sent it to you, just now, when you so much wanted it?"

"God, sir," said little May, reverently.

"Then don't forget to thank him for it; always trust in him, and you will be a happy little girl. And now, run home and see about your dinner."

May forgot how tired she was, and went back a great deal faster than she had come, grasping the money very tightly, as if she could hardly persuade herself she really had it. Oh,

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how joyfully she ran into the cottage, and dropped the shilling into her mother's lap!

"Why, May, dear, how have you got that?"

May eagerly told her mother what had happened; how she had met the kind gentleman, and what strange questions he had asked her. Mrs. Thornton was as surprised and delighted as May had been, but she was as much puzzled as her little girl was to account for the gentleman's acquaintance with their poverty and distress. The more she thought about it the more puzzled she became, so at last she gave up guessing in despair, and went out with May to spend the shilling. I cannot tell you what they had for their dinner, because I really do not know; but I have no doubt that, whatever it was, they enjoyed it very much.

In the evening of the same day May's new friend called, as he had promised, to see them. He was a perfect stranger to Mrs. Thornton. How, then, could he have guessed that they were in want of money—in want of even bread to eat? It could not have been from May's *dress;* for her frock and cape, though very neat and simple, were better-looking than common, having been made out of an old Sunday gown of her mother's; and her bonnet, though coarse, was quite clean. But as he did not tell her how he had found out that they were in need, Mrs. Thornton did not like to ask him.

He sat for a long time on one of their old wooden chairs, talking to May's mother, and asking her many questions, until he understood all about their circumstances and wants. He was glad to find that she was accustomed to do plain needlework, because his wife was just then in want of a good sempstress; and he said that if she would come up to his house early the next morning, she could have immediate employment. And he also kindly offered to let her have the money which she owed for her rent; and she was to repay him as she was able to do so.

Oh, how grateful May's mother felt for this unexpected and welcome assistance! She did not know till the next day how much she owed to her little girl's prayer.

May went to bed some time before her mother did, and she was generally fast asleep when her mother came. But this evening she either had not been to sleep, or else she woke as soon as her mother set the rushlight on the table. "Mother," she said, lifting her head for a moment from the pillow, "do you think God sent us that shilling to-day because I asked him to help us?"

"When did you ask him, May?" said her mother, quietly.

May coloured a little, and laid her head down again, for she did not like to speak about herself, even to her mother. She had been so wishful to get a sure answer to her question, that she had forgotten what would naturally follow. However, she could not stop now; and the light was such a very dim one, that she felt nicely sheltered in her corner, and did not so much mind speaking as if it had been in the day-time.

So, in answer to her mother's question, she said, "It was this morning, mother, when I was out. I could not help wishing for something more to eat, and I thought perhaps God would hear me."

"And so he did, May; he always hears us when we pray to him, and gives us what we ask him for, if it is good for us to have it. And that made him put it into that kind gentleman's heart to give you the shilling as well as to come here this evening to talk to me about the work and the rent. How good God is to us, May!"

"Yes," said May, softly; "it is nice to think that he takes such care of us. Teacher said last Sunday, mother" (May was a Sunday scholar), "that if God sent the ravens to feed Elijah, he could find out a way to help us if we were in trouble even if nobody else knew anything about it. And he has done so, hasn't he?"

"He has indeed," said her mother, "and we will try and always trust in him, May."

May thought to herself that she certainly would try, but she did not answer aloud, and in a few minutes she was fast asleep, for she was very tired. She went to sleep feeling very happy and thankful, but not at all conscious that she had been of any use that day. And yet she had. For her simple prayer to God had helped to bring down blessings upon herself and her mother. No one need say, then, as May had said to herself in the morning, that he or she is too young or too poor to be in any way useful. For if we cannot do much in times of trouble and difficulty, we can all pray, and nobody can tell the good which may come to ourselves or to others through our heartfelt prayers.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers, in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

H. Vaughan, 1651.

SWEARING HENRY.

HAVING to preach one cold winter's night in a large, poorly heated church, I observed most of the congregation gathered round the stoves. Before sermon they were requested, if sufficiently warmed, to be seated together in front.

The subject of discourse that evening led me to a description of "the wicked;" and among the classes of the "wicked" enumerated, prominence was given to the *profane swearer*, as emphatically "wicked," irreverently taking his Maker's name in vain, and frequently seeming to pride himself in the multitude and magnitude of his oaths. One man in the end of a pew was most earnestly attentive, with head erect, eyes extended, and his cheeks covered with a reddened flush.

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At the close of the service, as others gathered round the stoves again, he walked out with a heavy and hasty step, as if he wished no one to speak to him.

About ten days after, I was informed of a child that was sick and ready to die, and was advised to visit the family. It was said to be a child of Mr. Henry ——; but as there were others of the same name, I was told that he was called, by way of distinction, "Swearing Henry." Yet he was an influential man in his way—an extensive farmer, an obliging neighbour, free from other low vices, and even paid some outward respect to religious institutions.

I called at his house. The little sufferer was rapidly approaching its end, and the weeping mother watching it with assiduous care. It was two years old, she said, the only daughter in a family of eight, and a great favourite, especially of the father, who idolized it, and mourned at the prospect of its death. But she said that, though glad to see me, she hoped I would not be there when her husband came in. I had given him offence in a sermon he had heard me preach, and she feared he might not treat me well. He had said that I preached it expressly for him, and held him up to the whole congregation, who knew I was pointing *him* out all the while. She could not convince him that either she or some other person had not gone to me with a history of his character; and he was certain that I had purposely requested the congregation to sit in front of me that night, so as to get him there and "then *give it to him.*" He had been greatly agitated ever since. His appetite had failed, and he could not sleep. He had been alternately sullen and silent, then unreasonable and harsh, when he would vow vengeance on the minister, and especially on his informant. At times he had been even more *profane* than she had ever known him, then relapsed into his previous silence again, and for the last two days had said little, but seemed full of trouble.

I had scarcely assured her that "the whole was a *grand mistake*," I having previously known nothing of the man, nor of his character, when a man came in whom I recognised at once as the hearer in the end of the pew, who had given such earnest heed to the discourse. This was the veritable "Swearing Henry." Little had I suspected that so notable a person had sat in God's house, while holding up the *profane swearer* as so "wicked" in God's sight.

He now appeared confused on seeing me, looked stern, and made no return to my salutation. His wife informed him of his great mistake, and of my denial of any particular knowledge of him until I had heard of their affliction. With an expression of mystery on his countenance, he then said to me, "Well, I am not acquainted with you, but suppose you ought to be a man of *truth*, anyhow." "*I am*," said I, "and would rather lose that right hand than be guilty of falsehood."

The man looked confounded, stared upon me for some seconds, wiped his eyes, which were becoming suffused in tears, and then proceeded: "I see the Almighty is following me up. I am just such a sinner as the sermon described. *Swearing* has been my great sin, and I thought you knew all about it. I am a great sinner. Oh, what an example I have set my family! And now the Almighty is taking away the dearest of my children. I was very angry at you, but have more reason to be angry at myself. I have suffered everything the last two days. I was wishing I could see you, and am glad you have come. If there is such a place as hell, I know I am fit for that place, and I beg you to pray that I may be delivered." He spoke with such emotion that his family were as much affected as himself, nor could my own heart remain unmoved.

I sympathized with them, and spoke of the wisdom of God in sending afflictions, to make us think of him and of our duty towards him. I spoke of the heinous nature of *sin* against so good and holy a Being, and especially of the sin of which he confessed himself guilty. I expressed the opinion that the merciful God had ordered all the late incidents to lead him to reflection and repentance, and exhorted him to flee to Christ and sue for pardon without delay.

The spirit of the strong man was broken. He admitted everything, wept, and again requested me to pray. I called for the Bible, read a short portion, and then complied with his request. As the last word of prayer died upon my lips, he himself broke forth: "O Lord, O God, I am a great sinner. O Father in heaven, I have sinned by *swearing* more than all men. What an example I have given my children! O almighty Father, pardon my great sins, and save my soul if it can be saved, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The effect upon us all was overwhelming, and reminded me of David roaring by reason of the disquietude of his heart. "How wonderful is God!" thought I. "Here is an avowed *swearer* addressing him with the voice of *prayer*. Well may every swearer tremble and cry out. Would that every similar transgressor were now present to witness this scene."

We parted. The following day at evening the little sufferer died, and two days after the funeral services were held in the church. My friend occupied the same pew he occupied on the previous occasion, with a countenance solemn as the grave, eyes intently fixed, and cheeks glistening with rills of descending tears. As the implied truths of the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," were unfolded, his earnest face seemed lighted up with an expression not to be described. That very day he found peace to his riven soul. In the grave-yard he came up to the minister, on whom he had once vowed vengeance, and said to him, "Dear sir, I deserved God's wrath, but think I have found his mercy. I mean to follow my child to where she now is. Come and see me, and pray with me soon."

And to the praise of sovereign mercy be it spoken, "Swearing Henry" has ever since been distinguished

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as *praying Henry!* His humble Christian life has been a source of joy to God's people, and a standing reproof to all around him who take their Maker's name in vain.—*Amer. Messenger.*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The service of communion at the Lord's table is beyond prayer, or praise, or meditation, because it joins these together, and adds to them. It is beyond mere spiritual exercises of worship, because of the singular way in which it employs not only the soul, but also the body. It is liker heaven than secret communion with God, because it is an enjoyment of it in the visible communion of saints. It is beyond private duties, because it is a public ordinance; and beyond other public ordinances, because it has the use of them joined to it, and adds something to it. It is not only a commemoration of God's chief gift, but a solemn receiving of it; and what it especially communicates is the very consummation of that blessed work, the Redeemer's death. There is an honourable distinction put upon it by the circumstances of its appointment, which was immediately by the Redeemer himself, and at that remarkable time when he was entering upon those last sufferings which it chiefly commemorates. It is therefore the most solemn performance of the chief exercises of which we are capable.

But that should not make it seem a burden, but a delight. It is more the Lord's work than it is ours. His generous work at his own table is to give; ours is to take and receive.

Could we make ourselves, in a manner, spectators, and yet not mere spectators, of our own work, it would be easy to see we cannot form an idea of any work upon earth so great, or so honourable. The chief sight, indeed, that the world ever saw, was the King of kings dying on a cross for guilty subjects. That was a spectacle beyond all comparison. But next to that, can there be a greater, than to see a crowd of such subjects, once condemned criminals, now invited and assembled at their reconciled Sovereign's table, at a feast of reconciliation, to receive a sealed remission of all their guilt, an infeftment into an everlasting inheritance; yea, to receive the foretaste and first-fruits of it, having, as it were, the pearl of great price among their hands, jointly doing honour to God's greatest mercy and chief gift, and jointly employed about the noblest spiritual exercises we can conceive human nature, or any creature on earth or in heaven, to be capable of!

The greatness and excellency of the work shows the awfulness of it, the importance of right performance, and the danger of the contrary. Considering our work as a receiving of Christ, we should seriously reflect, that when we receive him, we can never receive any gift equal, or like him, to all eternity. And when we come to receive him at his table, we make the most solemn appearance before him that ever we can make on earth, till he come again.—*M'Laurin.*

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

Ruth H—— belongs unmistakably to the race of old maids. She was young once, no doubt, but it must have been a good many years ago, and before my acquaintance with her. Once, too, she had father and mother, brothers and sisters, to love and live for; but one after another the household names were stricken from off the list of the living, till there was left only a poor blind brother, to whom she was eyes, and hands, and guardian angel for many a year;—then there came a day when the blind boy received his sight—but Ruth was left alone.

A very common-place sort of person you would call my heroine, could you see her. No beauty has she to recommend her, either in face or figure. Her form could never have been graceful, even when she was young, and the years she has seen since then have lent it no additional charm.

Her black hair, in which the silver threads are multiplying, is combed back with Quaker-like simplicity, and the face beneath, though full of good sense and kindly feeling, is guiltless of any other beauty.

Very little of this world's goods has Ruth. "Sweet home," to her means only a chamber in a black, tumbled down old house—and this one room serves as parlour, bed-room, and kitchen all in one. The furniture is of the plainest, and it would be a cheerless place, only that the sunshine streams through the small-paned windows—and the flowers blossom as sweetly in her cracked tumblers and tea-pots as in the green-house of a millionaire.

No literary attainments has she. Should she write you a letter, very likely she would have a little "i" where she should have a great one, and a great "A" where there should be a little one, while the spelling might differ essentially from any recognised authority. Her library consists of her Bible.

A lonesome life you would say she leads, you who live in an atmosphere of love, the light of happy homes, the joy of loving hearts; yet Ruth is *not* lonely nor alone. She has the faith of a little child in the Master's presence and love, and—

> "Who hath the Father and the Son,
> May be left, but not alone."

To our earth-dimmed eyes Ruth is plain and poor, unlearned and alone; in the eyes of the angels she is beautiful and rich, wise and *not* alone.

Small work for God and mankind you would say was committed to her hands, but she is at least "faithful over a few things," and in her corner of the one great vineyard there is no labourer more active.

Is there a kind deed to be done in the neighbourhood? none so ready to do it as Ruth. "Sick and ye visited me" will surely be her welcome from the Master, for no face is oftener seen by the bed of suffering than hers. Is a good "watcher" needed? Ruth's name is the first mentioned, and her aid is never grudgingly bestowed. Many a dying head has been pillowed on her bosom, her

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kind face has been the last of earth to many a glazing eye, her words of love and cheer the last that the dull ear has caught.

Little children know and love her. Her face is never missed from the prayer-meeting; her seat is never vacant in the house of God. Has any one unusual cause for joy and thanksgiving? she rejoices with them that do rejoice. Are they in trouble? she weeps with them that weep. Does the breath of slander blacken the character of any? she has that charity that hopeth all things.

Nor is her influence confined to the narrow circle of home. It is world-wide, it is far-reaching as eternity. Perhaps her very name and existence are unknown outside the little village where she lives; yet, by memories of her quiet, earnest, holy life, she is preaching Christ in the north and the south, the east and the west.

Oh! in that day when the books shall be opened and the dead judged, every man according to his works, will there not be found written against the name of Ruth, "*She hath done what she could?*"—*Observer.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXVIII.—PARABLE OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S SON—QUESTION ON TRIBUTE TO CÆSAR—QUESTION ON THE RESURRECTION.

MATT. xxii. 1–33.

Parable of the Marriage of the King's Son.—Ver. 2. Who are here denoted by the king and his son? [The householder in the last parable is the king in this. In the last parable he was opposed when he made a *demand;* in this, he is despised when he makes an *offer*. This brings out still more clearly the guilt and infatuation of the people.]

Ver. 3. The gospel being compared to a *marriage-feast*, what sort of feelings ought the invitation to it to awaken? Where is the marriage-supper of the Lamb spoken of? Rev. xix. 7. [Strictly speaking, this marriage denotes the complete, final gathering to Christ of all his redeemed and glorified Church—the Lamb's bride; but, in a general sense, it may be said that the marriage of the king's son, and the feast attending it, began when Christ appeared.] Who may be said to have been bidden first to the feast? [The Jews.] Why are men not willing to come? [The feast is not to their liking; they do not relish the provision; pardon, holiness, nearness to God, are not what they relish; they love earthly things far better.]

Ver. 4. Does God commonly turn from men after one refusal? Why does he not? [Observe how he tries to *win* them; dwells invitingly on the preparation; tells them that "all things are ready."] Will any be able to say at last that they desired salvation, but that it was not to be found? Mention some of the "all things" that are ready. [Redemption is ready, God is ready to pardon, Christ ready to intercede, the Holy Spirit ready to cleanse, the angels ready to rejoice—only the sinner is not ready to come.]

Ver. 5. Did these persons think the invitation important? What did they count more important? Are there any such persons now? Are there many? Is it a light thing to prefer farms and merchandise to the marriage-feast of God's Son?

Ver. 6. While some calmly despised the offer, what did others do? Whom did they represent? Mention some of the servants who were killed at an early period of the history of the Church.

Ver. 7. What terrible event in the history of the Jews does this point to?

Ver. 8. To whom does this remark apply? In the strict sense, are any *worthy* of the feast? ["Worthy" has here rather the meaning of fit or suitable—the fitness consisting in a humble sense of emptiness, and a grateful appreciation of the mercy of God.]

Ver. 9. This points to the call of the Gentiles. To what highway did Philip go? (Acts viii. 5) And Peter? And Paul? Is there any restriction now in the invitation? Isa. lv. 1.

Ver. 10. "Good and bad"—what does this mean? [In man's view,—in general appearance. There was no limitation—all were brought.]

Ver. 11. When may it be said that "the king comes in to see the guests?" [The chief occasion of this sort is the day of judgment; but every trying and sifting judgment may be said to shadow forth the final inspection and separation.] Was it right to go to a marriage-feast in an ordinary dress? Might the man have got a wedding-garment if he had wished? [According to some, marriage-dresses were provided by the master of the feast. The conduct of the man showed an inordinate value for his own garment, and contempt for the wedding-garment. Observe, the wedding-garment is a symbol of the righteousness of Christ; and this man represents those persons who, even in the Christian Church, have still such a value for their own righteousness, that they consider Christ's unnecessary.]

Ver. 12. The master of the feast addresses the man kindly, and asks an explanation. What does the man say? Why did he not say that he thought his own garment good enough? [In presence of the king, he could not say this. The Lord's holy presence will scatter to the winds the poor excuses of men.]

Ver. 13. Observe the *severity* of the sentence. Why was the man treated so roughly? [His sin was great—despising Christ's righteousness, while professing to do Christ honour.] What was he cast into? Why *outer?* [In contrast to the brilliant light in the guest-chamber.] What would be the feelings of that man?

Ver. 14. Does it appear from this that such cases will be rare? [What a lesson to us who are within the visible Church, to see to it that we have the true wedding-garment!]

Question on Tribute to Cæsar.—Ver. 15. [Mark the constant activity of Christ's enemies. Like Satan, the enemies of the truth are unwearied. Let us imitate their activity, in a better cause.] What do they now desire to do?

Ver. 16. ["The Herodians"—supporters of the dynasty of Herod, and opponents of the Pharisees. Both, however, were enemies of Christ.] Were the compliments they paid to Jesus sincere? For what purpose were they paid? How are we told to act towards flatterers? Prov. xx. 19.

Ver. 17. Who was Cæsar? What made the question difficult? [The Pharisees held that to give tribute to Cæsar was disloyal to God; the Herodians held that to refuse it was disloyal to Cæsar. Had Christ given a direct answer to the question, he would have laid himself open to one or other of these imputations of disloyalty.]

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Ver. 18. What was the wickedness that Jesus perceived? How was he able to see it? What does this teach us as to secret wickedness and heart-sins?

Ver. 19. Was the Roman tribute paid in Jewish or Roman coin? [The penny was a Roman silver coin, equal in value to 7d. or 8d.]

Ver. 20. [The Roman coins, like ours, bore the likeness and titles of the sovereign. The Roman emperor at this time was Tiberius Cæsar.]

Ver. 21. Wherein lay the great skill and wisdom of this answer? Did it show any want of loyalty either to Cæsar or to God? How did it reprove the Pharisees? And the Herodians? What are some of those things which we are all bound to render to God? Rom. xii. 1.

Question on the Resurrection.—Ver. 23. Were the Sadducees more friendly to Christ than the Pharisees? What was the cause of their disbelief in the doctrine of the resurrection? [They loved this world so much, and they hated the thought of judgment and retribution, as multitudes, alas! do now. Many *practically* disbelieve in a future world, who do not in words deny its existence.]

Ver. 24. Was this a correct statement? See Deut. xxv. 5. Do you remember an instance of the operation of this law in the history of Ruth?

Ver. 25-28. [They thought it an insuperable objection to the doctrine of a future state, that she could not be the wife of all the seven. They tried to overturn the doctrine by making it appear ridiculous. Some try in a similar way still to subvert the doctrines of the Bible.]

Ver. 29. What did their objection proceed from? What two things were they ignorant of? What do objections to the teaching of the Bible commonly arise from? Seeing we are all very ignorant, should we not be very cautious in objecting?

Ver. 30. [Christ here illustrates "the power of God." In the resurrection-state God can provide for the happiness and blessedness of men without their marrying and giving in marriage.]

Ver. 31, 32. [Christ here illustrates "the Scriptures."] On what occasion did God use these words? How did it appear from them that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were living? Did the words imply that their bodies would be raised? [They implied that the covenant with them would be kept; the seal of the covenant was affixed to their bodies, which seemed to imply that their bodies were to share in the ultimate fulfilment.] What is implied when God is "the God" of any one? Is this the privilege of all? May it be ours?

DUTY.—Purity and Chastity to be Cultivated.

Gen. xxxix. Exod. xx. Ps. li. Matt. v. Eph. v. Col. iii. 1 Thess. iv.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XI.

SHUNAMMITE'S SON—*continued.*—2 Kings iv. 8–37.

Was this little boy prepared to die so suddenly? [We are not told, but we may hope so.] Why? [Because he must have been well instructed by his pious parents, and his mother believed he had gone to heaven, ver. 26.] What must she have felt when she saw her darling die in her arms? What did she do with the little body? ver. 21. What did she do next? ver. 22. Why did she wish to go to Elisha? [To get comfort, and also in the hope that God might permit him to bring back the soul of her child.] Had such a thing ever been done before? 1 Kings xvii. 17-24. Must not she have heard of this from Elisha?

What did she tell her servant to do? ver. 24. How did the prophet see her from a distance? ver. 25. [He was looking down from the side of Mount Carmel.] What did he think? [That something sad must have happened to make her come in such a hurry.] Whom did he send to meet her? What did he bid him ask? ver. 26. What did she answer? How could she say it was *well* with her and her husband, when they had lost their dear child? [Because she believed the will of God must be good for them.] How could she say it was well with the child? [Because she believed his soul had gone to heaven.] What is she an example of to us? [Of how to behave in affliction.] Is it easy to feel so when we have lost those we love? What should we do, when we find it difficult? [Ask the Lord to make us feel as we ought.]

When she came near Elisha what did the Shunammite do? ver. 27. What did this show? [Her great distress and agitation.] What did Gehazi wish to do? What did the prophet say? Why had God not told him of her distress? [Perhaps to keep him humble.] What did she say when she was able to speak? ver. 28. What did she mean? [Perhaps that it was almost cruel in Elisha to have asked God to give her a son, if he were to be taken from her so soon.] Was it right in her to speak in *this* way? What does it show us? [That even God's own people are not perfect, and still often feel and speak as they ought not to do.] Would she tell Elisha after this all that had happened? What did he then bid Gehazi do? ver. 29. Did the mother go home with Gehazi? Why not? [She would not leave the prophet; she had no hope from any one else.] Did he agree to go home with her? ver. 30. Who met them on the way? What did he tell them? ver. 31. What did Elisha do then? ver. 32, 33.

Why did Elisha let no one stay in the room? [That he might be quite alone with God, and pray more freely.] What would he pray for? [That God would send back the child's soul again.] What did he do besides? When Jesus raised any one from the dead, did he pray for help from God in this way? Why not? [Because he was God, and could bring back the soul by his own power. Luke vii. 14; Mark v. 41; John xi. 43.]

Did God hear the prayer of Elisha? ver. 35. What would the prophet feel? Who did he send for? ver. 36. What did he say to her? What did she do? ver. 37. What would she feel? Why did God give back her child? [To show his own power, to reward her faith, and to honour the prayer of his servant Elisha.] Would not the boy have been happier to have remained in heaven? [Yes; but he went there at last, and he lived to serve God while on earth.] Do we ever read of him and his mother again? chap. viii. 1–6.

What is our great lesson from this story? [The power of God to raise the dead to life.] Does he ever do so now? [No; there are no miracles in our days.] But when shall all the dead be raised? 1 Cor. xv. 52; Rev. xx. 12, 13. What should we feel when we think of this? [Earnest de-

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sire to be among the children of God, who shall rise with joy.]

O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas have fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With blessings on our head!

Precept.—Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace. 2 Pet. iii. 14.

Promise.—I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. John xi. 25.

Prayer.—O Lord God, our heavenly Father, give us grace to follow the example of thy servant, this holy woman, in her pious contentment and patience under all thy will. Help us to say, like her, "It is well," of whatever our God and Father sends to us here below. And teach us to be often thinking of the time when we shall leave all earthly things, and stand before thee in the world of spirits. Lord, may we truly believe in Jesus, so that when we lie down in the grave, it may be in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life at last. Help us to love and serve thee better now, and so prepare us for praising thee for ever in heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—NOT GIVING UP.

I AM afraid people leave off praying too soon. They get tired and think God will not hear them; but he says, "Men ought always to pray, and *not to faint*." God likes to have us pray to him. He is never tired of listening to us.

One day when Jesus the Son of God was on the earth, a poor woman went to him. She was a heathen. She did not belong to the Jews, who worshipped the true God. Her little girl was very sick at home. A wicked spirit tormented her. Her mother knew that Jesus could make her child well, therefore in her trouble she went to him. When she saw him, she cried out, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David. My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Jesus did not seem to mind her at first; but she still cried to him for mercy. The disciples did not like to have her following them with her cries, and asked the Lord Jesus to "send her away;" but Jesus did not, though at first he seemed backward to help her, for he told her, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Did that discourage her? No. She fell at his feet and worshipped him, saying, "Lord, help me!"—a very little prayer, but it came from the heart, and God loves heart prayers. Then he said, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." Did not that discourage her, to seem to be called a dog? No; she only sweetly answered, "The dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs;" as much as to say, "Though a dog, may I not have a crumb. You may love the people of Israel, but will you not pity a poor heathen?" Jesus put her off to try her; and when he saw her perseverance, he said, "O woman, great is thy faith! go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." And it was so. When she went home she found her little girl had been easy and quiet from the moment Jesus spoke.

Jesus praised the woman. Why? *Because she believed in him though he seemed to neglect her.* Jesus wants us to trust him, so that we shall *never* be discouraged in praying to him for what we want. He has given proof of his love to us by dying on the cross for us. Are you in pain? are you in sorrow? Go and tell Jesus. Are you poor and needy? Go and tell Jesus. Are you a poor orphan, or is your mother sick? Go and tell Jesus. He is kind and merciful, and he will hear you, if you pray to him.

II.—KITTY AND "PLEASE."

KITTY had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command,—very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying, "Will you be kind enough to do this, or that?" or, "Please do this;" or, "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said, "*Do* this," or "*Do* that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time, she called Bridget to put it on. "Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my pa will come soon." Bridget was doing something in the closet, and did not immediately come out. "Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said, "Say 'please,' Kitty, and Bridget shall put your shoe on." Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor, and tried to put it on herself; which was all very well, had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to try to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe; but her little fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted in hard; in fact, Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the entry, and began to cry. "Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother, looking into the chamber; "ask her, my child." But Kitty *looked* "No, I shan't," though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner-bell rang. "You can stay here, Kitty, until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe;" and her mother went down stairs.

Kitty turned very red, and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room, and shut the door. Oh, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself, and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table, and for such a reason too—that was the worst of it.

By-and-by her papa came up stairs, and not finding her in her mother's room, went to the little room. "Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone. The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going towards him said, "Oh, papa, 'please' wouldn't come out of my throat; it stayed there; it 'most choked me; but maybe it will now." She took her father's hand, and picking up the shoe, went to find Bridget; and when she found Bridget, she said, "Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot." Bridget did so very willingly. Then she ran down stairs, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, said

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with a sorry-and-glad tear in her eye, "Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long; it felt big, and 'most choked me; but, mamma, it's out, and I think it will come out *quick* next time. Please kiss me, mamma. I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get choked so again. She had no difficulty with "please" afterwards. And "please" made the little girl a great many friends.

III.—ADVICE THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.

THERE was once a young shoemaker who became so much interested in politics, that his shop was filled with loungers talking, and discussing, and disputing about one thing and another from morning till night; and he found it often necessary to work till midnight to make up for the hours lost in talk during the day.

One night after his shutters were closed and he was busy on his bench, a boy passing along put his mouth to the key-hole, and mischievously piped out, "Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night and run about by day."

"Had a pistol been fired off at my ear," he said, "I could not have been more startled. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again.' I never forgot it. To me it was the voice of God, and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to be idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf."

He did indeed—worked in working hours, left off idle talk, and the society of idle people, and became in the end a physician of eminence.

IV.—WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A LITTLE boy came in from play the other day, looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Did he feel sick? No. Had he lost anything? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at supper-time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked again, "Willie, what ails you, dear?" "Mother," said he—"mother—I *swore*. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God, and I ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could. Mother, will God forgive me, ever forgive me, for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me, mother;" and Willie sunk upon her knees and hid his face. His mother *did* pray for him, and Willie prayed for himself—prayed to be forgiven—prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than be a swearer!"

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible says about profane swearing; "he wanted the word of God on the matter," he said, "and he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere;" so she found and copied these texts:—

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain" (Exod. xx. 7). This is the third commandment.

"Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God: I am the Lord" (Lev. xix. 12).

"Because of swearing the land mourneth; the pleasant places of the wilderness are dried up" (Jer. xxiii. 10).

"I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." These are the Lord Jesus' words in Matthew v. 34–37.

"*Above all things*, my brethren," says James, "*swear not;* neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by *any other oath:* but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation" (James v. 12).

"O mother," said Willie on reading them over, "how clear God speaks! How can a man or a boy dare to swear, after this?"

He learned these scriptures, and I have written them down for every boy who pleases to learn them also.—*Child's Paper.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—UNION TO CHRIST.

LABOUR more and more for a frame of spirit suitable to union to Christ:—

An humble, self-abasing frame. Say, Alas! Lord, what am I, that Christ should stoop to be united to so poor a worm, a clod of earth, a mass of sin, a nothing, a less—a worse than nothing!

A trusting, relying frame of spirit for the supply of all temporals. He that hath given thee his Son, what can he deny? He that hath given thee an ocean, will not deny thee a drop! If thou hast the kernel, thou shalt not want the shell! If thy Father vouchsafe thee bread, manna, the ring, a kiss—he cannot well refuse thee the husks! Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these shall be added—be cast in as paper and packthread to the bargain.

A loving and affectionate frame. Believer! thou art married to Christ—he is bone of thy bones, flesh of thy flesh, therefore to be dearly loved. Love him with a cordial, active, conforming, constant, transcendent love.

A noble, heavenly frame, such a frame whereby thou mayest truly contemn this poor world. We should never fix our hearts on that whereon God would have us put our feet. 'Tis not for persons united to Christ to be fond of beautiful vanities, fair-faced nothings, handsome pictures drawn on ice; for such are all enjoyments on this side Christ. Believer! having Christ for thy portion, let a little, a very little, of the world serve thee for thy passage.

A pitiful frame to those that are not as yet united to Christ. Oh! as the elect of God, put on bowels of mercy toward such. They are sinking, drowning—thou art safe on the shore, got into the Ark. They are in Sodom—thou in Zoar—a brand plucked out of the fire!

Finally, *Walk worthy of your union to Christ;* especially walk lovingly and tenderly towards believers, thy fellow-members. They that are so happy as to be united to *one Head* should be very careful to be of *one heart.* Believers formerly were so—of one heart and one soul. But, alas! it is sad to see those that agree in one common faith to disagree, as if they were implacable foes. O beloved! that

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brethren—*Joseph* and *Benjamin*, *Moses* and *Aaron*, *Abraham* and *Lot*—should fall out, especially when the Canaanite is in the land! Shall *Gebal*, *Ammon*, *Amalek*, and the *Philistines*—shall these agree? and shall *Ephraim* and *Judah* be at variance? Shall the wolf, the lion, the bear, the leopard associate? and shall not lambs and doves?—*Lye.*

II.—DR. J. W. ALEXANDER.

HIS LAST DAYS.

[The intelligence of the death of this distinguished divine and servant of Christ has touched the hearts of very many in Great Britain, to whom he was personally known, and by whom he was regarded with a respect and affection not often accorded to a comparative stranger, however eminent. All who had the privilege of meeting Dr. Alexander, during his visits to this country, will readily understand the expressions of deep sorrow with which his departure has been announced by papers connected with all denominations over the whole extent of the American Union.]

EARLY in the last spring he became conscious that his health was again giving way. Indeed, he was himself under the impression that he could not much longer remain in active service. His devoted and watchful people, observing his growing feebleness, again besought him to take a season of rest, and in accordance with this desire, he went with Mrs. Alexander to his native State, in the hope of recruiting his wasting energies. He spent the early part of the summer at the University of Virginia, where he was constantly improving. He afterwards went to the Warm Springs in Bath County, where he was also benefited. While on his way from this place to the Red Sweet Springs in the Alleghany County, about a week before his death, he was attacked with dysentery. He reached the latter place only to go from it to his heavenly home.

He was perfectly conscious to the last hour of his life, and, in the anticipation of his departure, was sustained by the grace of his Redeemer in the most calm and peaceful state of mind. He spoke of death with entire composure, and in the confident assurance that to him "dying was but going home." Toward the close, when it became evident that he could not survive, much of his time and strength was spent in sending messages of farewell and comfort to his beloved congregation and the absent members of his family. After this, although very much exhausted, he seemed to rouse his powers to a further effort, and added: "I have not been in the habit of talking much on the subject of my own spiritual states of feeling. With respect to my subjective religion, I have often disappointed people who look for manifestations of a certain kind. But I have often made known to Elizabeth the grounds of my hope." It was suggested to him that he was exhausting himself, and needed rest, but he added: "Let me say one word more with respect to the solemn event to which you have called my attention—[his expected death.] If the curtain were to drop now, and I were this moment ushered into the presence of my Maker, what would be my feelings? They would be these:—First, I would prostrate myself in an unutterable sense of my nothingness and guilt. But, secondly, I would look up to my Redeemer with an inexpressible assurance of faith and love. A passage of Scripture which expresses my present feeling is this: 'I know'—here some persons insert a preposition which ought not to be inserted; they say, 'I know *in* whom I have believed.' This is wrong. Christ himself is the direct object of the apostle's faith. It reads: 'I know WHOM I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' That is all I have to say." Almost immediately he fell into a sweet sleep, and soon after, early on the morning of the Sabbath, July 31st, his spirit gently took its flight to the bosom of his Saviour. After he had lost the power of speech, and was apparently unconscious of earthly things, an expression of radiant and triumphant hope and unutterable peace lighted up his countenance, which continued long after the spirit had departed.

III.—LOST BLESSINGS RESTORED.

[The Rev. A. Kingman Nott, the youthful pastor of a large Baptist church, who was drowned a few weeks ago in bathing, while preaching, a few months before, on the resurrection to a crowded congregation, said:—]

THERE is not a departed joy, or hope, or expectation of the Christian, but will be restored to him in the resurrection of his Lord. I mourn not so much over the body or person of my friend who is gone, as I mourn over the loves and hopes that have been blasted and withered by the same touch of death and buried with him. But the resurrection of the Lord teaches me that there is a day to dawn when there will be restored to me in heaven all that I have loved and lost; and not more eagerly will I clasp to my arms the forms of those who are dear, than I will lay to my heart these blessed memories which I thought had gone perhaps for ever, and which now have come bounding back to me. I care not what or how trivial they may be—they shall all come back. There will not be a treasure over which the jealous eye of the Lord will not watch, and which his careful hand will not restore to the arms and fixed possession of his followers.

Nothing valuable, nothing dear to the Christian, is too trivial to be treasured by the Lord. Nothing good perishes. It is impossible. Out of the world's wreck, all that is worth saving will be saved. Every corner of the creation will be searched, the sea shall give up the dead that are in it, and death and the grave shall give up the dead that are in them. The trivialities of life! who does not know, though he may blush to have it said, that the dearest and most intimate affections of the heart are often called forth by objects so slight that we would not have another know it—the little things which we have laid away in a corner of our hearts, and upon which we doat so fondly? Has not a parent's fountain of tears been broken up by the sight of a little strange shoe which once imprisoned a tiny foot that is since enshrouded in the grave? Who does not confess this element of our nature—not of human weakness, but of human power? In the great day of the resurrection there will be nothing missing. The Jesus who, in the mighty act of conquering Death, remembered to lay aside his shroud with care, and folded the napkin and put it away in a place by itself, will overlook nothing. The widow's mite will be returned a thousand fold into her bosom as a mine of overflowing wealth. The cup of cold water given to a disciple will flow back a fountain of everlasting joy. Nothing, I care not whether it be but the memory of a child's smile, that has been cherished by a saint of the Lord, but will be sacredly preserved, while the earth returns to chaos, and given back to him.

Oh, then, what a glorious morn will the resurrection be! Methinks I see the glad procession coming up—a multitude,

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to which the throng I behold to-night is but a drop in the vast ocean, whom no man can number! I see them coming up in robes of white, with crowns of everlasting joy upon their heads, and palms of victory in their hands. I hear their shouts of gladness as they cry, "Victory! worthy is the Lamb that hath redeemed us!" Fathers and mothers grasp children long lost. Husbands and wives, separated many centuries, fall again into each other's arms. I hear a voice which calls my own name! I start as did Mary when Jesus gently uttered that word, "Mary!" That voice! I had dreamed of it all through my life, ever since my boyhood. I know it; and the child is clasped in the arms of its mother, who cries out, "My son!" and the child looks up and whispers, "Mother!" in the old familiar strain, and rests again in the bosom that gave it life. I behold these reunions; no one comes alone or empty-handed, but all go up with arms full and laps laden with treasures, which the grave and the sea had buried, but which now are all restored for ever with the coming back of Jesus.

IV.—GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

Translated from the German.

Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
Oh! lead her to thyself—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Take not thy Spirit from me,
And suffer not the might
Of sin to o'ercome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not thou far from me—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please thee in all well-doing;
And that thy will, O Lord,
May never be forgot,
In all my works and ways,
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
I would be thine for ever;
Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavour.
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul—
My God, forsake me not!

V.—VEILED MERCY.

Tempting mercy is wise mercy; it were not a tempting mercy if we saw all the secrets of love, and the reasons why the Lord buildeth Zion with blood. Even the elect and beloved of God, though they be in Christ's court, they are not always upon his council (John xiii. 7). Many are within the walls of the palace that are not in the king's parlour and taken into his house of wine. The love of Christ hath its own mysteries and unknown secrets; as, why one saint is led to heaven, and, to man's eye, "the candlestick of the Almighty shineth on his tabernacle, and he washeth his steps in oil," he is rich, holy, prosperous—and, another no less dear to Christ, never laugheth till he be within the gates of heaven, but eateth the bread of sorrow all his days, his face never drieth till he be in glory—is a secret of Heaven. The love of Christ is often veiled and covered, and we know not what he meaneth; but he hasteth to show mercy.

VI.—NOT TO BE TEMPTED.

Not to be tempted of the devil is the greatest temptation out of hell; and if there be any choice of devils, a raging and a roaring devil is better than the calm and sleeping devil. When the devil is within, he sleepeth and is silent, and the house or soul he is in is silent, and there is a covenant with death and hell (Isa. xxviii. 15). Now, hell keepeth true to a natural man for a time; cessation of arms between the soul and Satan is security for a time, but it is not peace. The devil's war is better than the devil's peace. Carnal hypocrisy is a dumb and silent thing, but it is terrible to be *carried to hell without any noise of feet.* The wheels of Satan's chariot are oiled with carnal rest, and they go without rattling and noise.

VII.—PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

No children are ever so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to a parent's wishes, or will, or commands. Would that parents more universally felt that! When they suffer their children to disobey them, they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God by breaking one of his commandments, and one to which the promise of long life is given. No wonder if God, in just displeasure, remove the child from such tuition. Remember what a solemn and instructive lesson the Holy Ghost has given in the history of Eli. There is much danger, from an amiable wish to gratify a child, of counterordering our own orders. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself or the child, insist with firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur nor delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child, as its enforcement is dignified in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority commands respect, and even inspires reverence and love in the child towards the parent. Thus, then, if you desire your children should grow up, cherishing for you profound esteem and affection, insist upon this filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience—and commence early. To begin right, is the way to end right.

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HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

"WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?"

"WHEREFORE didst thou doubt?"

1. You answer, that it was your sins, your own unworthiness and great guilt that made you doubt. But *whom* did it make you doubt? Just the Being on whom it ought to have thrown you in the most submissive confidence. Your sins are good reasons for doubting yourself, but not Christ. They are reasons for self-despair, but the reason of all reasons for trusting Christ. Your sins are the reasons why you must come to Christ, not why you should doubt Christ. The greater your guilt, the greater your plea for mercy—the more suitable your case for his interposition; and the greater your guilt, the greater the reason why you should not doubt him, but amidst winds and waves fly to him. Sin should make every man distrustful only of himself—trustful in Christ; unbelieving only in himself—believing in Christ. Sin is, in fact, the sinner's claim on Christ; he has no other. It is not the bar in the way of mercy, but the *reason for* mercy. So the sinner must believe, not in spite of his guilt, but because of it: he must beg for pardoning mercy, not *notwithstanding* the greatness of his guilt, but *by reason* of it. "For thy name's sake pardon mine iniquity, *for it is great.*" His sins are the great reason of faith, so many arguments for believing. So, instead of answering to the question, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—Because of the greatness of my guilt; *that* is to be alleged as the very reason for *believing.* If you are asked, Wherefore do you believe? you may well say, Because I am a sinner—a guilty, lost sinner, and the gospel is just for me and my case, and none but an Almighty Saviour could have contrived it for me, or brought it to me. The gospel belongs to me, and Christ belongs to me, and is mine, because I am so great a sinner. You may put the adversary of the soul to flight with this argument, when his powerful malice will be overcome by none other. When he presents your guilt as the reason of unbelief, do you present it as the reason of faith.

And so in all your enterprises for Christ, if tempted to despair, because of your unworthiness and unfitness for the work Christ calls you to do, or the errand he sends you upon, make *that* an argument of faith—an argument, indeed, for self-despair, but for casting all upon Christ, and for going forward cheerfully, boldly, fearless of the consequences, throwing all upon him. Your guilt is not a reason for not engaging in his service, but for casting yourself entirely upon his grace in that service. Your weakness is not a reason for abandoning your enterprise, or doing little for Christ, but it is a reason—the *great* reason for coming to Christ perpetually, that his strength may be manifested, perfected, and glorified in your weakness.

2. But again, perhaps, when Christ asks, O "thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" you are ready to answer, The dangers, the dreadful dangers,—the tempests, the winds boisterous, the waves raging. Again, here is a reason for trusting Christ, not for disbelieving; a reason for pressing towards Christ, not for resisting, staying away, or turning. For who can overcome these dangers, or save you from them, but Christ? Whom will they obey but him only? Who knows them perfectly, or can control them, but he? Besides, your business is with Christ, dangers or no dangers, irrespective of everything. What hast thou to do with the dangers, if thou hast the command of thy Lord in thy course, and plain duty? In such a case the dangers are nothing to thee; they are not to be considered; they are Christ's business, Christ's care. Thy care must be Christ's work; his is thy life and protection. Thou art setting out in duty. Now, perhaps, the wind begins to rise; but what is that to thee? Thou must still take thy steps towards Christ and for Christ. Hast thou taken one step? What must thou do next? Stand still, and gaze about upon the dangers? Oh, no! but look for the next step. Look to Christ, and *take* the next step.

It may be it is the Slough of Despond that thou art passing through, and thy soul is cast down within thee. Look for the steps—Scripture steps, promises and directions. On them step forward to Christ, and thou art safe, even amidst that Slough of Despond and those dangers. Thou wilt be out of it soon, and on the side towards the shining light. But even if thou miss the steps, and sink deeply, thou hast still nothing to do but to struggle towards Christ. When Christ is the end and aim of all effort, a man is sure of safety and success. It may not be success according to the flesh, but it will be according to the Spirit. Christ's mercy shall be exalted and manifested, and Christ's glory shall be accomplished in all his dealings with the soul that in all things aims at him. Aiming at Christ, making him your end, there can be no such thing as final defeat or disappointment. The dangers that surround you shall accomplish only his object and your good, while your soul is stayed on him.

3. But again, perhaps you answer to the question, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" because you are in darkness. The dangers, you think, would be nothing if you only enjoyed the light; but you are in darkness, and therefore do you doubt. Doubt whom? Should dark-

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ness in yourself make you doubt Christ? Oh, no! it is rather an argument for faith; for in him is light, and in him only; in him is light, and no darkness at all: and, therefore, the greater the darkness that you find elsewhere, the more earnestly ought this to make you be pressing on towards Christ, till in him you find light. It will always be darkness out of him. Come to him, therefore, for light. The darker it is with you, the darker around you, and the darker in your own soul, the greater the reason for relying on the Lord. It will not help you, to stay where you are; it will not help you, to brood over the darkness; it cannot make your case worse to go forward to Christ; and, in fine, trusting in Christ, waiting on him is the only thing you can do. It is the very thing you are commanded to do. Who is among you that, hearing the voice of God's Word, walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God. But in truth a man can never say that there is no light. When all other light fails, and there is none inward and none external, there is light in God's Word. If there is no light in the soul for it to enjoy, there is light in God's Word for it to be guided by. Let it follow that, and there will be light in the soul.

Darkness is a reason for doubting everything but Christ, but a reason for trusting in him, drawing near to him, and keeping close at his side. Darkness is a reason for distrusting one's self, and walking warily in prayer, and crying out for Christ's help, but certainly not a reason for unbelief. When Peter was in darkness,—nothing but darkness around him, darkness within him, and the waves opening to swallow him up, Christ was shining, and the only light that could be seen that night was in him. It is always so. We may seem to have light in ourselves, but it may be mere ignorance and pride; or if there is real light, it is only because Christ is shining within us and upon us, and some reflection is seen of his own light. Darkness in ourselves, and darkness around us, is no reason for doubting the light, but for believing in it, loving it, and pressing forward to it. "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of the light. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." Again we say, though at the hazard of repetition, darkness is no reason for doubt, but a strong reason for faith; for it is plain that though a man may be in darkness, and have great reason to distrust himself, that is no reason for distrusting Christ, but for pressing after him; for all the real light of the world is in him, and he that followeth him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God."—*Dr. Cheever.*

THE SINS OF THE TONGUE.

Perhaps none of Jeremy Taylor's writings exhibits more lavishly his rich stores of knowledge, fact, fancy, rhetoric, and wit, than his sermons on the tongue. There are passages that are characterized alternately by Baxter's pungency and point, by Milton's flowing eloquence, and South's sharp dagger-like thrusts of sarcasm. Some simple but weighty thought is turned over in the kaleidoscope of his genius, till it gives out all varied hues, or is clothed with all possible beauties of colouring. A story from classic narrative or Oriental fable illustrates it. It is set forth in language, now terse as a proverb, and again as flowing and luxuriant as the robes of Oriental monarchs.

"The tongue," he tells us, "is a fountain both of bitter waters and of pleasant; it sends forth blessing and cursing: it praises God and rails at men; it is sometimes set on fire, and then it puts whole cities in combustion; it is unruly and no more to be restrained than the breath of the tempest; it is volatile and fugitive: reason should go before it; and when it does not, repentance comes after it. It was intended for an organ of the divine praises, but the devil often plays upon it, and then it sounds like the screech-owl, or the groans of death. Sorrow and shame, folly and repentance, are the notes and formidable accents of that discord."

A geographical figure is made to do good service in describing the intolerable talker: "There are some persons so full of nothings, that like the strait sea of Pontus, they perpetually empty themselves by their mouths, making every company or single person they fasten on to be their Propontis."

Quaintly odd is the comparison which he gives of this social offender: "The talking man makes himself artificially deaf, being like a man in the steeple when the bells ring." Scarcely less ridiculous is the exposure made of the vanity of mere talk: "Great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue. For so have I heard that all the noises and prating of the pool, the croaking of frogs and toads, is hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle or torch. Every beam of reason and ray of knowledge checks the dissolutions of the tongue."

Speech, he contends, should be kept, like a river, within its proper channels: "If it swells over its banks, it leaves nothing but dirt and filthiness behind." When it breaks out in trivialities and vanities, these "are like flies and gnats upon the margin of a pool; they do not sting like an asp, or bite deep as a bear, yet they can vex a man into a fever of impatience, and make him incapable of rest and counsel."

The Fathers of the Church are lengthily quoted to condemn the jester. But none of them is more laconic or quaint than Taylor himself, almost violating his own rule while he enunciates it: "A penitent and a jester is like a Grecian piece of money, on which were stamped a Helena on one side and a Hecuba on the other, a rose and a deadly aconite, a Paris and an Æsop."

Yet while repressing foolish jesting, the good bishop does not condemn a cheerful spirit. In words that ring with hearty, genial tone, he says, "Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts, it makes and publishes glorifications of God, it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, *reaching up to a cloud,*

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and making joy round about." What a picture in these last words! In the darkness and gloom of the spirit, its night is gladdened by the cheerful spirit blazing up and making the very clouds reflect it.

The wit that serves this purpose merely is harmless, but "when the jest hath teeth and nails, biting or scratching our brother, when it is loose and wanton, when it is unseasonable, and much or many, when it serves ill purposes, or spends better time, then it is the drunkenness of the soul, and makes the Spirit fly away, seeking for a temple where the mirth and the music is solemn and religious."

When serious things are jested with, the crime is set forth as peculiarly heinous: "He that makes a jest of Scripture, or of holy things, plays with thunder, and kisses the mouth of a cannon just as it belches fire and death. He stakes heaven at spurn-point; he trips *cross and pile* whether he ever shall see the face of God or no; he laughs at damnation, while he had rather lose God than lose his jest."

Many a sentence is thrown out in the course of his argument that has the terseness and weight of a proverb: "While men contend for Truth, Error dressed in the same habit slips into her chair, and all the litigants court her for the divine sister of Wisdom." Again: "Anger rides upon noise as upon a horse. Still the noise, and the rider is in the mire." Again: "The detracting tongue doth like the smooth-tongued lightning—it will break your bones when it kisses the flesh." "Every state is set in the midst of danger, as all trees are set in the wind; but the tallest endure the greatest violence of the tempest." "No man flatters a beggar; but princes and nobles often die with this disease."

THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—"SEEST THOU THESE GREAT BUILDINGS?" &c.

MARK xiii. 2.

LET us learn from this solemn saying, that the true glory of a Church does not consist in its buildings for public worship, but in the faith and godliness of its members. The eyes of our Lord Jesus Christ could find no pleasure in looking at the very temple which contained the holy of holies, and the golden candlestick, and the altar of burnt-offering. Much less, may we suppose, can he find pleasure in the most splendid place of worship among professing Christians, if his word and his Spirit are not honoured in it.

We shall all do well to remember this. We are naturally inclined to judge things by the outward appearance, like children who value poppies more than corn. We are too apt to suppose that where there is a stately ecclesiastical building, and a magnificent ceremonial,—carved stone and painted glass,—fine music and gorgeously-dressed ministers, there must be some real religion. And yet there may be no religion at all. It may be all form, and show, and appeal to the senses. There may be nothing to satisfy the conscience,—nothing to cure the heart. It may prove, on inquiry, that Christ is not preached in that stately building, and the word of God not expounded. The ministers may, perhaps, be utterly ignorant of the gospel, and the worshippers may be dead in trespasses and sins. We need not doubt that God sees no beauty in such a building as this. We need not doubt the Parthenon had no glory in God's sight compared to the dens and caves where the early Christians worshipped, or that the meanest room where Christ is preached at this day is more honourable in his eyes than the Cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome.

Let us, however, not run into the absurd extreme of supposing that it matters not what kind of building we set apart for God's service. There is no Popery in making a church handsome. There is no true religion in having a dirty, mean, shabby, and disorderly place of worship. "Let all things be done decently and in order" (1 Cor. xiv. 40). But let it be a settled principle in our religion, however beautiful we make our churches, to regard pure doctrine and holy practice as their principal ornaments. *Without* these two things, the noblest ecclesiastical edifice is radically defective. It has no glory if God is not there. *With* these two things, the humblest brick cottage where the gospel is preached is lovely and beautiful. It is consecrated by Christ's own presence, and the Holy Spirit's own blessing.—*J. C. Ryle.*

II.—"HE COMETH AND FINDETH THEM SLEEPING."

MARK xiv. 37–40.

MARK in these verses, *how much infirmity may be found even in the best Christians.* We have a painful illustration of this truth in the conduct of Peter, James, and John. They slept when they ought to have watched and prayed. Though invited by our Lord to watch with him, they slept. Though warned a short time before that danger was at hand, and their faith likely to fail, they slept. Though fresh from the Lord's table, with all its touching solemnities, they slept. Never was there a more striking proof that the best of men are but men, and that, so long as saints are in the body, they are compassed with infirmity.

These things are written for our learning. Let us take heed that they are not written in vain. Let us ever be on our guard against the slothful, indolent, lazy spirit in religion, which is natural to us all, and specially in the matter of our private prayers. When we feel that spirit creeping over us, let us remember Peter, James, and John in the garden, and take care.

The solemn counsel which our Lord addresses to his disciples should often ring in our ears: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak." It should be the Christian's daily motto from the time of his conversion to the hour of his death.

Are we true Christians, and would we keep our souls awake? Let us not forget that we have within us a double nature,—a ready "spirit" and weak "flesh,"—a carnal nature inclined to evil, and a spiritual nature inclined to good. These two are contrary one to the other (Gal. v. 17). Sin and the devil will always find helpers in our hearts. If we do not crucify and rule over the flesh, it will often rule over us and bring us to shame.

Are we true Christians, and would we keep our souls awake? Then let us never forget to "watch and pray." We must watch like soldiers,—we are upon the enemy's ground. We must always be on our guard. We must fight a daily fight and war a daily warfare. The Christian's rest

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is yet to come. We must pray without ceasing, regularly, habitually, carefully, and at stated times. We must pray as well as watch, and watch as well as pray. Watching without praying is self-confidence and self-conceit. Praying without watching is enthusiasm and fanaticism. The man who knows his own weakness, and knowing it both watches and prays, is the man that will be held up and not allowed to fall.—*Ibid.*

III.—"THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

MATT. vi. 10.

THIS petition is often quoted as if it were merely a prayer for meek resignation, or as though it contained but an echo of the "strong cryings" of Gethsemane. But whilst this is certainly included, the prayer seems to comprise much more, and to ask for Christian *energy* as well as for Christian *endurance*, and for *diligence* as much as *patience*. It is not only the motto of that blessed Redeemer as he is beheld mutely *suffering*, but also as he is presented incessantly and effectually *labouring*. It recalls him not merely as seen when undergoing anguish and shame at his death, but also as when, at the well of Samaria, he, though wearied, witnesses faithfully to the truth, and watches vigilantly for souls; or as, when in earlier years, he, though yet but a mere stripling, confounds the doctors in the temple. To his parents, in the one case, he spoke of being about his Father's business (Luke ii. 49); and to his disciples, in the other instance, he declared that it was thus "His meat" "to do the will of the Father that sent him, and to finish his work" (John iv. 34). As he was himself the only perfect embodiment which the world has ever seen of his own gospel, his own *acts* become thus the unerring commentary upon his *precepts*, as to prayer, and each other duty in which he placed himself on the same level and platform of obligation with his disciples. —*W. R. Williams, D.D.*

IV.—"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED."

MATT. x. 8.

THERE are those who boast that they never forget either an injury or a kindness. They forget surely one kindness at least,—and that the greatest one man has ever received,—the Redeemer who died to efface their guilt and to win their pardon; and who, with the free boon of forgiven sin, bequeathed to them as his loving legacy, "tolerance and unrevenging love" toward their fellow debtors. "*Freely* ye have received, *freely* give." One who had studied well that legacy and its lesson, a much enduring martyr and apostle, had learned of it another spirit. And though the Greek scorned, and the Jew hated him, yet viewing the free cancelment of all his debt of sin by Christ's redeeming cross, and by Christ's ineffable and inexhaustible love, he counted himself, and gladly counted himself, henceforth "a debtor to Jew and to Greek, to barbarian and to Scythian, and to bond and to free." Ignorance might jeer, and stupidity gaze, and malice hunt, and falsehood blacken; but he looked to the Sufferer on Calvary, and, with eyes suffused with tears of gratitude and joy, he looked around on malice, and stupidity, and falsehood, and ignorance, with a serene pity; and on those who cherished them, with a brother's vigilant compassion, and a Christian's outgushing tenderness.

Contrast, if you will, the apostle of the Gentiles, this warrior of the gospel, with the heroes of modern romance and poesy,—fiery and implacable, nursing a grudge through a lifetime, and counting revenge the sternest of duties and the sweetest of luxuries. Of some of them it may be said, that the Decalogue of God has been displaced to give room for a Duologue; and the only two principles of life which they seem to recognise, as of permanent obligation, are a ruthless hatred and a reckless licentiousness. And in some the hatred seems to be not so much originated from wrong which they have *endured*, as from wrong they have *inflicted*. It is yet true, as an old Roman annalist remarked in his day, that the worst of hate is that cherished by the wrong-doer to his victim.

> "Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they need pardon who commit the wrong."

But let us all remember, that, by Heaven's just, immutable decree, the *unforgiving* are the *unforgiven*. And we need all, and always, while on earth, the fresh and the free forgiveness of God.—*Ibid.*

V.—THE BOOK OF JOB.

BIBLICAL critics seem agreed that our own Book of Job was written in that region of the world. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. A noble book; all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem,—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true*, every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the horse,—"hast thou clothed his neck with *thunder*?"—he "*laughs* at the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody, as of the heart of mankind;—so soft and great,—as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars!—*Carlyle.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XXXIX.—THE LAWYER'S QUESTION—CHRIST THE SON OF DAVID—EXPOSURE OF THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.

MATT. xxii. 34–46; xxiii. 1–12.

The Lawyer's Question.—Ver. 34. [Another plot to embarrass and annoy Jesus. What a trial to him, to have to bear all this opposition from the race that he came to earth to bless! What love and patience must have been in his heart!]

Ver. 35. "A lawyer," one of the scribes, whose business was to write and expound the law. If he had understood the law properly, would he have looked on Christ as its enemy? See Matt. v. 17.

Ver. 36. Were the scribes agreed on this point themselves? [No; some held it was the law of circumcision; others, that

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of sacrifice; and others, that of phylacteries—all, *outward* duties.]

Ver. 37, 38. Did Jesus fix on any outward duty? What did his answer show to be the most important element in obedience? Is any obedience well pleasing to God that does not proceed from love? Do we naturally obey in this spirit? How may we get this spirit? Rom. v. 5. [It was finely said by Adolphe Monod, in the last of his "Adieux,"—"*God has loved us*—that is the sum of Christian doctrine: *let us love God*—that is the sum of Christian duty."]

Ver. 39. What precept in the Sermon on the Mount does this correspond to? Matt. vii. 12. Are there many who practise this precept? The world has a number of maxims, such as, that we should look after our own interest, and leave others to look after theirs,—are these Christian maxims?

Ver. 40. What two great sins are the opposites of this spirit? [Ungodliness and selfishness. These, in some of their countless forms, are perpetually rebuked in the law and the prophets, and the opposite graces constantly urged.]

Christ the Son of David.—Ver. 41. "When the Pharisees were gathered together"—in presence of them all, because the subject to be brought forward was one of vast importance, and the rebuke to the Pharisees was to be a last and decisive one.

Ver. 42. "What think ye of Christ?"—Is not this a most vital question for us all? What are the two most opposite opinions of him? Isa. liii.; Song of Sol. v. But what particular thing about Christ did Jesus now wish to inquire into? Whose son did they declare him to be? Did they understand that he was also the Son of God, and himself God? How did they not? [Through ignorance of the spiritual meaning of the Scriptures.]

Ver. 43. What is meant here by "in spirit?" Is it usual for a father to call his son Lord?

Ver. 44. Who is meant by "The LORD?" And by "my Lord?" In what psalm is this?

Ver. 45. What is the only answer to this question? [That Jesus is both God and man—David's Lord in the one nature, David's son in the other.]

Ver. 46. Though silenced, were they satisfied? What kept them from becoming humble followers of Jesus? [See the awful guilt and danger of following our own hearts instead of the word of God. They did not believe because they would not—their hearts were so set against Jesus. It is still the same with some. Our prayer should be—"Draw us, we will run after thee."]

Exposure of the Scribes and Pharisees.—Ch. xxiii., ver. 1. On whose account did Jesus make this exposure of the Scribes and Pharisees? Was there any hope of reforming them? [It was only after every means had been used in vain for their good that Christ resorted to the painful alternative of exposing their hypocrisy and wickedness.]

Ver. 2. How might this be said? [Moses was the lawgiver, they expounders of his law.]

Ver. 3. For what reason were their instructions to be respected? Whether was their precept or their example best? Which were the people to follow? Which do men most commonly follow? What should religious teachers study in reference to their example?

Ver. 4. What is meant here by their binding heavy burdens? [Enforcing difficult and painful observances.] Was this in itself wrong? [Certainly not, if the observances were of divine authority.] What, then, was wrong? [1. The despotic and exacting spirit in which this was done. 2. The absence of the example of self-denying obedience.]

Ver. 5. What was their motive in what they did observe? Where does Christ speak of this in his Sermon on the Mount? Is it a common motive—do we need to be on our guard against it? What were phylacteries? [Scraps of parchment containing parts of the law, which were worn, made by these persons broader than usual, that they might seem more pious.] What was the border of the garment? [A hem or fringe, which the Jews were required to wear to distinguish them from other nations.]

Ver. 6. "Uppermost rooms," rather uppermost seats—nearest the top of the table. Why did they like these things?

Ver. 7. What did the title "Rabbi" mean. [Master, doctor.]

Ver. 8. Should Christ's followers be covetous of outward titles or distinctions of any sort? What spirit should they be marked by?

Ver. 9, 10. What Popish practice does this explicitly condemn? [Besides Popish titles, it condemns also the practice of leaning unduly, in religious matters, upon the authority of any one man.]

Ver. 11, 12. See before, ch. xviii. 1–14.

DUTY.—Honesty to be Practised.

Gen. xxiii.; xliii. Exod. xx. Prov. xi. Isa. lviii. Micah vi. Eph. iv. 1 Thess. iv.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XII.

JOASH.—2 KINGS xi.

WHOSE son was Joash? [The son of Ahaziah, king of Judah.] Was he a good king? 2 Kings viii. 26, 27. How did he die? chap. ix. 27. Who should have succeeded him? [His eldest son.] But who did succeed? [His mother, Athaliah.] What kind of a woman was she? 2 Chron. xxiv. 7. What was the first thing she did after her son was killed? ver. 1. What made her do such a wicked and cruel thing? [That she might be queen.]

Who was the baby among the king's sons? [Joash.] Would Athaliah have wished to kill him also? Who did God permit to save him? [His aunt, Jehosheba.] How did she save him? ver. 2. How was this not found out by Athaliah? [She forgot about the baby, or supposed that he was killed along with his brothers and sisters.] Who was the husband of Jehosheba? 2 Chron. xxii. 11. What kind of man was he? [Very good, and superior in every way.] Where did he and Jehosheba think their little nephew would be safest? ver. 3. Why? [Because the wicked queen would come very seldom to the house of God.]

What other child have we read of, who was taken when very young to live in the house of the Lord? Would Joash be employed among the priests, and seen by the people, as little Samuel was? [No; he and his nurse would be kept very quiet and concealed.] What would his aunt and uncle try to do for him? [To teach him all that so young a child could learn, especially about God and holy things.] What did they hope he would some day be? [King of Judah.]

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Why did they expect this? [Because God had promised it to David.] 1 Chron. xvii. 11–27; 1 Kings xi. 36. What should their faith teach us? [To trust that God will fulfil all his promises.]

How long was Joash hid in the temple? Was he a good child? [He seemed to be so.] But was his heart really made new, like Samuel's? [No.] How do we know this? [From his conduct when he grew up.]

When he was seven years old, what did his uncle determine to do? [To tell the people that the young prince was alive, and to proclaim him king.] How would he know it was time for this? [Probably God told him, and he would also see how the people were weary of the wicked queen's government.] Was not this very dangerous for Jehoiada to do? What gave him courage? [Faith in God's promises to David. 2 Chron. xxiii. 3.] Did he set about it in a rash manner? [No, with great wisdom and prudence.] What may we learn from this? [To try to do good things in a wise way.] Whom does he ask to help him? [The principal men in the kingdom, and the Levites. 2 Chron. xxiii. 1, 2.] Would not they greatly rejoice when they heard that they had still a lawful king? What does Jehoiada give them? ver. 10. What did he charge them to do? [To keep watch over the temple and the young king, ver. 5–8.] What did Jehoiada do then? ver. 11, 12.

If Jehoiada had been a wicked, ambitious man, what would he have done? [He would have proclaimed his wife queen, because she was of the royal family, and made himself king.] What lesson may we learn from his conduct, and from this first part of the story of Joash? [The duty of all good subjects to their lawful rulers.] What does the Bible say about this? Prov. xxiv. 21; Matt. xxii. 21; Rom. xiii. 1–5; 1 Peter ii. 13, 14, 17. When we say or sing, *God save the Queen*, what should we feel? [A real desire that God may bless our good Queen with all good things in this life, defend her from all her enemies, and save her soul at last.]

God bless our noble Queen!
Long live our gracious Queen!
God save the Queen!
Grant her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Precept.—My son, fear thou the Lord and the king. Prov. xxiv. 21.

Promise.—Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same. Rom. xiii. 3.

Prayer.—Our Father which art in heaven, we thank thee for all thy kind care for us when we were helpless infants, and for all thy goodness in watching over us, in saving us from all dangers to this day. We thank thee for giving us kind relations and friends to take care of us, and teach us, and for the good rulers and magistrates who rule over us in this Christian land. O Lord, bless our Queen and all her family. Make us faithful and loyal subjects to our earthly Sovereign; but above all, make us fear and honour thee our God; and let Jesus reign as King in our hearts, and subdue all our sinful feelings and tempers to holy obedience. Forgive us, and hear us, for his sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—BRYAN RICHARDS.

Bryan Richards' mother was very glad when God gave him to her, a baby boy, her first child.

As day by day he grew larger and wiser, he was a great joy to her; but when he began to walk and talk, she was often grieved to see that her little boy was determined to have his own way in everything. Still, she thought that when he was older she could teach him to pray daily to "our Father" in heaven, and to love to fulfil God's holy will, rather than his own.

As she looked at his beautiful face, his large blue eyes, and soft fair curls, she thought there had never lived a finer boy than hers. "The delight of my eyes," she called him.

When Bryan was two years old, a little girl was born to be his sister. Bryan was pleased; and as his good mother thanked God for her children, she hoped that she might live to teach them to love Him. But it was not God's good pleasure that these little children should enjoy the blessing of a fond and pious mother's watchful care in their childhood; for, when Susie was a year old, their mother died.

After his mother died, Bryan, who had become very delicate, was very much petted by his father. Bryan's father dearly loved his little son, but he did not love God, and he did not teach his son to love and fear him.

Bryan was quite reserved. He very seldom spoke, unless he was asked a question; but he always followed his own will. He was not otherwise a bad boy. He was only self-willed. He often did very odd things. I can relate but one of them. When he was about fourteen years old, he began to play truant from school. For a long time he played truant; and his father, whose profession required his absence from home a great part of the time, knew nothing of it. At length the master of the school called on Mr. Richards, and told him that, weeks before, Bryan had removed his books, and had said that he was not going to school any more.

Mr. Richards was very much surprised. He called Bryan, and told him that he must go to school. Bryan replied very quietly and doggedly that he would not study any more, and that he *would not* go to school. What he had done with his books he would not tell.

His sister, whom he loved as much as he loved any one, begged him to tell her what he had done with his books.

"Well," said he, "if you *will* know, *I buried them!*"

"O Bryan," said his sister, "do tell me where you buried them. They will be ruined."

"Oh," said he, "they're ruined already. I buried them in the grave-yard."

There in the grave-yard, where his good mother lay sleeping, this strange boy had buried his books. He never went to school again. He said that he would do as he pleased; and from that time he did.

Perhaps some of you think that Bryan must have been very happy in following his own will; but we are taught that it is not good for us to please ourselves, and that we can only be happy when we study in all things to obey the will of God. I will tell you more about Bryan Richards

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and you shall judge for yourselves whether his *independence* led him to happiness or misery.

As he would not study, he became a gunsmith. He was an excellent workman, and earned good wages. He would work until he had collected a considerable sum. Then he would leave his work, and drink, and shoot, and squander his money, until none was left. He was very generous in his way, and it soon vanished. When it was all gone, he would work again, and save his earnings to spend in the same way.

His father had become a pious man, and it grieved him sadly to see his son acting so recklessly. He often talked very seriously to him, and urged him to be a sober Christian man; but he produced no impression. Bryan hardened his heart. He would do as he pleased.

When he was about twenty years old his father died. A year after his father's death, when Bryan had just reached manhood, he was coming home one evening intoxicated. His path lay along a railroad embankment, which was a stone wall, forty feet above the bank of a beautiful river. It was a lovely spot, overhung by wild mountains forming some of the most beautiful scenery of which our magnificent country can boast.

On the edge of this embankment Bryan stumbled and fell, and was found dead the next morning, on the sandy shore of the river.

I have told you a true story. Bryan would not obey his father. He would not obey his God. He would do as he pleased. And so ended the life of this *independent boy*.

"*He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy.*"

II.—LITTLE ALICE; OR, KILLING FOLKS IN OUR HEART.

Alice was the youngest of a large circle of brothers and sisters. She was the pet; but she was not a spoiled pet, wilful and selfish, as pets are apt to be. She had a mother who made her children not only love, but revere and obey her. She was a praying mother, whose heart's desire was, both by precept and example, to lead her little ones to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." The Holy Spirit owned this mother's efforts, and the eldest four were numbered among the children of God.

Alice was now five years old; and could you have seen her in company with her cousin Ruth, her playmate and schoolmate, as they dressed dolls or skipped off to school, you would have said, Surely peace and love dwell in the bosoms of these little ones.

One night when it was Alice's bed-time, she had no mind to go to bed. Sarah said, "Come, Alice, I will go up with you, for mother is engaged, you know."

Alice sat still on the cricket, looking down very sadly. She had scarcely tasted her bread and milk. "I am not a bit hungry," she said, shoving away the bowl.

"Do you feel sick?" asked Sarah.

"No, I am not sick," she answered.

Again Sarah took her hand to lead her up stairs. "I wish mother would," said Alice; "I had a great deal rather mother would to-night."

Sarah told her that her mother had company, and could not be spared; then she was led away, but slowly and unwillingly. As Sarah undressed her, she saw tears flowing down her cheeks.

"What is the matter, Alice? Tell me, child, what ails you," cried her sister anxiously.

But Alice gave no reason, nor made a complaint, she only sighed. When it was time for her to kneel down by her little bed to pray, as her habit was, Alice knelt and bowed her head, but no words issued from her lips. Sarah thought this was strange. Then she arose and crept into bed, so silent, so sad, so tearful, that Sarah became frightened. When she went down stairs, and joined the company below, she watched an opportunity of mentioning the matter to her mother.

"I will run up directly and see what ails the child," said she.

"Why, she is not sick, mother," said Sarah; "only it seems as if something were on her mind."

Nor was it long before the mother escaped from the parlour and went to the chamber of her little one. As she trod the entry softly, lest Alice might then have fallen asleep, she listened and heard a low crying.

"My child," said the mother tenderly, stooping down to her bedside, "what troubles you? tell me."

"O mother, I am so glad you have come!" cried Alice, uncovering her head and seizing her mother's hand; "I can never go to sleep. O mother, *I have killed Ruth in my heart to-day*—I did;" and the tears flowed afresh. "She got angry, and I wished she were dead. I can't ask God's forgiveness till I've made up with Ruth. He won't hear me, for my heart had hatred in it, and not love. O mother!" and the little child seemed broken in heart. Her mother tried to comfort her; but there lay the cold, heavy weight of sin upon her bosom.

"Oh, if I could only see Ruth, and we could make up, then I could pray," she cried piteously. "Can't I go to Ruth's house?"

The mother thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, my child, you shall go;" for she well knew no more important business could claim her attention than helping her child through the thorny passes of the "narrow way."

Alice's father was called, who, wrapping the weeping Alice in a blanket, (it was summer-time,) carried her to the home of cousin Ruth, whose door was next their own. She was taken to Ruth's bed-side. It was a touching scene,—the confession, the prayer for forgiveness, the kiss of reconciliation; then laying her head on her father's shoulder, she asked to be carried home.

Once more in her chamber, Alice again knelt down and prayed God to forgive her for the sin of hating Ruth. "Give me love in my heart," she cried earnestly, "because God is love, and because it was love that made Jesus Christ die on the cross for us; give me love, for I want to be like Jesus Christ; keep me from hating and killing anybody in my heart."

Thus prayed the little Alice. Oh, what a prayer and conflict! Sin and conscience, love and hatred had been fighting in her bosom. Alas! in the bosoms of how many children does hatred conquer love, does sin put out the light of conscience! In Alice love gained the mastery. Love to God in Christ, love to our fellows, love to do right, it is *this love* which makes us children of God: it is hatred, and anger, and strife which show us to be children of the devil. How many children who read this can remember hating and killing people in their hearts! Have you been sorry for it, and begged to be forgiven? If not, does it not show that you are far, far from God and holy things.—*Mrs. H. C. Knight.*

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III.—BE PUNCTUAL.

PUNCTUALITY may be considered a debt. If we have made an engagement with a person to meet him at an exact time, we owe it to him not to hinder him from fulfilling some other engagement, or from entering on some important labour.

Some of the most eminent men have been very remarkable for this excellence of punctuality. Melancthon, the friend of Martin Luther, not only fixed the hour, but the very minute of his engagements, and expressed his grief when his friends disappointed him. George the Third often refused to see those, even on important business, who came a few minutes beyond the specified period. Lord Nelson used to say that he owed all his honours to his rigid punctuality. And the illustrious Washington was as remarkable as any of these great personages, and with great dignity would reprove those who failed in the duty. We once knew an eminent Christian minister who was remarkable for attention to his engagements; and when the clock had once struck and he was absent from his post, every one said, "The clock is too fast"—which really proved to be the case.

A poor Sunday-school boy was an apprentice, and for several years passed a certain store every morning as the neighbouring church clock struck six, at which time a very precise old merchant always took down the shutters of his store. Each bowed as Joseph passed—each giving the salutation, "Good morning, sir;" beyond which they never spoke to each other. What, think you, was Joseph's surprise when he learned that the old gentleman had suddenly died, and left him his whole business and stock! By this punctuality our young friend came into the possession of property which ultimately grew to nearly a quarter of a million, with which, it is pleasant to add, he did a vast amount of good. *Be punctual.—Child's Paper.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE—HOW IT WORKS.

DR. JOHN GODMAN was an eminent anatomist and naturalist, who, dying at the early age of thirty-one, had already made himself distinguished through the country.

For the greater part of his life he was avowedly an infidel of the French school, rejecting the Bible, and blind to the wonderful proofs furnished by his profession of the existence, power, and wisdom of God. But while lecturing, only three years before his death, to his medical class, he was called to the sick-bed, and, as it proved, the dying-bed of one of his students who was a Christian. Visiting this young man repeatedly, and witnessing his joyous anticipations of heaven, and his triumph over death, he saw what, as a sceptic, he was unable to comprehend. His philosophy could not explain it. He turned to the Bible, and there the secret was unfolded. There he found that Christ was the conqueror of death, and that to the believer in Him its sting is taken away.

Now Dr. Godman turned to the *study* of the Scriptures, and soon found joy and peace in believing; so that, when he finished his course, commending his little family to the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God and portion, with uplifted eyes and a beaming countenance he resigned his spirit to the Redeemer, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Before this, however, in the last sickness of his friend Dr. Judson,—who, though a brother of the devoted missionary, was an open infidel,—Dr. Godman addressed to him a letter, which was the means of his conversion. "Philosophy," he says in that letter still extant, "is a fool, and pride a madman. Many persons die with what is called manly firmness; they put on as smooth a face as they can, to impose on the spectators, and die firmly. But this is all deception. The true state of their minds at the very time, in nine cases out of ten, is worse than the most horrible imaginings of hell itself. But the man who dies as a man ought to die, is the humble-minded believing Christian. He does not die manfully (in the world's sense of that term), but he rests lovingly and reverently on Jesus.

Dr. Judson also, pointed by this letter to the only Saviour, died in the faith; and through the testimony of *his* death, one other at least was pointed to the cross of Christ, and led to rest all his hopes upon it. And perhaps this written and published testimony may point some wandering soul to the Lamb of God. Are *you*, my reader, prepared for death? On what foundation are you building against that hour?—*Amer. Messenger.*

II.—"O HOW LOVE I THY LAW!"

"I ADORE the fulness of the Scriptures," was the exclamation of Tertullian,—"in which posture of holy admiration," said Dr. Owen, "I desire my mind may be found while I am in this world."

"What do I not owe to the Lord," writes Henry Martyn, "for permitting me to take a part in the translation of his word? Never did I see such wonders, and wisdom, and love, in the blessed book, as since I have been obliged to study every expression; and it is a delightful reflection, that death cannot deprive us of the pleasure of studying its mysteries."

The same testimony was given by a kindred spirit employed in the same work. Shortly before his death, Dr. Buchanan, giving to a friend some details of his laborious revisions of his Syriac Testament, suddenly stopped, and burst into tears. On recovering himself he said, "I am not ill, but I was completely overcome with the recollection of the delight which I have enjoyed in this exercise. At first I was disposed to shrink from the task as irksome, and apprehended that I should find even the Scriptures pall by the frequency of this critical examination. But so far from it, every fresh perusal seemed to throw fresh light on the word of God, and to convey additional joy and consolation to my mind." "How delightful," observes his biographer, "is the contemplation of a servant of Christ thus devoutly engaged in his heavenly Master's work, almost to the very moment of his transition to the divine source of light and truth itself!"

III.—TRUE NOBILITY.

WHEN the female martyr Agatha was upbraided because, being descended of an illustrious parentage, she stooped to mean and humble offices for the relief of her fellow-believers. "Our nobility," she replied, "lies in this—that we are the servants of Christ." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

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WILLIE WATSON.*

IT is now fifty years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to his native place, a sea-port town in the north of Scotland. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval; and there was little known regarding him on his return, except that when he had quitted town many years before, he had been a neat-handed, excellent workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet, decent lad. And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, a more thorough master of his trade than before. He was quiet and unobtrusive, too, as ever, and a great reader of serious books. And so the better sort of the people were beginning to draw to Willie by a kind of natural sympathy. Some of them had learned to saunter into his workshop in the long evenings, and some had grown bold enough to engage him in serious conversation, when they met him in his solitary walks; when out came the astounding fact—and, important as it may seem, the simple-minded mechanic had taken no pains to conceal it—that during his residence in the south country he had left the Kirk, and gone over to the Baptists. There was a sudden revulsion of feeling towards him, and all the people of the town began to speak of Willie Watson as "a poor lost lad."

The "poor lost lad," however, was unquestionably a very excellent workman; and as he made neater shoes than anybody else, the ladies of the place could see no great harm in wearing them. He was singularly industrious, too, and indulged in no expense, except when he now and then bought a good book, or a few flower-seeds for his garden. He was, withal, a single man, with only an elderly sister, who lived with him, and himself to provide for; and what between the regularity of his gains on the one hand, and the moderation of his desires on the other, Willie, for a person in his sphere of life, was in easy circumstances. It was found that all the children in the neighbourhood had taken a wonderful fancy to his shop. He was fond of telling them good little stories out of the Bible, and of explaining to them the prints which he had pasted on the walls. Above all, he was anxiously bent on teaching them to read. Some of their parents were poor, and some of them were careless; and he saw that unless they learned their letters from him, there was little chance of their ever learning them at all. Willie, in a small way, and to a very small congregation, was a kind of missionary; and what between his stories and his pictures, and his flowers and his apples, his labours were wonderfully successful. Never yet was school or church half so delightful to the little men and women of the place as the shop of Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Years of scarcity came on; taxes were high, and crops not abundant; and the soldiery abroad, whom the country had employed to fight in the great revolutionary war, had got an appetite at their work, and were consuming a great deal of meat and corn. The price of the boll rose tremendously, and many of the town's-people, who were working for very little, were not in every case secure of their little when the work was done. Willie's small congregation began to find that the times were exceedingly bad. There were no more morning *pieces* among them, and the porridge was always less than enough. It was observed, however, that in the midst of their distresses Willie got in a large stock of meal, and that his sister had begun to bake as if she were making ready for a wedding. The children were wonderfully interested in the work, and watched it to the end—when, lo! to their great and joyous surprise, Willie began and divided the whole baking amongst them! Every member of his congregation got a cake; there were some, who had little brothers and sisters at home, who got two; and from that day forward, till times got better, none of Willie's young people lacked their morning *piece*. The neighbours marvelled at Willie: to be sure, much of his goodness was a kind of natural goodness; but certain it was, that, independently of what it did, he took an inexplicable delight in the Bible and in religious meditation; and all agreed that there was something strangely puzzling in the character of "the poor lost lad."

We have alluded to Willie's garden. Never was there a little bit of ground better occupied—it looked like a piece of rich needlework. He had got wonderful flowers, too—flesh-coloured carnations streaked with red, and roses of a rich golden yellow. Even the commoner varieties—auriculas and anemones, and the party-coloured polyanthus—grew better with Willie than with anybody else. A Dutchman might have envied him his tulips, as they stood, row above row, on their elevated beds, like so many soldiers on a redoubt; and there was one mild drooping season, in which two of these beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, and of different colours too, sprung apparently from the same stem. The neighbours talked of them as they would have talked of the Siamese twins; but Willie, though it lessened the wonder, was at pains to show them that the flowers sprung from different roots, and that what seemed their common stem was in reality but a green hollow sheath formed by one of the leaves. Proud as Willie was of his flowers—and with all his humility he could not help

* The perusal of the story of "The Ragged School Teacher," given at page 137, forcibly reminded us of the following exquisite little sketch from the pen of the lamented Hugh Miller. It being about fourteen years since the sketch appeared in print, it will doubtless be new to many thousands of our readers.

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being somewhat proud of them—he was yet conscientiously determined to have no miracle among them, unless, indeed, the miracle should chance to be a true one. It was no fault of Willie's that all his neighbours had not as fine gardens as himself—he gave them slips of his best flowers, flesh-coloured carnations, yellow rose, and all; he grafted their trees for them, too, and taught them the exact time for raising their tulip roots, and the best mode of preserving them. Nay, more than all this, he devoted whole hours at times to give the finishing touches to their parterres and borders, just in the way a drawing-master lays in the last shadings and imparts the finer touches to the landscapes of a favourite pupil. All seemed impressed with the unselfish kindliness of his disposition; and all agreed that there could not be a warmer-hearted man or a more obliging neighbour than Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Everything earthly must have its last day. Willie was rather an elderly than an old man, and the childlike simplicity of his tastes and habits made people think of him as younger than he really was; but his constitution, never a strong one, was gradually failing; he lost strength and appetite, and at length there came a morning on which he could no longer open his shop. He continued to creep out at noon, however, for a few days after, to enjoy himself among his flowers, with only the Bible for his companion; but in a few days more he had declined so much lower, that the effort proved too much for him, and he took to his bed. The neighbours came flocking in; all had begun to take an interest in poor Willie; and now they had learned that he was dying, and the feeling had deepened immensely with the intelligence. They found him lying in his neat little room, with a table bearing the one beloved volume, drawn in beside his bed. He was the same quiet, placid creature he had ever been—grateful for the slightest kindness, and with a heart full of love for all—full to overflowing. He said nothing of the Kirk, and nothing of the Baptists; but earnestly did he urge on his visitors the one master-truth of revelation. O to be secure of an interest in Christ! there was nothing else, he assured them, that would stand them in the least stead, when, like him, they came to die. As for himself, he had not a single anxiety; God, for Christ's sake, had been kind to him during all the long time he had been in the world; and he was now kindly calling him out of it. Whatever he did to him was good, and for his good; and why, then, should he be anxious or afraid? The hearts of Willie's visitors were touched, and they could no longer speak or think of him as "the poor lost lad."

A few short weeks went by, and Willie had gone the way of all flesh. There was silence in his shop, and his flowers opened their breasts to the sun, and bent their heads to the bee and butterfly, with no one to take note of their beauty, or to sympathize in the delight of the little winged creatures that seemed so happy among them. There was many a wistful eye cast at the closed door and melancholy shutters, by the members of Willie's congregation—and they could all point out his grave. Need we point out the *rationale* of the story, or the moral which it carries? Willie had quitted the north country a respectable Presbyterian, but it was not until after meeting in the south with some pious Baptists that he had become vitally religious. The peculiarities of Baptist belief had no connection whatever with his conversion; higher and more generally entertained doctrines had been rendered efficient to that end; but, as is exceedingly common in such cases, he had closed with the entire theological code of the men who had been instrumental in the work; and so, to the place which he had left an unconverted Presbyterian he returned a converted Baptist. Certain it was, however—though until after his death his town's-men failed to apprehend it—that Willie was better fitted for Christian union with the truly religious portion of them in the later than in the earlier stages of his career. Willie the Presbyterian was beyond comparison less their Christian brother than Willie the Baptist—maugre their diversity of opinion on one important point. And in course of time they all lived to see it. We may add that, of all the many arguments promulgated in favour of toleration and Christian union in this northern town, there were none that told with better effect than the arguments furnished by the life and death of Willie Watson—"the poor lost lad."

FAMILY GLEANINGS.

I.—LITTLE KINDNESSES.

We err by omitting cheap acts of beneficence in our daily walk and among our hourly companionship. The web of a merciful life is made up of these slender threads. This is a secret oftener learned by woman than by man.

The husband is used to a wholesale business. By the utterance of a few syllables on 'Change he finds himself richer by thousands. He writes ten letters on a slip of paper, and goes home heavier by a complete fortune. He has done a day's work. He can make a long interval. So in his charities; he takes a tithe of the tithe of half his nett income and builds an orphan-house. His soul is refreshed; he has done a great work.

The wife sits at home. She is employed in a series of continually-repeated acts, any one of which is almost inappreciable. Her steps are many, up and down flights of stairs. Her sphere of housewifery comprises multiform particulars. "She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." Who can keep the tally of all those quick passes of her nimble needle? Her aggregate of human activity is the sum of small increments. She acquires a habit of thinking that innumerable littles will in time amount to something great. She generalizes her law and gives it a moral turn, holding that a thousand very minute kindnesses go for something in the sum total of benefaction. If she cannot rear an asylum, she can wipe away a tear. If her

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lord comes home to dinner weary and pettish, after some exhausting deed of love, she can bear his glance with a meek and quiet spirit, which he will remember by-and-by. "In her tongue is the law of kindness." Great men may learn philosophy from good women. Our days would be sad, indeed, if every one were lost which did not contain some great, signal action, fit to be written down in chronicles, or honoured by a presentation of plate with letters and dinner-speeches. It is a remarkable point in the awards of the judgment-day, that those who are to enter into the joy of their Lord seem never to have kept any diary of their good works, or digested any statistical table of their visits, or held any anniversaries whereon to enumerate their deeds of mercy. "Lord, *when* saw we thee an hungered or athirst?" Yet they had not lost their days. God remembers what they forget, even to the minutest good deed.

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 'twill fall
Like choicest music."

Though external beneficence, or what is called charity, is not the whole duty of man—a truth to be maintained with constancy in our busy, boastful, external age—it is still true that our Christianity must be continually transpiring in deeds, words, and, what is often more precious, looks of love, as the aroma of the flower-bed fills the air at all hours. And sincere Christianity is perpetually showing its inward virtue in this breathing out of love. A child of grace cannot lie on a bed of illness, in the most retired chamber of the house, without sending forth a secret efficacy towards the real happiness of fellow-creatures. Humble, patient, self-distrusting sufferer! thy day is not lost! Those wishes which lack outward instruments break forth with wings of prayer, fly up heavenward, and command showers of blessing. Those touching looks of sympathy and pity send a thrill of electric influence, invisible to thee, but often mighty through God to lessen grief, and, what is better, to increase piety. Thy day is not lost if it is pervaded with holy love.—*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

II.—THE HOME MISSION.

If that citizen is thought to have made a valuable contribution to the strength of his country who gives her a group of healthy, stalwart, courageous sons for her armies—so that the civil law gave peculiar immunities to him who was the father of *three sons*—how much more shall HE be reckoned a benefactor who leaves behind him a whole family of children trained to wisdom and exercised in godliness! Increase of population may be only the increase of idleness, ignorance, vice, pauperism, and disease; but increase of *trained Christians*—of sons like young olive-trees, of daughters like palace-marbles—will be the security of good institutions. Hence, the very noblest field of every patriotic and Christian exertion is that which is nearest—THE HOME-FIELD. Though you dwell in a cottage, a garret, or a cellar, yet, if you have around you sons and daughters, you have the materials for a structure which shall be going up when you shall have departed. You have the soldiers for that great battle which is yet to be fought. Never complain of inability to do good if you have children whom you may benefit. You perhaps too much limit your hopes as to what may be their capacity of mind and heart. They may rise immensely above anything you have yourself reached, and all that your sanguine heart has dreamed. In old age you may behold them able warriors for Christ, when your own right hand shall have almost lost its cunning. And what can be more cheering to Christian old age than to be sustained and comforted in the battles of the Lord by the more vigorous arms of sons and grandsons? I have somewhere read of an event in the old chronicles of England, which is full of romantic interest. One of the kings was passing through a city, on his way to the wars, when an aged knight came to meet him, accompanied by his *eight* sons, all of whom he consecrated to the military service of his prince. Happy are those fathers who, when seated at the table of Christ, can look around them and behold their sons ready to take their places! Happy are those *sons* who early and nobly stand by their parents, to take from their trembling hands the standard which they have loved to bear! There is nothing we can give to Christ which is so precious as our children.—*Ibid.*

III.—"THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

"You ask me why it is that the children of many godly parents do not turn out as Mrs. R——'s. And then you, in a great measure, make answer yourself by adding—'In my case I know I do not ask without wavering.' Ah, my friend, I am thankful to find you do not charge God foolishly, or attribute unfaithfulness to him. Here is one fruitful source of incalculable evil—'Staggering at the promises.' But must I add, that while some expect too little, others expect too much?—that is, they expect the promises to flow down in a channel through which God has declared they shall not flow, and look for mercy where they have a right only to look for judgment. When I see parents honouring their children more than God, consulting their wills instead of his, and seeking their pleasure more than his honour, I see, indeed, a promise for them, but it is one the bare whisper of which should make both our tears tingle—'They that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.' This at once unties every knot, unravels every tangle in the dismal histories of our Elis and Davids. In some cases, indeed, mercy rejoices over judgment, and having used the child as a smart rod for the foolish parent, the Lord causes it to bud, and blossom, and bear fruit; but there is frequently a want of mellowness about such fruit, which seems to point to a better-pruned tree, and say, 'It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' If there is one point I peculiarly aim at in the training of children, for giving a right tone to the mind, it is this, 'Not answering again;' but I would earnestly look to be well drilled in this in my heavenly Father's school, meekly taking every command with a 'Whatsoever he saith to you, do it.'

"Thus receiving the law at his mouth, I would speak to my child as one having authority, not suffering room for the shadow of a thought that such authority might be for one moment disputed, or leaving a crevice to that abomination of the present day: 'The child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient.'

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"The summary of perfect filial obedience was once, and only once, exemplified, and in how few words it is comprised! —'Was subject unto them.' . . . . Not kept under by a threatening which only provokes to wrath, nor yielding a cringing body to conceal an unyielding mind; but the steady, cheerful, subjection of a well-trained soul, happy in complying with what it has never once questioned the wisdom of. I know few duties which call for such hourly self-denial as those of a parent. The strong yearnings of nature plead powerfully, and cry for this and the other indulgence, 'Is it not a little one?' I can scarcely tell you the pain I have felt sometimes in denying only a cake to a child, especially when the loveliness of 'not answering again' has drawn forth all my love; but having once convinced them that it is love that withholds it, I am always well repaid in getting a great interest upon the self-denying efforts of love."—*Helen Plumptre.*

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XL.—WOES DENOUNCED AGAINST THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES—FINAL WARNING AND LAMENT OVER JERUSALEM.

MATT. xxiii. 13–39.

Woes Denounced.—Ver. 13. In what sense did the scribes and Pharisees "shut up" the kingdom of heaven? See Luke xi. 52. What is meant by "the key of knowledge?" [Knowledge of the Scriptures—the right interpretation of the word of God, especially regarding Messiah; they would neither use the Scriptures aright themselves, nor suffer others to do so.]

Ver. 14. What led them to attack the houses (or property) of *widows?* When persons are weak and defenceless, how ought we to treat them? Isa. i. 17. Why did they make long prayers? What was to be their doom? [Observe, persons may have the reputation of being men of prayer, whom God detests for their greed, hard-heartedness, and injustice. See Matt. vii. 21.]

Ver. 15. Who were their *proselytes?* [Persons brought over by them from the heathen to the Jewish observances.] What was their general character? [They were notorious for wickedness. They made the profession of Judaism for some worldly end; they were doubly children of hypocrisy, and so children of hell.]

Ver. 16–22. Observe, Christ here exposes the *blindness and folly* of these teachers of the people; they were alike *stupid* and *guilty*—utterly unfit for their office.] What distinctions did they make as to oaths? To what use did they turn the distinction? [They would deceive people by *seeming* to take an oath—swearing, for example, by the temple; but in their view that was no oath.] What showed the absurdity of these distinctions? [They made *inanimate things* the witnesses of their oaths, forgetful that only the living God could be the witness, and that the temple and altar derived all their sacredness from their connection with Him.] What did Christ formerly teach as to oaths and swearing in general? Matt. v. 34–37.

Ver. 23. What kind of herbs are those here mentioned? [Very trifling; but the Pharisees, in their over-scrupulosity about small matters, were most careful to pay tithes of them.] What are the three great and truly noble things which they neglected? Who are really the most religious persons in the world? Are there any yet who are very scrupulous about little outward points of religious observance, but deficient in justice, mercy, and faith?

Ver. 24. "Strain at (out) a gnat," referring to the practice of filtering wine, &c., so as to separate insects from it; what is the meaning of this proverb? [Carefully avoiding smaller outward sins; recklessly indulging in great inward sins.]

Ver. 25–28. [Christ here more fully rebukes the spirit of outward observance and inward corruption.] What practice as to *tombs* is alluded to in ver. 27? [They were accustomed once a-year to whiten their tombs and vaults, in order both to give them an elegant appearance, and to prevent persons from accidentally treading on them and acquiring uncleanness.]

Ver. 29–32. How comes it that prophets and other good men have been so often hated by their own generation, but respected afterwards by the very same class of people? [Good men are always hated by those *whose sins they reprove.* The forms and aspects of sin vary from age to age; therefore the ungodly do not always feel that the good men of former ages *were reproving them.* The Berlenberger Bible says here, "Ask in Moses' times who were the good people; they will be Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but not Moses,—he should be stoned. Ask in Samuel's times who were the good people; they will be Moses and Joshua, but not Samuel. Ask in the times of Christ who were such; they will be all the former prophets, with Samuel, but not Christ and his apostles."] Is it enough to show that we are in a right state, that we have a great veneration for the good men of former days?

Ver. 33. Who had formerly made use of the same epithet? Matt. iii. 7. Had they then been improved by all the labours of John and Jesus? What did they seem to be rushing upon? [Think of their miserable condition,—see to what an awful pitch of hardness the heart may come; therefore "*watch and pray.*"]

Final Warning.—Ver. 34. [Observe how Christ here speaks as Head of the Church and Lord of Providence—a beautiful evidence of his conscious divinity.] Who were these "prophets, wise men, and scribes?" [The apostles, deacons, and Christian teachers; such as James, Stephen, Barnabas, Paul, Apollos.]

Ver. 35. What is meant by "righteous blood?" And what by that blood "coming on" the Jews? Why was "all the righteous blood shed upon the earth" to come on them? [*In spirit,* they had been guilty of shedding all.] Who was Zacharias? See 2 Chron. xxiv. 20, 21. [He is called there the son of Jehoiada—here, of Barachias; some think his father had both names.]

Ver. 36. To what event does this mainly refer? [The coming destruction of Jerusalem.] Would this be understood by Christ's hearers? [Probably; for the Jews had a tradition that the blood of Zacharias was never washed out, till Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar.]

Ver. 37. [It is superfluous to point out the singular beauty of this verse. It is pre-eminently Christ-like; he had been exposing all the outrageous wickedness of Jerusalem, and now his heart pours out a flood of tenderness! This shows how all the stern truths of this chapter were yet spoken in love. What a rare and lovely spirit! What an example for us!] What had our Lord wished to do for Jerusalem? Was

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this a single wish, or merely occasional, or what? What is taught us in the figure selected here? [Not only Christ's tender care and love, but his willingness to bear the brunt of danger for them.] Whose fault was it that they were lost? And still, when sinners are lost, who is to blame?

Ver. 38. What is meant by "your house?" [City, temple, home, property, all.]

Ver. 39. What does he mean by "ye shall not see me henceforth?" [See me *as you have seen me;* a healer, teacher, deliverer, saviour.] Have the Jews as a nation ever yet said these words? When shall they? Rom. xi. 26. [Think what that nation has suffered for eighteen centuries through its neglect of Christ! In their woes we have a type of the misery of hell, where neglect of Christ must meet its full and final reward. Heb. ii. 3.]

DUTY.—Truth is to be spoken.

Exod. xx. Joshua vii. Prov. vi. Prov. xiv. Eph. iv. Col. iii. 1 Peter iii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XIII.

JOASH—*continued.*—2 CHRON. xxiii.

WERE the people of Judah very glad when they heard that they had still a young king alive? ver. 13. What did Athaliah hear? ver. 12. Where did she go to see what was the matter? What did she see? ver. 13. What did she do then? When did persons tear their clothes in those days? [When they were much distressed or shocked. Gen. xxxvii. 34; 2 Sam. i. 11; Acts xiv. 14, &c.] What did Athaliah cry out? What does *treason* mean? [Sin against a king.] What did Jehoiada order? ver. 14, 15. Was no one willing to save her? Did she deserve to be put to death? Why? [Because she was a murderer. Gen. ix. 6.]

What was little Joash now? How old was he? chap. xxiv. 1. Could a child of that age be fit to manage the kingdom? Who took charge of affairs till he was older? ver. 18–20. Did the people obey him? Why were they willing for this? [Because they respected Jehoiada so much.] What would he have been called now? [A *regent.*] What was the first thing he did? ver. 16. What is a covenant? [An agreement between two or more persons, Deut. v. 2; Josh. xxiv. 25; 1 Sam. xviii. 3.] What did Jehoiada give Joash when he was crowned king? ver. 11. What was "the Testimony?" [The written word of God, the Bible of those days.] Why was it given to the king at that time? [To show that he ought to make it his study and his guide. A Jewish king was to *write* a copy for himself (Deut. xvii. 18–20); but Joash was too young for this.] What does this teach us? [That kings and subjects alike must study and obey the Bible now, and will be judged by it at last.]

Did the young king reign well? [At first he did, 2 Kings xii. 2.] What did this show? [That he was dutiful and obedient to his uncle.] Is not it a great blessing to young persons when they have pious teachers and friends to direct them? How should they feel towards such instructors? But is it enough to do what is right because your parents and teachers desire it, and because it will please *them?* [No; we must seek to please *God* in all we do.] What did Joash do for the house and worship of God? chap. xxiv. 4, &c. Did he do this from true love to God? [No; it seems to have been chiefly to please Jehoiada.]

Did the good priest live long? chap. xxiv. 15. How was he honoured after his death? ver. 16.

Should any of us *wish* to be a king or queen? Why not? [Because they have such heavy duties and great temptations, more than persons in quiet life.] How did king Joash behave after his uncle died? [In a very sad and sinful way, chap. xxiv. 17, &c.] What did this show? [That his heart had never been truly renewed.] What led him astray? [Evil companions and worldly prosperity.] Whom did he put to death? chap. xxiv. 20, 21. Did he live to repent at last? [Not that we know of.] How did he die? chap. xxiv. 24, 25.

Do we read of any other king who began to reign almost as young? 2 Kings xxii. 1. Was *he* a good king? ver. 2. What was the difference between him and Joash? [The one sought in earnest to please the Lord, the other only did well to please men.]

What is the chief lesson from the sad end of the story of Joash? [The great sin and the sure punishment of falling back into sin after beginning to do well; and that nothing can keep us from this but a heart truly made new by the Holy Spirit.]

Then, lest my feeble steps should slide,
And wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
That I may never stray.

Precept.—Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall, 1 Cor. x. 12.

Promise.—I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me, Jer. xxxii. 40.

Prayer.—O heavenly Father, we beseech thee, for our dear Saviour's sake, to give us that true fear of thee and love for thee which will keep us from greatly sinning against thee. We often fall now before temptations; and if we live to grow old, we shall be still more tempted to sin. Make us very humble, and afraid of trusting to ourselves. O give us even now, in our early years, the new heart and the right spirit, which hates sin and loves holiness. Bless our dear parents and teachers, and make us more grateful and more obedient to them. But may thy Holy Spirit teach us to seek in all we do to please thee, and not only to please those whom we love on earth. Forgive our many sins, and hear our prayers, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—ONE WAY AND THE OTHER.

THE ONE WAY.

"FATHER," said a woman to her husband, a working-man, one morning, "the boys want new shoes."

"Want, want—always wanting!" said the man in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes; if you want them, *get* them."

"I don't know who should, if *you* can't," answered the wife, catching the spirit of her husband; and the spirit once

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caught, she carried it down stairs into the kitchen, where she quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward state. "Sally," she cried, "why in the world is not breakfast ready? the mornings are long enough."

"This awful green wood!" cried Sally, who until now had been doing her best; but catching her mistress' tone, she quite lost her temper. "The wonder is breakfast's got at all," she muttered; while her mistress went out, and little Joe came in from the wood-house.

"Tie my shoe, Sally," said he; "the string has tripped me up awfully."

"Go away," cried Sally, "and not pester me at breakfast time."

"Cross creature!" cried little Joe, pouting and pulling off his shoe, which for mischief, or not knowing what else to do, he swung at the cat lapping her milk. The shoe sent the cat one way, the cup another, and the milk in a puddle.

"You mischievous little rascal," cried Sally, giving little Joe a shake, and sending him off to the sitting-room. Joe in a terrible pet fell upon his little sister, who was playing with a woolly dog, a little toy her aunt gave her, making it bark in a wheezy tone no real dog was ever guilty of. "Give it to me," cried Joe, snatching it from her hand; whereupon Susy burst into an angry cry. Joe's mother punished him for it, and he set up a sad howl; so that by the time breakfast was ready the family sky was as dark and squally as it could well be: for crossness is catching, and "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water" (Prov. xvii. 14).

THE OTHER WAY.

"Father," said a woman to her husband one morning, "the boys want new shoes."

"Yes, I suppose it is almost time," answers the husband, "but I can't so well spare the money just now. I wonder if I could not black them nicely up, to make them answer a little longer. Let's see now."

"Do not trouble yourself with them, husband," said the wife. "Let *me* try and see what a gloss I can put on them; "maybe they'll look as good as new;" and away she tripped down stairs into the kitchen. "Sally," she said, "you are a little behind in breakfast, but I'll help you. No wonder; the green wood troubles you, I'm afraid."

"Please no," answers Sally, "I'll fetch breakfast on the table in a minute;" and Sally stirs about with cheerful briskness, while little Joe comes in and asks to have his shoe tied. "In a moment, dearie," answers Sally, "when I run down and get some kindlings; your ma' wants breakfast."

"Let *me* go," says little Joe; "I'll bring you some beauties;" and away scampers the little boy, who soon comes back with an armful. "There, Sally," he says, "won't that help you?"

"Yes, dearie," cries Sally; "now let me tie your shoe;" and while she does it, Joe is looking at pussy lapping her milk.

"Pussy's had her breakfast," said Joe, "and I'll take up her cup, lest somebody should step on it and break it. Come, pussy, go with me," and he carries her into the sitting-room. "Pussy has had her breakfast," he said to sissy; "now will she think your woolly dog a real dog? Let's show it to her."

Sissy put down her plaything, a little woolly dog, and sure enough, puss, as soon as she saw it, bushed her tail and raised up her back, just ready for a fight; but pretty soon she saw her mistake, and ran under the table, as if afraid to be laughed at. How the children did laugh; and what a pleasant breakfast that was where kindness was the largest dish: for "pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones" (Prov. xvi. 24).—*Child's Paper.*

II.—LITTLE ROBERT'S TRUST.

LITTLE ROBERT, a boy seven years old, and a younger brother and sister, were left in the care of a servant girl while their parents went to church near by, on a Sabbath evening. Neglecting her trust, the girl left them. Darkness gathered around, and they found themselves alone. Little Robert groped his way through different apartments of the house in search of her who should have been with them. Finding her not, he returned to his little brother and sister, whom he had before seen in bed, and told them not to be afraid, for he had prayed to God, and he would surely take care of them. He then lighted a candle, and the two little ones arose, and "they all prayed together," as he sweetly expressed it.

Preparing himself to go out, he told them to be quiet, as God would be with them, while he would run to the church for his father and mother. He did so. A lovely example of simple *trust* in the good providence of God. Would that children of larger growth knew more of the preciousness of such *trust*. Would that, in danger or difficulty, each of us, in child-like confidence, could look up and pray, "Father in heaven, take care of me."

III.—UP STAIRS ASLEEP.

I ONCE read a piece of poetry, written on the reply of a child to the question, "Where is your little brother?" "Oh, he is asleep up stairs in his new cradle." That baby brother was asleep, truly; but no tender caress of a mother, no glad shout of a brother, would ever wake him from his slumber. Still, as he lay sleeping in that "new cradle," he was more kindly cared for, more carefully watched, than ever before. Does not the kind Shepherd of the flock carry the lambs in his bosom? You, my little friends, have, many of you, had a darling brother or sister laid away to sleep in just *such* a cradle. You called it *death*. Why not call it, as this little child, *sleep*? True, these young sleepers did not wake on the morrow. You were told they would never open their eyes again, would never speak to you more. But on the morning of the resurrection they will wake; and, of all who sleep in Jesus, "none ever wake to weep." Do you not remember, too, that Christ himself calls death sleep? "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth."

Not many months since, I saw a beautiful baby asleep in her little crib. Her round cheek and dimpled arms would make you fancy you heard the gentle breathing; but put your hand on her forehead. The icy coldness startles you. You know then that she is sleeping her last sleep. Death had come so suddenly to her, that disease had left no mark upon her form. "Surely," I thought, as I looked at her, "we should not call it death, but quiet sleep." Minnie was a delicate flower, like the morning-glory which the children love so well. Her little life, which was so like that

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flower of a day, was one of sorrow, for a cloud rested on her home. The other flowers of the household had all been transplanted to the "fields of light."

"And the mother gave in tears and pain
The flowers she most did love:
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above."

Death is all about us. Let us be familiar with it. Let us think of it pleasantly,—not look upon it with terror. It is unforgiven guilt that makes us afraid to die. "The sting of death is *sin*." If you give yourselves soul and body to the Lord Jesus, you need not fear to lie down to sleep even in the grave. His voice will wake you, and he will take you to dwell with himself; and you remember "there is no night there."—*Evangelist.*

IV.—THE GREAT EXAMPLE.

I HAVE often thought how wonderful it is that we should have that single bit of the history of the Son of God when he was twelve years old—for twelve years is a very critical age in a boy's life. It is about the age when they begin to show their mettle (as the phrase is); and as Jesus shows as the true pattern of a boy as well as of a man, let us see what the leading spirit of it was.

On a journey from the city of Jerusalem to their home in Galilee, his parents missed him. They sought round among the crowd of travellers, and could not find him. Was Jesus lost? They turned and went back to the city, and at last found him in the temple, sitting with the learned men of the nation, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers. When his mother told him they had sought him sorrowing, he asked if she did not know he "must be about his Father's business." It was not an idle curiosity, or a wish to break away from his parents, or a desire to take things into his own hands; but that sweet spirit of obedience to his Father in heaven, already showing itself in the boy, which shaped and directed his after years. "I seek not," he says, "mine own will, but the will of the Father which sent me" (John v. 30). "My *meat*," he adds, "is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work" (John iv. 34). "I do always those things that please him" (John viii. 29).

And because he knew he was set apart to do a great work for his Father in heaven, did he refuse to go back with his mother? Oh no. He went down with his parents to Nazareth, and *was subject* to them. Obedience to home restraints and parental authority was the marked thing in his boyhood.

"Suppose," says Dr. Todd, in one of his talks to children, "that a man now could dig up from under the ruins of the old temple at Jerusalem a true and exact picture of the boy Jesus as he sat in the midst of the doctors, hearing and asking them questions, and it could be *proved* that it was an exact portrait of him, how much money men would give for that picture! It would sell for a kingdom. And yet it would not be very valuable. It would be only a curiosity. The picture would not give us so good an idea of him as this beautiful story does. This shows him—his soul, his spirit—to us just as we want to see it. If we had had a picture of Christ, we might have worshipped it; or his disciples might think they were being like him if they wore their hair as he did, or dressed as he did, or wore their beard as he did. But now we know we are not like him unless we *feel* like him, *do* like him, and *think* like him. He has left us, not his picture, nor the coat or the sandals that he wore, not a lock of hair, but something more precious. He left us his example, his beautiful example, at twelve years old."

Gently his mother took him by the hand and led him towards their humble home. Meekly and quietly he walked by her side, perhaps now and then dropping a word about the great subjects he had been talking about with the doctors.

Will a boy love to go up to the house of God and listen to the teachings of his word, and hear about the great kingdom and glory of God? Yes, if he is like Jesus.

Will a boy who knows more about some things than even his mother, be ready to obey her, and love and honour her? Yes, if he is like Jesus.

Will a boy who can converse with learned men, and even surprise them, be willing to be subject to his mother, and be to her a kind and dutiful child? Yes, if he is like Jesus Christ, our pattern, he will.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THE SEED AND THE HARVEST.

"*God's seed*," said holy Samuel Rutherford, "*will come to God's harvest.*" He expressed, in these words, his own faith, and the settled faith of the church of God. The good seed of the word may be cast into an unkindly soil; it may lie buried so long that the hope of its re-appearance may be very faint, and our expectations seem utterly vain. But the believer knows that as unseen dews are falling upon the rock, so unseen influences may descend upon the hardest heart; and, that as soft summer showers cause the springing up of the tender grass, so in some shower of heavenly grace the long-buried truth may spring up, and thus "God's seed come to God's harvest."

We have copied these words that they may meet the eyes, and encourage the hearts of laborious, discouraged Sunday-school teachers. Let this faith be fixed in the heart, and animate in all the labour, "That God's seed will come to God's harvest."

Years ago, when the writer was himself a Sunday-school boy, he was a witness to a remarkable fulfilment of this declaration of the holy man of God. As the teachers and scholars gathered one evening, they seemed to each other to wear a more serious air than usual. A hymn was sung and a prayer offered, evidently with repressed emotions. When the teachers turned to address their classes, the struggling feelings began to find vent. Tears flowed from many eyes, and the stillness of the place was disturbed by sobs and prayers. It was a *Sunday-school revival*, growing out of a great revival in the church, and very many and precious were the fruits which were then gathered. There are some faithful disciples now upon missionary ground, who were in that school on that day. Others are preaching the gospel in many parts of their native land. Others still abide in the homes and worship in the church of their fathers, and are walking as ensamples of the flock. The great day only can declare how great and blessed were the results of that Sunday-school

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revival, but its memory can never be effaced from some minds and hearts.

It was, moreover, the harvest of a long, laborious year, or rather years, of toil and anxiety. Discouragement and despondency had often been written on the faces of the teachers. A few had given up the effort, hopeless of any good. Those who struggled on seemed to grow weary, as they looked for returning fruit, and found it not. But all care, and anxiety, and labour were more than repaid by this abundant ingathering.

Let every discouraged one toil on. If others reap the harvest, let it be so. Only be sure and work in the confident assurance that sooner or later *"God's seed will come to God's harvest."—Sunday-School Times.*

II.—"WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

"To do,"—not to know, to hear, to believe, to talk of. Religion, indeed, extends to everything; but everything is not essential to it. But practice is indispensable. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "Faith without works is dead, being alone." Though a man say he hath faith, and have not works, can faith save him? Every part of the truth as it is in Jesus has a bearing upon the heart and the life of the receiver, and is according to godliness.—*Jay.*

III.—"THEY FORGAT HIS WORKS."

"THEY soon forgat His works, and waited not for his counsel" (Ps. cvi. 13). God was not behind-hand with his people. It was not so long since he had given them an experiment of his power and truth; he had but newly lent them his hand, and led them dry-shod through a sea,—with which they seemed to be much confirmed in their faith, and enlarged in their acknowledgments, when they came safe to shore. "Then believed they his words; they sang his praise." One would have thought that God's credit now would have gone for a great sum with them ever after; but it proved nothing so—they dared not trust God with so much as their bill of fare, what they shall eat and drink; and therefore it is said, "They waited not for his counsel, but lusted exceedingly in the wilderness." That is, they prevented the wisdom and providence of God, which would have provided well for them, if they could but have stayed to see how God would have spread their table for them. And why all this haste? "They forgat his works." They had lost the thankful sense of what was past, and therefore could not wait for what was to come.—*Gurnall.*

IV.—FAITH'S VICTORY.

AT the end of the road, in the midst of an orchard of apple-trees, stood the little brown house we were in search of. It was a lovely, secluded spot.

We were met at the door by a weary-looking woman, and, as we entered, the dark kitchen contrasted gloomily with the brightness without. The sick daughter, the object of our visit, was in an adjoining room. There she lay on her low bed, a woman in the prime of life, a sweet smile illumining her fair face; and, as she greeted us with a kindly, pleasant voice, she seemed a lovely type of gentle womanhood, fitted to adorn and bless a better home. We asked, and she told us of the years that she had made that room her home, and that couch her resting-place,—years of suffering; nights when she had watched for the day, and days when she had longed for the night. She spoke of agonizing pain,—of hopes of recovery one after another cut off,—of dear friends sickening, lingering, dying, and she unable to minister to a single want, or even to follow them to their last resting-place. All this was told with a calm voice, though occasionally a tear would fall, as ours fell freely at the recital.

Thus she spoke of the outer life, that visible to the looker-on, the one she was supposed to live; but she told us of another life, not one of loneliness and suffering. She made mention of strong arms underneath her in her hours of weariness, unseen to the eye of sense, but seen and felt with the vision of faith. She spoke of sympathy in suffering sweeter than the kindest earthly friend could give, of communion with her heavenly Father purer and more satisfying than earthly friendship could yield; and then she spoke of her future home,—of the friends who would welcome her,—of the Saviour, her "elder brother," who had purchased and prepared her a mansion there. As we listened to her words and saw her kindling eye, that lone room seemed a Bethel, that couch an altar; and as we knelt beside it, praises for sustaining grace outnumbered prayers for patient endurance.

Years after I found that she still lived on. To her other afflictions had been added the death of her patient, faithful mother, and the almost total loss of sight.

It was sad to see her thus,—desolate, blind, helpless. But grace never failed. As the tired labourer on his homeward path goes again and again to the fountain and finds a fresh supply, so she went to the wells of salvation, and from their inexhaustible depths drew each day, and each weary night, supplies of grace and strength.

Death came at last. One quiet summer day a few friends and neighbours gathered together to offer one prayer of thankfulness over her coffin, and then they bore it to the solitary grave-yard, and laid her beside her kindred, "in the sure and certain hope of a blessed and glorious resurrection."

V.—THE GLORIOUS HOPE.

WELL, my friend, there is a land where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." Then my eyes will not be dim nor my ear heavy, nor my heart hard.

> One sight of Jesus as he is,
> Will strike all sin for ever dead.

Blessed be his name for this glorious hope! May it cheer us under all our present uneasy feelings, and reconcile us to every cross. The way must be right, however rough, that leads to such a glorious end.

O for more of that gracious influence which in a moment can make the wilderness-soul rejoice and blossom like the rose! I want something which neither critics nor commentators can help me to. The Scripture itself, whether I read it in Hebrew, Greek, French, or English, is a sealed book in all languages, unless the Spirit of the Lord is present to expound and apply.—*John Newton.*

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THE TREASURY PULPIT.

No. X.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF FAITH.

BY ADOLPHE MONOD.

"Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."—MATT. xv. 21–28.

THERE is a faith which makes man more mighty than God. But this assertion we would not dare to make had not God himself authorized us, when he said to Jacob, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." We find in our woman of Canaan an accomplished model of this faith; and if she was not an Israelite by birth, she was truly one by sentiment. For what do we see in our text, but a struggle between the Lord and her, from which she comes forth "more than conqueror?" Let us notice the successive phases of the combat; we shall learn therefrom, in a few words, more of the power of faith than the most perfect treatise could impart.

We will begin by observing the position of this woman, and the conduct of the Lord towards her.

Doubtless the woman of Canaan believed in Jesus Christ previous to the scene narrated in our text. But how did she attain to such faith? It is well to inquire; for in her conversion may be remarked that strength of soul which triumphs over all obstacles, and such a commencement explains all that follows. She was a Gentile, as her name indicates; and had not acquired, with other Gentiles who had been converted to the Lord, such as Zaccheus, or the Centurion, the privilege of dwelling among the Jews. Thus, living at a distance from the Lord, from his disciples, and from all the privileges of Judea, she had become acquainted with the word of God only through the medium of Jewish prejudices, the fame occasioned by the Saviour's discourses, and the miracles which he had performed either for the benefit of his own people or for the good of strangers. By such insufficient means had she been led to faith. And to *what* faith, while a multitude of Jews were closing their eyes to the flood of light with which the "Word of God made flesh" was inundating them! So true it is that salvation depends less upon the position than the disposition. The Abrahams, the Rahabs, the Naamans believe, while the Caiaphases, the Judases, and the Demases harden themselves or turn aside. And we, my dear friends, are also of the number of those who have much light. Are we also among those who have much faith? Ah! if any of you complain of a want of resources, or of evidence sufficient for belief, it will not be a Peter or a Paul alone who will rise up at the last day to testify against you, but there will also appear this woman of Canaan. You cannot believe, because you will not; and that will be your condemnation.

The conduct of the Lord in the case of the woman of Canaan, is consistent with his manner of acting towards Gentiles in general, and with the particular motives for his mercy in this instance.

Jesus had come to the Gentiles, in the sense that his doctrine and his reign were to extend to all the nations. But he had come solely to the Jews, in the sense that his personal ministry was to be exercised only within the limits of Judea. It was reserved for his disciples to pass beyond these limits, and this they were to do only after he should have left the earth. Hence a double point of view, and, as it were, two distinct phases in the Lord's conduct towards the people,—so distinct, indeed, as to appear inconsistent, if his special mission is not kept continually in view. Faithful to his special mission, Jesus confined his ministry to his own country, and commanded his disciples to do the same, as long as he was with them: "These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not." Meanwhile, from time to time, he bestowed, in passing, the gifts of his grace upon Gentiles who fell in his way, and whom faith united to the people of God; and thus he indicated what he would do at some future day, and corrected mildly the prejudices of his disciples, making them familiar, by degrees, with the doctrine, so incredible to them, the calling of the Gentiles: "And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

But are these considerations sufficient to explain the attitude of the Lord in regard to the woman of Canaan? Did he not treat her with a severity, an apparent harshness, which he exhibited neither towards the Centurion, nor towards Zaccheus, nor towards any of those who had recourse to him? And does he not seem, in her case, to have divested himself of that gentleness and of that inexhaustible patience which formed the

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basis of his character? Ah! observe more closely, observe especially what St. James calls "the end of the Lord," and you will judge otherwise. Jesus assumes this inflexible air only to make his mercy more striking; while at the same time the blessing which he accorded to the woman of Canaan was the more precious and salutary, as it was more painfully bought and longer expected. Let us not forget that he who speaks here is not a man, but the Lord. He reads the heart, nay, he operates therein according to his good pleasure. Fear not that he will tempt his poor servant beyond what can be borne; while he tries him, he strengthens him, and will, in the end, give him "an issue" worthy of his fidelity. Besides, he knows with whom he has to do, and he has different ways for souls differently disposed. To the feeble he makes advances, and accommodates himself to their infirmities; the strong, it pleases him to make to wait, to withdraw from, to provoke to holy combat, in order to exercise their courage, and, at the same time, to display before the eyes of men and angels the beautiful spectacle of their victory. Thus he strengthened the faith of the woman of Canaan, while he instructed his disciples so much the more, as he had, at first, appeared to adopt their prejudices. Doubt it not; it is for choice souls, for beloved children, that he reserves these extraordinary trials. "What coldness in his language!" you say. Yes, but what love in his heart!

With this explanation, let us now see how the woman of Canaan struggles with the Lord, pursues him, if we may be permitted to speak thus, from retreat to retreat, and finishes by obliging him to say: "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Jesus often sought retirement, and for different reasons. Sometimes it was for the sake of allowing his body repose; sometimes from reasons of prudence, when desirous of avoiding the hatred of his enemies; sometimes from humility, in order to escape the applause of the multitudes; sometimes from the pious wish to apply himself to secret prayer. But at this time his reason for retirement was a special one, and closely connected with our narrative: He was approaching a country of the Gentiles, where his ministry must not be carried. St. Mark represents him as taking means to conceal himself: "And he entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but," adds the Evangelist, "he could not be hid;" and why? Because the woman of Canaan would not permit him.

This pious woman, who ardently desired to see Jesus, this sorrowing mother, who expected her daughter to be healed only through the Lord's mercy, kept her ear continually open to everything that she heard of him. While he is yet at a great distance, she receives eagerly the first noise of his approach, and no sooner is he upon the frontier of her country than she leaves her beloved daughter, and flies to seek him. But how many obstacles does she encounter! Jesus is not advancing to meet her; it is she who must go out to stop him. She is not sustained by a multitude bringing sick persons to the Lord; she is going alone in search of him. Nor has he called her to him, as he did others, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." He avoids her looks. She must force his door; must pursue him into a house where he had entered expressly to be concealed, and where he is surrounded by his disciples, by Jews filled with the pride and prejudices of their nation, and, upon this occasion, so much the more disposed to drive away a poor Gentile, as the fidelity which they owed to their Master seemed to make it a duty. Behold more than enough to discourage an ordinary soul! "The moment is not auspicious; I shall not be permitted to enter; my presence will be unwelcome; I shall be badly received; self-respect ought to restrain me." But the woman of Canaan did not make these reflections, or did not dwell upon them. An ardent desire, inspired by maternal tenderness, sustained by an unshaken confidence in the word and promises of the Lord, renders her capable of surmounting everything. The occasion seems to her propitious,—the only one, perhaps: her daughter may die; Jesus may return into Judea; to-morrow, perhaps, may be too late. She sets out; she advances; she overcomes all difficulties. How? the gospel narrative does not tell us; but here she is at the feet of the Saviour offering her petition: "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil."

Now, if the Lord was unable to conceal himself, understand that it was because he did not in reality wish to do it. He could not escape the faith of the woman of Canaan, in the same way that he could not grant anything to the incredulity of the Nazarenes, concerning which St. Mark says: "And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them: and he marvelled because of their unbelief." It is voluntarily, and without prejudice to his sovereign power, that the Lord is overcome, or rather that he suffers himself to be overcome, in the contest into which he enters with us,—whether he comes to us, and the blessings which he may bring be turned away by our unbelief; or whether he avoids us, and the blessing which he may refuse be torn from him by our faith,—it is he himself who has established this double rule, that unbelief should receive nothing, and that faith shall obtain all things.

Behold, then, the first victory of the woman of Canaan: she triumphs over the precautions of Jesus. And do you, my dear brethren, do you know, as she did, how to find the Saviour when he is concealed, and how to open a passage to him upon those gloomy occasions when obstacles of every kind accumulate upon your pathway? Or would you be of those sluggards who, not satisfied with being arrested by real difficulties, and with "not ploughing by reason of the cold," yield to imaginations, and refuse to go out for fear of "the lion that is in the street?" Go, learn what these words mean: "He that

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observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

Once in the presence of Jesus, the woman of Canaan is tranquil. He knows what efforts she has made in order to reach him. How can he send her away empty? His tenderness is well known. A mother who prays for her daughter, ought to be particularly entitled to it—especially when she asks to see that daughter delivered from a demon that afflicts her soul more than her body; doubtless the deliverance will be effected. . . . Poor Canaanite! the obstacles which thou hast overcome are small in comparison with those which thou art destined to encounter: the former were only in the external circumstances that hindered thee from approaching Jesus; now thou art about to meet with obstacles in Jesus himself. What wilt thou do when He upon whom thou hast relied for deliverance from trial, shall himself study to try thee? Jesus "answered her not a word!" This woman who has forced herself upon him is a Gentile; He suffers her to cry to him without giving to her a reply!

This silence!—ah, what contempt! what bitterness for this poor mother! If, with a denial to her prayer, she had received one word of consolation, one word of pity; but to be gazed upon in utter silence! A father solicited by a child, a master besought by a servant, even though he may not wish to gratify, will, at least, reply. The poorest reception that one can give to the prayer of the meanest of men is a word in reply. "Jesus answered the centurion—he answered the nobleman of Capernaum—he answered the leper—he answers when he grants—he answers even when he refuses—he answers all others; I am the only one to whom he answers nothing,—the only one whom he suffers to cry without some token of compassion. Is this, then, the Messiah, who 'with righteousness shall judge the poor;' who 'shall not break a bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax;' who says to the poor sinner, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me?'"

But if these doubts knock at the heart of the woman of Canaan, they find no entrance there. She walks by faith, and not by sight. This silence surprises her, it is inexplicable to her, but it shakes not her faith. Jesus may have motives for this silence which she knows not. Perhaps he wishes to exercise her patience. Perhaps he wishes to give a lesson to his disciples. Perhaps he wishes something else. Whatever it may be, he is the son of David, the promised Messiah, the Lord. Whatever it may be, "he is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." The woman of Canaan relies upon his promises, as upon a rock which cannot fail her. Let him do whatever may please him, she is resolved never to doubt his word. He is silent, but it is only for a season. Far from being silent in her turn, she will cry "so much the more." She will constrain him to speak. She will give him no peace until she shall have obtained a reply.

This reply she finally obtains in an unexpected manner. The disciples coming between her and their Master, exclaim, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." Send her away; but how? Shall it be by granting her urgent request, or by driving her off as a miserable Gentile? Perhaps the disciples made use designedly of an equivocal expression: they dared not suggest to the Lord what he ought to do; but in one way or another, either by granting or refusing what she wished, they desired to be rid of her. But the reason which they give, "for she crieth after us," lends a dark tone to the sentiment which dictated their intervention; it shows that what touched them most was the annoyance which the cries of this woman caused to Jesus and to themselves. So little did they understand the heart of their Master, that they believed him to be weary of the prayers of the afflicted, as did those servants of Jairus who came to him saying, "Thy daughter is dead, trouble not the Master." It was because they judged Jesus by themselves. Oh, unworthy sentiment! to be less touched by the anguish and supplications of a mother who sees her daughter in the power of a demon, than by the trouble and embarrassment that she gives! Let us beware, Christians; even we, the servants of God, let us beware, and not hasten to cast a stone at the disciples. Has nothing similar ever happened to us? When some one has spread before us the anguish of his heart, has spoken to us, perhaps, of his sins and of the salvation of his soul, has it never happened that we have listened with distraction, and been less touched by his sufferings than fatigued by the length of his story? He has found us, perhaps, preoccupied with some unimportant care, some secondary interest, some pleasure, some repast that awaited us. Oh, selfish hearts, more troubled by a small contrariety of our own than by the bitter grief of others!

But these reflections are ours; the woman of Canaan did not make them. Of what importance to her are the motives of the disciples, or even their contempt, provided their impatience break the silence of Jesus? It is not of them that she is thinking, it is of their Master. She has eyes and ears for him alone. Now see, his mouth is opening—that mouth, one word from which can heal her daughter, as it has healed so many sick, consoled so many afflicted, raised to life so many dead; what more does she need? It is enough that she has triumphed over his silence, and constrained him to speak.

Recall, my dear friends, those gloomy times when the Lord has tried you by his silence; when he has suffered you to cry to him without giving any answer or any "token of good;" when you have in vain said to him, "Teach me thy paths, for thou art the God of my salvation;" when you have sought without avail in his word for some light to your feet; when, in fine, you have found, notwithstanding all your efforts, only a God without a voice and a heaven of brass. What have you done, then? Have you, like the woman of Canaan,

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besieged the throne of grace until you obtained a response?

"Go in peace, thy faith hath made thee whole; let it be unto thee even as thou wilt: thy daughter is healed." These are the words that the woman of Canaan expected from Jesus. But, instead of them, what does he say to her, or rather, what does he say to his disciples, for it is to them rather than to her that he addresses his reply? "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" or, according to a more literal translation, "I am not sent but among the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

We have seen that the mission of Jesus was, in one sense, to the Jews alone, and, in another sense, to all nations. He was sent only *among* the Jews, and his personal ministry was not to extend beyond their borders; but he was sent *for* all men, and his salvation was, finally, to be made known throughout the world,—a fact which he was making known by conferring blessings upon a small number of Gentiles, who waited not to receive them until the gospel should have penetrated into their country. Had he said this to the woman of Canaan, she would have been relieved of her anxiety. But of these two phases of the question he showed her only that which could discourage her, and that even under the severest aspect. He had said unto his disciples, in sending them to preach the gospel, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" but to her he said, in terms more absolute and more inflexible, "I am not sent but among the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

If the silence of Jesus had appeared cruel to the woman of Canaan, these words must have appeared to her more cruel still. His silence had, at least, left her hope; his words seem to take it from her. Jesus cannot grant to her what she asks, without in some sort departing from his mission. He is sent only among the Jews, and has nothing to do with the Gentiles. The very law of his ministry, and the principles of the kingdom which he has come to establish, exclude the woman of Canaan from his benefits. He is the Saviour, but of the Jews; there is deliverance in him, but it is not for her.

We, it is true, comparing our text with another, and discerning "the times and the seasons," can explain the reply of the Saviour in such a way as to leave still an open door to the Gentiles. But the woman of Canaan possessed not our light and our theology; and the word of the Saviour, that word which she had so ardently desired, had decided against her. What could be done then, and what could be resorted to in such a trial? If any other than Jesus had forbidden her to hope, she would have appealed to Jesus; but from Jesus himself, to whom could she appeal? The greater her confidence in him, the greater is her reason for losing courage. It is he who turns against her; it is he who studies to torment her; it is he who constrains her, apparently in despair of her cause, to cry out, "Mine affliction increaseth. Thou huntest me as a fierce lion; and again thou showest thyself marvellous upon me." But fear not for the woman of Canaan. If she has not our theology, she has what is better; she has a faith that we possess not, and this faith will enable her to triumph over the words of Jesus.

Her faith anticipates the time set for the calling of the Gentiles, and places her beyond the reach of the words just uttered by the Lord. She knows not what to say in answer to these words, but she feels in the bottom of her soul something that outweighs them. It is in vain to tell her, "This is not for thee." In vain even may the Lord himself tell it to her; she will never believe herself excluded from grace. She feels that there is here something mysterious, that will be explained to her; something apparently contradictory, that will in good season be made clear to her. Everything is possible to the Lord, except to abandon a soul that waits upon him. And she perseveres, and she stoops more humbly, and she prays more earnestly, and she approaches nearer to that Saviour who attempts to escape her, and she prostrates herself before him and cries out, "Lord have mercy on me!" "Sent to me or not, here thou art, O Saviour of the unfortunate! Called or not, here am I, a wretched mother! Thou *must* hear me, thou *must* cure my daughter, thou must drive away this demon; *I will not let thee go* until thou hast delivered me."

My brethren, the word of God, which was given to us for our eternal consolation, seems sometimes to turn itself against us—God permitting Satan to tempt us as he tempted Jesus in the desert. We find in this word conditions which do not seem to be fulfilled—signs of conversion which we do not seem to possess—promises to which we believe ourselves strangers—threats which fill us with dismay. In moments like these, there is peace for us only in that faith which here sustains the woman of Canaan. It is not a dogmatic deduction—it is not the anxious discussion of the meaning and limits of a condition or of a promise that can deliver us; we must rise higher. We must go directly to the Saviour. We must have recourse to that witness which the Spirit of God renders to our spirit: Whatever may befall me, He is 'my rock.' My heart hath told me to 'seek thy face.' 'I know in whom I have believed.' 'Thou art mine, and I am thine.'"

The whole strength of the woman of Canaan is in that confidence with which the love of the Saviour inspires her. It is in the heart of Jesus that she seeks a secret protection both against his silence and his word. But what will become of her, if even this protection, if this last refuge should fail her, and if she should find in the heart of Jesus nothing but severity and disdain? What did I say, O my Saviour? Severity and disdain in thee, the "meek and lowly in heart!" Ah, never didst thou so much love her! Thou triest her, because thou lovest her; but because thou art faithful, thou wilt not try her beyond her strength—that strength which thou measurest exactly, nay, which thou thyself givest to

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her; for by what strength can one struggle against the Lord, except by the strength that cometh from the Lord?

But this faithful love of Jesus is, for a moment, concealed under appearances of severity and disdain; and how can we describe what passes in the heart of the poor woman of Canaan, when her tender, her ardent prayer, "Lord, help me," receives this reply: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs?" You understand what he means; the children are the Jews,—the dogs are the Gentiles, of whom this Canaanite is one. However cruel this expression may be in our language, it was still more so in that of the Jews; for dogs never appear in Holy Writ except under the most repulsive circumstances. To the Jew, and, in general, to all the nations of the East, the dog was an unclean animal, the type of profane and persecuting impiety, as the swine, with which he was associated, was the type of an inordinate and sensual impiety.

Truly, this temptation was greater than the others to which the woman of Canaan was subjected. St. Mark felt it so strongly, that it is the only one of which he makes mention in his narrative; and, passing by the silence and the first reply of the Saviour, he stops only at the reproachful comparison made between the poor supplicant and the unclean dogs. Behold, then, Jesus adopting—exceeding even—the contempt shown for the Gentiles in the language and prejudices of his people. Behold, not simply the spirit of the woman of Canaan troubled, but her heart wounded, bruised, overwhelmed; I say her heart, for it would be too little to say her self-love. Her confidence is responded to by coldness, her resignation by indifference, and her love by contempt. Ah, here she might have been overcome, if it had been possible to overcome her.

But she cannot be overcome, because she will not doubt. "It is the Lord;" let him do what seemeth good in his sight. Though he slay her, yet will she trust in him. Far from suffering herself to be shaken, she is scarcely troubled. She triumphs over the contempt of Jesus. She preserves all her freedom of soul, and with a presence of mind that we should admire, if our attention were not absorbed by a spectacle far more beautiful—that of her faith—she arms herself against the Lord with the very weapon with which he has just pierced her; she "judges him out of his own mouth." This humiliating comparison, which, in our opinion, would have been so revolting to her heart, she adopts without murmur, and from it draws a new argument to overcome the Lord's resistance; so much does she forget herself in her anxiety to save her daughter, and to gain the favour of Jesus: "Truly, Lord, I am satisfied with what thou sayest; I am, in comparison with thy people, only what a dog is in comparison with a child. But even then I am entitled to the portion of a dog. 'The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table;' I ask for nothing more. A single crumb of that bread with which thou satisfiest the desires of thy chosen people, a single word, a single look, and my daughter shall be healed!"

It is done, O Canaanite! The victory is thine; thy child is healed! "Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Now the tables are turned; it is man who triumphs, and the Lord who yields; it is the Creator of the heavens and of the earth who says to the poor sinful creature, "Thy will be done." Such is the power of faith. And what is it that hath decided this astonishing victory? It is this simple expression of faith and humility, "The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." These are the decisive words, as we find in the narrative given by St. Mark, where the Saviour says, "For this saying, go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." For this saying! We have often admired the efficacy of the words of God; it is now time to admire the efficacy of the words of man. The words of the woman of Canaan open the heavens, triumph over the Lord, drive away the devil, and accomplish whatever she wishes. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand," said Elijah, "there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." It was because this word was the word of faith. Faith gives us some mysterious share in the omnipotence of God himself. If it is written, "With God all things are possible," it is also written, "All things are possible to him that believeth." Fear not that pride may be engendered by this glorious power: it is exercised only in humility; it escapes when the heart is inflated; the woman of Canaan is all-powerful at the moment when she abases herself most profoundly. Oh, wonder of wonders! Oh, wisdom incomprehensible! mystery unfathomable! light divine! How happy are those meek ones whose expectation is in the Lord their God! "They shall inherit the earth," they "shall judge angels," they "shall reign on the earth."

My brethren, when the heart of Jesus shall seem to fail you; when your prayers even shall serve only to increase your trouble; when, in return for the most fervent supplications and most tender confidence, you shall seem to find his ear closed, his heart inaccessible, and his hand repelling you, remember then, oh! remember the words that saved the woman of Canaan! Beware of entertaining the thought that the Saviour can abandon you. It is written, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." Humble yourself beneath his powerful arm. Present to him that "broken and contrite heart," to which he hath made the promise; and from the midst of your distress, and even while he is refusing you, lift up a new cry, a more earnest prayer, which he cannot resist, and which shall draw from him this reply, "For this saying, go thy way; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Like combat, like victory. The more the woman of

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Canaan had suffered and resisted, the more precious to her was her deliverance, and the more comforted was her faith. Oh, with what eyes beheld she her daughter snatched from the dominion of the devil! Then, how well did she understand that the Lord had much tried her because he had much loved her! Must there not have been, in the remembrance alone of this touching and terrible scene, enough to fortify her until the end, against the griefs of life? What this remembrance was for her, let her story be for you. The miracle of the Saviour was wrought for her, but it was recorded for you. If the Lord tries you, be assured that he loves you. If for you he has appointed special trials, be assured that in his heart he has kept for you a special place. A soul sorely bruised is a soul elect. Let the experience of the woman of Canaan instruct and strengthen you. Like her, give glory to the Lord, and never doubt his goodness. As long as you shall be able to say, from the bottom of your heart, "Whatever may befall me the Lord is good," you will be invincible.

But the experience of the woman of Canaan will strengthen you, only if you share her faith. If her support had been derived only from the experience of those afflicted persons whom the Lord had delivered before her, she would never have remained firm against temptation. To the experience of his kindness towards them, she would have opposed the experience of his apparent severity towards herself, and she would have yielded. It always seems to us that the experience of others does not correspond exactly with our own. That which confirmed the woman of Canaan, that which made her conquer, was a resolution to rely upon the Lord and upon his word, whatever might be the consequence; it was an unwillingness to see anything, to hear anything opposed to her faith. Thus was she rendered capable of resisting not only this trial or that, but all the trials that might come upon her. It was when everything had been tried, exhausted, and when she had been found not only unvanquished, but invincible,—it was then that the Lord said to her, "O woman, great is thy faith." Oh! if she had lost courage before the close of the combat! if she had abandoned her hope when there was but one step more to take! Perhaps you are at this very point. One more step—one more effort—one more prayer, and you will be saved. Do not say, "It is a year, five years, ten years that I have been praying, and the Lord has not answered me;" but say, "The Lord cannot reject me." Do not say, "I have such and such evidence that the Lord will not answer me;" but say, "The Lord cannot refuse me." Arm yourselves, my brethren, with the faith of the woman of Canaan, with a faith that excites his admiration. Say to him with Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Lord Jesus, who commandest faith, and who crownest it, thou art he also who givest it, and who, having given it, increasest it. "Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief." "Lord, increase our faith!" Amen.

BIBLE MOUNTAINS.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The mountains that are round about Jerusalem are all glorious with the light of sacred imagery, but none of them stands out in such clear relief,—no name among a thousand hills stirs the mind with such emotion as Mount Olivet. In times long before the city became the royal seat of David, when a warlike tribe of Canaanites held the rocky fortress on the brow of Zion, the olive groves which clothed the sloping terraces of the mount with their grey foliage, or ran in a scattered spray of verdure up among its dells, must have made it famous among the hills of Palestine. Little thought the Jebusite peasant who crushed their purple fruit in the oil-press, and stored up its lucid juices for the village feast, and called the pleasant hill by the name of his much loved trees, what a hallowed charm and power that simple name would one day have in it to the minds of men,—what tender images, what cherished memories it would call up in unknown lands and to distant ages. The olive grows on many a hill of the sunny South and spicy Orient fairer and more fruitful than the mount of the Gospels is now; but who has climbed the bare hill-track on the way to Bethany, and looked on its scattered trees, without connecting them with those whose shadows touched the passing form of Christ, —whose branches were mingled with palm and myrtle boughs in his path on the day when he entered Jerusalem in triumph, that brief gleam of sunshine which lighted up his way to the cross?

Leaving Jerusalem by the gate of St. Stephen in the eastern wall, and descending an abrupt winding path to the dry channel of "the brook Kidron" in the valley of Jehoshaphat, the Mount of Olives rises full in front, —not one isolated eminence, but four summits of unequal height, swelling from a common ridge, and connected with the higher grounds to the north and south of the city. The stony bed of the streamlet is crossed by a bridge, and just beyond, a low stone wall encloses a spot where five ancient olive-trees, with gnarled stems and straggling branches, mark the traditional site of the garden of Gethsemane. The Saviour must often have passed this way. He may have knelt in prayer on this very spot,—this may be the ground once wet with the blood-drops of his agony; and down that broken path he may have seen the lanterns and torches of his enemies gleaming as they came to lead him to the slaughter. But whether here or elsewhere, the spirit of his words follows us all round Jerusalem: "Not my will, but thine be done!" At this point three paths diverge along the hill side, by any of which you may reach Bethany in an easy walk. One of them goes steeply up the face of the mount to the summit crowned by the marble Mosque of the Ascension. It is only in the spring-time that the rugged slopes look fresh and green with the verdure of corn-fields and scattered olive and

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almond trees. Later in the year all is bare, brown, and withered,—sobered down to the prevailing tint of the landscapes of Palestine. Climbing the toilsome path to the summit, how vividly does the mind recall that touching passage in the history of David of which Olivet was the scene, and people the solitary tract with the crowds that followed the fugitive king in long and mournful procession! "David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up" (2 Sam. xv. 30).

The minaret that rises on the top of the hill commands one of the most striking views in Palestine. The city lies outspread in all its extent at our feet,—a compact mass of grey houses, with low domes or level roofs, out of which a minaret here and there points its marble finger, and the heavy towers of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre lift themselves with a solemn grandeur. Right in front stands what was once the Temple—

"A mount of snow,
Fretted with golden pinnacles,"

now the Mosque of Omar, with its cool arcades and fountains, and grassy area shaded by cypresses, which cast deep shadows in the glare of sunlight,—displaying its crown of glittering crescents in the blue air, as a sign and a testimony of the mournful change and spiritual desolation that have fallen on the Holy City. So completely is the city overlooked by Olivet, such is the magical clearness of the atmosphere, that as through a crystal lens we may see the groups passing along the streets, or seated on the house-tops; and the waste places and heaps of ruin among the dwellings, where the lean dogs, that ancient pest of Eastern cities, most do congregate. Nor is the prospect on the opposite side less impressive. That broad, deep chasm, among wild mountain ranges, which we may trace far away by its fringe of green, is the valley of the Jordan. We may follow it where it opens into a wide basin, which gleams with a dull metallic glitter, or sparkles like a burnished mirror of steel, or steams with a hot sulphureous haze rising up from it as the smoke of a furnace! That is the Dead Sea; and beyond rise the stern battlements of the mountains of Moab, every notch in the long ridge cut sharp against the sky, and shining in the evening air with vivid crimson and softest purple lights, which set the western heavens in flame. On all sides the city is environed by naked ridges, the rough setting of a jewel that has lost its lustre. Yet, even in its humiliation, it is Jerusalem that we look upon, queen-like though sitting in the dust, and grey hairs on the head from which the diadem has fallen; and nowhere within earth's limits may we look upon a scene that so arrests the eye, bewilders the imagination, and presses on the heart with such a weight of religious mystery.

Over the Mount of the Ascension we can descend by an ancient path to Bethany, and return to the city by another route, the high road from Jericho, which has a surpassing interest of its own. It was by this way that the Saviour approached Jerusalem a few days before his death. The path crosses the southern shoulder of the hill, between the summit named from the Tombs of the Prophets and the Mount of Offence. Mr. Stanley *(Sinai and Palestine)* has pointed out the minuteness and precision with which the local peculiarities of this approach verify the details of the inspired record. Where the "descent of the Mount of Olives" (Luke xix. 37) begins on this side, the first and only portion of Jerusalem that comes into view is Mount Zion, the city of David. It may have been this sudden glimpse of the old royal city, on its rocky steep, with all the splendid recollections of its founder, so dear to the Jewish heart, which called forth the joyous shout, "Hosanna to the son of David!" And then, as the procession swept on, and the road made a further descent, that brief glimpse was withdrawn behind a projecting point of the hill, till in a few moments the whole terraced city burst into view. "As now the dome of the Mosque rises like a ghost from the earth, so then must have risen the Temple tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the grey town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its background of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact spot where the multitude paused again, and 'He beheld the city, and wept over it.'"—*Stanley.*

Standing on the very spot where these feet stood and these tears fell, with what an emphasis of lamentation do his words speak in the deep silence to the mind, as the long-reverberating wail of doom over a guilty people: "Behold your house is left unto you desolate!" Once the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth—now the world-wide proverb and symbol of degradation and decay.

And so all over the sacred mountain and its precincts there lingers the touching remembrance of the Man of Sorrows. On these rocks he sat, and saw the sun go down over the Temple, on one of his last days on earth; under these olives he often rested and spoke with his disciples; one of these fig-trees by the wayside he searched for fruit; here was his chosen retreat from the fevered passions and tumults of Jerusalem. "Every man went unto his own house: Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives."

Many an event, traced in the page of later history, this memorable spot has witnessed. It has seen the valley at its feet darkened with Roman legions and crusading hosts, the heights around twinkling and bristling with lines of steel, and all the slopes whitened with the tents of besieging armies. But it is to its memories of the Saviour that the mind ever reverts; and, for any meaner association, the place might have been left unvisited since his tears dropped on its wayside stones.

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And then the memories of a later day rise up before us, when, after the resurrection, He led the eleven again over the old familiar heights to Bethany, and there, in some recess of the mountain, lifted up his hands and blessed them, and went up into the cloud that received him out of their sight. The last spot of earth his feet touched was Olivet; on one of its slopes last fell his ascending shadow. And then we see the eleven return in silence over the mountain-path once more—those men of Galilee, with their plebeian speech and rustic attire, who might have seemed to passing priest or citizen ignorant peasants coming up for the first time from their remote province to the capital. Ignorant they might be; but this thing they knew, that Jesus Christ of Nazareth was dead, and was alive again; and in the might of this truth, after a short abode in the guilty city, ("beginning at Jerusalem,") they took up their staves and went their ways—north, south, east, and west—to win the unwilling world to the faith of a crucified Redeemer. J. D. B.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

I.—THE TRUE WISDOM.

A MAN may know all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as they are; a man may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passions as fierce as they; a man may know all about the stars, and his fate be the meteor's, that, after a brief and brilliant career, is quenched in eternal night; a man may know all about the sea, and his soul resemble its troubled waters, which cannot rest; a man may know how to rule the spirits of the elements, yet know not how to rule his own; a man may know how to turn aside the flashing thunderbolt, but not the wrath of God from his own guilty head: he may know all that La Place knew—all that Shakspeare knew—all that Watt knew—all that the greatest geniuses have known; he may know all mysteries and all knowledge, but if he does not know his Bible, what shall it avail? I take my stand by the bed of a dying philosopher as well as of a dying miser, and ask of the world's wisdom as of the world's wealth, "What shall it profit a man if he gained the whole world and lose his own soul?" There is one Book which I find myself privileged to stand here and recommend above all others. Study other books, but this before all. Study this Book upon your knees, praying that God, by his Spirit, would so shine upon its pages, that it may be your lamp and light to a better world than this; and that by the blood of Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour, who died on Calvary to redeem the chief of sinners, there may be wrought on your heart a change greater than chemistry can boast of,—his blood discharging from your soul sin's impious stain, and turning its scarlet hue into the whiteness of snow. Acquire knowledge by all means—go to the fields, and study them—go to this museum and study it—go to books, and pore over their instructive pages. But ere you explore the wonders of creation, let me implore you first to seek that you may be created anew in Jesus; and that there may be wrought in your soul a metamorphosis more wonderful than in yon creeping worm when it leaves the dust and, mounting on wings to a higher sphere, lives bountifully on the finest nectar, and soars in the brightest sunbeams. I despise not the lights of science; but they burn in a dying chamber as dim as its candles. They cannot penetrate the mists of death, nor light the foot of the weary traveller on his way in that valley through which we have all to pass. Commend me, therefore, to the light which illumines the last hour of life—commend me to the light that can irradiate the face of death—commend me to the light that, when all others are quenched, shall guide my foot to the portals of that blessed world where there is no need of the sun, and no need of the moon, and no need of any created lights, for God and the Lamb are the light thereof. Brethren, leave others to climb the steeps of fame—brother, sister, put your feet upon the ladder that scales the sky; nor mind though your brows are never crowned with fading bays, if you win, through faith in Jesus, the crown of eternal life.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

II.—SIN OVERRULED.

Do you, for instance, injure a godly man? God is using you to train up his child in the grace of patience. Do you defraud him? God is using you to detach his heart from the world, and to loosen the roots that bind his affections to the earth. Do you deceive him? God is using you to teach him not to put his trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. Do you wound his feelings? You are a knife in God's hand to let the sap flow more freely in a bark-bound tree, or to prune its branches that it may bring forth more fruit. Messenger of Satan! dost thou buffet an apostle? God uses thee to keep him humble, and to teach him to wear his honours meekly. Oppressor of the Church! dost thou cast an apostle into prison? God uses thee, thy dungeon and thy chains, to show how he will answer prayer, and bring his people eventually out of their sorest troubles—saving, as he saved Peter, at the very uttermost. King of Egypt! with thy guards around thee, flattered by thy supple courtiers, backed by thy boastful magicians, with thy haughty looks art thou thwarting God, and, in hardening thy heart and refusing to let Israel go, promoting and securing thine own ambitious, selfish, grasping ends? Fool, what a mistake! "In very deed," said the Lord by Moses, "for this cause have I raised thee up, for to show in thee my power; and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth." Pharaoh's obstinacy affords the occasion, of which God makes use, to turn a great

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kingdom into a stage whereon to display the majesty of his power. What must have been the surprise—what the rage, what the mortification of that imperious tyrant, to find himself, after all that he and his bleeding country had suffered, but a mere tool in the hands of the Hebrew's God! God took a revenue of glory out of him, as he will sooner or later do out of all his enemies.—*Ibid.*

III.—REUNION.

This is the instinct of grief wherever it is genuine—to be where the lost one is. When Jacob thought Joseph among the dead, he was ready to visit him there: "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning;" and when he knew him to be in Egypt, he was eager for the journey: "It is enough: I will go and see him before I die." The gospel does not destroy human grief with its natural longings; it comes to consecrate it to the noblest ends, and make a ladder of it that shall reach to heaven. Instead of leaving our affection to glimmer like the phosphorescence of decay within the tomb, it elevates it to a star, and this not the evening star of memory, but the morning star of hope, that with its mild beams leads in the day. We need not say with Thomas of our departed friend, "Let us go and die with him;" but, Let us go and live with him. Our Lord Jesus took our nature, in order that, gathering round him our human sympathies, and dying and rising visibly on high, he might teach us to set our affections on the things that are above. And every Christian friend withdrawn to his presence is a new inducement to ascend—a weight abstracted from the earthly side of the balance and placed in the heavenly one,—a fresh plume which love has inserted in the wing of faith, that it may soar more readily on high. In place of seeking to occupy the blank with some earth-born pleasure, let us recognise the truth that God is fitting up heaven more attractively, and kindling in ever-growing hands the star-bright lamps that are to light us home. While he is striving to make the inheritance meet for us, how sad that we should be so loath to be made meet for the inheritance; that we should, in our peevish and perverse folly, cleave to these trifles, and prefer them to the glorious realities which he holds forth to view! Now, let us meditate more frequently upon that august and noble company, the general assembly and church of the first-born, and spirits of the just made perfect; let us consider what it must be to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God—to have the society of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and martyrs, of all the best in their best estate; let us number up the venerable fathers and cherished friends we have known who are not, for God has taken them; and then, as the centre of the blessed circle, let us set the Lamb in the midst of the throne. If we did but rightly contemplate all, should not reason pronounce that it is better far to "depart and be with Christ;" and should not faith, and hope, and love, by a three-fold cord, draw our hearts thither, as a sure token that we ourselves shall follow in our time? For our friends' and brethren's sakes, let us seek this heavenly Zion; for every Christian death, let us resolve anew, "If I forget thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—*Rev. John Ker.*

OLD GOTTLIEB.

Some years ago I made the acquaintance of an old peasant, in a little German village where I for some time resided. He was called Gottlieb, a name which has the very beautiful signification, "The love of God." This old man was well worthy of it, for if ever heart was filled with love to God, and all God's creatures, it was his. He was never able to leave his little room during the cold winter months, but when the summer came, I often met him wandering about, glad to breathe God's fresh air, and to drop his little "words in season" here and there, as he had ever been accustomed to do.

Like most of the villagers, he possessed two or three large apple and pear trees on the road side. In that part of Germany where he dwelt, the peasants drink a good deal of cider, and many of the roads have a line of fruit-trees running along either side. His were near the village, and in the late summer he got some one to put up a little wooden shed below them, where he could rest and be sheltered from the sun; and from time to time he amused himself by collecting the fallen fruit, and heaping it up in a corner of the shed. Once, when walking, I came up to him as he was stooping to pick up a fallen apple. "Don't you weary, Gottlieb," I asked, "stooping so often, and then lying all alone by the roadside?" "No, no, miss," he answered, smiling and offering me a handful of fine ripe pears, "I don't weary, I'm just waiting—waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! O miss, you're young yet, and perhaps just in blossom; turn well round to the Sun of righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for his service." Another time he said, standing up and pointing along the road: "That seems a straight road, but I can't see the end of it; but the road to heaven is a straighter one than that, and, blessed be God, I can see the end clearly. But perhaps God just lets you see a little bit of the way at a time. Oh! then, miss, walk straight in that little bit with his help, and as you go along you will see it better and better, till the bright end at last comes into view."

That was the last time I saw him; soon after he reached the bright end his childlike faith spoke of so trustingly. Memory often fails to retain more eloquent reasoning and more cultivated illustration; but simple words like old Gottlieb's cling to the mind with a firmer hold, and sink into the heart with a deeper impression. A. M. S.

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RANDOM APPEALS TO SCRIPTURE.

[In his Memoirs of Mr. Clark, Mr. Jay of Bath thus adverts to this perilous practice:—]

We more than once in the narrative meet with a casual presentation of passages of Scripture and a seasonable occurrence of admonitions or promises on which some considerable stress was laid. I do not remember, indeed, any incongruous application of this kind; and Mr. Clark had too much wisdom to be led into any improprieties by such a sanction. Yet, it must be confessed, the practice is perilous; and I have known many cases in which it has been very injuriously indulged. The text read, or recollected just at the time, has determined the person as to the state of his soul, or the path of duty; it has operated to the removal of his distress, or the solution of his doubt. But though all the Scripture is true in itself, many parts of it may be erroneous in their application to the present case of any individual. The suitableness of the part occurring is commonly supposed to prove that it is immediately from God; but this suitableness is the question—and the man who decides it is the party interested, and, therefore, the most liable to mistake. The will of God may really call us off from a pursuit, when by this means the word of God is urging us on. Jonah, probably, was encouraged when he came down to the sea-side, to find a ship just ready to sail. When a man is in a wrong course, a piece of Scripture unexpectedly met with may keep him much in the same way. The angel of the Lord commissioned Gideon to go and deliver Israel as he was threshing wheat. A man engaged in the same work feels an inclination to go forth and preach, but has some little doubt as to his sufficiency and success—when, lo! these words come to his mind, "Arise, for the Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour;" and his doubts are scattered like dust before the wind. A pious female meets with an eligible suitor, but has some conflict between inclination and conviction, founded on religious character; but she is resolved to yield, by opening the Bible, and casting her eye on the admonition, "Arise, therefore, and get thee down, and go with the men, doubting nothing; for I have sent them."* A person thinks of engaging in some enterprise, and it may be his duty not only to undertake it, but to undertake it immediately; but he is determined by the address of our Saviour suddenly starting into his mind, though not originally delivered quite on a similar occasion, "What thou doest, do quickly." I have read of a good old man who used to exhort people to live by the ten commandments, and not by impulses; and he used to tell how he got free from delusion himself. When he was a lad he was poor and pious, and thought that all suggestions in Scripture style came from heaven. Walking in the field in want of firing, by the side of a neighbour's hedge, he wished for some of it to burn; instantly the word came, *In all this Job sinned not,*—and in faith of this he began to make free with his neighbour's wood. But, happily, he discovered his error, tried the application of the text by the command—*Thou shalt not steal;* or, as the ingenious relator remarks, the word of God might have led him out of the church into the jail.

* Let no one object that the passage is not *quite* the thing; the difference between the singular and plural number is nothing in these sublime cases, for the greater includes the less, and trifles cannot be seen when we soar.

After all, this is only specifying the danger on one side, though it is by far the most common side. But the word of God has awful passages; and there are persons of a melancholy temperament, or labouring under dejection from temporary causes. Such persons, by a principle of association, are always prone to attract towards themselves everything of a dreadful nature. What wonder, therefore, when a threatening of Scripture strikes the mind in such a case, if the man, viewing it as a divine intimation, is plunged into distraction or despair! We cannot love the word of God too much, nor consult it too often. But we are to "*search* the Scripture;" and it is "to dwell in us richly in *all wisdom.*" We are not to turn it into a kind of lottery, or to use it as a spell, or a charm, but to "understand what we read." We are not to take it separately, but connectedly; and if we would be directed by it as to our duty, or satisfied by it as to our state, we are to peruse its contents with diligence, humility, and prayer; to observe the passages that refer to persons of our character or condition, that describe the temptations to which we are exposed, or the trials under which we labour. In this way we shall find that the word of God is not only designed, but calculated for general and perpetual use, and has such an infinite affluence in it as to subserve "*all* things that pertain to life and godliness." Whether we are rulers or subjects, masters or servants, parents or children, husbands or wives; whether we are young or old, rich or poor, it lends us the most appropriate assistance, and is "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path."

A TRAVELLER'S INCIDENT.

The following incident may seem trivial to some. Hundreds of incidents just like it pass before our eyes every day. Yet, has it no lesson?

As the train stopped for a moment at the station, I saw an old man, plainly but neatly dressed, standing on the platform. He seemed uncertain what course to pursue till the conductor spoke to him, and directed him to enter the carriage in which I was sitting. It occurred to me, from his manner, that he had never been on a railway before. As he came near, I rose and requested him to take the unoccupied seat on my other side.

"I'm much obliged," said he. "I'm not used to this way of travel, and don't understand exactly the way to proceed. I was never in a carriage of this kind before."

It is remarkable how much we can learn of a man from the tones of his voice. I was satisfied that I was seated by an honest, worthy, unpretending man.

"You do not live near a railway," said I.

"I live about forty miles north of this, and I seldom go from home. I have not seen the road since it was finished. I was down here when they were making it, and I have not been since."

"You have not been much of a traveller."

"No. The new modes of travelling were not invented till my travelling days were pretty much over. I am now going a long journey for a man of my years. My daughter, who has been living for more than twenty years in ——, has lost her husband and all her children within a year, and I am going after her to bring her home."

I spoke a sympathizing word to him, and then asked how many children she had had.

"Three. The oldest was nearly nineteen years of age.

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His mother looked to him to take care of her, and of his brother and sister; but he was called away a few months after his father, and the younger soon followed. My poor daughter is a widow and childless."

"I hope she knows where to go in her sorrow."

"She does. I believe she was converted when she was twelve years old. She lived truly the life of a Christian till she was married, and I have every reason to believe that since she left us she has held fast her profession."

"Was her husband a religious man?"

"I grieve to say that I fear not."

"Is your wife living?"

"She has been in heaven above five years. I wish my poor daughter could have her to comfort her."

"But you say she knows where to go to get a more tender sympathy than even a mother can give."

"Yes. As I said, I believe she has been a Christian since she was twelve years of age. There were quite a number of children brought to the Saviour at that time, and they made the best Christians there were in the church."

"Those who go to school young make more progress in study than those who begin later in life. So it is with those who enter the school of Christ."

"No doubt of it. We had a minister at that time who preached to the children a great deal. He would sometimes stop in his sermon and talk to the children. When he had been considering a point and explaining it to the congregation, he would say, 'Now I want the children to get hold of this;' and then he would talk to them in a way that they could understand. Some ministers seem to think they do enough for children when they teach them some of the truths of the Bible, and tell them they must be good. Our minister used to preach repentance and faith to them, just as he did to grown-up people; and his labours were blessed to the conversion of a great many of them. I wish more ministers—I wish all ministers—would do as he did. I believe there would be more children converted."

After a little further conversation the train arrived at the station to which I was bound. I bade the old gentleman farewell with a feeling of warm interest.

The simple remarks made by him respecting the course pursued by his minister towards children struck me as worth noting. Perhaps they may have a good effect upon some ministerial reader.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLI.—DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM FORETOLD, AND COMING OF CHRIST.

MATT. xxiv. 1–28.

Destruction of Jerusalem foretold, and Coming of Christ.—**Ver. 1.** What had Christ said before about the temple? ch. xxiii. 38. Was it a likely thing, in man's view, that this should take place? Why not? [The massiveness, size, and splendour of the temple, made it very unlikely.] Why, probably, did the disciples come at this time to show Jesus its buildings?

Ver. 2. For what were the buildings of the temple remarkable? [Some of the stones were of extraordinary size—40 cubits long, 6 wide, 5 high.] Did the sight of these constrain Jesus to alter what he had said? What, on the contrary, did he do? When were his words verified? [The temple was overthrown about forty years later, when Titus besieged and took Jerusalem. Titus wished to save the temple; but a soldier threw a firebrand into it, and it was burned.]

Ver. 3. Where was the Mount of Olives situated? Did it command a view of the city and temple? Which of the disciples asked this question? See Mark. What led them to speak to Jesus in this way? [Perplexity of mind—secret misgivings about what he had said.] What should we do when perplexed and in difficulty on religious subjects? What did they wish Jesus to tell them?

Ver. 4, 5. Did Jesus give a direct answer to their first question? What did he warn them against? Was this fulfilled? [Josephus says the land was overrun with magicians, seducers, and impostors, who drew the people in multitudes into the desert, pretending to work miracles, &c. We must observe, however, that this chapter, while foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, seems also to look forward to the second coming of Jesus. This prediction may possibly be more literally fulfilled hereafter.]

Ver. 6–8. [There were many wars and commotions about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Of earthquakes, the number was quite remarkable. Between the years 46 and 58, no fewer than five are mentioned by Roman historians.] When Christ says, with reference to these things, "See that ye be not troubled," what does he mean? [Be not *so* agitated *as if it were the end of the world.* It is remarkable how ready Christians are, in any time of stirring events, to think that the end of the world is at hand. But false alarms of this kind are not productive of good.]

Ver. 9. When did this part of the prophecy begin to be fulfilled? Acts vii. 59; xii. 1, 2. [Very early the Christians became the objects of public persecution. The Roman emperors hunted them down in every part of the empire. It has been common to enumerate *ten* great persecutions in the first three centuries.] What passage in the Sermon on the Mount agrees with this? [Observe how faithfully Christ ever warned his followers of the evil treatment they were to receive. This was a remarkable proof of his truthfulness and honesty.]

Ver. 10. [Though the early Church was remarkable for the spirit of love, exceptions did occur. Heathen historians mention that some of the professing Christians turned informers, and betrayed their brethren. Bitter party spirit began very early. See 1 Cor. i. 12. See how fearfully temptation often prevails, and what need we have of grace to enable us to persevere. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."]

Ver. 11. Mention an instance of false teachers who acted thus. Gal. ii. 4; iii. 1.

Ver. 12. Which of the apostles dwells on the iniquity that abounded even in the professing Church? [James, ch. iii., &c.] What effect has abounding iniquity on the spirit of love and confidence?

Ver. 13. Trials and troubles tend to shake men's constancy; but what encouragement is there for faithful endurance? Can it ever be right to deny Christ, either by word or deed?

Ver. 14. In what parts had the gospel been preached before the fall of Jerusalem? [Throughout the *Roman* world.] What is meant by "for a witness to all nations?" [To give them an opportunity of receiving or rejecting it, so as to testify either for them or against them.]

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Ver. 15. Where is this spoken of by Daniel? ch. ix. 27; xii. 11. What is meant by it? [It has commonly been thought to refer to the Roman standards, which bore images of eagles, and were therefore classed with idols and held abominable. But others think that the allusion must be to some notorious profanation of "the holy place," which, along with the appearance of the Roman army, would be a warning to the Christians throughout all Judea to make their escape.]

Ver. 16. [The Christians, obeying this command, fled to Pella, across the Jordan, in Perea, not far from where David fled when Absalom rebelled against him.] Do you remember any passages where God promises to care for his own people in time of danger and trouble?

Ver. 17. [Eastern houses had commonly an outside stair from the roof to the inner court.] What is denoted by this command? [That great haste and urgency were requisite.] How does this illustrate the manner in which we ought "to flee from wrath to come?"

Ver. 18. When engaged in work, what did they usually do with their outer garment?

Ver. 20. Dr. Thomson says, "It is not easy to exaggerate the hardships, and even dangers, which travelling parties encounter in winter. Tents cannot be used; the houses are not fit to put pigs in; every door-yard full of mire and filth."—*Land and Book.* What special difficulties would be encountered on the [Jewish] Sabbath-day? [Gates of cities shut, no provisions to be bought, people would refuse to help, and perhaps their own consciences would not be at ease.] What means were they to take to avoid these evils? [Observe the application of the beautiful rule, Phil. iv. 6, 7.] Might not Christians be saved much anxiety and pain, if they would apply this rule more?

Ver. 21. [This was verified at the destruction of Jerusalem. It is reckoned that upwards of a million of persons perished in the siege. Famine prevailed, women ate their children, and all the other horrors of a siege were combined.]

Ver. 22. [Observe the benefits the world sometimes receives for the sake of God's people.] What great city would have been spared if a few righteous had been found in it? When men persecute and drive away the righteous, may they not be preparing ruin for themselves? [France massacred, persecuted, and expelled the Protestants. This was followed in due time by the French Revolution and many other terrible evils.]

Ver. 23–26. [Though these predictions were in some degree fulfilled about and during the siege of Jerusalem, it would seem that, *in their full meaning*, they have reference to the future coming of Christ.]

Ver. 27. [So also this verse. The destruction of Jerusalem was sudden, but not *so* sudden as this figure implies.] Will Christ be seen at one place sooner than another? What is said of his coming in Rev. i. 7? What great lesson should this teach us?

Ver. 28. What is here denoted by "the carcase?" [Guilty, corrupt men, ripe for judgment.] And by "the eagles?" [The executioners of judgment. The whole world would at last be like the carcase—Christ and his angels like the eagles coming to destroy. Compare Mal. iii. 1, 2.]

DUTY.—God's People should not be Conformed to the World.

Num. xiv. Dan. i.; iii.: vi. Rom. xii. 1 Pet. ii. 1 John ii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XIV.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Luke i. 5–23.

Who was the father of John the Baptist? ver. 5. What was his occupation? What was the name of his wife? Were they pious people? ver. 6. Were they young or old? ver. 7. Had they any children before John?

When Zacharias was alone in the temple one day, who appeared to him? ver. 8–11. Who are good angels? [The holy spirits who live in heaven.] Do we often read in the Bible of their appearing to men? Can we see them now? But does not God still employ them for our good? Ps. xxxiv. 7; Heb. i. 14. What was the name of this angel? ver. 19. Do we ever read of him before this? Dan. viii. 16, 17. How did Zacharias feel when he saw Gabriel? ver. 12. Why was he afraid? [Ever since Adam sinned, men have felt fear at the thought of seeing any one from another world. Gen. iii. 8, 10.] Did Gabriel bid Zacharias not be afraid? ver. 13. What did he say about his prayer? What prayer did he mean? [Perhaps Zacharias had often prayed for children, when he and his wife were young; or else his prayers for the coming of the Messiah are meant.] What may we learn from this? [That God does not forget the prayers of his people, and may answer them after a long while.]

What joyful news does the angel next give? Was there to be something remarkable about this child? ver. 14, 15. What is said about his soul? [The Holy Spirit was to renew his heart, and dwell in it from the time that he was born.] Is this often the case? [No, not often in those so very young.] But what may a child learn from this about John? [That as soon as he understands what prayer is, he may pray for the Holy Spirit to come into *his* heart.] What is said about the child's way of living? [He was to drink no wine.] Was this common in those days? [Yes, for those who were set apart to serve God. Num. vi. 2, 3.] What should it teach us? [That all the children of God should be very sober and temperate.] How was John to spend his life? [As a prophet, or preacher, ver. 16, 17.] Which of the old prophets was he to be most like? What was he to prepare the people for? [The coming of the Messiah.]

Were the pious Jews expecting the Messiah about this time? Why? [Because it seemed the time that the prophets had foretold.] Were there prophecies about John which the angel referred to? Mal. iv. 5, 6; Isa. xl. 3. How do we know that these prophecies were concerning John? [Jesus tells us so, Matt. xi. 10–14.]

Should not all this have been glad tidings to Zacharias? *Was* he very glad? [Not at first.] Why not? [He did not believe the angel; he thought he and his wife were too old to have children, ver. 18.] What did this show? [That his faith was not strong.] Whose example should he have remembered and followed? [Abraham's.] What does his unbelief teach us? [That the faith even of holy men is not perfect, and needs to be strengthened by the Lord.]

How did Gabriel say Zacharias was to be punished for his unbelief? ver. 20. What were the people outside the temple expecting him to do? [To come out and dismiss them with a blessing, ver. 21.] But when he came out, what did he feel? [He could not speak, ver. 22.] What did he do?

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[Made signs to show that he had seen a vision.] What would the people feel? Must it not have been a great trial to Zacharias and Elisabeth? What would it always keep him in remembrance of? [His own sinfulness.] What would give him comfort? [The hope that he would recover when the angel's good news should be fulfilled, ver. 20.]

What is our chief lesson from this part of the story? [That God is angry with his people when they do not believe his word, and will punish their unbelief.] How should this teach us to pray? Mark ix. 24; Luke xvii. 5.

When temptations are assailing,
When we falter by the way,
When our feeble faith is failing,
Jesus, hear us when we pray!
Thou art mighty;
Be thou, then, our rock and stay.

Precept.—Be not afraid, only believe. Mark v. 36.

Promise.—Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. John xx. 29.

Prayer.—O Lord God Almighty, we are glad to know that thou art the God of truth, and that all thy promises will be surely fulfilled to those that trust in thee. Lord, we desire to believe rightly; oh, do thou help our unbelief, and increase our faith. Help us to believe all thou hast told us in thy word, but especially give us true faith in what is told us of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus, and the way of salvation which he has made for sinners. Forgive our great want of faith, and all our other sins, for his sake. Send thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, that we may indeed be born again, and live as thy holy children in this world; and do thou bring us at last to dwell among thy saints and angels in heaven, through Jesus. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—WORK AND PLAY.

Bessie was a very little girl; and, like many another, she sometimes had foolish thoughts. This was one of them:—"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing in,—no work and no lessons,—only play, play, all day,—I should be *perfectly* happy." When she told this wish, her mother said, "To-day shall be yours. You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of *wishing* for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school, and they all envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she went to the cherry-tree and ate as much fruit as she wanted, and picked a lapful for pies; but when she carried them in, her mother said, "That is *work*, Bessie! Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may throw these to the pigs: I can't take them." The baby began to awake, and Bessie ran forward to rock the cradle; but her mother stopped her again. "No work to-day, you know!" and the little girl went away, rather out of humour. She got her doll and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all her other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling pease and rocking the cradle with her foot.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie: this isn't *play*."

Bessie felt very much like crying. She went out into the garden again and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard the clatter of plates: her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but, when it was over and her father away, she sat down on the low seat by the cradle and said, wearily, "Mother, you don't *know* how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would *only* let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of her father's old stockings and began to mend them; for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labour.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so, that unless we do just the very work that he gave us, we can't be happy."

"What is your work, mother?" asked Bessie.

"To serve God in my daily life as a wife, mother, and Christian."

Bessie did not quite understand this; but she said, "Don't you ever get tired?"

"Yes, often; but then I go to my heavenly Father and tell him so; and if he thinks I have more than I can bear, he either takes it away or gives me strength to do it."

"And may I do the same, mother?"

"You may, my dear; if you will be God's child, you may ask his help in every work you have to do through life, and he will give you everything you need."

So, on Bessie's day of *idleness*, she learned *one* lesson which she never forgot.—*S. S. Banner.*

II.—FADING LEAVES.

You have often gazed upon the many-coloured leaves which fluttered in the autumn breeze, just ready to fall to the ground. Did you ever listen to hear them *talk* to you? for talk they do in their silent language—telling you of the bright spring-time, when they drank in the gentle dew, and inhaled the balmy air, and spread out their delicate fibres to the rays of the sun, and, fashioned by a divine Creator, took forms of beauty; and, painted by his hand, assumed the pleasant green; and how, upheld by his power, they had borne the pelting of many a pitiless storm, and the scorching heat of the noonday sun, while many of their companions had faded and fallen to the ground. And they would tell you that, one by one, they, too, should fall. Thus these fading, falling leaves talk to us of life's evening, and whisper to us to be ready, for "we all do fade as a leaf." And do not they talk to us of something brighter and better—of the unfading leaves of the tree that grows on the banks of the river of life, and urge us to seek that heavenly world?

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But is there not even on earth a tree whose leaf withers not? The Bible says the *righteous* is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water"—"his leaf shall not wither:" "They that be planted in the courts of the Lord shall bring forth fruit in old age." Many such have I known. Let me tell you of one.

He was an old man when I first saw him, ten years since. He was a poor man also. His form was bent. The thin, white locks fell over a pale and wrinkled face. The light of one eye was waxing dim; the other had long been closed in darkness. His feeble steps were supported by a staff. His garments, though decent, were threadbare. Wearied with his walk of several miles, he had called to rest a while ere he entered the house of God. Most gladly did we give him the warm Christian welcome; for we could say with the woman of Shunem, "Lo, now I know that this is a holy man of God that passeth by here continually." God's grace had renewed his heart and changed his life. His home was with those who feared not God, loved not prayer; but his own humble room was a Bethel. Prayer and praise filled up the days, and cheered the long, weary nights of this aged pilgrim. The Bible was his loved companion. Beside this he had very few books. I shall never forget the joy with which he borrowed of me "The Book of Martyrs"—how carefully he wrapped it up and carried it home!—how long he kept it, to ponder the lives and deaths of those holy men who died for Christ! Doubtless he would willingly have followed in their steps had the Saviour called him to pass through the fire, or face even death for him. For you know Christ says, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much;" and he was faithful in his little.

He was contented. Never did one sit down more meekly at Jesus' feet, or receive more lovingly the allotments of his Father, without complaint or murmuring. "*All the ways of the Lord are right to me,*" was his simple and child-like expression. He loved the house of God. The heat of summer, the cold of winter, never kept him from the sanctuary. And his face was lighted up with joy as he feasted on the divine word; for though he had many trials, still he was *joyful.* He often led in prayer at our social meetings; and it sometimes seemed as if his glad spirit was flying away to the Redeemer. Then he would come back, drawn by thoughts of poor sinners, and plead most lovingly and touchingly with God on their behalf.

After an absence of several years, on revisiting the scenes of former days, one of my first inquiries was for poor old father D——, as he was called; but he was no longer there. Faithful unto death, he had gone from pain, weakness, and sin, to rest in heaven. Would you have your old age happy as his, and share his heavenly reward, *seek early* the Saviour he loved.

My dear children, beauty, riches, pleasures, are all fading leaves. Faith, humility, holy joy, are unfading, and shall be woven into the crown of eternal blessing which the Saviour shall give to those who love him. L. L.

III.—THE BIBLE A LAMP.

CHILDREN in large cities may not fully understand what David meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path." When they read these inspired words, they perhaps think of a broad street lighted from one end to the other, so that the traveller can see a long distance before him, and that it was one of these lamps to which David compared the Bible. But David meant more than this. He was once a shepherd boy, and, when a sheep or lamb had strayed from the fold, had in the search for it been belated until darkness closed around his path.

Though homeward bound, how many dangers lay before him ere he could reach his father's house—narrow passes and slippery places, where a false step would prove fatal! His path was crooked and narrow, and unseen dangers beset him at every step. What would enable him to avoid all these, and keep in the right path until he reached his home in safety? *The little Syrian lamp* which he carried in his hand,—not much more than a torch, not throwing a bright light on all his future course, but shining around his feet, and showing him just where to take the next step. Do you not think he prized his little lamp? Without it he would have wandered in darkness, or perished amid the dangers of the way.

So is the Word of God, the precious Bible, to the Christian, "a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path." His way through the world is narrow and dangerous. Often has he to say with the Psalmist, "My feet had well-nigh slipped." Temptations assail him on every side; but he has his lamp—not indeed to lighten up the whole way, but showing him where to take the next step. When all seems dark, and he does not see his way, he should not murmur that he cannot penetrate through the thick darkness, or despond, lest he should not be able to overcome all life's obstacles. The word of God will show him *present duty*, and that is all he is called upon to perform. That step taken, its rays will enable him to advance yet a little further, until he has passed through the "strait and narrow way," through the "dark valley," and entered into the golden street of that celestial city where they need no candle, neither light of the sun; "for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—*Recorder.*

IV.—"CHUCK-FULL OF THE BIBLE."

NOT long ago, we heard a letter to the youth of a Sabbath school read, in which the writer told of a good boy who went to sea—perhaps he was the cabin-boy. One of the counsels which his pious mother gave him when he left home was, *Never drink a drop of spirits.*

The sailors used strong drink several times every day. When it stormed, they thought they must use it more freely to keep from taking cold. So they offered it to the boy, for the same reason they drank it themselves; but he refused to drink. During a severe storm, when they were all very wet, they urged the lad very hard to drink. They were afraid that he would take cold and die. But he declared that he would not. Finally, one of the sailors, who had never tried his hand at making the little temperance hero drink, said that he knew *he* could make him take a dram. So he went to the brave lad, and did his best to induce him *to take a little;* but he would not touch a drop. He told the old sailor of his mother's counsel—*Never drink a drop of spirits;* and he quoted Scripture to show that he was doing right, for he had been a good Sabbath-school scholar. The sailor had scarcely ever heard so much of the Bible in his life as the little fellow poured into his ear. All he could reply was, "Your mother

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never stood watch on deck." He gave it up, however, as a bad business, and went back to his post. On being asked how he succeeded, "Oh," said he, "you can't do anything with him, for *he is chuck-full of the Bible.*"

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—CHRIST EVERYTHING OR NOTHING.

[Our age has been fruitful in efforts to point out the precise relation of the Lord Jesus to the rest of mankind. Unbelievers will not receive his apostles, but wish to practise an eclecticism of their own, and to accept what meets their own views and wishes in reference to his character and his work. But such an eclecticism is impossible. He will accept no divided homage of the intellect or the heart. The Bible demands faith in the Saviour *as revealed*, and one must take the revealed Christ, or reject him. Professor Mansel, in his "Limits of Religious Thought," states the issue very forcibly.]

Our right to criticise at all depends upon this one question: "What think ye of Christ? whose Son is he?" What is it that constitutes our need of Christ? Is it a conviction of guilt and wretchedness, or a taste for philosophy? Do we want a Redeemer to save us from our sins, or a moral teacher to give us a plausible theory of human duties? Christ can be our Redeemer only if he is what he proclaims himself to be,—the Son of God, sent into the world, that the world through him might be saved. If he is not this, his moral teaching began with falsehood, and was propagated by delusion. And if he is this, what but contempt and insult can be found in that half-allegiance which criticises while it bows; which sifts and selects while it submits; which approves or rejects as its reason, or its feelings, or its nervous sensibilities may dictate; which condescends to acknowledge him as the teacher of a dark age and an ignorant people; bowing the knee before him, half in reverence, half in mockery, and crying, "Hail, King of the Jews?" If Christ is a mere human teacher, we of this nineteenth century can no more be Christians than we can be Platonists or Aristotelians. He belongs to that past which cannot repeat itself; his modes of thought are not ours. He may be our Teacher, but not our Master; for no man is master over the free thoughts of his fellow-men. We may learn from him, but we sit in judgment while we learn; we modify his teaching by the wisdom of later ages; we refuse the evil, and choose the good. But remember that we can do this only if Christ is a mere human teacher, or if we of these latter days have received a newer and better revelation. If now, as of old, he speaks as never man spake; if God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son,—what remains for us to do but to cast down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ? The witness which Christ offers of himself either proves everything or it proves nothing. No man has a right to say, "I will accept Christ as I like, and reject him as I like: I will follow the holy Example; I will turn away from the atoning Sacrifice: I will listen to his teaching; I will have nothing to do with his mediation: I will believe him when he tells me that he came from the Father, because I feel that his doctrine has a divine beauty and fitness; but I will not believe him when he tells me that he is one with the Father, because I cannot conceive how this unity is possible." This is not philosophy, which thus mutilates man; this is not Christianity, which thus divides Christ. If Christ is no more than one of us, let us honestly renounce the shadow of allegiance to a usurped authority, and boldly proclaim that every man is his own Redeemer. If Christ is God, no less than man, let us beware, lest haply we be found even to fight against God.

II.—THIRSTING SOULS.

The message of mercy is to most men like cold water to a soul that is not thirsty. Where there is a burning thirst, perhaps, there is no material blessing that affords to a human being such a lively pleasure as cold water; but, on the other hand, scarcely anything can be more insipid in the absence of thirst. When it is applied to the lips of a satisfied man, it is not, indeed, actively or violently offensive, but it is utterly tasteless, and is therefore set aside and forgotten.

Such precisely is the treatment which the "glad tidings" get at the hands of men. To "neglect the great salvation" is at once the sin of the greatest number, and the greatest sin. There is relish enough in the world for all sorts of news except the best.

> "Whene'er we meet you always say,
> What's the news? what's the news?
> Pray, what's the order of the day?
> What's the news? what's the news?
>
> Oh! I have got good news to tell,—
> My Saviour hath done all things well,
> And triumphed over Death and Hell:
> That's the news, that's the news."

The writer of these lines was a lunatic; but a wisdom which is hidden from the wise and prudent was revealed to that babe. A thick film had gathered round his brain, which excluded or distorted all the lower lights; but his soul was open upward, and the "Light of Life" came in.

But there are many thirsting souls on earth, and many refreshing drops falling from heaven. "The Lord knoweth them that are his;" and they who are his know the Lord. Thirst is a blessed thing, if cold water be at hand; cold water is a blessed thing to those who thirst. Needy sinners get: a gracious Saviour gives. When thirst drinks in cold water, when cold water quenches thirst, the giver and the receiver rejoice together. While the redeemed obtain a great refreshment in the act, the Redeemer obtains a greater; for himself was wont to say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Arnot.*

III.—"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

That is hard to do, you will say; but it is your duty, be it ever so hard. "I will bless the Lord at all times," saith David, Ps. xxxiv. 1; "his praise shall be continually in my mouth." Why, David, dost thou know what times may come upon thee? Thou mayst be driven from thy crown and kingdom, and be banished thy country, and forced to flee into the wilderness; "But," saith he, "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth." If Paul and Silas be driven from preaching Christ to suffering for him; if they be whipped and bound, and put in the stocks, yet they would sing praises unto God there. I never expect to see much good of that cross which the believer cannot make a song of praise for. You will

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never thrive in your souls till you can take a cross in your arms and bless the sender of it and say, "This is less than I deserve; it was sent in love, and it will issue in my profit and advantage." We understand a little how to bless the name of God when he gives; this is the common, carnal frame of a great many Christians. If God gives, they know how to give thanks, though but poorly; but if God takes away, they know not how to thank him for taking, for smiting, for correcting, for afflicting. Oh! how few are there, if I may so say, such skilful musicians as to make a song of praise on a sharp rod! how few are there who can sing in the stocks, who can praise God in the furnace.—*Traill.*

IV.—GRACE PUT IN CHRIST'S PLACE.

Here is a woful course of a great many; when Christ bestows his grace, grace many a time is put in his own room; when he makes his grace to dwell in us, we are apt to forget that our standing is in himself alone, who created, and infused, and dispensed the grace that is lodged in us. That a believer should live the less dependent upon Jesus Christ, is a snare that you have great need all of you to take good heed of, and beware of. Remember that you do not live, and that you do not stand by the grace that is in you, but only by the grace that is in Him. Our strength stands in the fountain: "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." A believer thinks himself exceedingly weak, when he can see nothing of Christ's grace in himself; but that is a great mistake: that man is exceeding weak indeed that can see no grace in Christ Jesus; that man is fallen wofully. How excellently does the apostle speak of it, 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10: "Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. For when I am weak, then am I strong." It is best with me when I am nothing. What a mighty word is that, "Though I be nothing!" ver. 11.—*Ibid.*

V.—"NOT IN HUMAN NATURE."

An estimable lady, a personal and beloved friend of mine, said to me, when urged to forgive an injury: "It is not in human nature to forgive injuries so goading as these." "You are right, my friend," I replied, "it is not in human nature; but it is in the grace of Christ. He has charged us, 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.'" The lady had a long struggle with herself; but through the grace of Christ she overcame. She forgave from the heart, and was a happier woman, and a more exemplary Christian ever after.

Human pride and passion *must* be sacrificed. If we have an enemy, and he hunger, feed him. If he thirst, give him drink. Whether he does the one or the other, or not, pray for him. Every day pray for him. Bear him in your Christian solicitude before the mercy-seat. Do this earnestly, truly. For your own sake do it as well as for his. If you cannot do it, you are not such a Christian as you ought to be. If you cannot do it, it is to be feared that you have helped to make him your enemy. If you can do this, and do so habitually, I will not say that he will cease to be your enemy, for there are "unreasonable and wicked men," but I will assure you from the word of Christ, that the Spirit of glory and of grace will rest upon you; that your trials of this character will purify and exalt your nature, daily making you "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."—*Anon.*

VI.—THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

It seem'd at first a mournful sight
That little room to me reveal'd:
A child whose eyes were closed in night,
Her lips in hopeless silence seal'd.
Chain'd down by weakness to her bed—
Her tender frame by suffering wrung—
"A bitter lot is thine," I said,
"A heavy cross for one so young."

But, oh! far otherwise I mused,
When once I saw, with glad surprise,
How this meek lamb, so sorely bruised,
To the Good Shepherd raised her eyes.
How patient on his breast she lay,
And kiss'd the hand of chast'ning love;
And bless'd the dark and rugged way
That led her to his fold above!

Sweet child! so greatly tried and blest,
Thou soon wilt lay thy burden down;
The rougher road, the happier rest;
The heavier cross, the brighter crown.
For days of darkness yet to thee
Shall everlasting light be given;
And the first face that thou shalt see
Will be thy Saviour's face in heaven.

That fetter'd tongue, here mute so long,
Shall burst its bonds in sudden praise;
Its first glad words will be the song
Which round the throne the ransom'd raise.
From suff'rings freed, and free from sin,
And in unclouded light to shine,—
If faith can such a triumph win,
Sweet child, a blessed lot is thine! J. D. B.

VII.—PAUL AND TROPHIMUS.

"Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick." Did you, Paul? And why did you leave him sick, when you possessed the power of working miracles? Why were you so profuse of your miracles in Melita, while you are so sparing of them among your best friends? For the very reason of showing that miracles are rather for the proof of the gospel than for the private benefit even of the heirs of glory. God is sovereign in this, as well as in everything else. Jesus healed the ear of the high priest's servant, while Paul did not heal his friend Trophimus.

The apostles exercised their power, not by their discretion or caprice, but by the suggestion of the Holy Spirit. This, then, is a providential fact, the record of which, though to human wisdom trifling, is yet of great importance to the children of God. They are not to expect that they will always be free from sickness, or that their sickness will be soon dismissed. They have reason to trust that God will always be with them, and will turn everything to good for them. But they must submit to him as a Sovereign who gives no account of his matters.—*Dr. Carson.*

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"YE WILL NOT COME TO ME THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE."*

THOSE who are spiritually dead are *not willing* to come to Christ for life.

This seems strange. Even the Lord himself wondered at their unbelief. It is the very mystery of iniquity, that man's resistance to the divine proposal is great in proportion to the easiness of its terms.

The human nature of the question is graphically represented in the history of Naaman the leprous Syrian soldier. If much had been required, he would have done much; but to wash in Jordan was so easy to do, that he would not do it. Even in his case, however, there was something deeper than the pet of a spoiled child. That easy act was, from his view-point, one of the hardest sacrifices that could have been exacted. It did not require the removal of a mountain, but it required the crushing of national pride in the most painful manner, and at the most sensitive point. Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, were then, as now, accounted by the Syrians the sweetest, and freshest, and most sanitary that flowed upon the earth. To abandon these as worthless, and go wash for healing in the Jordan, the despised stream of a despised people,—this was to crucify the flesh. It was to honour what he contemned, and trample in the dust what he honoured.

These things, although a portion of actual history, are an allegory in their design and use. The leper, divinely instructed to leave his native streams, in which he gloried, and wash for healing in the Jordan, which he despised, represents a sinner instructed to turn away from all his own appliances, and come for cleansing to the fountain opened in the house of David. In the proud answer of the heathen, when he spurned away the humiliating proposal, you may see reflected the inborn self-righteousness of the fallen, and their unwillingness to submit to the righteousness of Christ. Most men would do many difficult things, and do them gladly, for the sake of what they call heaven; but they are unwilling to do the one easy thing which God requires. Those Jews, to whom these words were at first addressed, came to the Scriptures thinking that thereby they would obtain eternal life. They were willing to toil through their task of so many chapters every day, and all their days: they would wear pieces of the Scriptures written on parchment bound on their brows, and wrapped round their bodies; but, while they superstitiously manipulated the Scriptures, they refused the Christ whom the Scriptures proclaim. The letter of the word became to them like the husks that once held the wheat after the wheat had dropped out ripe. These husks are not bread: there is no life in them. That life is in God's Son.

The want lies in the will. The great Physician points to the seat of the disease. The sick should profit by his kindness and skill. Some malady which you do not understand troubles and alarms you. The physician is called. Thinking that the illness proceeds from a certain inflammatory process on a portion of your skin, you anxiously direct his attention to the spot. Silently, but sympathizingly, he looks at the place where you have bidden him look, and because you have bidden him look there; but soon he turns away. He is busy with an instrument on another part of your body. He presses his trumpet-tube gently to your breast, and listens for the pulsations which faintly but distinctly pass through. He looks and listens there, and saddens as he looks. You again direct his attention to the cutaneous eruption which annoys you. He sighs, and sits silent. When you reiterate your request that something should be done for the external eruption, he gently shakes his head and answers not a word. From this silence you would learn the truth at last. You would not miss its meaning long.

Oh, miss not the meaning of the Lord, when he points to the seat of the soul's disease: "Ye WILL not come." These, his enemies, dwell in your heart. He stands at the door and knocks. If he enter, these must be driven out. Well, the change would be deliverance now and salvation for ever. What hinders? Only this—Ye will not. This is the key of the position. Around this spot the battle chiefly rages all through the battle-day. There the strong man armed most successfully holds his own. If that position is ever won, it yields only to Omnipotence: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

Jesus *complains* that they will not come to him for life. It follows from this, as clear and sure as the reflection of your face in a mirror, that he delights to give, to be, eternal life to the lost.

Here the Saviour opens his heart, that we may look in and see the love that fills it. I know not any scripture whence the compassion of Emmanuel more freely flows. This plaint, when interpreted aright, is more consoling than any promise—more solemnizing than any terror. When Jesus tells us what grieves him, we learn with certainty what would make him glad. The inference is infallible. No truth can be more plain or more sure than this,—that the flight of sinners to himself for life is the chief delight of God our Saviour.

* * * *

The upper side of religion is not a sentiment, but a fact; such also must its under side be. The one is

* From a new work to be issued by our publishers during the present month, entitled "ROOTS AND FRUITS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, by the Rev. William Arnot."

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Christ's coming into the world to die for us; the other is our coming to Christ to live in him. The work of redemption has been done once for all, and the story of the fact is the gospel. The Son of God took our nature—he lived, and died, and rose again, in a land to which one of us could travel in a few weeks. He bare sin not his own. He assumed his people's guilt, and offered for it a sacrifice that satisfies divine justice, and washes it all away. He ever lives in heaven to make intercession for those whom he bought with his blood on earth. This act, overshadowing all others, fills up time and eternity. It is an act done, and the Bible is its history. But the lower and lesser side must be equally an act in the experience of every sinner saved. Mercy let down from heaven must be grasped by the needy on the earth while it is within their reach. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Brother, the plain doctrine of the Bible is, if you do not come to Christ, you miss the profit of getting life, and he misses the pleasure of giving it. When you neglect this great salvation, you mar the Saviour's joy. On his side, which is all a giving, the work is finished; on your side, which is simply a receiving, it languishes. So far from grudging to bestow pardon and eternal life, He who has them at his disposal stands here to-day ("Lo, I am with you alway"), complaining that you will not receive them at his hands.

I was called lately to visit a young mother in deep distress. Her husband, who had been in confidential employment, had appropriated a large sum of money as it passed through his hands, and absconded. That weeping wife, with an infant on her knee and another at her foot, said, as she pointed to the window, "I sat at that window and looked for him until these men came back to their work in the morning." A great longing lay in one little human heart that night. A greater fills the heart of God our Saviour, as he waits for sinners, and complains that few are coming.

Jesus, mediator between God and man, suffers two desertions, and utters two complaints. On that side, God forsook him; and on this side, man. The answer to the first desertion, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" echoed faintly from his dying lips; the answer to the second is written here, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." The desertion by the Father in the utmost agony of the Son was the greater—was inconceivably, infinitely great; but the lower and lesser—the desertion by sinners whom he seeks that he may save—pierces his heart more painfully, because the last desertion makes the first for that case of no avail. When we come to him for life, he sees, he tastes of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied; when we refuse, he complains that so far his soul has travailed in vain. The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord, "risen from the dead:" the Lord is gladder when he sees disciples coming to himself, as doves to their windows.

UNDER CLOUDS.

HERE behold me, as I cast me
At thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, childlike longing,
Son of Man, to thee I bring.
Let me find thee—let me find thee!
Me, a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray thee;
Let thy Spirit dwell in mine:
Thou hast sought me, thou hast bought me;
Only thee to know I pine:
Let me find thee—let me find thee!
Take my heart and grant me thine.

Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But thy grace so rich and free,
That thou givest whom thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to thee:
Let me find thee—let me find thee!
He hath all things who hath thee.

Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name, or richest hoard,
Are but weary, void and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God:
Let me find thee—let me find thee!
I am ready, mighty Lord.

Joachim Neander. 1679.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

FOUNDED CHIEFLY ON REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL INDIA.

PUBLIC LIFE.

WE shall first speak of a few of the trades or professions. To begin with that of the potter.

POTTERS AND THE POTTER'S FIELD.

"And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called, The field of blood, unto this day."—MATT. xxvii. 7, 8.
See also Acts i. 18, 19.

All our readers know the way in which a potter can make a vessel take form through the centrifugal action of a rapidly revolving horizontal wheel; and the process is really the same whether you see it at the door of a mud hovel in an Indian village, or in the potteries in Staffordshire. Moreover, in a series of operations requiring skilful manipulation, all can conceive a vessel "marred in the hand of the potter," and changed into some other form, as "seemed him good." Our object is not to enter into detail on these points, but to attempt a rough sketch of what the potter's field mentioned in the Gospels was probably like. To enable us to do this, we must present two ideas, first separately, and afterwards in combination. The first of these is, the nature of the locality whence potters obtain materials for the vessels they make. In Nagpore people of one caste or profession frequently built their houses together; and part of the extreme western suburb of the city was called Koombharpoora, or the district of the potters. Immediately beyond their houses was the open country, which was much cut up into holes, whence clay for

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brick-making and other purposes had been dug. Contiguous again to these were a series of alternate mounds and hollows, marking the spot where treacherous Arab mercenaries had been cantoned before the battle of Seetabuldee, forty-two years ago. In the deep depressions, whether of the clay-pits or of the ruined edifices, such plants as the Mexican poppy found shelter and congenial soil. Two or three foot-paths pursued a winding course through the place now described, but they were little frequented; and in general the broken ground presented a solitude as extreme as if a large city had not been near. On this account, after nightfall it tempted the unprincipled to outrage; and one Sabbath evening—we remember it well—there rose from the locality the voices of a man and woman in violent altercation. Not believing the matter so serious as it really was, we did not interfere; and next morning the body of the woman was taken out of one of the pits. In consequence of occurrences like these, the place obtained a bad name; and one of the mission pupils, who had reached the age of manhood, but had a considerable dash of cowardice in his nature, stated he never passed it in the dark without walking as fast as he could. Perhaps we should not greatly err if we should suppose the place now described not very unlike the old potter's field, bought with the money cast down by Judas in the temple, after remorse had set in for his unparalleled crime. We should conceive it situated at some little distance outside the walls of Jerusalem; and it is just there, on the slope of a hill bounding the Valley of Hinnom on the south, that travellers believe its site to have been. It was possibly part of a more extensive unenclosed tract of broken ground. Rank plants may have sheltered themselves in the pits whence clay had been dug. Few people may have passed it by day, and by night it may have been the scene of crime. The timid, called to go through it after dark, knowing its bad reputation, may have flitted quickly past, not stopping to look behind. It may not, on various accounts, have been an eligible spot for human habitations; but a burial-ground may have seemed not unsuitable to the place. The second idea to be presented is, the nature of the localities in which cemeteries are made in the East. The great majority of the Hindoos, as is well known, burn their dead, and you do not, in consequence, very often see a heathen tomb. The Mohammedans, however, practise interment; and their burying-grounds may be observed about the outskirts of Indian cities, in places not at all unlike that sketched above. Indeed, there was one of their cemeteries in the margin of the locality we have described. Probably the Jews buried their dead in places not dissimilar; and if the two ideas at first separately presented be combined, there will arise a pretty vivid, and we think not inaccurate picture, of the place purchased with the traitor's money, and called, in consequence, Aceldama, or the field of blood.

POSTS.

"Now my days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they see no good."—Job ix. 25.

Though it is, alas! too plain that the adage, "time is money," obtains little credence in the East, yet there is one striking exception to the ordinary rule—it is in the case of the post; thus letters are carried inland from Bombay along miserable roads, with scarce any bridges, by relays of horsemen, at the rate of at least 125 miles a-day. Nor can our government claim the credit of having been the first to insist on the speedy transmission of the mail. The necessity for this was fully understood by its predecessors in Eastern rule, the Mogul emperors. Even yet, when important battles or other political events take place in the remoter parts of India, they are said frequently to become known in Calcutta within so short a period, that it has occasionally been suspected the natives may have managed to outrun the government despatches by a private post of their own. It is unnecessary to point out the force which this imparts to the patriarch's words.

GUIDES.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—Matt. v. 41.

In the East, as is well known, much of the travelling is performed by night, and one journeying along a road with which he is unacquainted is in the habit of procuring a guide at each village through which he may pass, to show him the way to the next. In Central India this duty devolves, by the Hindoo law, on an outcast race. A person would expect that these would be glad to undertake the office, for which they are paid by every honest traveller; but in many cases love of ease is preferred to love of emolument, and the guide when applied to makes every excuse he can think of for not moving from his cot. "There is a tiger abroad to-night," he says, sometimes with truth, but in too many cases with no more real foundation than when the sluggard described by Solomon forebodes evil in the almost identical words, "There is a lion in the way; I shall be slain in the streets." Instances are not wanting in which the guide, after accompanying the traveller a few hundred feet on his way, has suddenly disappeared, and run at full speed back to the village. Need it be said that a guide imbued with the spirit of the gospel would act differently? Legally, if we may call it so, compelled to show a traveller on to the next village, he would, if no new guide were there readily procurable, himself go forward another mile to the next halting-place, as we have occasionally found even heathens of a more than ordinarily obliging character cheerfully do. His motive would not be far to seek. If the advent of Jesus was designed to bring "good will to men," then one who made the great Messiah in all things his model would strive to show kindly feeling, and be accommodating to all with whom he might in Providence be brought in contact. It would be on this account that, "compelled to go a mile" with a traveller, he would "go with him twain."

THE MILITARY PROFESSION.

The passage to be illustrated is 2 Kings ix., where we read of the elevation of Jehu from his position as a general in the army of Israel to the royal dignity.

As the Anglo-Indian government beyond question wields the greatest military power in Asia, we may be pardoned if we look for an illustration of this passage to our army in the East; and so essentially identical is human nature, under all its diverse outward manifestations, that much of what happened in the Israelitish mess-tent before Ramoth-Gilead, nearly 3000 years ago, may almost find a parallel in what goes on in Indian cantonments at the present hour. For "one of the children of the prophets," substitute a missionary; for Jehu, read a British general or brigadier; and in place of the military comrades of the former, suppose the officers under the command of the latter; and you will find a close resemblance between the two cases.

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But to the narrative. One of the children of the prophets presented himself at the tent in which the Israelitish officers before Ramoth-Gilead were assembled, and requested a private interview with Jehu, who was probably their chief. The two went together for a short time into an inner chamber, and then Jehu returned to the company he had left, while the prophet departed homewards. The question was now put to Jehu by one of his companions in arms, "Is all well? wherefore came this mad fellow to thee?" And has it come to this, some will say, that Israelites in influential positions consider God's prophets simply as lunatics? It was not wonderful that a heathen governor like Festus, when startled by the skill and eloquence with which the apostle of the Gentiles pled his own and his Saviour's cause, should exclaim, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad;" but more, surely, might have been expected from the country of Elijah and Elisha. So might some reason; but we do not believe that the officer who called the prophet a "mad fellow" intended his words to be interpreted literally. His question is an instance of that reckless way of talking into which young men, and indeed men in general, lapse when they are obliged to live together in numbers, in place of having the inestimable advantage of a quiet home. There is no place where reckless talk is more common than in the army, for it is supposed to mark a man of courage, who has moreover seen and keenly observed much of the world. We could conceive a worldly young Indian officer use the expression "mad fellow" of a missionary, without really attaching any great meaning to the words he employed. Another habit into which men fall, when living together in large societies, is jesting. Of course the practice must have prevailed in the Israelitish as in other camps; and human nature being what it is, we may almost infallibly conjecture the subject with which an enterprising superior officer would make merry,—in a country in which repeated dynasties had already been overturned by violence, it must have been on his heading a rebellion and mounting the throne. Accordingly, when Jehu, in reply to the question put to him, declared, with what they would believe affected gravity, that he had been anointed king, the natural impulse would be to take the whole thing as a jest; and, accordingly, the reply to his intimation was, "It is false: tell us now." And so thoroughly does Jehu comprehend how matters stand that he does not fire up, as doubtless he would have done, had he been charged with a vice so unbecoming a brave man and an officer as lying; but simply repeats again, in a tone that left no doubt of his sincerity, the communication the prophet had made. Hereupon "they hasted, and took every man his garment, and put it under him on the top of the stairs, and blew with trumpets, saying, Jehu is king." "What," it will be asked, "all this jeopardy of their lives on a hint from one who had so recently been termed in their hearing 'a mad fellow?'" Even so; nor do we doubt that the very person who used that language blew as loud a blast as his companions in arms, and periled his life as cheerfully as the rest to make Jehu king. This tends to show the view we have taken of the little weight to be attached to his language to be correct; indeed, the whole scene appears to be as true to nature as it is possible to be. We could conceive a young Indian officer apply some wild epithet to designate a missionary, and yet really entertain respect for him all the while, even to the extent of sending for him on a death-bed, and making him a confidant respecting the hopes and fears excited in the prospect of eternity drawing on.

Another matter regarding Jehu requires a passing thought, if we would make him stand before us in life-like reality. It relates to the furious driving for which his name has become proverbial. The persons who imitate him in this respect, in general do so from one or other of two causes; either, on the one hand, from irritability of nerve, or, on the other, from that wiry strength of muscle which naturally imparts energy of action. There is now before our mind's eye a fine specimen of the first kind—a gentleman so nervously sensitive, that when talking of the afflictions with which he had been visited—and they had not been light—he could not abstain from abundantly shedding tears, but who, at the same time, was in the habit of driving with a fury that seemed to render a catastrophe perpetually imminent. Specimens of the second class are so much more numerous that all our readers must have met with them frequently. To which did Jehu belong? A simple incident in the history, that might be passed unnoticed, did it not tell a tale, settles the question. The nervous lose all appetite for food when in the midst of excitement, while the really strong retain it unimpaired. Now, we find that a few minutes after Jehu had seen the wretched Jezebel dashed on the pavement before his eyes, he sat down in the palace whence she had been precipitated "to eat and to drink;" and it was not till he had finished that he remembered, as if by a sudden after-thought, his omission to give directions regarding the sepulture of the queen, so justly yet so pitifully slain. "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her; for she is a king's daughter." Such almost inhuman self-possession is scarcely ever seen; nor do we know that its rarity is much to be deplored. Men like Jehu are created at remote intervals, and have a mission to fulfil in this sinful world; like the volcano and the earthquake, also placed here by the Creator, they are "ministers of his to do his pleasure;" but happy is it for earth that ordinary spheres can be filled by gentler natures; and that the divine model for our imitation is One who, with just grounds for taking vengeance, yet came with no other object than to save.

E. H.

ARE YOU AT WORK?

Look at that poor old woman in yonder almshouse. She is quite a cripple, unable to walk or stand, and her fingers are twisted by rheumatism into various shapes. A visitor, on entering her apartment, finds her busy with some religious tracts.

"Well, Mrs H——, what are you doing?"

"O sir," she replies, "I am sorting my tracts."

"What for?"

"To send out to my neighbours."

The fact is, that she receives from time to time these tracts from richer friends, and then employs some one to carry them round the spacious court of almshouses in which she lives; and her work is to keep up a regular supply and exchange. Thus poor old Ellen in the almshouse finds some way to be useful.

There lived in a poor cottage a girl of sixteen. The only means of instruction ever enjoyed by her did not

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last for more than six months, but her mind was awakened by an ardent desire for knowledge. After she had almost learned by heart the few books within her reach, she took the Bible, and though she had seldom heard the gospel preached, yet the Spirit of God inspired her with wonder, as she read the story of a Saviour's love. Her wonder was changed to fear; she was humbled; she sought pardon, and with a sense of forgiveness came the inquiry, What she, a poor ignorant child, could do for her Saviour? She thought of her brothers; she read to them over and over again the lessons she had learned from the Bible. She had heard of Sabbath schools, and with a determination to establish one among the few neighbours in the vicinity, she persuaded her father to lend his kitchen for a school-room. Soon her school increased; old men and middle-aged came, and the youthful teacher was happy.

Years passed, and in place of scores, hundreds were seen in that school each returning Sabbath, and it is now existing in the midst of a flourishing village. A neat church stands by the side of the old kitchen, and the songs of Zion echo from its walls, and the voice of a faithful minister is heard from its pulpit on the Lord's day. That teacher sleeps. She has gone to receive from her Saviour the blessed commendation, "She hath done what she could."

Yes, she has ceased from her labours; but mark the sequel. A brother, who listened to the first lessons of holiness that trembled on her lips is preparing for the ministry; others are devoted, useful Christians; and one of the scholars is already on missionary ground. Verily, "she hath done what she could."

Dear reader, will you not be stimulated by such examples as these? As you recall past mercies, and muse over present obligations, will you not ask, with renewed seriousness and solicitude, the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

And if you do ask it, a reply will assuredly be given; only you must not be disappointed if it is not instantaneously vouchsafed. "Arise, and go into the city," said our Saviour to the inquiring Saul, "and it shall be told thee what thou must do;" and there he had to wait three days before the answer came. And so it is perhaps with you; you have not yet received a definite reply; and you are disposed to be restless and discontented. Guard against this temptation, for it is a temptation. Satan finds that he cannot lessen the ardour of your zeal, and therefore he is trying to fan it into a spirit of fretfulness. He is endeavouring to make you think that you cannot be growing in the spiritual life, unless you are always acting, always talking, always doing.

But you must combine patient waiting with earnest seeking. It is through the diligent and prayerful use of appointed means that God generally gives his directions; look for them through that channel, and it will not be long before you hear a voice saying unto you, "This is the way, walk thou in it."

And the happiness which results from loving and self-denying efforts in the service of Christ can be understood only by those who have experienced it. It is a joy so pure, so deep, that those who have once experienced it are never willing to part with it; and while health and strength are continued to him, the Christian labours with unwearied ardour to promote the advancement of Christ's kingdom. And even with life's failing powers, how reluctant he is to give over his active exertions.

The late Rev. John Campbell, in attending one morning the early committee meeting of the Religious Tract Society, met an old friend leaning on the balustrade that led to the breakfast-room, and unable to proceed from a difficulty of breathing.

"Why, Mr. Townsend," exclaimed Mr. Campbell, "is this you? You ought not to come in such a state to our meetings. You have attended them for a long time, and you should now leave that work for younger and abler men."

Looking upon his friend with a countenance brightened by the thought that was struggling for utterance, Mr. Townsend rejoined with his characteristic energy:—"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, man, it is hard to give up working in the service of such a Master."

Young reader, are you working for that gracious Master?

The low-tuft grass is not a stately tree,
Nor yet a lovely and all-fragrant rose
It yields no nectar to the grateful bee,
Nor fashions for their transit o'er the sea
The hearts of oak revered by friends and foes.

But think of it as lightly as you will,
Passing it over in your careless tread,
It has its own peculiar place to fill;
And humble as its work appeareth, still
Nor oak, nor rose, could do that work instead.

So, youthful Christian, through life's transient day,
There is a special work mark'd out for you;
It may be of the lowliest kind; it may
Be such as shall the loftiest powers display,
But none besides yourself your work can do.

Then bend in meekness at your Saviour's throne,
And seek to learn the purpose of his grace;
Ask Him who has so oft your duty shown
To point you out the work that is your own,
And tell you where to find your proper place.

"What wilt thou have me do?" With single eye
To your Redeemer's glory, work for him;
Illumined every moment from on high,
Strive in each action God to glorify,
Nor let one thought of self life's radiance dim.

Work, work, nor covet an ignoble rest;
Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile,
Those love the Saviour most who serve him best;
And he who blesses others shall be blest
With the full sunshine of his Saviour's smile.

Life's Morning.

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BIBLICAL TREASURY.

THE RESURRECTION BODY.

BY CHARLES HODGE, D.D., PRINCETON.

(*Concluded from page* 143.)

"And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam [was made] a quickening spirit."—1 Cor. xv. 45.

So it is written, i.e., the Scriptures are in accordance with the preceding representation. They represent Adam as having been created with an animal nature, and therefore as having an animal body; whereas the second Adam is a person of a far higher order. The proof with regard to the nature of Adam does not rest exclusively on the words quoted, but on the whole account of his creation, of which those words form a part. It is evident from the entire history, that Adam was formed for an existence on this earth, and therefore with a body adapted to the present state of being—in its essential attributes not differing from those which we have inherited from him. He was, indeed, created immortal. Had he not sinned, he would not have been subject to death. For death is the wages of sin. And as Paul elsewhere teaches, death is by sin. From what the apostle, however, here says of the contrast between Adam and Christ—of the earthly and perishable nature of the former as opposed to the immortal, spiritual nature of the latter, it is plain that Adam as originally created was not, as to his body, in that state which would fit him for his immortal existence. After his period of probation was passed, it is to be inferred that a change in him would have taken place, analogous to that which is to take place in those believers who shall be alive when Christ comes. They shall not die, but they shall be changed. Of this change in the constitution of his body, the tree of life was probably constituted the sacrament. For when he sinned, he was excluded from the garden of Eden, "lest he put forth his hand and take of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever" (Gen. iii. 22). Some change, therefore, was to take place in his body, to adapt it to live for ever. *He was made a living soul.* He had a soul (ψυχή), and therefore a body adapted to it. Both the Greek word ψυχή, and the corresponding Hebrew term, are frequently used for the immortal principle of our nature—the rational soul; but they also, and perhaps most frequently, mean life in that form which we have in common with other animals. This idea is included in the passage quoted from Genesis. It is to be remembered that the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old Testament are not mere quotations, but authoritative expositions. Paul tells us what the Spirit of God meant when he called Adam a *living soul.*

The last Adam, i.e., Christ. This was not an unusual designation for the Messiah among the Jews, though not found in Scripture elsewhere than here. The appropriateness of the designation is evident. Christ is the second great head and representative man, of whom Adam is declared to have been the type (Rom. v. 14). Was made *a quickening spirit.* Adam was in his distinctive character, that is, as distinguished from Christ, a creature endowed with animal life, whereas Christ has life in himself, and can give life to as many as he will (John v. 21, 26). This does not, of course, mean that Adam had nothing more than animal life. It does not deny that he had a rational and immortal soul. Neither does it imply that our Lord had not, while on earth, a ψυχή, or principle of life, in common with us. The apostle simply contrasts the first and second Adam as to their distinguishing characteristics. The one was a man; the other infinitely more.

"Howbeit that [was] not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."—Ver. 46.

This does not mean simply that the natural *body* precedes the spiritual *body;* but it announces, as it were, a general law. The lower precedes the higher; the imperfect the perfect. This is true in all the works of God, in which there is a development. Adam's earthly state was to be preparatory to a heavenly one. The present life is like a seed-time, the harvest is hereafter. The natural comes before the spiritual; as Calvin says, we are born before we are regenerated, we live before we rise.

"The first man [is] of the earth, earthy: the second man [is] the Lord from heaven."—Ver. 47.

The general principle stated in the preceding verse, that the natural precedes the spiritual, is here illustrated by the fact that Adam came before Christ. *The first man was of the earth; i.e.,* formed out of the earth, and therefore *earthy. The second man is the Lord from heaven.* Here the text is doubtful. The authorities are about equally divided for and against the reading ὁ Κύριος, *the Lord.* The sentence is more simple if that word be omitted: "The first man was from the earth, the second man was from heaven." If the common text be retained, the word *Lord* is in apposition with the words *the second man:* "The second man, the Lord, was from heaven." This passage was used by the early heretics of the Gnostic school to sustain their doctrine that our Lord was not really born of the Virgin Mary, but was clothed in a body derived from heaven; in opposition to whom the early creeds declare that he was as to his human nature consubstantial with man, and as to his divine nature consubstantial with God. The text, however, simply asserts the heavenly origin of Christ. Adam was of the earth; Christ was from heaven; comp. John iii. 13. Adam, therefore, had a body suited to the earth; Christ has a body suited to heaven.

"As [is] the earthy, such [are] they also that are earthy; and as [is] the heavenly, such [are] they also that are heavenly."—Ver. 48.

The earthy is of course Adam; *they that are earthy* are his descendants. *The heavenly* is Christ; *they that are heavenly* are his risen people. The descendants of Adam derive from him an earthly body like his. Those who are Christ's are to have a body fashioned like unto his glorious body (Phil. iii. 21).

"And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."—Ver. 49.

The apostle is obviating the objection to the doctrine of the resurrection founded on the assumption that our bodies hereafter are to be of the same kind as those which we have here. This is not so. They are to be like the body of Christ. As we have borne the image of Adam as to his body, we shall bear the image of Christ as to his body. The idea that as we have derived a corrupt nature from Adam, we derive a holy nature from Christ, though true in itself, is altogether foreign to the connection.

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"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."—Ver. 50.

Flesh and blood means our body as now constituted, not sinful human nature. The phrase never has this latter sense. In Heb. ii. 14, it is said, "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he [Christ] also himself likewise took part of the same" (Matt. xvi. 17; Gal. i. 16; Eph. vi. 12). It is indeed true, that our unsanctified nature, or unrenewed man, cannot inherit the kingdom of God; but that is not what the apostle is speaking about. He is speaking of the body and of its state after the resurrection. It is of the body as now constituted that he says, *It cannot inherit the kingdom of God; i.e.*, the kingdom of Christ as it is to exist after the resurrection (Matt. viii. 11; Luke xiii. 28; 1 Cor. vi. 9; Gal. v. 21; 2 Tim. iv. 18). The same idea is repeated in abstract terms, and as a general proposition, in the next clause, *Neither can corruption inherit incorruption.* The mortal cannot be immortal; the perishable imperishable. Incorruption cannot be an attribute of corruption. Our bodies, therefore, if they are to be immortal and imperishable, must be changed. And this the apostle in the next verse announces, on the authority of a direct revelation, is actually to occur.

TO ONE AT REST.

And needest thou our prayers no more, safe folded 'mid the bless'd?
How changed art thou since last we met to keep the day of rest!
Young with the youth of angels, wise with the growth of years;
For we have pass'd since thou hast gone a week of many tears,
And thou hast pass'd a week in heaven, a week without a sin,
Thy robes made white in Jesus' blood, all glorious within.

We shall miss thee at a thousand turns along life's weary track,—
Not a sorrow or a joy, but we shall long to call thee back,
Yearn for thy true and gentle heart, long thy bright smile to see,
For many dear and true are left, but none are quite like thee!
And evermore to all our life a deeper tone is given,
For a playmate of our childhood has entered into heaven.

How wise, and great, and glorious, thy gentle soul has grown,
Loving as thou art loved by God, knowing as thou art known!
Yet in that world thou carest yet for those thou lov'dst in this;—
The rich man did in torments, and wilt not thou in bliss?
For sitting at the Saviour's feet, and gazing in his face,
Surely thou'lt not unlearn one gentle human grace.
Human, and not angelic, the form he deigns to wear,
Of Jesus, not of angels, the likeness thou shalt bear.

At rest from all the storms of life, from its night-watches drear,
From the tumultuous hopes of earth, and from its aching fear,
Sacred and sainted now to us is thy familiar name:
High is thy sphere above us now, and yet in this the same;
Together do we watch and wait for that long-promised day,
When the voice that rends the tombs shall call, "Arise and come away,
My Bride and my Redeemed, winter and night are past,
And the time of singing and of light has come to thee at last;"
When the family is gathered, and the Father's house complete,
And we and thou, beloved, in our Father's smiles shall meet.

*The Three Wakings, and other Poems.**

STRAY COUNSELS.

BY PROFESSOR UPHAM.

"MY GOD, MY STRENGTH."

Our spiritual strength will be nearly in proportion to the absence of self-dependence and self-confidence. When we are weak in ourselves we shall not fail, if we apply to the right source for help, to be found strong in the Lord. Madame Guyon, speaking of certain temptations to which she had been exposed, says, "I then comprehended what power a soul has which is entirely annihilated." This is strong language, but when it is properly understood it conveys important truth. When we sink in ourselves, we rise in God. When we have no strength in ourselves, we have divine power in Him who can subdue all his adversaries. "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

"THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN."

A strong faith has the power to make a virtual and present reality of those things which are in fact future. Be it so that we have not the thing itself in the literal sense of the term; that we have not heaven; that we have not the visible presence of Christ; that we have not those things, whatsoever they may be, which constitute the glory and blessedness of the future world. But it is certain that in the Bible we have the promise of them,—we have the title-deed, the bond, the mortgage, most solemnly made out and delivered to us. All these things are, therefore, ours, if we fully believe in the promise; and they can all be made, in the exercise of

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entire faith, a virtual and present reality. A man reckons his notes, bonds, and bills, which are the certificates and confirmations of absent possessions, as so much property, as actual money, although it is only virtually and by faith realized to be such. He counts himself as truly and really owning the property, in amount and kind, which the face of his papers, of his notes and bonds, represents; and yet he has nothing in hand but his papers and his faith in the individuals who have signed them. How much more then should we have faith in *our* title-deeds, in *our* bonds and testaments, which are written in the blood of the Son of God, are confirmed by the oath of the Father, and are witnessed by the Holy Ghost! And how much more should we, having such deeds and bonds, and such immutable confirmations of them, count God ours, and Christ and the Holy Spirit ours, and eternal glory ours!

OFF GUARD.

Thou hast contended with Satan, and hast been successful. Thou hast fought with him, and he has fled from thee. But oh, remember his artifices! Do not indulge the belief that his nature is changed. True, indeed, he is now very complacent, and is, perhaps, singing thee some siren song; but he was never more a devil than he is now. He now assaults thee *by not assaulting thee*; and knows that he shall conquer when THOU FALLEST ASLEEP.

PRAYER AND LOVE.

It is a striking remark, ascribed to Augustine, that *prayer is the measure of love*, — a remark which implies that those who love much will pray much, and that those who pray much will love much. This remark is not more scripturally than philosophically true. It is the nature of love to lead the person who exercises this passion, as it were, out of himself. His heart is continually attracted toward the beloved object. He naturally and necessarily exercises, in connection with the object of love, the communion of the affections; and this, it will be readily seen,— namely, the communion of the affections,—is the essential characteristic, and perhaps, it may be said, the essence and sum of prayer. In acceptable prayer the soul goes forth to God in various acts of adoration, supplication, and thanksgiving; all of which imply feelings of trust and confidence, and particularly love to him who is the object of prayer. Accordingly, he who loves much cannot help praying much. And, on the other hand, when the streams of holy communion with God fail in any considerable degree, it is a sure sign that there is a shallowness and drought in that fountain of love from which they have their source.

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

Many persons seem to be more solicitous for *strong* emotions than for *right* emotions. It would, perhaps, be a fair representation of their state to say the burden of their prayer is, that their souls might be like "the chariots of Amminadib," or that, like Paul, they may be caught up into the third heaven. They seem desirous, perhaps almost unconsciously to themselves, to experience, or to do, some *great* as well as some *good* thing. Would it not be better for them, in a more chastened and humble temper of mind, to make it the burden and emphasis of their supplication, that they may be meek, forbearing, and forgiving; that they may have a willingness to wash the disciples' feet, and have great love even for their enemies; in a word, that they may bear the image of Christ, who came, not with observation, but was "*meek and lowly of heart?*"

THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.

It is a great art in the Christian life to *learn to be silent*. Under oppositions, rebukes, injuries, *still be silent*. It is better to say nothing, than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent, the mind is enabled to collect itself, and to call upon God in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honour of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, *when you speak from God.*

THE TEST OF LOVE.

It is a great practical principle in the religious life, that a *state of suffering furnishes the test of love.* When God is pleased to bestow his favours upon us, when his blessings are repeated every hour, how can we tell whether we love him for what he *is* or for what he *gives?* But when, in seasons of deep and varied afflictions, our heart still clings to him as our only hope and only joy, we may well say, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

LITTLE CROSSES.

As a general thing, it may be expected that all Christians will find themselves able to bear the *great crosses* of life, because they come with observation; they attract notice by their very magnitude, and, by putting the soul on its guard, give it strength to meet them. But happy, thrice happy is he who can bear the *little crosses* which ever lie in wait, and which attack us secretly, and without giving warning, like a thief in the night.

FEELING AND FAITH.

There are two classes of Christians: those who live chiefly by emotion, and those who live chiefly by faith. The first class, those who live chiefly by emotion, remind one of ships, that move by the outward impulse of winds operating upon sails. They are often in a dead calm, often out of their course, and sometimes driven back. And it is only when the winds are fair and powerful that they move onward with rapidity. The other class, those who live chiefly by faith, remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, which are moved by an interior and permanent principle, and which, setting at defiance all ordinary obstacles, advance steadily and swiftly to their destination, through calm and storm, through cloud and sunshine.

"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL."

Ah! the heart that has forsaken
All things to secure the One,
In the secret of its chambers
Finds the joy of heaven begun.

Ah! the heart that is contented
Nought to know save God alone,
In the fulness of His blessing
Finds a peace before unknown.

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Ah! the heart that once has bathèd
In Salvation's boundless sea,
In its waters drops the burden
Of a life-time's misery.

Ah! the heart that lives dissevered
From the vain delights of time,
By a peaceful path is treading,
Through this vale of tears and crime.

Oh! that thus we could surrender
Worldly pomp, and pride, and show,
Seeking Him in whom is centred
All of good that man can know!

Oh! that thus His blessed presence
In our hearts we here enjoyed!
For without Him all is dreary,—
Earth is dark, and vain, and void.

Oh! that thus our eyes were turnèd
Evermore on Christ the King,
Until conscience lose its burden,
Life its load, and death its sting!

Oh! thou Fount of every blessing!
Draw us, by thy cross, till we,
Heart and soul, and will and spirit,
Are for ever one with thee!

From the German.
X.

"THREE IN HEAVEN!"*

BY THE LATE REV. J. A. JAMES.

"THREE IN HEAVEN!" So said, with rapture, an individual who had been the instrument of sending them there; and this one thought will, throughout eternity, yield him more delight than all his victories will to Wellington. Who was this happy individual? Not an eloquent preacher, nor a learned author, but a plain, poor man. How did he accomplish this noble work? Read what follows, and you shall know:—Some years ago a gentleman residing in one of our cities was deeply impressed and grieved by seeing the multitudes who neglected public worship; and he determined to make the effort to induce some of the Sabbath-breakers to frequent the house of God. It required some little effort at first, but he overcame his timidity. One Lord's day evening he went forth with this holy purpose, and meeting a young man who did not appear to be on his way to a place of worship, he respectfully addressed him, got into conversation with him, and persuaded the stranger to accompany him to worship, and, as an inducement, offered him a seat in his own pew. Succeeding in this case, he was emboldened and encouraged to proceed in this line of Christian activity and usefulness. And now, mark with what a blessed result: He was the means of leading *One hundred* young men to become stated attendants at the sanctuary, *many of whom have been truly converted to God.*

A minister of the gospel mentioned this at one of his prayer-meetings, when the idea was caught up by some persons present, who at once said, "How admirable a plan this is for doing good!" A little association was immediately formed, called "THE INVITATION SOCIETY." In sixteen months *Two hundred persons* were persuaded by eight or ten of its agents, no longer to forsake the assembling of themselves together.

One of these agents, an earnest Christian in humble life, devoted himself to his work, and was the means of bringing *Forty* to hear the word of life. Nor did he confine his labours to the act of bringing them to the house of God. In the week and on the Sabbath day, in the streets and in their own homes, he ceased not to "beseech men to be reconciled to God." To adopt his own simple language, "*I urge them*," he said, "*to give themselves up to Christ at once.* I wish others would work on in this way by prayer. Why should not this place [referring to the chapel in which he was relating his labours] be full?" Some of the forty he has visited on their death-beds, and of *three he has good hope they are in heaven.*

The writer of this tract once had, in the church under his pastoral care, a poor woman who employed herself in this way, and five persons, who by her influence were brought under the sound of the gospel, were added to the church.

John Williams, the well-known missionary to the South Sea Islands, when loitering about on a Sabbath evening in early life, was persuaded to go and hear a sermon; by the grace of God upon that sermon he was converted, and became one of the greatest missionaries of modern times.

Another case may be mentioned. A traveller was passing through Bilston, in Staffordshire, a year or two since, and observed the shops closed as generally as on a Sabbath. Presently a funeral came by, which was attended by the clergy, and other ministers of religion, the magistrates, and many of the respectable inhabitants of the town. Who could be the distinguished person to whose memory such tokens of public respect were paid? It was John Etheredge, an unmarried man of eighty-four years of age, who had recently died in the same house in which he had lived from his birth. He kept a little shop in which he sold various small articles of ironmongery, toys for children, marbles, and other petty matters, and also Bibles and religious tracts and books. He expended nine or ten shillings a-week upon himself,

* This paper forms the greater portion of a small tract published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., London. It is altogether so admirable, and the means of usefulness it urges is so simple, and so clearly within every one's reach, that we should anticipate the best results from its extensive distribution. May we suggest to our readers how simple a matter it would be for each of them to arrange for a copy of the tract being put into the hands of every member of the congregation with which he is connected.

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and devoted all the rest of his profits to works of piety and humanity. Among other ways of doing good, he used to go out a little before church-time, and if he saw a man loitering about the street, would get into conversation with him and take him to church, and having found him a seat, would set out to seek for other loiterers. Thus lived John Etheredge, to whom these honours were shown. A monument to his memory either *is* erected by public subscription, or is about to be, in the church-yard of the town.

How much good might be done by one man, whose heart is set upon doing it! and how he is honoured!

Christians! these examples speak to *you*. What are *you* doing to save the souls of your fellow-creatures? Now here is a most effectual way of doing good—*Inducing people who neglect public worship to attend the house of God.* All other ways of usefulness are omitted in this tract, not because they are unimportant, but because its design is to fix your attention upon this one.

Do consider *the need of such* exertions. How awful is the neglect of the house of God! In the town of the writer there are 270,000 inhabitants; of these there are never more than 40,000 at one time, exclusive of Sunday-school children, hearing the preaching of the gospel whereby they may be saved. Dreadful idea! Souls are perishing all around you by myriads, going down to the pit within sight of the Cross of Christ, and under the very sound of salvation! Dying eternally at your very doors! Care you nothing for this wide sweeping ruin before your eyes—this torrent of perdition rolling down your streets? Where is your zeal for God? Where is your sympathy with Christ? Where is your concern for your fellow-creatures, if you will not give yourselves a little trouble to pluck some of these sinners as brands from the burning? It was the reproach which an infidel cast upon your lukewarmness, when he said, "Christians, if they are not the most inhuman people in the world, cannot believe what they profess, that men without repentance and faith must perish eternally, or they would be more earnest in endeavouring to save them. If I believed what they profess to do, I should scarcely cease day or night to warn them of the wrath to come." Let the reproach enter into your souls, and rouse you to action. You need not ask what *you* can do. These pages tell you what you can do; you can go out on a Sabbath-day and search for the neglecters of public worship and take them to the house of God.

But who shall do it? Who? You, young man, who have health and strength,—all who have courage, who have no claims of a family to keep them at home. But especially *you of the working classes* of society. Here is a way of doing good, great good by *you*. Here are means of saving souls placed within *your* reach. You have not much money to give, and are sometimes ready to suppose that very little opportunity is afforded to you for doing good. But here is a means of usefulness more entirely within your reach than that of the rich. You have a readier access to each other and each other's homes than they have. No feeling of shame or ceremony need keep you from calling on a neighbour for this purpose. There are greater multitudes of your condition and station than of theirs, who are living in the neglect of public worship. In regard to this method of doing good, we are ready to say, "Happy poor! favoured members of the larger, if the humbler class—value and improve your privilege." *Females* here, without any violation of propriety, may be useful. Remember what has been recorded of the poor woman who was the means of saving five souls by bringing them under the sound of the word. Why, you may perhaps lead the inhabitants of a whole court or half a street, to attend the house of God.

Do you ask how you should do it? I answer, *heartily*, as if you delighted in the work; *kindly*, not reproachfully or with scolding, but making the objects of your solicitude feel that you love them. *Prayerfully*, looking up to God for the help and blessing of his Holy Spirit; and adding to your efforts the power and persuasives of a *holy and consistent example.*

Do consider how many inducements there are to undertake this business. It is *lawful* work. You have a warrant for it. Yea, it is your duty. "*Let him that heareth say*, COME" (Rev. xxii. 17). Not merely him that *preacheth*, but him that *heareth*. It is *easy* work, requiring neither wealth nor rank, nor great talents. It is *welcome* work to the objects of it. One young man said, with surprise and gratitude to the person who invited him, "No one ever invited me before." He complied, and exchanged the public-house for a place of worship. It is *pleasant* work. How delightful to see a person listening to the sound of salvation, brought by you!—to mark his fixed attention!—to see the tear of penitence in his eye, the smile of peace upon his countenance, and the change in all his conduct! It is *hopeful* work. Turn back to the instances mentioned at the commencement of this tract. You will be sure to do good. Now, read the words of the apostle: "If any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins" (James v. 19, 20). Wondrous words! Glorious event! Save a soul from death! A greater work than saving a thousand *bodies* from death! A work which, whenever it is done, fills all heaven with new joy; for the angels rejoice over *one* sinner that repenteth. Oh! have you holy ambition? Here is room for it. By bringing persons under the sound of the gospel you may be the means of setting all heaven rejoicing with new delight, and filling eternity with the praises of your fellow-creatures, and adding to the happiness of your own soul through everlasting ages.

UP AND BE DOING!

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLII.—THE FUTURE COMING OF CHRIST—PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS.

MATT. xxiv. 29–51; xxv. 1–13.

[THE part of the chapter on which we now enter seems to refer *mainly*, though not solely, to that most solemn subject, the future coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. The twenty-fifth chapter is plainly full of that event. It thus formed one of the last subjects of Christ's teaching. He desired to fill the minds of his disciples, both then and ever after, with the truth—"Lo, I come again!" We enter here on very holy ground; may God, by his Spirit, bring all hearts into a suitable frame for studying so solemn a subject; may all be taught *so* to lay it to heart that, when Christ does come, all may be ready!]

The Sign of the Son of Man.—Ver. 29. [The language here seems to be figurative, and probably denotes the darkness and confusion, spiritual and moral, that would overspread the world before the coming of Christ. See Joel ii. 10, 31.]

Ver. 30. [We cannot tell precisely what is meant by "the sign of the Son of man;" but it must mean some visible appearance, plainly indicating the Son of man. It was "*the* sign from heaven" which his enemies had so often demanded.] By whom will the sign of the Son of man be seen at last? What feeling will it awaken? What will cause this feeling? How may *we* escape this terrible sensation?

Ver. 31. [Symbolically this trumpet may be said to have sounded before the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish economy, God having, by his messengers or angels, gathered his elect together to Christ from one end of heaven to the other. But there may be a more literal fulfilment before the end of the world. How blessed to be "in Christ" in those days of fearful tribulation!]

The Parable of the Fig-Tree.—Ver. 32, 33. [Literally, "Learn *the* parable of the fig-tree."] When did the fig-tree put forth leaves? As the fig-tree foretold the approach of summer, so the events Christ had just described would show the approach of—whom?

Ver. 34, 35. [This seems to refer to the first, or symbolical fulfilment of the prophecy, in the destruction of Jerusalem. But some think that "generation" means "race," and that the prophecy is, that the Jewish race would not pass away till Christ should come again.] Is there any uncertainty as to the fact that Christ will come again? Do men commonly live as if they felt the certainty of it?

The Unexpectedness of the Coming.—Ver. 36–42. What day must be referred to in ver. 36? Did Christ himself, *as a man*, know that day? Mark xiii. 32. [Christ, as a man, "grew in knowledge," but this day is utterly hid from human knowledge.]

Ver. 37. [The suddenness of the coming is illustrated by comparison with the times of Noah.] Had men been warned of the coming of the flood? Did they believe the warning? How were they engaged when it came? [Just in their ordinary employments.] Do men generally believe the warnings they receive about Christ's coming? When Christ comes, what will men be doing? What is meant by one being taken and another left? [One taken into the kingdom of Christ, associated with him in glory and blessedness; the other left to sin, shame, and suffering with his enemies. What separations in houses and families will there be then! How happy the households who are all "one in Christ," who have obeyed the call,—"Come thou *and all thy house* into the Ark!"] What is the great duty arising from the unexpectedness of Christ's coming? ver. 42.

Illustrations of Watchfulness.—Ver. 43–51. [Christ shows here how necessary watchfulness is when much less important interests are at stake.] What does a man do when he has reason to expect the coming of a thief? ver. 43. What does he wish to protect by this means? What have *we* got to care for, far more precious than a house? How long, or how often, should we watch, seeing we know not when Christ will come? What is it to be ready for the coming? ver. 44. What is the reward of the faithful and watchful servant? ver. 47. What goods or house have *we* got charge of? [Our own hearts, at the least; our talents, property, time, opportunities. Perhaps there is a special reference to those who rule in the Lord's household—the Church. It is more than hinted that, when he comes, he will find a sad want of watchfulness, not only in the world, but also in the Church.] What happens to those who put the thought of the Lord's coming out of view, and selfishly live for themselves? ver. 51. [What a fearful risk do all run that forget the Lord's coming! What grace do we need to remember it—to remember daily and hourly that we have to account for everything to him!]

Parable of the Ten Virgins.—Ch. xxv. 1–13. [As this discourse of Christ advances, it becomes more searching. This parable is designed to show that even among those who outwardly serve Christ, there may be a want of that inward grace which makes men "ready," and that many such "foolish virgins" will be shut out from the kingdom at his coming.]

Ver. 1. [This parable is borrowed from the circumstances of an Eastern wedding.] Is this image often employed to denote gospel blessings? John ii. 1; Matt. ix. 15; xxii. 2. What may we gather from the frequent use of so joyful an emblem? [In Eastern weddings it was the custom to bring the bride to the house of the bridegroom. The members of the Church are here compared to the virgins who performed this duty.] As they waited for the bridegroom, so all members of Christ's Church should be waiting for—whom? Give some texts showing this.

Ver. 2. What great two-fold division have we here? Give some other instances of it.

Ver. 3, 4. Of what is oil commonly the emblem in Scripture. [The grace of the Holy Spirit.] What is the great difference between the outward professor and the real saint?

Ver. 5. Did they continue to think about him when he tarried? What is meant by even the wise virgins slumbering and sleeping? [Other objects withdrew their thoughts in a great measure from Christ's second coming—did not draw them out of a state of grace, but out of a state of *lively looking and longing for* Christ's appearing.] What lesson does this teach Christians?

Ver. 6. Was midnight a likely time for him to come? What verse of ch. xxiv. does this illustrate?

Ver. 7–9. When does the great difference between real and nominal Christians appear? Are the foolish virgins sensible of their want? Can the others help them? Can they at that hour get any real help? [Near death, unconverted men often

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apply to Christians to help them; but we see how poor a resource that is. "Now is the accepted time."

Ver. 10–13. What is the final fate of the foolish? What are some of the great lessons which this parable teaches?

DUTY.—God's People should Adorn the Doctrine of Christ. Matt. v. Phil. ii. Titus ii. 1 Peter ii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XV.

JOHN THE BAPTIST—*continued.*—LUKE i. 57–80.

DID God fulfil his promise, and give Zacharias and Elisabeth a son? How would they feel then? What would be their only sorrow? [That the father was not able to speak.] What are we told of their neighbours and cousins? ver. 58. What does this show? [That the good old people were much loved and respected.] What should it teach us? [To rejoice when we hear of others being made happy and blessed by God. Rom. xii. 15.]

What did the friends assemble for when the baby was eight days old? ver. 59. [Explain how circumcision among the pious Jews was intended for the same purposes as baptism among Christians.] What was it the custom to do then? [To give the child a name.] What name did the friends propose to give the baby? What did his mother say? ver. 60. Why? [Zacharias had probably written to her what the angel had told him the name should be.] Were the friends surprised? What did they say? ver. 61. What did they do? ver. 62. Why had they to make signs to Zacharias? [He must have been deaf as well as dumb.]

What did Zacharias make signs for? ver. 63. What was a writing table? [A tablet, or kind of slate.] What did he write? Were the friends still more surprised? What happened next? ver. 64. How did the good man first use his speech when he got it back? What did all the neighbours feel? [Fear, or rather astonishment and reverence, seeing the doing of God in all this.] What did they think about the child? [That he would surely be a remarkable man. ver. 66.] What effect would all this have afterwards? [To make people take notice of John as he grew up, and attend to him when he began to preach.]

What is it said now that Zacharias did? [He prophesied by the power of the Holy Ghost. ver. 67–79.] What did he foretell? [The coming and work of the Messiah, and how the child John was to be a prophet to prepare the people for him.]

What is said of the child? ver. 66. What does this mean? [That from his earliest years it was plain that he was a child of God.] Must not this have made his parents very happy? How can it be known now that the hand of the Lord is with any young child? [By his good and pious conduct. Prov. xx. 11.]

What are we told of John as he grew older? ver. 80. What is the meaning of his being "strong in spirit?" [He soon showed much talent and strength of mind and character.] Where was his youth chiefly spent? [In a wild solitary part of the country.] How would he be employed there? [In holy studies, meditation, and prayer.] What was this a preparation for? [His work as a great prophet, preacher, and teacher.] What was the "time of his shewing unto Israel?" [The time when he began his public work, about the age of thirty.]

Do we hear any more of Zacharias and Elisabeth? [No; and as they were so old when John was born, they probably died when he was still young, and after that he retired to the deserts.] Did he live to become a great man? Matt. xi. 11. Why was he called *the Baptist?* Matt. iii. 1, 5, 6. What was he most remarkable for? [Faith in Jesus, and faithfulness in reproving sinners.] Did he live to be old? How did he die? Mark vi. 27.

What is John the Baptist a beautiful example of? [A holy child growing up to be a holy man and useful servant of God.] What can make any of you like him? [Only the grace and help of the Holy Spirit.]

Oh that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

Precept.—Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth? Jer. iii. 4.

Promise.—This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death. Ps. xlviii. 14.

Prayer.—O God, who hast told us to pray to thee as our Father in heaven, look down upon us thy poor children in pity and love, and help us to walk in the way of thy commandments, and to do all things that are pleasing in thy sight. Be thou the guide of our youth; let the Holy Spirit now renew our hearts, and teach us to begin early to love and serve thee; and as we grow older, may we never wander out of the narrow way. Teach us how to follow the example of the saints who have gone before us to heaven; but above all help us to learn of Jesus, and to become like him. Pardon our many sins, and hear our prayers, for his sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—LOST PEARLS.

"GEORGE, you are looking very grave to-night," said Mr. Burton, one Sabbath evening, to his son.

George started, and replied, "Father, I was just thinking of the last thing Mr. Carmichael said to us."

"Well, my boy, give us the benefit of it."

"He spoke of our being come near the end of the year now, and said so much about the days and weeks that were past for ever, and of how we should try to improve next year more. He said that every one of us must feel how much further on we might have been, in everything good and useful, if we had valued every hour more as it passed by. I never saw him look so earnest—as if he *felt* all he was saying to us. And then, just at the end, he said, 'Boys, if any of you are Christians, or wishing to be so, common sense may tell that *you* are the ones who will make the most of your

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time next year.' I suppose we looked surprised, for he added, 'Now, bring me next Sabbath-day the reason why, on *common sense* principles, a Christian must make more of his time than another man. Bring me your answer in writing, and let it be short.' Father, I think I have an idea, but I could not put it into short words. I suppose a Christian will wish to glorify God, and show his love to Jesus, and prepare for heaven, and all that."

Mr. Burton thought for a minute. "I believe I see what Mr. Carmichael means, and can explain it to you. My dear," turning to Mrs. Burton, "can you let me have a sight of the pearl bracelet which I gave you on our wedding-day?"

"Indeed, John, I hardly like to look at that bracelet now. I am ashamed to think of how much money it cost. It does not seem to me a suitable ornament for a Christian woman in my station; and I do wish you would let me put it into the plate at next Church Missionary Meeting."

"Well, my dear, perhaps you are right; but, at all events, it may be of a little use to us just now in the first place."

"Anne, here is the key, you can open my drawer, and you will find the box in a corner."

Anne soon returned with the bracelet.

"Indeed," said Mr. Burton, "these are beautiful pearls, but I also am almost ashamed to think how much they cost. I would not give so much for any ornament now, even for you, Mary. Now, George, suppose baby were in the room, playing on the floor, and I were to cut the string, and let all the beads scatter about, what would she do?"

"Oh, she would be in great glee, and think them such capital playthings! What a creeping she would have to all the corners after them!"

"She would put them into her mouth, papa," said Anne, looking much alarmed; "and, besides, they would be lost. O papa, you must not do that!"

"But suppose, while baby was in the midst of her play, mamma were to come into the room, what would *she* do?"

"Oh," said George, "I think I see her! What a state she would be in! How angry she would be with you, or whoever cut the string! and how she would hurry about till she got them all picked up!"

"But what makes the difference? Why should not mamma just sit down and play with the pearls as well as baby?"

"Papa, how can you look so foolish? Mamma knows how dear they were."

"That is true, Anne. The use people make of anything, or the care they take of it, just depends on what they know to be its *value*."

"And a Christian knows the value of *time*," exclaimed George. "Father, is that what you are meaning? Will that be what Mr. Carmichael intended us to say?"

"That is just what I wanted to show you, and I think it will be the best answer to Mr. Carmichael's question. Our days, our hours, in this short life, are so many pearls, some larger, and some smaller, but all of great *value;* for in rightly improving them we are to glorify God; and having found an interest in Christ, we are to prepare for eternity. We have much to do in the world, for our own souls, and for our fellow-men. But a worldly, thoughtless man or boy feels nothing of all this. He wastes his days and hours in sin and folly; he plays with, and loses the pearls. Only the Christian knows their real value, and fears to lose even one."

"Thank you, thank you, father. I understand it all now. Here will be my answer to Mr. Carmichael: Why does common sense show that a Christian boy will make more of his time than another? *Because he knows its value.*"

"Very good, George. But do not be content with writing this: see that you act upon it. Think how many pearls you have lost already, and ask the help of God to take more care of them, to improve them better, in the days to come. Perhaps there may not be many more *on the string* for any of us. We must make the most of those that remain. So you see, Mary, your bracelet has been of some use to-night, and Anne can take it back to your drawer till the next missionary meeting." B.

II.—JEM, A JUDGE.

"Oh dear!" sighed a half-starved, ragged little boy, one cold chilly night in the fall of 1829, as he sat, or rather half reclined on his elbow, on the cold, damp step of one of the large fine houses in New York city; "how I wish I had only one of them nice cakes in that window!" And as he half muttered to himself, his dark, tearful eyes watched the well-filled window of a large baker-shop.

There he sat, hour after hour, with no friend to comfort him, and no warm bed to sleep in. The only friend he had, as he thought, was his heavenly Father; for his mother had died the day before from starvation, and now he was left an orphan, to wander all alone through that large city.

Soon, however, he fell asleep, and his troubles left him for a time. He slept long and soundly. At last he was awakened from his sleep by the sound of a large clock striking five. The streets were very still, and there was not the same noise and commotion that there are on other mornings, for it was Sunday. There he sat, rubbing his eyes as though he were taking his morning bath.

Presently some one pulled him by the coat (or what might have once been called a coat) and said, "Come, Jem, wake up, it is long past daylight, and I am getting hungry. If you will come with me, I will tell you where we can get plenty to eat, for I saw a shopman shut his blinds without once locking them."

Jem looked up in real astonishment. "Will he give us something?" he asked.

"No; we can take it, you know, and he won't miss it, I know."

Jem looked up slowly, and said firmly, "I shan't steal, and you can't make me, *any more;* for I promised my mother, just as she died, I wouldn't. You may go, but I shan't."

Jack hung his head and said nothing. Soon, however, he muttered to himself, "You may starve to death, but I shan't;" then, raising his voice, he cried, "Hurrah, I am going, any how, to get something to eat."

Jem walked off in the opposite direction, whistling to himself, "Home, sweet home."

The bells were ringing for Sunday school, at nine o'clock. Jem happened to be passing St. Paul's Chapel, and as he saw the boys and girls going in, he thought he would like to see the church; so he entered, but not without first taking off his cap, and wiping his bare feet before he touched the step.

One of the teachers saw him, and asked him if he came to school. He was so much frightened he did not answer; but she put him into a class with some younger boys. After the school was over she came and closely questioned him,

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and finding him so honest and upright, she took him home with her and gave him his breakfast, and then learned from him his whole history. Her father, a celebrated lawyer of that city, happened to be in want of an office-boy. Jem accepted the offer of the vacant place, and kept his employer's office neat and clean, and was soon sent to school for instruction. He made the very best use of his time, improved very fast, and was soon admitted into the office as a clerk. He studied, became a proficient in law, kept up his habits of strict integrity and honour, was finally made a partner in the business of his employer, and in this year of grace, 1859, is one of the most popular judges in *Western New York*.

This little incident, dear children, shows us that integrity wins its rewards even in this world. "Honesty *is* the best policy," whether for this world or for that which is to come.

Jack was detected in his wickedness and sent to a place of confinement, to learn that "the way of transgressors is hard."—*Anon.*

III.—WISDOM'S WAYS.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—Prov. iii. 17.

There are many trials in this life, and many dangers; and all who live long must expect to meet them. As I have told you before, we are all travellers through this world to another. But the way of wisdom which Solomon here speaks of, and which is the same that Jesus calls "the narrow way that leadeth unto life," is a pleasant road; the travellers there are happy all the journey through, and happiest of all at the end. Therefore, I wish *you* to walk in it, dear children, and I wish you to begin *at once*. It means, you know, going through life believing in Jesus, loving him, obeying his commandments.

Foolish and evil companions may try to persuade you that the ways of folly and sinful pleasure are the best; but do not believe them: believe the word of God, and believe all who have ever walked in the narrow way. I could give you many reasons why wisdom's ways are pleasantness and peace; but I shall just speak of two or three:—

1. The way of wisdom—of piety—is a *safe* way. Your soul is safe as long as you walk in it. Have you ever read the "Pilgrim's Progress?" Do you recollect the lions Christian was so afraid to pass? and how he was told that they were chained, and could not get near him if he would only keep the middle of the road? So he went straight on; and though the lions roared, they could not touch him. There is a great and deep meaning in that beautiful story. We should never be much afraid of anything but sin, or what will hurt our souls; and Satan will never have power over us if we keep near to Jesus in the way of holiness and prayer.

2. In this way you have always a Friend with you. Nothing makes a journey seem so short and pleasant as having a dear friend to walk with and talk to. Now, those who know and love the Lord Jesus, whether they be old or young, may always feel that he is near them—that he is ready to hear their prayer, and to help them in every time of need; for he says to his people, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. I will never leave you, nor forsake you." Oh! what happiness they have often enjoyed with him, though they were forsaken by every friend on earth, or far away from all whom they loved!

3. There is a happy home at the end. It is the greatest comfort and help through a long, painful journey, to think of our dear home, and kind friends waiting for us at the end; but no home on earth can be so delightful as our Father's house above, where Jesus, by his obedience and death, has secured a place for every one of his children, and has now gone to prepare it for them. "Home, sweet home!" the Christian may often sing, while he looks forward with joy and hope to the end of all his toils and wanderings.

I do not tell you that you will find no trials and sorrows in the way of life; for, unless God take you to heaven very soon, you must have your share of them. But you will have a heavenly Friend to help and support you through all, and they will all seem as nothing when you reach your home at last. Come, dear young travellers, if you have not now entered this pleasant road, come to-day, through Christ, the door (John x. 9). Do not wait till to-morrow, for to-morrow may never come to either you or me. And if you are already walking in wisdom's ways, seek every day to make more progress, and try to get others to walk with you.

J. L. R.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—WITHOUT HIM, NOTHING; THROUGH HIM, ALL THINGS.

The first attempt to render spiritual obedience will quickly convince us of our utter helplessness. We might as soon create a world as create in our hearts one pulse of spiritual life. And yet our inability does not cancel our obligation. Shall God lose his right because sin has palsied our ability? Is not a drunken servant still under his master's law? and is not the sin which prevents him from performing his duty, not his excuse, but his aggravation? Thus our weakness is that of a heart which "cannot be subject to the law of God," only because it is carnal, "enmity against God." The obligation therefore remains in full force. Our inability is our sin, our guilt, and condemnation.

What then remains for us, but to return the mandate to heaven, accompanied with an earnest prayer that the Lord would write upon our hearts those *statutes* to which he requires obedience in his word?—"*Thou hast commanded us to keep thy statutes diligently.*" We acknowledge, Lord, our obligation; but we feel our impotency. Lord, help us: we look unto thee. "*O that our ways were directed to keep thy statutes!*" "Give what thou commandest, and then command what thou wilt." Now, as if to exhibit the fulness and suitableness of the promises of the gospel, the commands and prayers are returned back again from heaven with promises of quickening and directing grace. Thus does the Lord fully answer his end with us. He did not issue the commands expecting that we could turn our own hearts to them; but that the conviction of our entire helplessness might cast us upon him who loves to be sought, and never will be thus sought in vain. And, indeed, this is a part of "the mystery of godliness," that in proportion as we depend upon him who is alike the Lord our righteousness and

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our strength, our desire after holiness will increase, and our prayers become more fervent. He who commands our duty perfectly knows our weakness; and he who feels his own weakness is fully encouraged to depend upon the power of his Saviour. Faith is then the principle of evangelical obedience, and the promises of his grace enable us for duty at the very time that we are commanded to do it. In this view are brought together the supreme authority of the Lawgiver, the total insufficiency of the creature, the full provision of the Saviour, and the all-sufficiency of "the God of grace." We pray for what we want; we are thankful for what we have; we trust for what is promised. Thus "all is of God."—*Rev. Charles Bridges.*

II.—"HE WAS IN AN AGONY."

It has been said that a wise man miserable is more miserable than a fool,—miserable, because he understands his misery. Our Saviour's pangs were aggravated by the fulness of his knowledge. No marvel, then, if he might take David's words out of his mouth: Thy "terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind." This thought drew from him those tears of blood. His eyes had formerly wept for our misdoings—his whole body now weeps, and that drops of blood. The thorns, scourges, nails, drew blood from him, but not with such pain as this, which was fetched by the extremity of his troubled thoughts: Here, then, was the cause of his fear. He saw our everlasting destruction, if he suffered not: he saw the horrors which he must suffer to ransom us. Hence those groans, tears, and cries. Yet his love conquered all. By nature he could willingly have avoided this cup, but for love's sake to us he took it in a willing hand. So had he purposed, and so hath he performed; and all to testify his love.—*Adams.*

III.—"I AM DOING A GREAT WORK, AND CANNOT COME DOWN."

In Nehemiah's words were ever specially appropriate to any *lips*, it was to those that maintained unbroken silence amid the taunts and insults of the cross. When they cried, "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross," I do not know that our Lord so much as felt the insult, that in that hour it troubled him. It might be but a pebble flung into a storm-tossed ocean, adding nothing to the turmoil, nor so much as felt amid the roar and swell of breakers. It might be but the sting of a miserable insect on the cheek of one who bestrides in battle a fallen friend, his shield ringing with blows, and his flashing blade sweeping down the foe around him. It might be but a feather added to that mountain burden of sin and wrath beneath which Christ's great soul was bowing. Yet, had it pleased our dying Lord to answer the taunt, I can fancy him bending from the cross to say, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down;" I have a world to save, therefore I cannot save myself; without shedding of blood is no remission. Poor scoffer! no cross for me, no crown for thee!

Well may we say with Moses, "I will turn aside, and see this great sight. What spectacle so wonderful, so affecting? Behold how he loved us!—*Dr. Guthrie* (*Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints*).

IV.—PEACE PERFECTED.

I have thought that there must be a mysterious work done by the Spirit of God in the very hour of death, to form the glorious crown and cope-stone of all his other labours; and that, like the wondrous but lovely plant which blows at midnight, grace comes out in its perfect beauty amid the darkness of the dying hour. How that is done I do not know. It takes one whole summer to ripen the fields of corn, and five hundred years to bring the oak to its full maturity. But He, at whose almighty word this earth sprung at once into perfect being, with loaded orchards, and golden harvests, and clustering vines, and stately palms, and giant cedars, man in ripened manhood, and woman in her full-blown charms, is able in the twinkling of an eye, ere our fingers have closed the filmy orbs, or we have stooped to print one fond last kiss on the marble brow, to crown the work his grace began. With him "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day." He shall perfect that which concerneth you. "He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." "Now, therefore, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—*Ibid.*

V.—"THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

Let us not decide upon the character of persons too soon. Let us not give them up because of some present weaknesses, much influenced, perhaps, by peculiar circumstances. Let us not despise the day of small things. We have often seen, in the experience of the bruised reed and the smoking flax, judgment brought forth to victory; and we are confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. In the days of Queen Mary, when so many were put to death for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation—that Moloch at whose shrine so many victims have been immolated—a poor man was convicted and sentenced to be burnt alive. On his way to the place of execution he was very pensive and depressed. But when he came in sight of the stake, overpowered for the time with fear, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh! I cannot burn! I cannot burn!" Some of the priests, supposing he wished to recant, immediately approached and addressed him. This, however, was not his design; but he wanted more of that confidence and consolation which would enable him to endure becomingly the fiery trial. He was left some minutes to himself, during which, in great earnestness and agony of spirit, he prayed that God would manifest himself more clearly to his mind—when God so shone in upon his soul, that, raising and clapping his hands, he cried with a loud voice, "*Now* I can burn! *now* I can burn!"—*Jay.*

VI.—ONE TO WEEP WITH YOU.

O my poor, poor ——! if I cannot feel for you, who can? Who so often partook of your happiness? Sweet, precious time *past*. However, it is well for you that you have another to feel for you. If I know the meaning of the word sorrow,

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I also know of a joy a stranger intermeddleth not with. How tenderly our compassionate Lord speaks of the widow! as a parent who feels the punishment more than the chastened child. He seems intent to fill up every gap love has been forced to make: one of his errands from heaven was to bind up the broken-hearted. He has an answer for every complaint you may ever be tempted to make.

Do you say you have none now to follow, to walk with, to lean upon? He will follow you, and invite you to come up from the wilderness leaning on him as your beloved. Is it that you want one to be interested in all your concerns? "Cast all your cares upon him, for he careth for you." A protector? "Let thy widows trust in me." An adviser? "Wonderful, Counsellor." Companion? "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come unto you. I will never leave you, nor forsake you. I have not called you servants, but friends. Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." One to weep with you? "In all their affliction, he was afflicted. Jesus wept." When you lie down—safe under the shadow of his wings, under the banner of his love! When you awake—still about your path and about your bed! It is worth being afflicted to become intimately acquainted with, and to learn to make use of, the chief of ten thousand—the altogether lovely—the Brother born for adversity—the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—the Friend of sinners."—*Lady Powerscourt.*

VII.—"HE THAT SHOWETH MERCY."

INSENSIBLENESS of others' miseries is neither suitable to our condition as men nor as Christians. According to the former, we are the same with others; according to the latter, grace hath made the difference. Mercy must begin at the heart, but must proceed further, even to the hand. They whose hands are shut, have their bowels shut also. We are not treasurers, but stewards of God's gifts;—thou hast so much only as thou givest. The way to get that which we cannot part with, is by mercy to part with that which we cannot keep. Our good reacheth not to Christ's person, it must to his members. Jonathan is gone, but he hath left many poor lame Mephibosheths behind him. We must love Christ in his work-day clothes. We cannot carry these loads of riches to heaven; it is best to take bills of exchange from the poor saints, whereby we may receive there what we could not carry thither. Especially should our mercy extend itself to the souls of others. As soul miseries, so soul mercies are the greatest. They who are spiritually miserable cannot pity themselves. Though their words speak not to us, yet their woes do. We weep over a body from which the soul is departed, and can we look with tearless eyes upon a soul from which God is departed? If another be not afflicted for sin, grieve for him; if he be, grieve with him. If thou hast obtained mercy, thou dost not well (as said the lepers) to hold thy peace. Mercy must never cease till its objects do; in heaven both shall.—*Jenkyn.*

VIII.—FAITH AND SIGHT.

WHEN faith gets a view of the unsearchable riches of God's grace in, by, and through Jesus Christ, then the believer longs to be in heaven to behold the Fountain-head of all grace and glory. Faith longs to cease to be faith. This is a strange and strong act of faith, a strange desire in a believer. "Oh! when shall I cease to be a believer, and become a seer! When shall the glass be done away, and the full-eyed vision of glory succeed? When shall both faith and hope cease, and love fill their room?"—*Traill.*

IX.—THE RESURRECTION.

BLESSED be God for the doctrine of the resurrection, that so clothes the unseen world with visibility, and fills it with the beautiful presence of those to whom even in their glorified appearance I shall not be a stranger.

Thou God of peace, that broughtest again from the dead the Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, remember my gentle, sleeping lamb, when thou gatherest the flock into thy fold. Thou Lord of life and glory, who didst rise again from the dead, and who wilt raise up them also that believe, remember thou the precious dust I have garnered up for thee against thine appearing. Thou Lord of my life and my salvation, who didst die for me that I might live to thee, remember me when thou callest thine elect from the four winds of heaven.

And now, what wait I for? Is not the whole future made secure? Believing in Jesus and in the Resurrection, encompassed with the supernal glory of the cross and of the opened sepulchre, what more can heart desire?

Up, then, my soul, and on!—
Thou may'st not linger here;
Life's duty must be done,
Though death, the sombre bier,
The op'ning tomb
That veils thy heart's young love in midnight gloom,
Demand of thee the ever-flowing tear.

Up, up, my soul, and on!—
Thou may'st not linger here,
Nor toil nor conflict shun,
Though hedged about with fear.
Thine be the care
Each duty to fulfil, each burden bear:
Up! for the coming of thy Lord is near!

Up, up, my soul, and on!—
Thou may'st not linger here;
Life's victory must be won,
Death's conflict draweth near,
And from above
They welcome thee—they of thy heart's young love
Are hov'ring nigh, thy dreary way to cheer.

Up, up, my soul, and on!—
Thou may'st not linger here;
Life's race will quick be run,
Heaven's plaudits greet thine ear.
Linger no more
Tearful and sad beside the grave's dark door:
Up! plume thy flight for the celestial sphere!

Dr. J. P. Thompson.

X.—FRAGMENTS.

THE FERRY-BOAT.

Death to God's people is but a ferry-boat. Every day, and every hour, the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more.

IDLENESS AND SIN.

Do nothing, and you will soon be in the way of doing worse than nothing.

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THE SERVICE OF SONG.*

THE reason for psalmody is found in the human constitution, and in the nature of that revelation which God has brought to bear upon it. The great Being who made man has given to him an ear that perceives and appreciates modulated sounds, and a voice that is curiously and wonderfully constructed to express them. We can conceive that man might have been endowed with the power of speech without that of song. There could have been language without melody, as there could have been forms without colour, or flowers without perfume. But God has been pleased that on every side the useful should blossom out into the beautiful; and so speech has music wedded to it like an ethereal bride. But there is a reason for song that lies deeper in man's constitution still. It is found, not in the ear and voice merely, but in the spirit. God has made the inner atmosphere of the soul's emotions and affections susceptible of the thrilling pulsations of music, as he has made the atmosphere around us capable of receiving and transmitting the quivering vibrations of sound. The poet, indeed, has given to music a lower place in man's nature than this:—

"For eloquence, the soul,—song charms the sense;"

but there is a power of song that addresses itself as truly to the higher emotional nature of man, and that stirs it as deeply, as the breathing thoughts and burning words of eloquence itself.

Those powers which God has conferred upon man he surely meant to be exercised. When he gave the ability to sing, he intended that there should be a *time to sing;* and he intended not less certainly that those powers should be employed on worthy and becoming objects. It is not necessary that we should here enter on the question whether and to what extent song may be legitimately applied to subjects of a mere secular and worldly character. This opinion we may express in passing, that if it were employed on these in its proper place and in a fitting spirit, it would be productive of beneficial results. Labour itself, notwithstanding the primitive curse, is not so joyless as that it should want its melodies; and if secular song were only purified and directed by Christian principle, it might do much in the sternest departments of human life to relieve languor, to lighten toil, and aid the cause of truth, temperance, and virtue. As there should be a philosophy handmaid to religion, so can we suppose a secular music handmaid to the sacred and Christian. Pity only it is that it should have turned in an adverse direction, and, instead of soaring Zionward, should have stooped its wing so often to the Stygian pool of impurity and vice. But whatever place we may allow to the secular, all Christians will unite in assigning the pre-eminence to sacred music. It is divine consecration that exalts man himself, and this also ennobles all his powers. They are never so honourable and dignified as when they have God for their object. It is God's own will that they should have this ultimate aim. When he formed man with erect countenance looking to heaven, he intended that all his faculties, whether of inward feeling or outward expression, should have this same upward gaze and tendency. Even of song it is right that to Him should belong the first-fruits of increase. It is true most of all, when dedicated to him, that "praise is comely."

These remarks as to the reasonableness of singing God's praise, arising from the constitution of man, would be without full force if there were not something correspondent to that constitution in God's revelation,—something calculated to call forth the faculty, and give it full scope and wing. But as we find that revelation suited to man's nature in all other points, in meeting his understanding, and conscience, and will, with its beautiful adaptations, so do we find it here. There is, indeed, no stronger proof of the divinity of the Christian religion than the manner in which it is fitted to call forth the whole man, internal and external, to a full and harmonious exercise of his powers toward God. It would have been strange if, in such a religion, there had been no place for the melody of the human voice and the human heart. But the very nature of Christian truth stirs the powers of song, as the breath of the breeze moving over the strings of the Æolian harp, or the beams of sun-rise lighting on the head of the old Memnonian statue, bring forth the sounds of melody. Praise would rise spontaneously from the hearts of believing men, though it were not commanded. "We cannot but speak," they say; and when they speak, they of necessity break forth into a song. "If they were silent, the very stones would cry out." It is not that the Christian psalmody is one of unmingled joy. It has its notes of pathos as well as of triumph. It could not be otherwise in a world like this,—a world of sorrow and suffering, of sin and death. There are in our religion strains of sad regret and unsatisfied longing, as well as of gladness and fruition. The 137th Psalm has its place in the bosom of the Old Testament as well as the 126th, and both of them find their response from the bosom of the New; there is the "Lord, how long?" there, as well as the Hallelujah and the Hosanna. But even the grief of the Christian heart can pour itself forth in music. Remorse and despair alone have no songs; but remorse and despair are not Christian. The deepest sorrow of a believer has its basis of happiness and hope. On its thickest clouds the sun is still shining; and as his rays never bring forth

* By the Rev. John Ker, Glasgow.

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brighter colours than when they draw the rainbow hues from the vapoury masses, so are some of the sweetest songs of Zion poured forth in the hour of severest suffering. The exiles who hung their harps on the willows of Babylon made of their lamentation itself a song.

Yet the prevailing character of the divine revelation is joyful; and this appears in its psalmody. The gospel, to all who understand it aright, is melody,—music; the highest harmony of God with man, of man with man, of man with himself. It is throughout a noble hymn, swelling to the strain, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men;" and he who enters fully into its spirit cannot but have his soul suffused with a sacred joy that will overflow in utterance of praise. "Is any joyful?"—joyful on the highest of all grounds,—"let him sing psalms." The psalmody of the Church is her purest oblation of gratitude to her God and King,—an oblation that was presented under the ancient dispensation, and that has survived all its other sacrifices,—"the fruit of the lips, by which we give thanks to his name." It has not only its aspect toward God, but toward the world. It is the sole part of divine service in which Christians give bold and open testimony that they are not ashamed of Christ or of his gospel. They stir up one another to make confession of him: "O come, let us sing to the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation!" and in doing this, they invite the world to approach and share in their joy. It is a fine incident which is recorded in the Book of Acts, that Paul and Silas sang praises at midnight in the dungeon, and the prisoners heard them. God their Maker gave them "songs in the night;" and the listeners must have felt awe and wonder at melody in circumstances so strange. It might lead them, through God's grace, to inquire, and in due time to believe. The psalmody of the Christian Church still fulfils this end; "the voice of rejoicing and salvation is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous;" and men cannot but mark it, and ask the meaning. It is a proclamation to them that we have in the midst of us a great heart-gladdening truth, of which they too may partake. Our tongue is filled with singing, that they may be led to say, "The Lord hath done great things for them." When we praise God aloud, we preach his gospel. We go to the world, as did the angels who were its first heralds, and address it, "Behold, we bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." The march of the pilgrims of Zion to the heavenly city must not be a silent one: "They return and come to Zion with songs;" and for this reason among others, that their ranks may swell as they move upward,—that they may gather fresh adherents by their joyful praises of their King and country. "Come with us, and we will do you good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

But we may refer, further, to the direct example and precept found in Scripture. These are most abundant. The origin of sacred melody may be traced to heaven itself. It is surely something more than figure when it is said that at the creation of our world "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." There were true harmonies in the upper firmament, to which the ancients were indebted for their fanciful music of the spheres. Eden's happiness was short-lived, but, brief as it was, we cannot believe that it wanted its praises. Every one feels that the great poet of "Paradise Lost" speaks in accordance with truth, when he tells us of our first parents, that—

> "Neither various style
> Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
> Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
> Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
> Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
> More tuneable than needed lute or harp
> To add more sweetness;"-

a passage, by the way, which shows that in the estimation of that sweet singer the vocal music held a yet higher place than the instrumental. The fall of man soon followed, but it did not silence the songs of Paradise; it only changed them. As that sad event, through the marvellous plan of redemption, has brought greater good to man and higher glory to God, so has it also given to our human melodies greater depth and compass, that we might fitly sing and celebrate this noble triumph. Then was introduced that solemn but sweet *minor*, which unlocks the fountain of tears, and which has carried so much of contrite prayer upward to heaven, till, like that weeping mist that went up to water Eden, it descends again in soft and fertilizing dews. The succeeding history of the Old Testament Church, brief though it is in many parts, never wants allusion to its songs. Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied; and the fragment that has floated down to us from that grey antiquity is the fragment of a psalm. Who can forget the song of Moses,—that noble hymn, through which the emancipated Israelitish nation poured its gratitude upward, like the ascending cataract of a water-pillar to the sky? It is second only to that song of the Lamb with which, in the Book of Apocalypse, it is conjoined,—the strophe to which that nobler antistrophe utters its response. In the Jewish Church, the service of song was next to the service of sacrifice. The Levite stood behind the priest, but immediately behind him. It was fitting that song should be below sacrifice, in a dispensation which was still one of expectancy, and not yet one of fulfilment; but there are intimations even then that when sacrifice had ceased, song should continue to retain its place,—that the silver trumpet of the Levite should survive the priestly censer of the sons of Aaron. The Book of Psalms, the heart of the Old Testament Scripture, throbs in the anticipation of such a time,—when the blood of bulls and goats should be needed no more, and when this should be the great oblation of the Church: "Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High."

In the New Testament that period has arrived. Psalmody does not, as some suppose, occupy a lower

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place than in the ancient Church. It has been exalted to a higher room,—it has taken the place of sacrifices, like the flame that rises from the consumed burnt-offering, and as thanksgiving naturally follows the accomplishment of hope. The example and precept of the New Testament fully approve this. Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the institution of the great festival of the Christian Church,—the Supper,—which is itself the eucharist, or *giving of thanks*, sang an hymn, and so set an example which has always been observed. The apostolic injunction lays down this order to the primitive Church: "Admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." And that this was acted on in the early service of the Church cannot be doubted. We learn from the letter of Pliny, that the praises of Christian assemblies did not escape the notice of the heathen. That brief but interesting document informs us that they were accustomed to sing hymns to Christ as to a god,—a beautiful illustration of the power that Christian songs have to arrest the attention of the world without. In tracing the later history of the Church, it is worthy of remark that the old Latin hymns preserved living truth in the midst of the dark middle ages, when it had been extinguished in the preaching of the clergy. They formed the foundation of some of the earliest spiritual songs of the Reformation, and furnished the original of several of our finest sacred melodies. The same experience has been made in more recent times, under the freezing reign of German Rationalism on the Continent. The hymns of the people have kept the warmth of the gospel alive in many hearts, when the pulpit had long ceased to supply the holy fire. Like those sweet spices that embalmed the Saviour's body, when his disciples had forsaken and his enemies had crucified him, the psalmody of the Church has often preserved his truth in the midst of general opposition and abandonment. It has surrounded it, even when it seemed dead, with its odorous perfume, and kept it fresh and fragrant in its temporary sepulchre, till God gave it, as he gave his Son, an unlooked-for and glorious resurrection.

From these references to the place of psalmody in the past, we may turn, in conclusion, to the view we gain from Scripture of its future history. We learn there that song shall never cease in the Church. Preaching, and prayer, and ordinances of all other kinds, shall terminate, but not so praise. If we look into the past history of the Church, we shall find this already indicated in the tendency of every other exercise to flow forth at last into praise, and to be absorbed in it. Take the recorded thoughts of the sweet singer of Israel. He begins in the low and pensive tones of supplication, and wrestles upward to the triumphant notes of thanksgiving. Prayer is the foot of the ladder of his communication with heaven; praise is its summit. The 30th Psalm is an example of the termination of many more: "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; to the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever." And this exercise of heart is only a miniature of the individual Christian life. "*Behold he prayeth*," is the first token of spiritual existence; and often for a time the believer is abundant in request, but barren in enjoyment. As he advances, growing progress gives growing assurance, and assurance brings with it joy. His path is onward and upward, and praises mingle more copiously with his prayers, till at last he bursts into the everlasting world with a glorious and undying hymn of triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And this is the course also appointed to the universal Church. It is involved now in suffering and struggle, and it must continue earnest in supplication. The groan of the whole creation is rising with it, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. A mighty cry is breaking from the bosom of travailing nature, and ascending like a prayer before the throne. But as ages roll on, and the blessed gospel pursues its way, those groans shall be hushed, and those sighings cease. The night of the world's sorrow shall be turned into joy, and its prayers give place to perpetual praise: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."

And, finally, there is a world beyond this, to which we have traced the individual Christian, and to the verge of which we can trace the triumphant Church. In that glorious world prayer for a while exists, mingled with praise; but there, too, praise shall at last be left perfect and alone. The great Redeemer upon the throne is lifting up, for a season, supplicating hands, as Moses on the mount, for struggling Israel; but when the contest shall be decided, and the victory won, those uplifted hands shall fall, and his supplication for ever cease. When "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs," and when all his saved ones shall be gathered home, he shall renew that word spoken before on earth, "I thank thee, O Father;" and, in the midst of the great congregation of the brethren, he shall sing God's praise. Then, from those around that throne, the new song shall rise which eternity shall prolong,—"loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blest voices uttering joy," saying, "Unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, be glory for ever!"

DR. WILLIAM NEVINS OF BALTIMORE.

THE loss which, during the summer just past, the American Presbyterian Church sustained in the death of Dr. J. W. Alexander of New York, has, by a natural law of association, reawakened the sense or recollection of another which the same Church sustained in 1835, in the early departure of an early friend of the Alexanders—*Dr. William Nevins of Baltimore*. Most of our readers, we may safely take it for granted, have read his "Thoughts on Popery." If any have

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not, we recommend their doing so as soon as possible. We are acquainted with no book so small and so unpretending in which there is such a combination of freshness, originality, wit, and good sense. As an exposure of the errors and absurdities of Romanism, it is better than a folio, besides being as entertaining as a story-book or a narrative of strange and exciting adventure. The impression conveyed by its perusal is, that the author could have been no ordinary man. At the least, no one could have read it at any time without having felt an earnest wish to know something about his personal history; and we gladly take advantage of the opportunity offered at the present time, to preserve here some of the facts connected with the life of one whose name may well be placed in that bright list which has rendered the New World illustrious, and of which Edwards and Brainerd, Spencer and Payson, Judson and Newell are among the most distinguished ornaments.

Dr. Nevins was born in Norwich, Connecticut, October 13th, 1797. Unlike the majority of those who have become eminent for their piety, he had no believing prayers offered up for him in his infancy. His parents were not then professors of religion at all. He himself was in Christ before them. Indeed, it is touching to find that in this case the order of nature, as we may call it, was reversed. The son was the means of bringing one, at least, of his parents to the Saviour. His own conversion took place when he was a student. About the age of fifteen he entered at Yale, with no very definite views, it would seem, as to his future life, and having made up his mind only to acquire a liberal education. But it pleased God at this time to visit the seminary with one of those remarkable outpourings of his Spirit which in the colleges of the United States have so often revolutionized the plans and aspirations of the inmates; and Nevins, instead of passing into public life a lawyer or politician, went forth, after graduation, resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the gospel. In 1816, accordingly, we find him studying theology at Princeton; and there, says the late Dr. Samuel Miller, who was at that time Professor of Ecclesiastical History, "those who knew him most intimately testified that, in retirement, he manifested habits which satisfied them that he was not only unfeignedly pious, but that his piety was considerably above the ordinary standard." The three years of attendance at Princeton over, he was licensed to preach. At first he had serious thoughts of devoting himself to the work of God in one or other of the rising republics of South America; but after a visit to Richmond, where he became acquainted with Dr. John H. Rice, he gave up this idea, and on the 19th of October, 1820, he was ordained minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore.

From the time of his settlement, for six or seven years, nothing very unusual to the life of a pastor occurred in his congregation. But his preaching became increasingly solemn and earnest. His appeals to the consciences of his people grew manifestly more direct and pungent, and his labours were found in the end to be not in vain in the Lord; for in the winter of 1826–7, it pleased the great Head of the Church to grant a time of refreshing to the town, and in this visitation his charge shared largely. It is recorded that "neither on this nor subsequent seasons of special attention to religion in his church did this judicious pastor have resort to any of the modern devices for creating or maintaining excitement. He also solemnly warned his people against a premature profession." And in these circumstances we are not surprised that it is added, that "the fruits of the revival were a very large addition of valuable members, many of whom still live, to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour." Up till the spring of 1834, when his health failed him, Dr. Nevins continued to exercise his ministry in Baltimore in the same earnest and laborious manner. "Few, very few," says Dr. Johns, "were so tenderly beloved, so generally respected, so admirably fitted for service, and so steadily abundant in the work of the Lord." "During the last seven or eight years of his life," says Dr. Miller, "I considered Dr. Nevins as among the very best preachers in the United States. His sermons were sufficiently ornate and elegant to satisfy the most delicate taste—simple, perspicuous, and plain, without being common-place—rich in sentiment and doctrine, and delivered with an animation, a force, and a striking earnestness adapted to recommend them to every class of hearers." Entering with him into his study, and marking his heart-communings with God, we find, however, that he was not one who relied on "the wisdom of words" or "the excellency of speech." How genuine and affecting are the following extracts from his diary:—"God forbid that I should be ever left to take to myself any of the credit of a conversion. Let me not think that even my instrumentality is needed by the Lord. How easily he could do without me! It is an act of pure favour that I am permitted to be in any way subservient to the spiritual good of others, and so may I ever esteem it. *Laus Deo* be my motto." "The Lord has helped me through this day; but, oh, if he should make the success of my ministry depend upon the worthiness of it, alas! for my poor people." "The three last Sabbaths I have been greatly aided. I am determined to pray more than I have done. Something is wanting, and I think it is prayer—the prayer of faith. I could scarcely get out the Lord's message this afternoon, so hoarse was I; but I delivered it, and he will see to it. It is his word, and the cause is his. I rejoice that his honour is concerned in the progress of the gospel." "Oh, that a sense of my dependence on the Spirit of Christ for the success of my ministrations were wrought into me, so that I could never, never lose it." In this spirit he lived and laboured; and it may well be recorded for the encouragement of all who seek to cherish the same feelings, that not only was his ministry blessed as a whole, but that sometimes, when things looked most dark, and he tended to grow disheartened, information reached him which proved that the Master he served was not suffering his words to fall to the ground.

But emphatically is it true of Dr. Nevins, that "he being dead yet speaketh." The services he has rendered to the Christian Church were not confined to the single city of Baltimore. It was long before the possession of the gift became known even to himself; but it cannot now be doubted, that had time and health been given him, he would have attained to the foremost rank as an eloquent and telling writer on practical religion. And as it is, although his direct literary efforts extended over a period of only two years, he has achieved not a little which the Christian world will not allow to perish.

In August 1832, there is this entry in his diary:—"Sometimes I think I would like to send out a tract or a sermon, but I am arrested by the fear that I should not do it from a right motive." This fear was got over; and, in the following year, apparently his first separate publication was given to the world. He seems to have been almost as unexpectant

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of results as the poet with his arrow and song; and when, a few months afterwards, he learned that his tract had been blessed already, he was as much surprised as the poet was, when he found his arrow in an oak, and his song in the heart of a friend,—

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

"August 15, 1833. I have heard that God has already blessed my tract. Can it be? Blessed be his gracious name." Perhaps the secret of this speedy and unexpected success is to be found in the following extract from a letter to a friend:—"I have had many prayers answered. For several years I almost daily prayed that I might be permitted to produce *one* useful tract, never thinking to go beyond that, and hardly expecting to accomplish that much. But," he adds thankfully, "God has already enabled me to do much more."

It was so ordered that what disabled Dr. Nevins for work in one department, was made the means of his doing all the more in the other. An affection of the throat threatened, so early as 1831, to lay an arrest upon his preaching; and in March or April 1834, the disease reached such a height that he was compelled to desist from speaking in public altogether. It was a sore trial to one who longed so earnestly to preach Christ; and many are the earnest aspirations after recovered ability to do that recorded in the pages now before us. But here was one alleviation:—"Dec. 9, 1834. I find that the habit I have got into of writing for the press has made my hours pass much more agreeably than otherwise they would. I have written a great deal since my affliction. I have articles on hand for the *Observer* for several weeks; last week I wrote a tract; and I have several other things in preparation." It may not be generally known that even the "Thoughts on Popery," with all their spirit and vivacity, were written during this period of darkness and trial. The fact deepens our regret that a man, who, amid suffering and *sorrow* (for the same year which saw himself disabled, saw also his beloved wife cut down by cholera), could write such essays, did not earlier become aware of his uncommon literary power; and did not do more to enrich, as he was evidently so well able to do, the religious literature of his country.

In the spring of 1835 Dr. Nevins was advised to remove into a warmer climate. He accordingly set out alone for Santa Croix, in the West Indies; but in a few months he returned very much worse and weaker than before. "You have no idea how sick I am," he writes in July; "and I feel that my poor miserable, imperfect work is nearly finished. Who ever served God worse? No one; and Jesus never had so miserable a follower." "Thank you for your letter. You will not have to write much longer. Think I shall go to Baltimore next week. If I do not go soon, fear I shall not get there. Love to all, especially the afflicted. Oh, how I should love to comfort the mourners! Yet I fear I shall comfort no more. I want a comforter myself. Oh, for the Comforter to come and *abide* with me!" He did reach Baltimore; but six weeks more saw him laid in his last resting-place. "Perhaps nothing," said he, a few days before he died, "has quieted my mind more frequently than those words in one of Newton's hymns,—

"'His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?'"

"I suppose," said he, on another occasion to one who had come to inquire for him.,—"I suppose you have been told that I had a bad night, but it is a great mistake. It has been a glorious night—the most pleasant I ever had." "Death, death,—now, come Lord Jesus—dear Saviour," were the last words he was heard to utter. When his Master thus called for him, he had not quite reached his thirty-ninth year.

We have three volumes before us, in which much of the mind and heart of Dr. Nevins are expressed. One is a "Memoir and Select Remains, with an Introductory Essay, by Dr. Octavius Winslow." The "Memoir" is very short; but it is sufficient to make us acquainted with the man as he appeared in private. The "Remains" consist chiefly of extracts, longer or shorter, on a great variety of subjects, from his essays and addresses. Probably not a few of them have had a wide circulation in both continents in the shape of tracts, or of fugitive pieces in religious magazines or newspapers. A second volume is the "Thoughts on Popery," to which several references have already been made. And the third is entitled "Practical Thoughts," which was introduced to the British public in 1841, by the late venerable Edward Bickersteth, and of which various editions have been published.

An extract from the "Original Preface" to this last volume will, after what we have said above, enable any reader who may not yet be acquainted with it, to understand its nature and appreciate its value:—"The following pages consist of miscellaneous articles published by the lamented author within the year 1834, and the months of January and February 1835, chiefly in the *New York Observer*, with the signature, 'M. S.,' the finals of his name. They were written after the insidious disease, by which God was pleased to transplant him to a higher sphere of labour, had so affected his voice as in a great degree to disable him from his stated public ministrations. This discipline was evidently blessed in his rapid sanctification, his obtaining uncommonly clear views of truth and duty, and his ardent desire to do something to rouse Christians to greater attainments in personal holiness, and through their efforts and prayers to bless the world. His mind acted with uncommon vigour; he panted to speak to multitudes for God and eternity, and adopted the only means then remaining to him—the pen. When about two-thirds of the articles were written, he was called suddenly to part with his beloved wife; and the hallowed influence of the affliction is most apparent in the subsequent articles, the last of which, 'Heaven's Attractions,' with the additional fragment, seemed almost prophetic of the event which was soon to follow."

We intended to have finished this paper with some selected thoughts—some brighter gems—gathered from the rich stores which these books contain. But for this there is now no space. We shall not, however, have written in vain, if we have succeeded in directing the interested attention of any one hitherto ignorant of his worth, to the clear, and bright, and refreshing stream of Christian feeling which flows through all the writings of William Nevins. N. L. W.

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THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—MELCHISEDEC.

THE question as to the import and the *person* of MELCHISEDEC, who is so suddenly introduced to our notice, and the typical interpretation of his history in Psalm cx. 4, but especially in Hebrews vii. ("Without father, without mother, without pedigree, having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God") has led to the most curious interpretations. Most of the *Rabbins* took him for *Shem; Jurieu* for Ham; *Hulsius* for Enoch; *Origen* for an angel; *Kloppenburg* for a man, purposely and immediately created by God; *Ambrosius, Cunaeus, Hottinger*, for Christ himself; and the sect of the Melchisedecites for the *Holy Spirit* (*Walch*, History of Heresies, i. p. 556); while *Josephus* supposes that he was an ordinary Canaanitish king. But if we bear in mind that in all probability the original inhabitants of Palestine had been descendants of *Shem* (through the race of Lud), who were driven back or absorbed at a later period by the Canaanites, and if we further consider the peculiar position of Melchisedec among the later possessors of Canaan, we shall probably infer that he was of Shemitic and not of Canaanitish origin; and more particularly, that he was the last independent representative of the original Shemitic population, which had already been vanquished by the Canaanites. This view tallies, at least, better with the blessing of Noah, recorded in Gen. ix. 26, &c., while it sheds a new light upon the narrative of the text.

Abram, the elect of Jehovah, and to whom so many and so comprehensive promises had been made, is blessed by Melchisedec, and gives tithes to him. This subordination is the more striking, as Abram was conscious of his high calling, and immediately afterwards took care to vindicate before the king of Sodom the dignity and honour of his position. Hence Melchisedec must have stood—at least relatively—higher than Abram, and the latter must have known and recognised this circumstance as distinctly as he did his own superiority over the king of Sodom. We say with *Hofmann*, "The greatness of Abram consisted in his hopes, that of Melchisedec in his present possession." Melchisedec has at the time what Abram yet wants, and what is only promised to him as still future; and he bows before this exalted personage who meets him, perhaps quite unexpectedly, and whose existence may have been quite unknown to him. Melchisedec is a *priest* of the living God whom Abram served, while the patriarch is as yet only a *prophet*—the medium of that "which Jehovah is to bring about." To Melchisedec God has manifested himself as the God of the present, the possessor of heaven and earth, as the Most High; to Abram as the God of the future, who promises salvation, and as Jehovah. Melchisedec is recognised as the possessor and king of the country which is indeed promised to Abram, but of which as yet he does not possess any part. True, the future will, when unfolded, be much more glorious than the present, and Abram would, in a much higher and more perfect degree, become in his seed what Melchisedec was at that time. But the *possession*, although it be smaller, imparts for the time being a higher character than the *prospect* of greater privileges to come. All this Abram, and, as it seems, Melchisedec also, recognised. Hence Melchisedec owns in appropriate manner the future by blessing Abram, while Abram recognises the present in giving tithes to Melchisedec. Melchisedec is the last remaining blossom of a past development; Abram is the germ and commencement of a new development, fraught with blessing and with hope. Melchisedec is still within the old Noachic covenant, which rested on a universal; Abram is within the new covenant, which rests on a particularistic basis,—and even in this respect the position of Melchisedec is more exalted. But this universalistic covenant terminated in one individual, just as Melchisedec stands alone among a degenerate race which had apostatized from God and adored the powers of nature. He is the only remaining servant and worshipper of the God who had entered into covenant with Noah. On the other hand, the particularistic covenant which commences with Abram is to enlarge into the fullest and most comprehensive universalism, destined to bring salvation to all nations; and in this respect the position of Abram is higher.

Viewed from this point, all that might seem strange, as also the typical bearing of this narrative, as explained in the Epistle to the Hebrews, is vindicated and accounted for. Melchisedec is the highest and the last representative of the Noachic covenant; he is a type of Christ, the highest and last representative of the Abrahamic covenant. Melchisedec unites in his person the royal and the priestly offices. Abram does not possess as yet either of these dignities, but both are promised to him; he or his seed after him is to become a Melchisedec, only in much higher degree. In *Aaron* Abram attains one part of the position of Melchisedec; in David the other. But as yet the two are separated, nor have they so far matured as to be capable of being combined. Hence, in Abram, both Aaron and David bow before Melchisedec; but in Christ, Aaron and David are united. Hence Christ is, like Melchisedec, higher than Aaron or David. But he is also infinitely higher than Melchisedec, as the latter closes the old and past development, while the *former* crowns and completes the new and everlasting development. *Melchisedec* is only a shadow and a type—*Christ* is the reality and the antitype. We enter into some further particulars:—The *name* Melchisedec implies that he is king of righteousness—his residence, that he is prince in the citadel of peace. Both united point him out as the representative of that kingdom where justice and peace kiss each other (Ps. lxxxv. 11). Under any other cir-

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cumstances, this might be considered as merely an accidental occurrence; in sacred history it is full of meaning (Heb. vii. 2). The text does not mention his father nor his mother, the day of his birth nor that of his death. It is certainly characteristic and striking, that although in the book of Genesis so much care and attention is bestowed on genealogical tables, the pedigree of a person so exalted, that even the honoured ancestor of the chosen race bowed before him, should not be at all mentioned. However it may be *possible* to account for this silence by supposed ignorance on the part of the writer, we know that a higher power watched over the sacred penmen. In supreme wisdom He opened to or shut from them the sources of historical investigation. Hence any such omission in their narratives gains special importance. With the Epistle to the Hebrews (ch. vii. 3) we may infer that, from this point of view, the silence of the text indicates that the position and dignity of Melchisedec did not merely depend upon his natural descent, and that this typified the idea that the office of the perfect royal priest should derive its authority and its warrant not merely from human descent. Besides, *Jerusalem*, the *royal* city, is the residence of Melchisedec. Jerusalem is queen among the cities (Ezek. v. 5), as Palestine among countries. It was such by nature and situation, nor did it attain its rank either through David or even through Christ. Abram is to become Melchisedec. In David the royal dignity is attained, and hence the city of Melchisedec becomes that of David.

We agree with *Hofmann* that the bread and wine which Melchisedec brought to Abram were not merely meant for refreshment. The statement which immediately follows—"And he was a priest of the most high God"—indicates that some priestly service was implied. In this case, as throughout antiquity, and especially in the Mosaic service, bread and wine symbolized, as the best fruits of the land, nourishment generally. The fact that Abram received these gifts from the hand of the priest indicated that God, whose mediator the priest was, would refresh him after every contest, and bestow on him the best fruits of the promised land. Symbolically, the bringing of bread and wine serves the same purpose as the blessing of Melchisedec. By that blessing Abram is set apart for his career. It is the blessing of an old man, who has finished his work, bestowed upon a youth who stands at the commencement of an indefinite development. With this blessing Melchisedec disappears from the stage. Abram gives tithes to this royal priest, not of his own goods, far less of those which he had again rescued, but from the spoils which he has taken from the enemy. He knows that God has given him the victory, and he acknowledges it by offering unto the most high God, through the priest, a tithe of its fruits.—*Kurtz on the Old Covenant.*

II.—"USE NOT VAIN REPETITIONS."

MATT. vi. 7.

IT has been much disputed whether our Lord here reproves repetitions in prayer or long prayers. The fact is, that, simply considered, he forbids neither. All repetitions of the same prayer cannot be reproved, for he himself prayed "THRICE in the same words;" and many instances of repetition are found in the Psalms, and other parts of the Old Testament. It would also be an evident restraint upon the strong emotions of the soul in prayer were the repetition of the same words or sentiments absolutely prohibited. St. Paul, through his earnestness, for instance, was led to pray thrice that his thorn in the flesh might "depart from him;" and if he used not exactly the same words, the import of his prayer must have been each time the same. Nor are long prayers forbidden, as some have supposed, who think their notion fortified by our Lord teaching his disciples, immediately after this, a short form of prayer; but that this was not designed to regulate the length of our prayers, is evident from longer prayers being used by the apostles themselves, who surely knew the mind of their Master,—to say nothing of the extended prayers used by Solomon at the dedication of the temple—by Daniel in confessing the sins of his people, and praying for their restoration—and by Nehemiah (ch. ix.) Simply then, in themselves, neither repetitions in prayer nor length of prayer is forbidden. Our Lord is his own interpreter; and we have only to take the latter part of the verse to explain the former: "*For they think that they shall be heard for their* MUCH SPEAKING." The fatal error which crept into all corrupted religions was, and continues to be, that God is pleased with MERE SERVICE, of which he requires a certain *quantum*, usually onerous and wearisome to him that offers it, which renders him more meritorious and God more propitious. Hence the LENGTH of the prayers of heathens may be accounted for; and long prayers are forbidden when they are made so under this intention. As for their *repetitions*, these partly arose from the necessity they thought themselves under of filling up the appointed time, and making up the required amount of service; and still more directly did they proceed from those low views of their deities which prevailed among them. These were local gods, and might be at a distance; their worshippers must, therefore, continue calling until they returned; hence Elijah mocks the worshippers of Baal, "Cry aloud; for, peradventure, he may be asleep, or on a journey." They also ascribed human affections to their gods, and entertained notions of overcoming their reluctance by dint of clamorous importunity, or of wearying them into compliance by reiterations of the same requests, or of making them understand their case by urging it repeatedly under different forms. For this they were often satirized by their own writers. Now, both the length and the repetitions of such services proceeded upon unworthy notions, both of religious service and the beings to whom it was addressed; they thought they should be heard for their "much speaking," and had reference to that, not to any wisdom or goodness in the deities addressed. All such repetitions of prayer, when addressed to the true God, as implied that he could be pleased with mere service and forms, or that he needed to be informed of the case by putting it in various modes before him, or that he could be urged by a clamorous importunity to do what he was reluctant to do, or that he was absent, and needed to be

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called upon by vociferation, implied an affront to him—a bringing him down to the level of heathen deities, and thus proved great ignorance and want of true devotion in his worship. He, therefore, says, "*Be not ye like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.*" As your Father he is always inclined to hear your prayers, and from his infinite knowledge needs no information. Such views of God ought to regulate the MANNER of our praying; it is to be full and comprehensive, earnest and devotional; it may be lengthened or shortened, according to circumstances; it may have such repetition as a sincere and enlightened ardour will often dictate; but there must be nothing in it which springs from the notion that we shall be heard for our much speaking, or which looks at the service itself as having any value. The eye of faith and hope must alone be fixed upon the mercy, and wisdom, and power of God; and having *rationally* made our requests known unto God, we must, with cheerful confidence, wait and look for the answer.

As our Lord's words, "*For your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him,*" are not given as a reason against *much speaking* in prayer, but against thinking we shall be *heard* for our much speaking, they afford no countenance to the argument which is sometimes urged against prayer, from the previous knowledge which God has of our wants. This, indeed, when rightly considered, affords the highest reason and the best encouragement to this great duty; and the beautiful light in which the sentiment is here put, presents to us another of those instances in which our Lord, in few words, suggests as the ground of our confidence the loftiest views of the divine nature, in opposition to those low and defective conceptions which a religion of mere ceremonies, whether Jewish or pagan, tends always to induce. Everything is known to God. All the minutest circumstances which can affect an individual—all that that individual, in the infinite variety of relations in which he may and must be placed, can want—all that he really needs, although he may greatly mistake on this matter himself—all that can be truly good to him in its beneficial results, as well as its present influence. He ACCURATELY knows all these things before we ask; and it is also as certainly implied that he is disposed to give what, upon this infallible knowledge of our characters and the influence which things have upon us, we really *need*. This, then, is one of the reasons and grounds of prayer. God knows what we want before we ask; he is disposed, by the benevolence of his nature, by his parental feeling as our *Father*, to give, and waits only for the simple expression of our desires in prayer, accompanied by that trust which we ought to exercise in his mercy, in order to bestow upon us the best blessings at the best time. The infidel argument against prayer is, therefore, our Lord's argument to enforce the duty; and it is enough for those who receive the revelation of the Bible, that to ask them of God is the instituted means of obtaining our blessings, although the reasons of the appointment should not be fully manifest. He who gives to them that deserve not has the right to appoint his own conditions; and since in this case they are made so easily practicable, nothing can more impressively illustrate his goodness. Those as greatly err, on the other hand, who explain prayer as not influencing God, but ourselves, and thus affect to give a philosophic reason for the duty. Prayer, however, is not in itself the means of producing moral changes in us, but the appointed means of obtaining from God that GRACE by which such changes are wrought; it does not put us into a moral state of fitness to receive his favour, but, as it necessarily implies penitence and faith, it places us in that relation of humble and dependent creatures, that he can meet with us and GRACIOUSLY bless us.—*Richard Watson.*

THE CHRISTIAN IN SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

WHILE religion disposes us for retirement, it prepares us to leave it; and many of its duties call us, not out of the world, but into it. A Christian, says our Lord, is a candle; and "no man, when he hath lighted a candle, putteth it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house;" and, adds he, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "Ye are my witnesses," says God. As such, they are subpœnaed to *appear;* and they are not to be absent when called upon to depone. Many a testimony has been lost by the Christian's withdrawment from his place, as well as by his cowardly fear and shame when he is in it.

It is possible, therefore, that the abstraction enjoined upon us in the Scriptures may lead us astray; and there is peculiar danger of this when it falls in with a recluse temper. It is very conceivable that many find solitude much more inviting, and free, and pleasant than society. Moses, doubtless, found it a greater privilege to hold communion with God in Horeb; but it was his duty to descend, and endeavour to guide and govern a faithless and perverse generation through the wilderness to Canaan. Peter wished to remain in the transfiguration with his Master, and Moses, and Elias; but "he knew not what he said." From the irreligious maxims and manners of the world we are absolutely to retire, and thus practically bear our testimony against them; but the demand does not extend in the same way to our social intercourse with themselves. This it indirectly and conditionally forbids. This we are only to avoid when there is danger of infection, and no prospect of doing good. And even with regard to these we are to remember, that we may be secured from contagion if we take our preservatives along with us, and venture only at the call of God, and with a single eye to our duty; and that there are opportunities and ways of being serviceable by a well-regulated intermixture with others, that some cannot or will not discern. We should, therefore, guard not only against everything that looks uncivil, but unsocial in religion. Though we are to discover a peculiar regard to "the household of faith," "as we have opportunity, we are to do good unto all men." They have claims upon us as fellow-creatures, citizens, neighbours. If we are in the possession of a benefit that at present they are unhappily destitute of, are we to be proud as well as thankful? Are we to feel and act as if we considered

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them excluded and reprobate? or as those who are encouraged by the mercy bestowed on them to invite others from their own experience, and to say, "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him!"

By keeping at an ungracious distance from those around us, we seem, at least, to regard them as the Jews did the Gentiles—unworthy to come in contact with so peculiar a people. We seem to say, "Stand by thyself; come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." Hence, as they will judge by us of our religion, our religion will acquire, in their minds, a contemptuous and repulsive aspect; and the reaction of such a sentiment cannot but be injurious and lamentable.

Nor is this all. A man may move sufficiently in a state of society, and yet prevent all the usefulness of which he might render himself capable. It is only for him to imitate some of those beautiful and amiable examples with which the professing world in too many districts abounds. Let him only display the arrogance of spiritual pride—the censoriousness of superior orthodoxy—the captiousness of theological controversy—the rudeness and rancour of malevolence, called faithfulness—the self-conceit, and positiveness, and intolerance, and insolence of those who *see things clearly*—the evangelical pharisaism, if I may be allowed a perversion of language, of those "who trust in themselves that they are righteous, and despise others,"—and the work is effectually done. Who would ever wish to be religious with such specimens of religion before his eyes? Who would not deprecate the conversion of sinners if they were to be converted into such saints as these.

It is to be lamented that many who are in a great measure free from these incurable evils do not attend sufficiently to the apostolical maxim, "Walk in wisdom towards them that are without." But some few there are who, along with inflexible integrity, possess the secret of moral attraction. They discover such a sympathy in their afflictions, such a concern for their welfare, such a readiness to serve them, as seldom fail to impress and interest those who neither think nor worship with them. They not only differ, but even censure, without producing resentment or alienation. They can drop hints so gentle and well-timed as not to disgust; so derived from circumstances and events as to appear natural and undesigned; so judicious in their application as to exemplify the proverb, "A word fitly spoken, O how good is it; it is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." They study the educations, connections, habits, prejudices, and temperament of the individuals with whom they have to do. They shun every tendency to angry dispute, while they are "always ready to give to every man that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in them with meekness and fear." They know that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God;" and, therefore, in meekness "instruct those that oppose themselves." They do not press what their connections at present are not prepared to receive; but endeavour to improve what is admitted and acknowledged, and which in due time will make way for more. Instead of assailing everything that is wrong, they commend and cherish everything that is right. They expel evil by introducing good, and banish error by presenting truth; and thus the friend acts without assuming an opposition that may render him in appearance a foe. They tear not the votaries of the world from their pursuits by violence, while their hearts would mourn after the interdicted delights; but they wean and allure from dissipation by substituting other engagements, and pleasures more rational and satisfying,—and are, therefore, careful to exhibit "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report," and to render religion as desirable as it is necessary—as "having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

Such conduct is not the sacrifice of principle, but the judicious use of it. It is prudence, considering the quality of its materials, as well as its work,—varying its means to compass its end—conceding to gain, and yielding to conquer. It is not the cowardice, but "the meekness of wisdom." And though this wisdom is never perceived in its operation, and seldom acknowledged even in its useful result, by blind and furious bigots, "it is justified of all her children." Was there ever a more steadfast friend to truth than Paul? Instead of betraying the cause he espoused, he nobly fell a martyr to it. But what says he?—"Though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some"—"Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved."

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLIII.—PARABLE OF THE TALENTS—THE LAST JUDGMENT.

MATT. XXV. 14–46.

Parable of the Talents.—[The parable of the ten virgins shows Christians the duty of *watching* for Christ; the parable of the talents, of *working* for Christ; and the description of the last judgment, at the end of the chapter, of working for him *lovingly*, and extending that love to all who belong to him.]

Ver. 14. Who is represented by the man travelling into a far country? And who by the servants? [The members of Christ's Church, who acknowledge him as Master.]

Ver. 15. What is the literal meaning of a talent? In what sense is it used here? [Any power of usefulness given

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to us—such as intellect, knowledge, time, money, &c.] Do all receive alike? What does each receive according to? ["His several ability"—his character and position in life.]

Ver. 16, 17. [This denotes the *improvement* of our graces and powers of usefulness by *exercising* them; thus, when we try to impart our knowledge to others, we get more knowledge; when we try to show love, we get more. It is a rule of Christ's spiritual kingdom, as in the natural world, that exercise promotes growth.]

Ver. 18. [This denotes a person who *neglects to use and improve his powers of doing good*—takes no part in any good work; and consequently neglects the culture of the Christian graces.]

Ver. 19. What great practical truth, already referred to (ch. xxiv.) is here again brought before us? [Unspeakably blessed for us it would be to bear ever in mind this final reckoning!]

Ver. 20–23. [Observe the words of approval—"Well done, *good* and *faithful* servant;" not good and *successful*, for often there may be but little outward success; the great thing is to be *faithful*—to do as our Master would have us.] What is the reward of faithfulness in a few things? Into what does the faithful servant enter? ["The joy of thy Lord"—the state of joy and peace into which Christ himself entered, after completing his work. See Heb. xii. 2. How amply will this welcome reward the longest life of laborious Christian service! Observe, the servant who received only *two* talents, but doubled them, has the same acknowledgment as the servant who received and doubled five. The great thing is, being faithful in the use of what we receive, whether pence or pounds, moments or hours.]

Ver. 24, 25. Did this man give an honest excuse? Did he say the truth when he affirmed, "Lo, there thou hast that is thine?" [No; by this time his lord was entitled to the original talent, *improved by the labour of his servant.*] What was the true reason for the conduct of this servant? [Evidently he was selfish and indolent—preferred seeking his own pleasure to doing his master's work.]

Ver. 26. [His lord seems here to take him up on his own ground—"*If* you believed me to be one who reaped where I sowed not, &c., thou oughtest."] Who are supposed to be denoted by the "exchangers?" [Perhaps those who take an active part in carrying on Christian enterprises; if people will not work personally for Christ, they ought at least to give support to those who do.]

Ver. 28, 29. What is done with misimproved talents? Do we ever find illustrations of this law in the present life? [Persons who misimprove property or mental gifts are sometimes stripped of them, though this is not always the result of misimprovement.]

Ver. 30. Was this servant accused of any immorality? What was the sole charge against him? ["Unprofitable," indolent.] Ought not this to make us very earnest in trying to live for God?

[Some say, "We are so little able to do anything for God, that we shrink from trying it."] How would you answer them from this parable? On whose strength ought we to rely in doing God's work?

The Last Judgment.—[Whatever other "comings" of the Son of man may be referred to in this and the preceding chapter, it is plain that the present passage describes his great personal coming to judge, one by one, all the children of men. The language of this description is singularly impressive and sublime; it were a fearful sign of any one to read it unmoved. God give grace to all to realize the solemn scene!]

Ver. 31. [Observe three points here:—1. The Son of man appears "in his glory." 2. *All* the holy angels are with him. 3. He sits on a glorious throne. All these point to the last judgment.] Where else have we a description of this scene? Rev. xx. 11. How is the throne described in the last-named passage? Of what is its whiteness an emblem?

Ver. 32, 33. Who are to be judged? Will any be wanting? How many divisions will be made? [Picture the scene—all, from Adam downwards, assembled, and taking their places either on the right or left of the throne! And *you*,—on which side will you be found?]

Ver. 34. What name does Christ here, and here only, apply to himself? What is the privilege to which those on the right are called? Of whom are they said in this life to be heirs? Rom. viii. Can we adequately conceive the glory of this inheritance?

Ver. 35–40. ["The labour of love" is what Christ specially commends in his people.] Which of all Christian graces is the chief? 1 Cor. xiii. Ought we not to pay great attention to the culture and exercise of this grace, much more than is commonly done even by religious persons? [Observe, too, how the righteous have *personally interested themselves* in poor Christians—gone to see them, and supplied all their need.] What is the ground on which Christ rewards these services? ver. 40. Where else is Christ said to be one with his people?

Ver. 41–46. [The curse of the wicked is almost precisely the opposite of the blessing of the righteous.] Do the wicked ever desire separation from Christ in this life? Where are all doomed to dwell who depart from Christ? And with what companions? [Christ's word now to all sinners is—"Come:" Neglect it, and it must then be—"Depart!"] Are these people charged with open crimes? What is the only offence *specified?* [Want of active Christian love.] Do you remember any passages where Christ's people are exhorted to abound in fruit, and how this is to be done? John xv.

[How fearful will be the condition of the unconverted on that day! and how blessed the state of the children of God! Let all draw from this the great lesson—the infinite importance of conversion, and of a holy, loving life as the fruit of conversion; for from the solemn sentence of this great day there will be no appeal, even throughout eternity!]

DUTY.—Christians should be full of Love.

Matt. v. John xv. Romans xii. 1 Cor. xiii. Gal. v. Eph. v. Col. iii. 1 Peter i. 1 John iii., iv. Jude. Rev. ii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XVI.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—Luke i., ii.

What great promise did God give to man after Adam had sinned? [The promise of a Saviour to come. Explain how this was repeated again and again, and became more plain by degrees.] Who is our only Saviour? How did he come into this world? [As a little infant.] What did he come to

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do? [To obey all the laws of God which sinners had broken, and to bear the punishment they deserved, that so those who believe in him might be saved for his sake.] Can children understand how God could become a child? [No, nor old people; not even angels can understand all about this wonderful truth. 1 Pet. i. 12. But we can all believe it, and bless the Lord for his great love to poor sinners.]

Who was chosen to be the mother of the Saviour? Was she rich or poor? What great family was she descended from? Luke i. 27. What had been prophesied about this? Jer. xxiii. 5. John vii. 42. Who were Mary's cousins? [Zacharias and Elisabeth.] Who was sent to Mary one day when she was alone? ver. 26, 28. What wonderful message did he give her? ver. 30–35. What did he tell her for her encouragement? ver. 36, 37. How did Mary receive this astonishing news? [With much faith and meekness, ver. 38.]

Where had the prophets foretold that the Messiah should be born? Micah v. 2. Matt. ii. 4–6. Where was Mary's home? [In Nazareth.] Why did she go to Bethlehem? [God put it into the heart of the Roman emperor to order every Jew to go and pay taxes in the town which belonged of old to his tribe or family, ch. ii. 1–5.] To whom was Mary married before this time? When they came to Bethlehem what did they find? [The town was so crowded that they could get no comfortable lodgings.] Where was the Saviour born? ver. 7. What should his wonderful humility teach us all? [It should make the rich very humble, and the poor contented.]

How was the Lord at that time like all other infants? [As weak and helpless, as subject to cold, hunger, &c.] But how was he *different* from all others? [He was born *free from all sin.*]

What were some shepherds who lived near Bethlehem doing that night? ver. 8. Were they good men? Who appeared to them? ver. 9. What did he tell them? ver. 10–12. When he had done speaking, what did they see and hear? ver. 13. What did the angels sing? ver. 14.

What did the angel say his news was? ver. 10. Was it *glad tidings* for the shepherds only? [No; for *all people.*] Should it be glad tidings for us also? Why do so many children and grown up people hear about Jesus without feeling any gladness? [Because they do not love him, they do not feel that they need him.] What will make it glad tidings to any one, old or young? [To feel first that he is a sinner, and needs a Saviour; just as we must feel that we are ill, before we wish for a doctor.] If we do not feel this now, what should we do? [Pray that the Holy Spirit may make us feel our sinfulness and our need of Jesus.]

When the angels were gone back to heaven, what did the good shepherds say to each other? ver. 15. What did they do? ver. 16. What should this teach us? [To *make haste*, and not delay in seeking Jesus for ourselves.] What did the shepherds do afterwards? ver. 17. What should this teach us? [To do all we can to tell others about Jesus.]

What should our hearts feel when we hear or read the story of the birth of our Lord? [Much holy joy, wonder, and love to Him who made himself so low out of love to us.]

"Glory to God!" the angel said,
"Glad tidings, lo! I bring;
In David's city lies a babe,
And Jesus is the king."

Glory to God! let all the earth
Join in the heavenly song,
And praise him for the Saviour's birth
In every land and tongue.

Precept.—This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. Matt. xvii. 5.

Promise.—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. Luke ii. 14.

Prayer.—O Lord Jesus, we thank thee for thy great love in coming down to earth and becoming a little child, and living and dying that we might be saved. O heavenly Father, we thank thee that *we* have heard the glad tidings of great joy, about Jesus having come to be our Saviour. We thank thee that we have the Bible to tell us this, and that we are learning to read it, and that thou hast promised to give the Holy Spirit to help us to understand it. Make us feel every day more true joy and gladness, when we hear or read of Jesus. There are many poor children who never hear the glad tidings; Lord, send missionaries and teachers to them. Forgive all our sins, and hear our prayers, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

GENESIS xvi. 13.

THE truth here set forth is, that God is omniscient, so that wherever we are, whatever we do, he beholds us. No human being may observe us; we may take the greatest pains that none should; we may be in the depths of the forest; we may be in a barred-up room; we may be shrouded in pitchy darkness; but there is One, and One above all others, we should fear to offend and strive to please, who is at our elbow beholding all our ways. Actually we have not been alone for a single half second of our lives. He is invisible to us, but we are naked and open in his sight. Any attempt to hide ourselves from him, is like the silly ostrich attempting to hide itself from its pursuers by thrusting its head into a bush.

The Scriptures offer many striking illustrations of this. That in which the text is set, as a sparkling diamond, is to the point. Hagar was in the wilderness, the lonely wilderness; not a sound broke the silence; it seemed the valley of the shadow of death; she thought that God himself did not know where she was; but at that moment an angel alighted at her side, and spoke comfortably to her. "Ah," she said, "now I believe it; thou God seest me here too."

Gehazi stole out at the back door after Naaman, and asked for the changes of raiment and the talents of silver which his master had sternly refused to accept. And when he had stowed them away so noiselessly, and recovered his composure, he went in and stood before Elisha, as he was wont. He said to himself, "That is done cleverly." But God had been witness; and quick as an electric message the trick of the recreant was darted into the prophet's mind, and as he entered the chamber, he challenged him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" *He* learned, "Thou God seest me."

Nathanael was engaged in prayer under his favourite fig-tree. He crept amongst its dense foliage on purpose to escape

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observation. There he felt that he could act and speak as he pleased, and he would not hear of it again. But when, in reply to Christ's cordial welcome, he inquired, "How knowest thou me?" the Lord thrilled him through and through with the answer, "When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." He had forgotten for the moment, "Thou God seest me."

Paul was tossing about in a water-logged transport in the Mediterranean. She had lost her reckonings, and was drifting at the caprice of winds and waves. It was dead of night, and not even a lantern glimmered in the wallowing *Castor and Pollux*. But all at once a heavenly visitant stood by his berth, as he vainly tried to sleep, and assured him from God of a rescue. With what power Paul could have preached from these words, "Thou God seest me!"

I have read of a man who was in the habit of going to a neighbour's corn-field to steal the grain. One day he took his son with him, a boy eight years of age. They crept through a wood, they stopped to listen, all was favourable, at it they went; the boy was stiffened and tired, and now for the result. "Johnny, lad, hold the bag, whilst I look round and see if the coast is clear." He got on the wall, and peeped north, south, east, and west, and then dropped down, saying, with a chuckle, "Not the tip of a nose! now's our time!" "Father," said Johnny, in a solemn undertone, "you forgot to look up there" (pointing to the sky). The man, supposing he had seen some one, let go the bag, as if it were on fire, and cried, "Where, child? where?" "Father, you forgot to look up and see if God was watching us." It is said that the father was so affected by this reproof that he shook the corn out of the bag, returned home, and never ventured to steal again.

There was a young man who was a hypocrite. He had been highly educated, nourished, and brought up for God; he had the counsels and prayers of godly parents, and, strange to say, his own tastes seemed to incline to what was internally religious. He taught in a Sabbath school, had none but Christian companions, attended and spoke at missionary meetings. All this rendered his case more hopeless. He was in the midst of what was good, and yet was secretly led captive by Satan at his will. Sermons passed over him Sunday after Sunday, but no arrow pierced his heart; he was gospel-hardened.

He was spending a night in the country. At bed-time they put a candle into his hand, and directed him to his bedroom. As he entered the apartment, his eye fixed on a picture of the prodigal son. There he was, burying his face in that loving bosom which he had so grieved, but which still was travailing with tenderest compassion for him. As he looked at it, a voice within seemed to say, "Thou art the man;" and he stood, as it were, before God. He felt that God was in that place, and he knelt and bowed himself to the earth, and rendered up his heart; and when he left that room in the morning, he was a new creature. He used to say, "God laid wait for me in that most unlikely of all spots, and snatched me as a brand from the burning." Where does God not see us?

1. *What an honour to have this all-seeing God for our father and friend!* To think that the same eye that sees what is transpiring in Saturn, with its flaming belts; in Jupiter, with its moons; in glittering constellations, which no telescope has ever touched; in the many mansions where saints and angels dwell—to think that that same eye is ready to beam parental love upon us in Christ! Yet "thus saith the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy: To this man will I *look*, to him that is poor, and of a contrite heart, and trembleth at my word."

2. *How we should fear to commit sin!* God abhors sin. He calls it the abominable thing which he hates. He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Should we commit it if a mother or a minister were sitting by our side? would not their mere presence restrain us? and shall we trifle with the awful presence of Jehovah? Shall we sin, and heedlessly, as if *he* had nothing to do with us?

Lastly, *How happy the recollection that God sees us should make us, if we are walking in his precepts with our whole heart!* Then, he sees our perils even before we do, and defends us; then, he sees our feeble endeavours to serve and glorify him, and can reward them on the spot; then, he sees our faults and deficiencies, and addresses himself to cure them, ere any harm comes of them; then, however our fellow-creatures may treat us, we have *his* perpetual smile, whose favour is life, and whose loving-kindness is better than life.—*Ch. of England Sunday Sch. Magazine.*

II.—"DIDN'T MEAN TO."

One fine summer morning, at early daylight, two little girls knocked hurriedly at their father's door, exclaiming, "Oh, father, the cows are in the garden, and everything will be spoilt!"

Mr. Parsons jumped up, and, half dressed, ran down stairs to see what the matter was; and sure enough, there were his six cows in his beautiful garden, eating up and trampling down flowers, vegetables, and shrubbery, to their hearts' content! A very generous master was theirs, I suppose they thought, if they thought at all.

"Where in the world is Thomas?" cried Mr. Parsons. "How did this happen?"

In the hue and cry that was raised, Thomas appeared; and, after the cows were driven back to their own quarters, it was ascertained that their visit to the garden was in consequence of Thomas's neglect to drive a nail in the latch of the garden gate when he was told to.

"I didn't mean to neglect it," said Thomas; "sure I didn't mean to."

"But your not meaning to neglect your business," said his master, "does not save us from the *consequences* of that neglect, and the consequences are bad enough to the garden; it is entirely ruined."

A few weeks after this a neighbouring glazier came to Mr. Parsons. "That Thomas of yours," said he, "has stolen from my shop my diamond."

"Thomas steal! I hope not," said Mr. Parsons.

"Yes, he did, and I can prove it," answered the angry glazier; "the boys saw it in his hands. He's a thief, and ought to be punished."

The angry glazier threatened to get the officers of justice immediately, and have Thomas put in prison as an example to all other boys; but Mr. Parsons begged him to wait until he could examine into the thing, for although Thomas had his faults, his master did not believe him to be a thief. His two little girls, who overheard the talk, were very much frightened lest poor Thomas should be sent to prison. By-and-by he came home, and Mr. Parsons took him aside to ascertain the truth of the glazier's heavy charge. Thomas

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turned very pale. "Sir," said he, "I took the diamond, but I had no thought of stealing it."

Perhaps all the children do not know that this is an instrument to cut glass with. It is a small diamond set in brass, with a handle to it. It seems Thomas and some other boys wanted to shape a piece of glass; he went into the glazier's shop to borrow his diamond, and, not finding him in, he took it, expecting to bring it directly back. Instead of that, he went into a neighbouring wood, and, while there, lost it from his pocket. Thomas had been trying to gain courage to tell Mr. Parsons, and he now felt thankful he knew it, but frightened at what the consequences might be. "I didn't mean to do wrong, sir; indeed I didn't," said poor Thomas.

"Remember, Thomas," said Mr. Parsons seriously, "that it is not enough not to *mean to do wrong*, you must *mean to do right*. You did not mean to do wrong, perhaps, in just taking the diamond without the owner's leave; but *did you mean to do right?* You did not mean to lose it; but did you *do right* in not instantly carrying it back? In order to *do right*, you must *mean to do right*, and *resolve* to do right, Thomas; for we must judge of you by what you do; we can't look into the heart. As the Bible has it, 'By their *fruits* ye shall know them;' that is, by their actions we decide what people are."

Thomas was saved from prison, but he had to pay the cost of the lost diamond, which he earned by extra work. The lesson which he learned from the event money could not buy; it proved to him better than silver and gold. After that there was less mistake about Thomas's meaning.

"That boy means to do the thing *that is right*," said his master one day, striking his great fist hard on the fence as he spoke; "and he'll be a man that's worth something."

Are not both children and grown-up people too ready to screen themselves from blame by the "*didn't mean to*" excuse? Perhaps Adam and Eve deluded themselves by thinking they did not mean to do anything very wrong when they listened to the words of the serpent, and ate the forbidden fruit; but that did not save them or their children from the bitter consequences of disobedience. Aaron, perhaps, made himself believe that he did not mean any great harm when he made the golden calf for the people to worship. He wanted to quiet them while Moses was gone up the mountain; but God did not regard the excuse. The idolaters were slain, and Aaron was shut out from the promised land.

The fact is, boys, "Didn't mean to" is a poor, shallow, mean excuse for wrong doing. You *ought to mean*. The world in which we live is full of meaning. God means. His laws mean something; his Bible means something. He meant something when he gave you parents to reverence, laws to obey, duties to do, sickness to bear, teachers to study under, blessings to be grateful for, and when he sent his Son Jesus Christ to be your Saviour, and the Holy Spirit for your helper. And *you* must mean; you must *mean* to do right; you must *determine* to do right, and *do right*; for "every one shall eat of the fruit of his own doings."—*H. C. Knight.*

III.—THE BABY BROTHER.

"WHAT *shall* I do, mother?" cried Alice as she sauntered into the nursery with an air of discontent on her face. Charlie ran after her, looking as if he were inclined to ask just the same question.

"Why don't you go and play in the garden?" said their mother.

Play! they said they were tired of play; tired of balls, tired of swings, tired of games.

"Take your books and read, then," said she.

They were tired of reading; they had read every book through in the house, they said,—which, by the way, was not a very large estimate of their industry.

"Why not run over and see your cousins?" said their mother.

They had done nothing but see their cousins all the holidays—they were tired of seeing them. It certainly was a bad case. They were out of humour with almost everything. "I do long for school to begin," cried Charlie; and I think it is often the case, that much as the children long for the holidays to begin, they are about as glad to have them end. They get tired, like Alice and Charlie, of having no regular employment—of being allowed to use all their time just as they please.

"What *shall* we do?" again asked Alice. Her mother ransacked her mind, thinking only of some amusement for the children; for she made the mistake at the time, which so many grown-up people are apt to make, that children, in order to be happy, need to be amused. Children are quite as happy in being put into a little post of trust, and in trying to be useful to somebody now and then.

While Mrs. Foster was thinking, the baby woke up; and she happily thought and said, "Don't you want to take the baby out to ride in his little basket carriage?" and she hit upon exactly the right thing.

"Yes, indeed, above all things," cried Alice and Charlie at once. Charlie instantly brightened up and started for the carriage. Alice ran for his little hat and cloak, and an animated stir took place in the nursery. But first baby had to have his frock changed, and sundry little things were to be done, all which particularly interested the children, and baby's "dear little toes," and "dear little fingers," and "dear little mouth," were perhaps never dearer.

All was ready at last, and he was placed in his little carriage, and Charlie was horse. Alice was sometimes horse, sometimes driver, sometimes outrider; indeed, she figured in a variety of characters, according as circumstances required. Their cousins ran over to see baby when the party came out of the gate; and though Charlie prides himself upon being a very gay horse, he was very willing to stop and rest, in order to give the girls a fair chance of admiring his charge, while Alice looks on and takes care that nothing harms the darling baby brother. They were gone a long while; but just as their mother began to look out at the window, wondering where they were, and hoping nothing had happened, she heard their happy voices drawing near.

"Have you had a pleasant time?" she asked as she came down the steps to meet them.

"O yes, mother," cried Alice, "we have so enjoyed ourselves."

"It is the best day we've had all the holidays," cried Charlie.

"So *I* think," said Alice; "we had something to *do*: we took *real* care; it wasn't all make-believe, as 'tis when we're playing. I like live babies best."

Alice's remark may suggest a valuable thought for all those who have the care of little folk. And boys and girls should remember that the surest way of being happy is to try to be useful.

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Selfish children, who only strive to please themselves, and thoughtless children, who seem to forget that there are any wants and wishes besides their own to be cared for, will often be discontented, and fretful, and unamiable. We must be willing to help others, as well as to amuse ourselves, if we would have cheerful tempers and light hearts. Nobody is happy, nobody *ought* to be happy, who is not seeking to be of some use in the world.—*Church of England Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*

IV.—HELP FROM ABOVE.

A NUMBER of boys were slowly walking home from the Sabbath school and speaking of some remarks to which they had just listened. The subject of their lesson had been "The Sin of Profanity," and their teacher had tenderly and earnestly expostulated with her class, some of whom she had reason to fear were not free from the shocking habit of swearing. As they were talking, one of them turned to a boy by his side, a bright lad of fourteen, and said,—

"George, how did you leave off swearing? I've tried, and I cannot; and I don't see how you did it."

"Ah, Johnny," was the reply, "you don't *seek help from above.* I never should have left off swearing had it not been for the prayer, 'Lead me not into temptation.' God helped me when I asked him—I know he did; and he'll do the same for you."

You do not swear, I trust, my young reader; but George's advice will suit every other bad habit as well—Go to God with it, and you will be made more than conqueror, through Him who hath loved you.—*S. S. Banner.*

V.—"THE LAMBS IN HIS ARMS."

IN a Chinese Christian family at Amoy, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply, "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. I am only a little boy; it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons—are all members of the Mission Church at Amoy.—*Miss. Mag.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—SPIRITUAL BALANCE-SHEET.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18.

PAUL was a man who knew how to work experimentally on suffering and trial; perhaps no one ever endured so great a variety of suffering as he did, and no mortal ever had such manifestations of the divine glory. I never think on the above text, but I imagine a sort of spiritual balance-sheet laid before the tried and afflicted Christian, drawn up by one who is fully competent, under divine influence, to give such a detail of losses and gains, and of riches in actual reversion, as will not fail to cheer him amidst the trials and vicissitudes of which he is the subject, if he will but calmly, prayerfully, and in faith, consider it. Let us now take a glance at the balance-sheet, in the hope that we also may arrive at the same conclusion as did the apostle Paul:—

Dr.

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

In labours more abundant.
In stripes above measure.
In prisons more frequent.
In deaths oft.
Five times received I forty stripes save one.
Thrice was I beaten with rods.
Once was I stoned.
Thrice I suffered shipwreck.
A night and a day I have been in the deep.
In journeyings often.
In perils of waters.
In perils of robbers.
In perils by mine own countrymen.
In perils by the heathen.
In perils in the city.
In perils in the wilderness.
In perils in the sea.
In perils among false brethren.
In weariness and painfulness.
In watchings often.
In hunger and thirst.
In fastings often.
In cold and nakedness.
Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total, "LIGHT AFFLICTION, BUT FOR A MOMENT."

Cr.

"THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.
That he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory.
Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.
When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.
And so shall we be ever with the Lord.

Total, "AN ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY."

"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

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II.—THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Our Father which art in heaven,

"Doubtless thou art our Father" (Isa. lxiii. 16).

"But now, O Lord, thou art our Father" (Isa. lxiv. 8).

"For God is in heaven" (Eccles. v. 2).

Hallowed be thy name.

"According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth" (Ps. xlviii. 10).

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits" (Ps. ciii. 2).

Thy kingdom come.

"For the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the governor among the nations" (Ps. xxii. 28).

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed" (Dan. ii. 44).

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

"I delight to do thy will, O my God" (Ps. xl. 8).

"Teach me to do thy will" (Ps. cxliii. 10).

"And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory" (Ps. lxxii. 19).

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee" (Ps. lxxiii. 25).

"Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word" (Ps. ciii. 20).

Give us this day our daily bread.

"Feed me with food convenient for me" (Prov. xxx. 8).

"Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance: feed them also, and lift them up for ever" (Ps. xxviii. 9).

"Who giveth food to all flesh" (Ps. cxxxvi. 25).

And forgive us our debts,

"Pardon our iniquity and our sin" (Ex. xxxiv. 9).

"Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people" (Num. xiv. 19).

"Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities" (Ps. li. 9).

As we forgive our debtors.

"Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord" (Lev. xix. 18).

1 Sam. xxvi. 9, 11, 21, 23.

And lead us not into temptation:

"And it came to pass, after these things, that God did tempt Abraham" (Gen. xxii. 1).

"And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah" (2 Sam. xxiv. 1).

But deliver us from evil;

"And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me" (Ps. l. 15).

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace" (Dan. iii. 17).

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all" (1 Chron. xxix. 11).

III.—"DO IT NOW."

(FOR S. SCHOOL TEACHERS.)

THERE is, perhaps, *a scholar missing from your class.* One of your little flock has been absent once, or, it may be, twice. You have inquired about him, and learned nothing satisfactory. Go after him. He may be burning with fever, and longing to see your face. He may be battling with temptation, and greatly needing a word from you to strengthen him. Or he may be in difficulty, and want your counsel. Go after your wanderer, and, as much oftentimes hangs upon a moment,—"*do it now.*"

You have seen *a bright little fellow on the street,* as you wended your way to school. He did not seem to be a Sunday-school scholar. Had you asked him to go with you, you might have placed him where the blessed gospel would have reached his heart, and shaped his life for good. When you see him again, or others like him, let not the opportunity pass, but obey the precept,—"*do it now.*"

Have you not seen, for some time past, that *one of your scholars has worn a sad countenance?* There is trouble in his home. The father of the family, it may be, is a drunkard. His mother and himself share in the abuse and the cruel blows showered upon them by the inebriate. Have you gone to that household, and thus showed them that they had friends left yet in this desolate world? Have you encouraged them to bear and forbear, and to pray for him who was so despitefully using them? If not, turn your footsteps thitherward, and as good cannot be done too soon, "*do it now.*"

There is one in your class whom you have marked for some time as *an anxious listener to your words.* Formerly, he was careless or indifferent, now he gazes into your face as you speak, or sits absorbed in the reading of the holy Book. Have you ever spoken to him directly, and alone, about the salvation of his soul? Have you pointed him lovingly to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world?" Will you not do it? and, as youthful impressions are oftentimes "as the morning cloud and the early dew," let me add,—"*do it now.*"

Do you pray for your class—for each of its members, earnestly, constantly, and in the belief that God will grant you and them a blessing? If not,—"*do it* NOW," *do it* ALWAYS.

IV.—FRAGMENTS.

THE little word "father" (said Luther), lisped forth in prayer by a child of God, exceeds the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and all the other famed orators of the world.

IT was a good saying of one to a great lord, upon his showing his stately house and pleasant gardens: "Sir, you had need make sure of heaven, or else, when you die, you will be a very great loser."

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Ah, believer, it is only heaven that is above all winds, storms, and tempests; God did not cast man out of Paradise, that he might be able to find himself another paradise in this world. The world and you must part, or Christ and you will never meet. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

"Speak, that I may see thee," said Socrates to a fair boy. We know metals by their tinkling, and men by their talking.

Weak saints are as much united to Christ, as much justified by Christ, as much reconciled by Christ, and as much pardoned by Christ, as the strongest saints. He that looked upon the brazen serpent, though with weak sight, was healed as thoroughly as he that looked upon it with a stronger sight.

As there is no blood that saves souls like the blood of Christ, so there is no blood that sinks souls like the blood of Christ. A drop of this blood upon a man's *head* at last will make him miserable for ever; but a drop of it upon a man's *heart* at last will make him happy for ever.

David's heart was more often out of tune than his harp. He begins many of his psalms sighing, and ends them singing: and others he begins in joy and ends in sorrow. "So that one would think," says Peter Moulin, "that those psalms had been composed by two men of a contrary humour."

Where the disease is strong, the physic must be strong, or else the cure will never be wrought. God is a wise physician, and he would never give strong medicine if weaker could effect the cure. The more rusty the iron is, the oftener we put it into the fire to purify it; and the more crooked it is, the more blows, and the harder blows we give, to straighten it. Therefore, Christian, if thou hast long been gathering rust, thou hast no cause to complain if God deal thus with thee.—*Brooks.*

V.—MODERN SADDUCEES.

They come forth out of the city "to mock the prophet of the Lord." These are the disciples of fashionable infidelity, who find it easier to despise than to argue; who cannot endure to be of the same religion with the needy and the illiterate; and who coldly pronounce that a God who is not announced as governing the world on the principles of *their* experience (a point of space and a moment of time) cannot possibly be the God of reason and of truth. It is terrible to think, that, in his awful retribution, God can assume a spirit of derision like their own: "Because ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I also will *laugh* at your calamity, I will *mock* when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind . . . . then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me!"—*Archer Butler.*

VI.—FALSE HUMILITY.

Many hypocrites make great pretences to humility as well as other graces. But they cannot find out what a humble speech and behaviour are, or how to speak and act so that there may be indeed a savour of Christian humility in what they say or do. That sweet humble air and mien is beyond their art, being not "led by the Spirit," or naturally guided to a behaviour becoming holy humility by the vigour of a lowly spirit within them. And therefore they have no other way, but to be much in declaring that they are humble, and telling how they were humbled to the dust at such and such times, and abounding in very bad expressions about themselves, such as—"I have a dreadful wicked heart!" "Oh! this cursed heart of mine!" &c. Such expressions are very often used, not with a heart broken, not with the tears of her that "washed Jesus' feet with her tears," not as "remembering, and being confounded, and never opening their mouth because of their shame, when God is pacified" (Ezek. xvi. 63), but with a light air, or with pharisaical affectation.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

VII.—HOW TO GET CONSOLATION.

Seek holiness rather than consolation. Not that consolation is to be despised, or thought lightly of; but solid and permanent consolation is the result rather than the forerunner of holiness; therefore, he who seeks consolation as a distinct and independent object, will miss it. Seek and possess holiness, and consolation (not perhaps often in the form of ecstatic and rapturous joys, but rather of solid and delightful peace) will follow, as assuredly as warmth follows the dispensation of the rays of the sun. He who is holy must be happy.—*Upham.*

VIII.—A QUIET MIND.

In proportion as the heart becomes sanctified, there is a diminished tendency to enthusiasm and fanaticism; and this is undoubtedly one of the leading tests of sanctification. One of the marks of an enthusiastic and fanatical state of mind, is a fiery and unrestrained impetuosity of feeling; a rushing on, sometimes very blindly, as if the world were in danger, or as if the great Creator were not at the helm. It is not only feeling without a due degree of judgment, but, what is the corrupting and fatal trait, it is feeling without a due degree of confidence in God. True holiness reflects the image of God in this respect as well as in others, that it is calm, thoughtful, deliberate, immutable; and how can it be otherwise, since, rejecting its own wisdom and strength, it incorporates into itself the wisdom and strength of the Almighty?—*Ibid.*

IX.—MISCELLANIES.

THE USE OF PRAYER.

Prayer is not to inform a Being who is perfectly wise, but that we may be *affected* with our condition, and be *prepared* for the display of his mercy. It is *we* who are changed by prayer, not God. The land is not drawn to the boat, but the boat to the land—the *result* of the contract is the same.

WHERE IS YOUR HEART?

A real Christian, while on earth, has his affections much in heaven; but, were it possible for an unconverted man to be in heaven, his affections would still be set on earth.

CHRIST IS MINE.

Wonderful! then all he has is mine, and all things are mine, for he has all things.

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EVERY MAN'S RIGHT TO THE WEEKLY DAY OF REST.

THE people of this country are, as they ought to be, very jealous of their rights. If a laird in the Lowlands, or a duke in the Highlands, attempts to stop a footpath which by use and wont belongs to the public, forthwith a society is formed, shilling subscriptions pour in, clever lawyers are feed, the case is tried, public rights are vindicated, and the people, with firm step and heads erect, tread their own path again. It is by dint of such a spirit that many of our privileges have been maintained. It is never safe to let that spirit down. Wherever and whenever the public are not watchful to keep their own, selfishness, in some form and in some quarter, will bit by bit nibble it from them. Righteousness and love do not yet wholly pervade the earth. While human nature remains as it is, the community that is not careful to preserve its rights, will certainly lose them.

The WEEKLY DAY OF REST is the most ancient and most precious of the people's *rights*. Whatever the cause of it may be, the fact is obvious and undeniable, that those countries which have most completely maintained that right maintain others also; and those which have lost it have let go others too. We have a word or two to say on this subject in its bearing on the present time; and with the view of making the writer's thoughts more clear, and the reader's task more easy, we shall show—

1. What it is to which the community have a right.

2. Who and what they are who threaten to encroach upon that right.

3. What authority it rests upon, and how it may be preserved.

The three are, shortly, the *right*, its *assailants*, and its *defence*.

The *right*. It is the weekly day of rest. I do not speak of the need of a rest, or the proper religious employment of the Sabbath. Our subject is specifically the right of the labourer to his rest. As to quantity, it is a seventh part of time; and as to interval, the units of calculation are days. Months or years would be too long, and hours would be too short. Incessant toil for six months, followed by a month of rest would be indeed to rest for a seventh part of time, but it would not be so suitable, and, therefore, not so valuable to man, as the same proportion counted by days. Very much, indeed, of the valuable of this divine and ancient institute lies in its adaptation to the structure and relations of human beings. In this aspect it bears already the marks of infinite wisdom and paternal love. A ninth or tenth day would not do so well. A seventh week or month would not do so well. Among the works of God, whatever is, is best. He hath done all things well; and all abide good, except in so far as man has marred them.

The majority of men in all countries and all times must labour. It is impossible to dispense with this condition, and it would not be desirable in our present state even though it were possible. The necessity of toil cannot be taken away, but the sting is taken out of it—the curse is turned into a blessing by the right to one whole day of rest after every six days of labour. This is what God has provided for weary man, and wherever man has thrown this boon away or lost it, he has never been able to contrive or achieve anything so good for himself. This rest-day is every man's own, as much as his house or his wages. It is not only one of men's rights, but among other rights, it is like the atmosphere round the globe. Wanting it, all other rights are damaged or destroyed. As long as men of toil retain the right to the weekly Sabbath unimpaired, the right to their home, their property, their persons, will be safe and unassailable. This liberty is a defence, like a wall of fire, round all other liberties.

2. The *encroachments* upon that right. The first thing to be noticed regarding the encroachments on this right of man is, that they are gradual and concealed. Never and nowhere is it proclaimed aloud, by those who trespass on these rights, that from a given day they are to be annulled. No member of Parliament moves for leave to bring in a bill enacting that all workmen shall be compelled to work all the seven days alike, and all the year over without a day of rest. This method is not adopted, because this method would not succeed. In my earlier years, when I wanted to take from the spotted inhabitants of the stream the rights which they enjoyed of swimming about in any pool they pleased, I did not exhibit to them the crooked, pointed, barbed bit of steel which I had prepared for the purpose. I covered it over with something that hid it wholly from view. Nay, more, I covered it with something that the trouts liked; and when they took my bait within their jaws, I gave it a gentle, knowing twitch, and pulled the little creatures out of their element. They liked what I gave them, but if they had known they were to be hauled up by it they would not have taken it. It is in this way that cunning anglers, on the edge of life's great stream, try to trout us out. They bait the hook. They put on it as a bait something that they think the people like. Sometimes, and to some classes, the bait is money; at other times, and to other classes, it is pleasure. The engine-driver and guard of a railway, the waiter in a hotel, and the driver of an omnibus, are a tribe of fish that are expected readily to jump at a silver bait. A crown of additional wages is tried as the inducement to make them take the hook into their jaws. Clerks and warehousemen and mechanics do not

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get the offer of winning more money, but they are invited to spend it. They may have a trip to the sea-side, or to the Crystal Palace, if they are willing to pay for it. Pleasure is put upon the hook, and made to dangle before their eyes in advertisements all the week, in the hope that they will take, and be taken, when the Sabbath morning comes round. The love of money and the love of pleasure are two powerful motives to human hearts. The anglers are skilful. They have baited their hooks well. But it so happens that they cannot catch all classes by the same baits; and they cannot present both baits to the same persons. Those who gain the money don't get any pleasure; and those who get pleasure gain no money. In order to make money of the Sabbath, the one class must work, work, work, at the same labour every day all the year round; and in order to get the pleasure on the Lord's day, the other class must part with a good deal of the money which they have toiled for on other days. If the two classes would meet and compare notes, perhaps they might come to the determination that they would not angle each other out in this fashion. The plain English of it is, one kind of labourers are made to work on the rest-day, and another kind must pay for it, and the great King Mammon makes his profit out of both. The many who labour are cheated out of their rest-day, for the profit of the few, who, being rich already, do not need to labour at all.

3. *The defence.* The right to a rest-day being thus endangered, how shall it be preserved? When we are put upon our defence, it will be our wisdom to fall back on our original charter. If I am possessed of a small estate, in the midst of powerful neighbours, and if these neighbours, partly by wheedling, partly by force, endeavour to eject me, and swallow up my patrimony in their overgrown domains, what should I do? It will be in vain that I plead, This great lord promised to respect my right, and that other one said, he would give me an equivalent. If I have no better defence, it is time I were packing up. But if I have an ancient charter from the King—the very King who gave these lords their property—it will be my wisdom to fall back on it and defy the aggressor.

It is of vital importance in this crisis, that those who labour should know their right, and what it rests on. If they choose their ground well, and put in their best plea, they are safe. The gift of God, the maker of heaven and earth, dating from the beginning, and recorded in the Bible—this is the charter by which the labouring man securely holds his day of rest. If we hold it on that authority, we shall succeed; if we let go that ground, we shall fail. Mammon is stronger to wrench our right away than all our props to uphold it, unless we lean on the Almighty God. If God be for us, who can be against us? If we abandon or neglect this ground, we shall be driven from every other.

"God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it;" "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy;" "The Sabbath was made for man;"—these are the charter of the poor man's best right. They that labour should love the Bible. The rich are rulers everywhere; and how are the rights of the poor to be protected? If Ahab will have the vineyard, how shall Naboth defend his patrimony? The Bible open and free, his safety lies there; there God becomes the shield of the oppressed.

Earnest and persevering efforts have been made of late to introduce Sabbath pleasure-seeking and Sabbath labour; but these efforts have not been made by working men. Some men have been induced to labour for their wages at their ordinary calling on the Lord's day. It is not from zeal for Sabbath desecration that they do so. It is the plain, prosaic motive of getting bread for themselves and their families. A certain company, who kept their men at work on the Clyde throughout the whole of every Lord's day, gave them a Tuesday to rest. Well, and have not these men one rest-day in seven, and have they not secured their rights? When we buy a house, we look sharply to the title-deeds. These men have their rest-day by deed of the company who hire them. Others have their rest-day by deed of the world's Maker when the world began. What the moneyed company gave it can take away, and will take away at the first adverse turn of trade. When God made the Sabbath, he made it for man, and constituted Christ its Lord. He knows what man needs, and he will not take it away. Let us fall into God's hand for the security of our rest-day, for his mercies are great; but let us not fall into the hands of Mammon or of man.

It is true that every man has a right to his weekly rest-day; but all men have not their weekly rest-day. We may have a right to a thing, and yet lose the thing if we do not watch and maintain it. It is on these terms that labouring men enjoy their rest-day. If they do not value it, they will not long continue to possess it; if they do not contend for it, they will be stripped of it soon. This boon will not remain to a careless generation without their will, nor to a scoffing generation against their will. Men have a right to defend, but they must defend, their right. In other countries, where working-men have lost the rest-day, they have not got a money equivalent. They have not bartered their rest for gain; they have allowed it to be stolen, and they have nothing in its stead. I have seen a row of reapers labouring in a harvest-field in the west of Ireland on the Sabbath afternoon, the same as on other days. I learned, at the same time, that a harvest labourer in that country, during the season, received as wages twopence a-day and his food. In Scotland I never saw the reapers at work in the field on the Lord's day. There, men have asserted and maintained their right to rest; and there the wages for one day, at the same time, and for the same work, would be greater than the Irish labourer's wages for a week. It is not seven days' work for six days' pay, but seven days' work for one day's pay.

I have observed that those who are filching the rest-

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day from the sons of toil are fond of flourishing in our faces the text from the Bible, "The Sabbath was made for man." Look to these two words in that text—the *Sabbath*, and *man*.

The *Sabbath*, it seems, was made for man; and what is Sabbath? It is a rest-day. God our maker knows our need, and he has made, and preserved, and given to his creatures a *rest*. And who art thou, O man, that darest to come in between a merciful Father and his wearied children? If it was made Sabbath, keep it Sabbath. Will ye dare to take that rest, and turn it into a toil-day for thousands, and hold up your face and quote the Bible in favour of your deed? Instead of letting it alone as it has been made—a rest for the weary—you are laying profane hands on the portion of the poor, and making their rest another day of toil to be added to the six. Woe to the man who attempts so to rob the poor of what God has given them! Their Redeemer is mighty, and he will avenge their cause.

The rest was made for *man*. This is like God, who opens his hand wide, and supplies the wants of every living thing. The Sabbath is like the air, it is free to all. It is made for man—all men. But those who take this text in their lips, violate it in their acts. They read it, "The Sabbath was made for rich men and shareholders, but not for cabmen and firemen." The clerk, the guard, the mechanic, the postman, all whom modern Mammon would chain to the oar on the Lord's day, are men. For these men, as well as others, God made a rest; and great is the guilt of those who would, either by force or fraud, deprive them of the boon.

In the shuffle by which that text is made to defend Sabbath desecration, there is a twofold sleight-of-hand trick. While the Bible calls the day a *rest*, they make it a day of labour; while the Bible says it is for *man*, they take it to themselves, and wrench it from their neighbours.

God is the labouring man's best friend, and his word the surest charter of their liberties. Oh, that labouring men knew this! In fairness to our readers, however, we are bound to confess that we do not expect the temporal blessings of the Sabbath to be long retained in any community who miss its higher and spiritual ends. Those who seek it and use it only as a bodily rest will not be able to retain the boon. The rule of procedure is, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and these other good things will be added. Those who really are in the Spirit on the Lord's day will be the salt of the earth, preserving the benefit for themselves and their brethren.

The Sabbath is not the Saviour. It is a space left open and kept open by the Lord, that busy men may on it seek and find the Saviour sent. The Sabbath is like the firmament—an open space to set the sun in. If no sun be shining in it, all will be cold and dark on the earth's surface. It is thus that the Sabbath-day has not spiritual light and life for men. It is a space cleared of the engrossing business of the world—a space to set Christ in—the Sun of righteousness, the Light of the world, the Life of men. If, when the world is put out of the day, we fill it with Christ, and his word, and his worship, and his service, we shall find in it a double blessing. It will perform to us the promises both of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. If we seek the greater use of the Sabbath, we shall get also the less. If we employ it aright for spiritual life, we shall enjoy it also for temporal liberty.

THE REVIVAL—AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY THE REV. DR. EDGAR.

I SHALL not take a wide range—I shall not deal in hearsay, but confine myself entirely to my own knowledge of one congregation in a country district of Ulster, that from a single example a judgment may be readily formed of the whole.

I. The congregation is one of the old, stern, Calvinistic school, long in unbroken enjoyment of an evangelical ministry, yet often lifeless and cold, with many mere formal professors, and many more not having even a name to live.

II. Its present minister is no Whitfield nor Irish Kirwan, whose oratory might be supposed to effect wondrous changes by its own power; but he is plain, honest, direct—meaning somebody, and going right to the understanding and heart—in doctrinal, practical preaching of the truth which alone can save.

III. The means which he employs are,—

1. Two discourses each Sabbath, such as M'Culloch preached before the great awakening at Cambuslang.

2. A system of Sunday schools over the district, the pupils of which he assembles and catechises in his church every Sabbath; and, to enable their teachers to carry forward a successful course, he has printed for them each week a suitable exposition of Scripture, or of doctrine.

3. Pastoral visitation from house to house, so that he knows every one of his people, and can meet every case.

4. He has covered the whole district with a net-work of prayer-meetings, at some five or six of which he officiates weekly (there are a hundred weekly), the people themselves keeping up the religious services.

5. Religious services in the open air Two years since, when there was no public talk of revivals, he usually had audiences of two or three thousand.

IV. The means I thus specify particularly, because I wish to give prominence to the fact that God's Holy Spirit is not working by any strange or miraculous means, but by the means of his own appointment. The truth as it is in Jesus—the truth in love—God's Spirit always used, and he still uses, for the conversion of souls. On the reading, but especially the hearing of the word, in the spirit of humility and prayer, God pours out his Spirit's gracious influence, and souls are saved.

V. The agents assisting the minister in his work are,—

1. Ruling elders, Sunday-school teachers, &c.; the old staff before the revival began. One of these I heard leading in prayer, and most primitive and patriarchal it was. Long might he have sung, with the psalmist,—

"I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear"—

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because many a long year he and an aged female maintained a prayer-meeting when the members uniting with them seemed hopelessly few; but against hope they hoped and prayed; and now they can continue the psalm, and sing—

"At length to me he did incline,
My voice and cry to hear."

2. Fresh young hands which the revival has raised. Many of these are working at home; nine of them are travelling around, on invitations from many parties anxious for their help.

A meeting of such is held each Saturday, specially to ask for God's blessing on the Sabbath services. I lately attended. The place was a butcher's shop. The butcher, two years since, did not know A from B; God converted him; he taught himself to read, and he is now a large tract distributor at his own cost, and a chief hand in the revival work.

The secretary was a working shoemaker—another Carey. Others present were day-labourers, a stone-breaker, and a blacksmith's boy. The stone-breaker, who still sits on the roadside breaking stones to earn his bread, is one of four brothers lately converted. Their mother was sister to a blackguard pugilist, to whom she used to be bottle-holder, and when she entered a shop she was watched as a noted thief. Her sons were pests, but God's grace has made them vessels of mercy, overflowing with goodness for not a few. I have heard them, and others like them, speak and pray in public. I do not defend their pronunciation, grammar, style, or delivery; but I say fearlessly, that their addresses and prayers are scriptural, wise, and powerful, and, as their effects show, most wonderfully adapted to do great and permanent good to persons in humble life like themselves.

3. Let no disgust be raised when I name, as another class of new assistants, females; for these females know their sphere, and keep it, being gratefully sensible of God's goodness in having assigned to woman a sphere of unbounded usefulness and honour. They conduct, for example, female prayer-meetings, where, if a single male be admitted, he is brother to some one present, and asked to impart religious instruction. One such told me that, passing the door of a prayer-meeting, he found a number of young girls engaged in prayer over one in deep distress for sins; and a more suitable or deeply interesting prayer he had seldom heard than from one of these young, earnest creatures over her distressed sister.

There is another sphere of female agency, and I illustrate it thus:—A gentleman called to me a young girl weeding his garden. Among other questions I asked her, "Were you with us at the prayer-meeting last night?" "No," said she, "I was at ———." "Why," I replied with surprise, "what took you away through the rain five miles to an open air prayer-meeting?" "I was invited," she said, "by friends, who thought that the Lord might have something for me to do." Had I heard no more than this I might have deemed it vanity or fanaticism; but the explanation is this. At such meetings females, as well as males, become so deeply affected by the truth, that it is necessary to remove them, and it is most suitable that some experienced, wise, Christian female, should be with such to teach, advise, and pray, and comfort with the consolation wherewith she herself is comforted of God.

VI. Such being the congregation, minister, helps, and means, I proceed to state a few effects:—

1. The revival spirit, activity, and blessedness, are delightfully illustrated in the minister's own household.

His wife told me that a woman had often complained to her of the brutality of her husband. He gave as his apology his wife's drunkenness. The good minister's wife laboured for her reform, and one day received a pressing invitation to attend a prayer-meeting, which this woman, once drunken, had opened. She went; and when the numbers became too great she brought them to the manse, and a joyous manse it was; for of the woman once drunken it could now be said, "Behold, she prays." Another woman in prayer said, "O God, thou knowest, and all here know, how wicked a wretch I have been,"—and true, indeed, it was; she had been the mother of four illegitimate children; and yet, to show the exceeding riches of God's grace, he has had mercy both upon her and on one of the hapless daughters, to whom, in her wickedness, she had given birth. A son of that minister's helpmeet was thoughtless, like too many of his age, but God's Spirit moved upon his heart; and in the struggles of the new birth he vowed that if God would give him peace, he would devote himself to the ministry of the gospel. To the ministry of the gospel he is devoted now.

The maid-servants of the house are the Lord's handmaids, not eye-servants, as men-pleasers, but under the influence of a right principle, and in singleness of heart serving Christ. The man-servant could not understand how, lately, his master should pay sixpence for hearing another minister—a great orator. He himself went, and admired the orator's earnestness, but no more. What changed his heart, he says, was the prayer of a day labourer, once a companion of his own in carelessness and sin.

2. A general effect of God's blessing on the minister and his work is an earnest, extensive desire to hear. When, for example, I lately conducted the Sabbath services of the congregation, immmediately at the close of the forenoon service prayer-meetings commenced; and the one assembled in the church I had to interrupt, to commence the second service. No sooner had this ended, than a prayer-meeting commenced in the church, and continued till half-past four. In the evening I found a multitude assembled in a drying-loft, the services conducted by young converts; and when I closed with the benediction, and left for another meeting, not one withdrew. At the next meeting I found a large assembly, partly in a loft, and partly outside, and after two of the brothers, stone-breakers, and others had spoken and prayed, I closed, as I thought; but the people sent to say that they would not leave till they heard me; and, though it rained heavily, I complied, and still they lingered, unwilling to go away.

3. Another blessed effect is an anxiety to read. When I asked, for example, a poor young girl how she prepared herself for teaching and exhorting others—did she read, read such works as "James's Anxious Inquirer," "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," &c., "O yes," she said, "she had read them, and she felt such reading a great pleasure and privilege." When a girl of twelve was converted who could not read, her companions at once formed a little club to teach her by turns. Many are the applications made to me for the tracts and books kindly intrusted to me by the London Tract Society and my friend Mr. Beauley; and, as the spirit of piety spreads, there spreads, too, a thirst for knowledge. But the book of books sought for and delighted in is God's own book—the Bible. Being informed by an

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elder of the congregation that a poor woman had fallen on the road, and that, though she seemed deeply anxious about her soul, her neighbours attributed it to drink, I went to visit her, and, after crouching into a low hut, the loom and bed filling the whole room, I found sitting in bed an interesting middle-aged woman, with deep melancholy on every feature, and heavy at heart, as she said, on account of her sins. She had been at no meeting, heard no preaching or words of truth from press or pulpit. "What, then," said I, "moved you to think of your sins?" "The talk of the neighbours," she said. A right good talk, thought I. Oh, there is throughout Ulster just now a blessed talk of God. Amidst all her distress, and while she kept in the bitterness of her spirit swaying from side to side, still firmly clutched in her hand she held her Bible, as knowing that the source of peace and the anchor of hope are there. Our colporteurs tell us they never had such demands for the Bible as now, specially Bibles with the Scotch version of the Psalms; for the voice of thanksgiving and praise is in the tabernacles of the righteous.

4. Another most blessed effect is the spread, far and wide, of a spirit of effectual fervent prayer. There are those who pray without ceasing—those who show that their vital breath is prayer. The intercessory prayer of the converts is peculiarly impressive, specially as it is poured forth with such earnestness and love for relatives and friends.

A godly stranger had visited the district to see the Lord's work. A free lodging was offered, for there is no town; but he had seen and heard too much to be able to sleep. He rose to pray. A sister in the house had risen too, for she could not sleep from anxiety lest conviction should pass away from her brother's mind, to return no more. When she found the stranger up, she awakened her brother, crying, "How can you sleep when you may awake in hell; how can you sleep so sound when others, in anxiety for your state, cannot sleep at all?" He rose, and the stranger tells that such was the fervour of prayer that night, that he could easily have believed that he heard a sound like the rustling of the wind.

5. General effects throughout the district are, decrease of Sabbath-breaking, profanity, party-spirit, drunkenness, poverty; reformation from evil habits and customs, sobriety, generosity, good neighbourhood, peace. There must be a general reformation where the reformations of individuals are so numerous. The good minister declines all attempts at general enumeration, and so well may I. Even to the wife of his bosom he says:—"Too soon, my dear, to talk of numbers; time will count them; time may make sad reckoning of some of them yet." Whatever be the issue, the number is large now; I made acquaintance with fifty in part of two days. Every house I entered had its rejoicing inmates. To both sexes the happy change has come, and over all years of human life the Holy Spirit has claimed his power. Youth is, no doubt, his favoured time, but hoary age of threescore years and ten has not been forgotten. I visited an aged widow; she had been married to a Romanist, and, though he did not force her to mass, she attended no church, and was going down to the grave without God and without hope, when the words of a stranger, who had found Christ, laid hold upon her heart. Anxious days and sleepless nights she passed, but she submitted to God, took him at his word, and found peace. As she stood before me in her seventy-second year, cold must be the heart, I thought, which could continue sceptical with such a proof of God's work in view. There was no excitement, no fanaticism, not at all; what completely overcame me, as I gazed on her aged features, was the evident struggle to restrain feeling, to prevent the flood of feeling from rushing forth at her eyes, while she talked of God's infinite kindness. Emotion she did show, but it was not for herself, but for her son, her only child. "Oh," said she, "how happy would I live, and how blessed would I die, if God would show to my poor boy his wondrous loving-kindness, as he has to me!"

VII. One statement more, and I close. All this good work has gone on quietly, steadily, and, till very lately, without those bodily manifestations which have of late so occupied the public mind. In such manifestations I do not, however, include those natural effects which result from the action and re-action of body and mind. If men and women die of grief or joy; if news, joyous or sad, produce astonishing effects on the body as well as mind, must man be as a stone while under the strongest of all impulses, and under the influence, for hope or fear, of the most tremendous of all truth? My present sphere, however, is not philosophy, but history—a little sketch of the humble history of a rural Presbyterian congregation in Ulster; and I commit it to the press with the prayer and hope that it may be the means of doing some little work for God, some little good for immortal souls.—*British Standard.*

"THERE WAS NOT A HOUSE WHERE THERE WAS NOT ONE DEAD."

NEARLY four thousand years ago, when the midnight vault of heaven was overhanging in solemn stillness the long, green valley of the Nile, there went up suddenly into its serene, untroubled depths, an awful cry of human anguish—such a cry as never before, and never since, was wrung from this stricken and suffering earth. It was the wail of a whole nation's agony over her lost first-born. "For, from the first-born of Pharaoh in the palace, to the first-born of the captive in the dungeon, there was not a house where there was not *one* dead."

A few weeks ago, in a newspaper paragraph describing the effects of the present revival of religion in a certain district of Belfast, the following sentence occurred:—"For there was not a street,—nay, there was scarcely a house—where there was not at least *one* soul that had been made *alive* unto God."

Not a house where there was not *one* living soul!—and this a thing to be marvelled at as the result of a special and wonderful visitation of divine grace, and by no means a description to be applied in ordinary circumstances or times either to Belfast or to any other city or neighbourhood. Then what is the state of things which is thus almost unconsciously revealed to us? That over the whole land, from the palace of the Queen to the meanest hovel of her subjects, it can scarcely be said, There is not a house where there is not at least *one* dead. Rare as blessed, the household or family of which this is not too certainly true.

But where is the mighty cry going up toward heaven from the living on behalf of their dead. Not the wild,

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despairing cry of Egypt over her hopelessly dead and lost ones, but the prevailing cry of faith to Him who is the fountain, and author, and giver of life, and who said to the woman of Samaria, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that said unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have *asked* of him and he would have given you living water." "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find,"—not for yourselves only, but for all whom you may bring with you to the life-giving touch of Jesus. "Ye *have* not, because ye *ask* not." If the living members of a family rested not, ceased not to mourn over, to plead for their dead; if the case of lifeless, perishing souls lay nearer the heart of congregations and churches; if the voices of all the spiritually alive in these lands were united in one mighty cry before God on behalf of the dead in every house, the Spirit of life and quickening would be poured out over the length and breadth of the land. The scene in the valley of dry bones, which Ezekiel saw, would take place before our eyes. The breath breathing on our slain would bring bone to his bone, till an exceeding great army of renewed, and quickened, and gracious souls would rise up upon their feet, walking, and praising God.

Have not we that say we live been slumbering and dreaming at ease in Zion, shutting our eyes to the sad case of those who have been perishing around us? Have we not been shrinking from admitting God's own awful alternative, "They that have the Son *have* life, they that have not the Son of God have *not* life"—"shall not *see* life, and the wrath of God *abideth* on them." Is not this, at least, one reason why we have not been prophesying without ceasing to the life-giving breath. "Come, O breath, breathe upon these slain, that they may live." Oh, let us give God no rest on their behalf; and, in the exercise of believing prayer, prove that we have power with God and shall prevail, when we ask what is so according to his mind, so pleasing to him as the salvation of sinners.

"Now, when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." C.

COMMON MODES OF PREACHING.

[From an address to young ministers by the revered Richard Watson.]

THERE is *the declaration of the "first principles of the doctrines of Christ,"* which all men must be taught; which must enter, in some degree, and that efficiently, into every sermon, and be the basis of every address you make to men on the subject of their salvation. A sound mind will dictate that these leading truths should always be taught with appropriate simplicity and plainness; and that, on account of their being "first principles," and, therefore, first in importance, they should be expressed in terms chiefly taken from the inspired writings themselves; in "words which the Holy Ghost has taught;" as becoming their own majesty, which, like the sun, disdains to be painted in human colours. But the same sobriety of judgment will also suggest, that as these first principles do not stand alone in the word of God, they are to be connected, with particular applications in their fruits and effects, to the heart and life, and enforced by all possible variety of scriptural motives. There is no such want of connection between the lowest principles and the highest attainments in religion, as some would seem to suppose. On the contrary, one is constantly dependent upon the other; and when St. Paul exhorts us to "leave the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and to go on to perfection," he means no more than that they should be left, as a builder leaves the foundation he has laid, to carry up the structure to its full height, which still remains in constant relation to the foundation, and is supported by it. It is for you, then, in cultivating the greatest plainness and simplicity of preaching, still to remember the connection of the first truths you teach with every other, and to bring the whole system of Christian experience and Christian duty into your ministrations; so that if no ministry of a different character from your own existed, all who hear you might be made "perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

There is the *doctrinal and controversial mode* of preaching. This also is an important branch of the ministry, which circumstances may often call for. The apostles afford us examples of this, as well as of the former. When St. Paul preached to the wise but idolatrous Greeks at Athens, he exhibited the mere elements of our religion, the being of a God, repentance, the resurrection of Christ and of men, and a future judgment. But when he preached in the synagogues, he "reasoned out of the Scriptures," and he "disputed in the school of Tyrannus." Every part of that truth "which is according to godliness" must be exhibited and explained in its time and order; and as errors or misapprehensions of truth arise and prevail in society, they call for refutation "in the spirit of meekness." But here the endowments of discretion and sobriety will be called into exercise. In the interpretation of doctrine, you will not fall into the error of assuming that there are no mysteries left unexplained by the Scriptures—no difficulties which are not superable by human investigation. You will rather humbly feel yourselves, and teach others, that much is left for the exercise of faith, and for the test of our docility and submission; and that clear as many of the doctrines of Scripture are, considered simply in their enunciation, yet their evidence to the reason of man is often but very partially vouchsafed, or wholly hidden within the folds of a veil, the lifting up of which is reserved to eternity. You will see also the folly of attempting to explain a truth made sufficiently clear, till there is some danger of producing doubt instead of stronger conviction;

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and of a perpetual propensity to argument and demonstration, as though men were "ever to learn without coming to the knowledge of the truth;" and of keeping up an incessant fight with objections, as though the victory had never been won. Above all, you will regard doctrinal accuracy, not as the substance, but as the mere instrument of salvation,—the means of accomplishing the great end of your ministry, not the end itself. Our old divines well understood this, and distributed their discourses into "doctrines" and "uses;" and though the formality of their divisions accords not with the taste of the present day, that sense of the practical character of Christianity which dictated it to them will never, we trust, be absent from your minds. The torch is kindled, not that its brightness may be admired, but that it may give light; and you, as the guides of souls, are to carry it forth into the darkness of the world, in order to direct the steps of every wanderer "into the way of peace;" or, to use the nobler metaphor of the apostle himself, you are to "hold forth the word of life"—the beacon which is elevated by night on a dangerous shore, to guide the tempest-driven mariner, amidst the terrors of shoals, and rocks, and sounding breakers, into the desired haven.

There is the *critical and expository mode* of preaching—a rich and salutary means of "feedingt he Church of God," by unfolding the meaning of Scripture in its connection and argument, or in the import of its separate terms. This is, indeed, rather "a sign to them that believe, than to them that believe not;" yet the talent is of great value whenever imparted, and the best effects, though they may not be strong or sudden ones, ultimately result from its judicious use. But, in this practice, "the sound" and well-disciplined mind will recollect that there are parts of the Scripture, the exposition of which is rather to be pursued in the closet than the pulpit, and given to the Church in the form of writing rather than preaching; and that criticism should be employed in our public exercises only to illustrate subjects and terms the knowledge of which is chiefly necessary to direct edification. It will teach you to take heed that learning evaporates not in mere words, but that it terminates in things; and that men should "be pleased," in this respect, as in every other, only "for their good to edification."

There is the *sententious mode* of preaching, where everything superfluous is cut off, and great truths are concentrated into narrow limits, and compacted into weighty and pointed sayings. This is, in some, a great gift from God; much traditionary wisdom from the earliest ages has been thus preserved, and the sayings of eminent men have often outlived the influence, and even the memory, of their character and actions. But when this talent exists in a preacher, a sound judgment will teach him that a string of proverbs is not a sermon; that the generality of our hearers need copiousness as well as point, "line upon line, precept upon precept," not only "here a little," but "there a little" also; and that they usually feel the breadth of the surface, more than the fineness of the edge, of any truth. Our Lord's parables are all a kind of proverbs, or may easily be reduced to proverbs; but he stoops to the infirmity of the common class of hearers, clothes the sentiment with story, and exhibits in action its variety of application.

Opposed to the concise and sententious is the *diffuse method*,—one, too, of vast, and perhaps chief utility. In this the thoughts may not always be numerous; but they are enforced by repetition, presented in varied aspects, and clothed and made attractive by appropriate imagery. But if this important talent be committed to your use, you will have need of "a sound mind" to give it its full efficiency. You must often restrain your copiousness, lest you expand it into feebleness; you must often severely chastise the inventive faculty, lest, whilst you occupy the imagination, you miss the conscience.

There is the *awakening and alarming* kind of preaching, which, as "knowing the terrors of the Lord," you must often adopt; and there is the *mild and inviting* announcement of the mercies of your Saviour. But both must be under the direction of a sound and comprehensive judgment. In itself, and by itself, each would be ineffectual, because an imperfect method of ministering the truth to men, and because each supposes other truths with which it is essentially connected. The preaching of man's spiritual extremity and danger supposes his remedy and refuge in Christ; for if you have no Saviour to offer, why "torment" the unpitied wretch "before his time?" What kind of ministry is yours, if you make him "lift up his eyes in torment," and give him not even a "drop of water to cool his tongue;" if you fix his despairing eye upon an unmeasurable "gulf," and yet show him no path to life across the chasm? It is not certainly "the ministry of reconciliation," the glorious designation of that which is now "committed" to you. On the other hand, the exhibition of promises of mercy supposes danger and misery,—a danger and misery, too, which men must be brought deeply to feel, or, mild as may be your tones, and persuasive your accents, you will be to them "as one who hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument;"—all will evaporate in sound, for "the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

LAMENT OF A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE SON.

(TRANSLATED FROM A MEDIÆVAL HYMN.)

CHILD, by God's sweet mercy given
To thy mother and to me,
Entering this world of sorrows
By his grace, so fair to see;
Fair as some sweet flower in summer,
Till death's hand on thee was laid,
Scorch'd the beauty from my flower,
Made the tender petals fade.

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Yet I dare not weep nor murmur,
For I know the King of kings
Leads thee to his marriage-chamber,
To the glorious bridal brings.

Nature fain would have me weeping,
Love asserts her mournful right;
But I answer, they have brought thee
To the happy world of light.
And I fear that my lamentings,
As I speak thy cherish'd name,
Desecrate the Royal dwelling;—
Fear to meet deserved blame,
If I press with tears of anguish
Into the abode of joy;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing,
Offer thee to God, my boy.

Yet thy voice, thy childish singing,
Soundeth ever in my ears;
And I listen, and remember,
Till mine eyes will gather tears,
Thinking of thy pretty prattlings,
And thy childish words of love;
But when I begin to murmur,
Then my spirit looks above,
Listens to the songs of spirits—
Listens, longing, wondering,
To the ceaseless glad hosannas
Angels at thy bridal sing.

The Voice of Christian Song.

THE STEAM-BOAT PARTY.

Some years ago, one of the fine Rhine steamers was pursuing its way up that noble river, with a large party on board. It was showery weather, and most of the passengers were below. They employed themselves in various ways, according to their different tastes,—reading, sleeping, playing at chess, &c., talking sense or nonsense to each other. At one small table a group of young men were engaged with cards, and opposite them was the Countess D—— and her little daughter, busy at needlework. An English gentleman sat near them, an elderly man, grave, but pleasing in appearance. He was reading what seemed to be a tract, and, after some time, he rose and courteously offered a copy to the card-players, and another to the Countess. Both parties appeared surprised; the lady evidently pleased. The stranger bowed politely, and went on deck.

The captain had come in just before, and observed the scene. "Ah," said he to Countess D——, "this is one of your religious men; we must keep a look-out upon him. I know what to think of these sort of people; they are all hypocrites. Only a few weeks ago we had one of them on board; he went about giving tracts, just like this man; and who do you think he proved to be? —a maker of false coins, whom the police were in search of! Ah, I must keep my eye upon this fellow."

The young gamblers laughed; Countess D—— looked distressed. She replied: "That was a sad case which you have told us of, captain. And yet if there were no real gold, and if it were not so valuable, we should have no false coiners. And so I have often thought that the existence of hypocrites, who make false pretences to piety, proves that there *is* such a thing as true religion, and that they are happy indeed who truly possess it."

The captain made no answer to this. One of the card-players soon after left the cabin. In a short time he returned. "I believe," said he, addressing Countess D——, "that this gentleman is the true gold, after all. I have had some conversation with him in English, and he has told me the object of his journey just now. Many years ago, when in foreign service, he purchased a horse from a German officer, but by some accident of war they were separated before the money was paid, and he lost trace of him altogether. On returning home he placed the sum in a bank, where it has been accumulating all this time. He has very lately discovered where his old creditor resides, in Germany, and is now on his way to visit him, and pay the debt with interest. Now that is what I call acting like a real Christian, and no hypocrite."

"Certainly," she replied; "such conduct is one of those good fruits of the Spirit by which our Saviour tells us his people may be known."

As they drew near their destination, the young man came to her again. "Here is a sad adventure to your religious friend. He has just discovered that all his luggage, including, I suppose, his money, has been left behind. He must wait for some days before it can be recovered; meanwhile he must remain in a strange place, without one acquaintance, and hardly a word of German. I am really sorry for him."

The countess was grieved, and expressed her sympathy. She went on deck, and found the stranger looking much annoyed and perplexed. She spoke no English, and felt much at a loss how to act. Suddenly an idea occurred to her. She took from her pocket a German Testament, and gently putting it into the gentleman's hand, pointed to Acts xvi. 15. He referred at once to the passage in his own Bible: "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there."

There is a common brotherhood of sympathy and confidence among those who are one in Christ. The invitation was accepted as freely as it was given. Mr. —— spent a week under Countess D——'s hospitable roof, until his lost property was restored. Before leaving, he laid before her a sum of money, saying in the best German he could command, "This, dear friend, is what I should have spent during the past week in any hotel,—may I request you to lay it out for me, in any way you may think most likely to promote the cause of our Lord in this city?"

She considered the money as a token from God that

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the time was come to go forward in a work which had long been near her heart,—the establishment of a Protestant infant school in her neighbourhood. Taking the little fund as a commencement, she took courage to begin, and soon from other friends obtained all that was necessary. And now, in a Roman Catholic town, this school is still flourishing, and made the means of conveying Bible light and knowledge to many a youthful soul.

The above facts may be fully depended upon. They teach us how, in the wise and good providence of our God, important results often follow from apparently trifling causes; and how a sincere believer, desirous to improve every opportunity of effort in his Maker's service, may be the indirect instrument of accomplishing good far exceeding his expectations. They show the blessedness of Christian love, and how a cup of cold water given for Christ's sake may even in this life be abundantly rewarded. And they also teach a yet more practical lesson,—the great necessity of *consistency* in moral conduct, without which every attempt to give religious advice or instruction to others must lose all its effect. Worldly persons cannot judge of a Christian's hidden motives; but they will judge, and that severely, of his outward actions. Let each of us seek grace to avoid even "all *appearance* of evil," and to "give *none occasion* to the adversary to speak reproachfully."

B.

FAMILY COUNSELS.

I.—THE WEAKER VESSEL.

"Giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel."

WEAKER, that is, as having a more delicately constituted moral nature; as not so well able to bear the unfeeling indifference of the selfish, or the coarse incivilities of the rude. And this giving honour consists in the unabated attentions and courtesies of the marriage state; in the desire of the husband to testify, whether in company or alone, that genuine respect and esteem for his wife, which is the foundation of all real attachment,—anticipating her wishes, thoughtful of her comforts, studious of everything which should minister to her health, or peace, or happiness. It is always the opening of a dark chapter in matrimonial life, when these little courtesies begin to be cast off. It tells of affection waning; of the foundations of esteem giving way; of wedded love subsiding into a cold formality—into a thing of show to please the world, but no pledge of love or peace at home.

And further, this giving honour to the wife consists in *confidence*. Until experience has proved it unadvisable, or she herself has been proved unworthy, she should be honoured with an unreserved and boundless trust;—a trust in her prudence, to manage your daily expenditure; in her discretion, to arrange all matters with the domestics; in her affection, to keep sacred all your personal or business secrets. Let her authority be upheld in every department of the household; let her wishes be considered in every family movement; let her judgment be consulted in any proposed alteration in your plans of life; and, above all, let her feelings and scruples be deferred to, where conscience is called in to decide on any duty to God or man. The characteristic of the female intellect is generally allowed to be a quick and clear perception; and seldom are its decisions more rapid, or more accurate, than in nice and delicate discriminations between right and wrong.

II.—WON BY THE CONVERSATION OF THE WIFE.

The influence of the husband is direct, patent, "as the sun when he goeth forth in his might;" that of the wife is silent, secret, falling as the gentle dew from heaven, and scattering life and blessing where it falls. The one is as a broad belt of light, which we can see, and touch, and define, and walk in; the other is as the subtle atmosphere which we breathe, and drink in, and combine with all the inspirations of our moral and spiritual being,—too ethereal to be detected, yet affecting all the functions of our moral life. A husband is to be won, the apostle intimates, by the *conversation* of the wife;—that is, not by her teaching, not by her assumed superiority, not by her injudiciously obtruded counsels; but by the lowly meekness of her deportment, by the chastened fervour of her piety, by the delicate tenderness of her conscience, and by the deep and daily anxiety she is known to feel for his spiritual welfare. "Known to feel," for it may be that, to him, she rarely speaks of it; her hope stands rather in the power of earnest, constant, loving intercessions for him; in a laid-up store of prayers upon the file,—waiting prayers, faithful prayers, prayers which she knows can never be thrown away, but which, both on her own soul and on his, will in due time bring a blessing back. And then, the word of submission in sorrow, and the word of thankfulness in joy, and the word of trust in difficulty, and the word of meekness under wrongs and injury,—all uttered, not as suggesting what should be her husband's feelings, but as the spontaneous outflowing and expression of her own,—will have each their influence for good. Addressed to him these devout utterances are not. They are the ejaculations of the heart,—the soliloquy of a pious soul, talking with its God aloud; yet so talking as to leave room for hope that, since the word falls on another's ear, the grace to which nothing is impossible may apply it to his heart as well. At all events, it will be bread cast upon the waters; and whether she live to "see it after many days" or not, the casting of it will be the best fulfilment of her marriage troth, not only to be "loving and amiable, faithful and obedient to her husband, but in all quietness, sobriety, and peace, to be a follower of holy and godly matrons."—"*Family Duties*," *by the Rev. D. Moore.*

THE POWER OF MEMORY.

How mysterious, how incontrollable, is the association of ideas and of emotions in the mind of man! How inseparable is memory from his being! How imperative and overwhelming at times are its outbreaks through his smothered sensibilities!

What hurries that stranger with tearful eye through the streets of Lucerne, to find a place to weep amid the solitude of the tombs? A simple air, played by a delicate piece of Swiss mechanism, was wont to charm a home since wrapped in silence and in gloom. With the instinctive repugnance of grief toward all suggestive ob-

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jects, that witching music-box had long been hidden away; the Atlantic had buried its memories, and upon this the Alps were piled. But here, in a strange land, among people of a strange language, four thousand miles from home, the stranger pauses at a shop-window, and his ear catches, from a little music-box within, that once familiar strain. In an instant the fires of feeling, so long pent, roll off the mountains and the sea, and the heart lies quivering in its first anguish. All now is at the mercy of that unconscious mechanism whose every note cuts through the fibres of the soul, like the cautery of the nerves of vision. The gay traveller, the busy merchant, the eager guide, look inquiringly upon the stranger as he hurries wildly he knows not whither. He heeds them not; an unseen power impels him from its own resistless presence.

What an evidence is here of the soul's personal identity, and of the perpetuity of its substance, its thoughts, its impressions, its memories! And what a power is here in the hands of its Creator, by touching the smallest chord of memory, to bring to light forgotten sins, and to make the soul quiver with remorse! What a retribution will that be in which he shall unrol before the guilty spirit the long record of its crimes! O Christless man! there is a *hell* for thee. There needs not any material punishment to complete thy misery, when thy Maker and thy Judge, in whose hands thou art, shall withdraw thee from all that now diverts thee from thyself, from all that covers up thy sins, and, reviving each association of the past, shall bid thee remember—and *remember*—and REMEMBER, through the ages of eternity. If neither time nor distance can fortify the soul against a remembered sorrow, where shall it find a barrier against remembered sin? If the most trivial association has power to recall a grief endured, how tormenting shall be that memory with which remorse is mingled for a wrong committed! O sinful soul! thou canst not flee from Him who holds thy past and thy future alike in his hand, who can control all circumstances, all associations, all natural and mental laws, so that these shall conspire together for thy punishment. Thou canst not flee from memory; thou canst not flee from thyself. O Christless man! there is a hell for thee; there is a hell within thee; thou shalt be compassed about with sparks of thine own kindling; thou shalt lie down in endless sorrow.—*Dr. J. P. Thompson.*

PRAYER.

"HUNGRY persons," says one, "who come to my door for bread, do not descant on the beauty of waving wheat-fields, the value of grist-mills and bakeries; nor do they preach homilies on the general goodness of God and the excellence of Christian beneficence. 'Bread, if you please; do give us bread!' Oh! when shall we have less of the form, and more of the spirit of prayer; less of preaching, and more of pleading in prayer; more scriptural prayer; and as the results, showers of spiritual blessings?"

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLIV.—CONSPIRACY AGAINST CHRIST—HIS ANOINTING—JUDAS—THE PASSOVER.

MATT. XXVI. 1–25.

[*The scenes on which we now enter in the life of Christ are so singularly solemn, that we feel constrained to depart somewhat from our ordinary method, and give rather more of reflection and less of questioning than usual. The heart has so much more to do with these scenes than the head, that we shrink from giving prominence, even in appearance, to the intellectual exercise, and would aim, more directly and fully than heretofore, at aiding parents in stirring up feelings appropriate to the subject. May a double portion of the Holy Spirit now accompany our exercise.*]

Conspiracy of the Priests against Jesus.—Ver. 1–5. Give some account of the Passover. When was it instituted? And for what end? What was the council called, mentioned in ver. 3? [The Sanhedrim.] What mode of getting rid of Jesus did they propose to adopt? ver. 4. ["By subtilty"—quietly, by assassination.] Why was this not accomplished? [Christ was to be put to an "open shame."]

What a black scene do these verses open to our view! The chief men in the nation assembled to plan a foul murder—the murder of the Prince of Life! The place of meeting, too, the palace of the high priest—the man on whose mitre and breastplate was "Holiness to the Lord"—the type and representative of Him whom he sought to murder! What a fearful height did human wickedness now reach! This murderous hatred to Jesus was excited mainly by his reproofs of pride and hypocrisy. When men have not grace to take a just reproof in a right spirit, but allow their hatred to be roused against the reprover, they rush into terrible sin. May we follow the better rule,—"Let the righteous smite me, and it shall be a kindness." While we shudder at the picture of sin here presented, let us admire the wonderful love of Jesus to man, which continued to flow out amid these scenes. Truly, many waters could not quench it, nor could floods drown it.

Christ Anointed in the house of Simon.—Ver. 6–13. Had any incident similar to this ever taken place before? See Luke vii. 36–50. Could this Simon have been a leper *at the time?* [His leprosy must have been cured before, very probably by Christ.] What feeling led the woman to pour her ointment on Christ? [Pure, fervent love.] What feeling led the disciples to find fault? [Worldliness, regard to the mere material value of the ointment; or perhaps envy, in consequence of being outdone in generosity.] Which of the disciples was it that openly objected? John xii. 4. Was the professed regard for the poor an honest feeling? John xii. 6. How did Jesus view the matter? Has the prophecy he uttered regarding this woman been fulfilled?

Observe what a beautiful contrast the spirit of this woman formed to that of the priests. Intense hatred burned in their breasts—intense love in hers. While they were plotting how to destroy Christ, she was planning how to embalm him, as it were, in perpetual odours. The incident must have been very refreshing to Christ at the time. It was an incident of the same sort as the conversion of the thief on the cross,—an encouragement given to Christ when he stood much in need of it,—when his experience of men's awful wickedness had a tendency to chill his love. The excuse he made for her was, that his funeral was close at hand: what she had done might be regarded as done with a view to his burial; as no one would have blamed her had her ointment been poured on his dead body, so she was not to be blamed, inasmuch as, though still living, he might virtually be regarded as one dead. Let us try to imitate her in her deep gratitude to Christ, and willingness to give her most precious stores for his service.

Judas Bargains to Betray Christ.—Ver. 14–16. What connection was there between the incident just recorded and

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Judas' going to the priests? [He was disappointed at not getting the price of the ointment, and enraged at Christ's reproof.] Who instigated Judas to this horrid deed? What seems to have been the motive that urged Judas? [Probably mortification because his connection with Christ was not improving his worldly circumstances.] Was the sum large for which he bargained? [Thirty shekels,—three or four pounds of our money.]

How sad is it to think that all Judas' opportunities of being with Christ had made no favourable impression on him! His worldliness of character must have been very deeply rooted, for even the sight and experience of all Christ's gentleness and love failed to dislodge it. Being with the very best people, hearing the best sermons, may only harden our hearts, if we have not the grace of God. How earnestly should we pray for the Spirit, and how carefully should we guard against resisting him; for what wretched beings we must become at last, if the grace of the Spirit is not in us!

Celebration of the Passover.—Ver. 17–25. Were many strangers usually at Jerusalem at this time? How did they obtain accommodation? Was the man to whom the disciples were sent willing to give up his room? [This was another cheering circumstance; here was another heart made willing to serve Christ.] Which of the apostles asked Jesus touching the traitor? John xiii. Do Christ's professing people ever betray him now? What touching proof of his love did Christ give to his disciples after this supper? See John xiii. 1–17.

The great desire of Christ to observe this Passover is very instructive. Some persons, when greatly agitated and tossed with trials, make that fact an excuse for neglecting solemn duties; but with Christ it was entirely different. Holy services should be peculiarly seasonable and refreshing to us in times of tempest and trial. Christ's reason for announcing that he was to be betrayed by one of the disciples was, partly, to show them that that betrayal was not an untoward accident, that might prove ruinous to his cause, but part of the arranged plan of God with reference to the Son of Man (see ver. 24). People would be inclined to say, "One of his own chosen followers has abandoned him; it is impossible he can be the Christ." Jesus showed that the Scriptures foretold this very thing, and that therefore it served to prove that he was the Christ. Our Lord seems further to have designed *to warn Judas;* and his words (ver. 24) were most powerfully adapted to that end. But the brazen-faced question of Judas (ver. 25) showed that he was beyond the reach of warning. Judas had so grieved the Spirit, that even the words and warning of Christ were of no avail! What a sad proof of the hardening influence of the love of money! Let *us* take warning from this terrible exhibition of it, and earnestly press the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Let us seek Paul's spirit, and "count all things loss for Christ."

DUTY.—God's people should be active in doing good.

Isa. lviii. Matt. x.; xxv. Rom. xii. Heb. x.; xiii. James i. 1 Peter ii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XVII.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—*continued.*—Luke ii.

When the good shepherds visited Mary and Joseph, what would they tell them? [All about the angels' visit and message the night before.] What is it said that Mary did? ver. 19. What should this teach us? [Often to remember and think over what we read and hear about Jesus and holy things.] How did the shepherds go home? ver. 20.

What name was given to our Lord? ver. 21. Why did Mary call him Jesus? Luke i. 31. What is the meaning of the word? [A Saviour.] What does Jesus save those who believe in him from? [From the *love* and *power* of sin now, and its *punishment* after death.]

When our Lord was some weeks old, where did Mary and Joseph go with him? ver. 22. Why? [To present the child to God in the temple, and offer sacrifices of thanksgiving, as God had commanded by Moses.]

Whom did they meet in the temple? ver. 25, 27. What kind of a man was Simeon? What is it said that he *waited* for? What does this mean? [He was hoping and waiting for the coming of the Messiah, the hope and comfort of all God's true people.] What had the Holy Spirit made him know? ver. 26. When he saw Jesus, what did the Spirit make him feel sure of? [That this lovely infant was the promised Saviour.] What did he do? ver. 28. What did he prophesy about him? ver. 30–35. [The Holy Spirit taught him to speak of things to come, both as to the sufferings of the Messiah and his glory.] Whom did he say Jesus should be a light for? ver. 32. Who are meant in the Bible by the Gentiles? [All other nations besides the Jews.] Then are not we among the Gentiles? Was the Messiah spoken of by the prophets as a light? Isa. xlii. 6, ix. 2. What had Zacharias said about this? ch. i. 78, 79. Does Jesus call himself the Light? John viii. 12; xii. 46. How should we pray that he may be the Light to ourselves? [We should pray that he may send the Spirit into our hearts to show us ourselves as sinners, and himself as our dear and loving Saviour.]

What did Simeon wish for himself? [That he might now die, ver. 29.] Is it natural for any one to wish to leave this world? Why did Simeon wish it? [Because God had fulfilled his promise, and let him see the Saviour; and so he was quite satisfied, and had nothing more to desire in the world.] Why did he not rather wish to *live*, and see the great works Christ was to do? [He was probably aged and feeble, and longed to be at rest in heaven.] Have many pious people been willing and rejoiced to die? Have even little children? What could make them feel thus? [Because they knew and loved Jesus, and believed that their sins were all forgiven, and a place in heaven prepared for them, for his sake.] Should *we* wish to die, like Simeon? [That is not necessary; but we ought to pray to be made truly ready for dying, so that we may have no fear when the time shall come.]

Who came into the temple while Simeon was speaking? ver. 36–38. Who was she? [A very aged pious woman.] How old was she? [At least a hundred years.] How did she spend her time now? ver. 37. How did she feel when she saw Jesus, and heard what Simeon said? Whom did she speak to of him afterwards?

What are these aged believers an example of to us all? [Of true faith in Jesus, and great love for him.]

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smiled;
Then fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the promised Child.

"Now, Lord, according to thy word,
Let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
And gladness fills my heart."

Precept.—Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. Eph. v. 14.

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Promise.—I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John viii. 12.

Prayer.—O Lord our God, thou knowest how much darkness there is in our hearts, how little we see and know as we ought of our own sinfulness, or about Jesus and heavenly things. O may the Holy Spirit open the eyes of our understanding, and make Jesus indeed the Light to our souls. Heavenly Father, give us new hearts; take away our love of sin; make us love and serve thee while we live in this world; and then when the time of our death comes, make us ready, like good old Simeon, to "depart in peace." Let us not read and speak of Jesus only, but love and know him as *our own* Saviour. Hear our prayers for his sake. Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—"GO AWAY!"

"PLEASE to buy some matches of a poor boy."

"Go away!" was the reply. No one likes to be told to go away, not even a dog, especially when told to do so in an angry tone. The little beggar boy to whom Harry Richards addressed the above words, just because he asked him to buy some matches, went away looking very sorrowful. It was wrong of the little boy to be begging, no doubt; but that was no reason why Harry should lose his temper, or speak in such a harsh tone to one of his fellow-creatures. In a few moments afterwards Harry had forgotten all about the beggar boy, and went to get his hoop. It was a very cold day, and he intended to have a good run with his hoop, but he had forgotten that he had no hoop-stick.

"O dear," said Harry, "what a bore! I forgot I had lost my hoop-stick. I must go and ask papa if he will give me some money to buy one."

So off he ran to his papa's study, where he found him busily engaged in reading the newspaper.

"Please, papa," said Harry, "will you give me some money to buy a hoop-stick? I want to have a good run with my hoop."

His papa did not take any notice of him; so Harry asked him over again, in the same beseeching tone as before:—

"Please, papa, will you give me some money to buy a hoop-stick?"

His papa turned round, and, in an impatient tone, exclaimed, "Go away!"

Harry started and turned pale with fright, but his papa went on reading and took no more notice of him; so Harry walked out of the room, feeling very miserable.

"Papa was busy, so I ought not have disturbed him," said Harry to himself; "but for all that, he need not have spoken so *very* angrily."

Then he remembered the poor little beggar boy, to whom he had spoken so harshly that same morning; and he wondered if *he* had felt as miserable as he did when he told him to go away. "I spoke quite as angrily as papa did to me, and I daresay he went away thinking me very unfeeling and proud: treating him as if he were a dog; no, not a dog neither, for I always speak kindly to dear old Frisk;" and Frisk, hearing his name pronounced by Harry, came up, wagging his tail, and licked his hand.

"Even if I could not afford to give to a beggar, I could bestow a kind word on him; kind words are cheap enough. I do not know what possessed me to speak so cross, unless it is because I have heard people say beggars ought not to be encouraged; but that is no excuse—I might tell them to go away in a civil tone."

Now, Harry was rather distressed for want of a hoop-stick, and he dared not go and interrupt his papa again. At last he thought he would go to the wood and see if he could find a stick that would do. He saw many sticks and broken branches lying on the ground, but none of them thick enough to answer his purpose. Presently he espied exactly the sized stick he required, but it was too long, and he would have to break it. He tried to break it, but he was not strong enough, and he was very nearly giving up all hopes of obtaining it, when he heard a step behind him, and a voice said, "I think I could break it;" and seizing hold of it, the speaker bent it upon his knee with all his might, until it snapped right in two; and then, before Harry had time to thank him, he was off like a shot, leaving the broken stick lying on the ground at Harry's feet. It was the little beggar boy to whom Harry had spoken so crossly that morning: he certainly showed that he bore no malice, poor little fellow. Whether he ran away so quickly afterwards out of fear of Harry, or to show that he did not expect to be paid for what he had done, I do not know; but I know that Harry, instead of picking up the stick, took to his heels and ran after the little beggar boy, calling out to him to stop; but he was too swift for Harry,—he could neither catch him nor make him hear. So he returned to the spot where he had left the stick, and, picking it up, he walked towards his own home. On his way thither he met his father.

"Well, Harry, my boy," said he, "what makes you look so thoughtful? By-the-by, you wanted money to buy a hoop-stick."

"I thought you were too busy to give me any this morning, papa," said Harry, "so I went to look for a stick in the woods."

"Why, you happened to come just at the moment when I was reading a very interesting article in the *Times*," said his papa. "I believe I spoke rather harshly to you. I lost my temper, which I ought not to have done. Here, take this money for your hoop-stick."

"No, thank you, papa," said Harry; "I have got a hoop-stick without buying one, and I would not part with it for the world."

"Why, where did you get it from?" Harry then told his papa the whole history of the poor little beggar boy: how he had come and begged him so innocently to buy some of his matches; and how he had told him to go away in an angry, proud tone; and then he told how miserable he had felt when his papa had used the same words, and spoken in the same harsh tone to him; and how this had recalled his own unfeeling conduct to the beggar boy. He told him of the scene in the wood; and then he said,—

"O papa, I cannot tell you how superior that little ragged boy seemed to be to myself when I saw him thus engaged in returning good for evil. He has taught me a lesson which I shall never forget; and I intend to treasure up this hoop-stick as a remembrance of that little forgiving boy."

"We must look for the fine little fellow," said his papa, "and see what can be done for him. I wonder how he came to be begging. I hope, my dear Harry, it will be a lesson

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to us both, for the future, to be kind and courteous to every one, even to a beggar; for we may be kindly treating an angel unawares, as your little ragged friend has proved himself to be in disposition. And let us remember that there is one great Being who, when he was on earth, never said a harsh word to any one. He never said, 'Go away,' to the poor little infants who were brought to him,—our Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And to us all he says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"—*Protestant Episcopal Magazine.*

II.—THE LONG LANE.

"It is a long lane which has no turning! What do you mean, mother?" said little Charles, as he looked up inquisitively. "A long lane! Where is it? Are we going to walk there this afternoon? I should like to see it very much."

"Nonsense," said Robert laughing; "you never can understand. I suppose you don't know what is meant by turning over a new leaf either?"

"Yes, I do," said Charles; "I did that this morning, and wrote my copy very nicely, for mother praised it."

"Mind you don't blot it, then!" continued Robert. "But, I daresay, there are plenty of blots already." The child gazed with astonishment.

"That can't be," said he; "I will run and bring it, for I know it was safe an hour ago."

Robert laughed outright when Charles returned triumphantly with the open book, as clean as clean could be.

"Well, well," he said, "but you made a terrible blot last night,—such a thing as father's best pen-knife could not scratch out."

"Last night, Robert! Why, I never saw the pen and ink, for I was in the nursery. Oh no, I went to bed."

"Ah, ah!" said Robert, "there you have it. Don't you see the blot? It is staring at you."

"Oh," replied Charles, "that naughtiness you mean; but you make blots sometimes. I wish there was no such thing, though."

"Many leaves," continued their mother, who overheard the last part of the conversation, "are nothing but blots. Do you think you have passed over a page of your life without one?"

"I don't know, mother; yes, I think I have; but no—evil thoughts are blots. No one, however, can see them."

"Is there no eye that can see them?"

"Not such eyes as ours, mother; but I know God can."

"And who will examine the history of our lives, when all the days and years of it are ended?"

"God will, mother."

Charles was thoughtful, and Robert had become serious. He had never seen the figure in this important light, and he was half inclined to apply it. So his mother was silent for a while, unwilling to disturb their meditations. At last Charlie said,—

"Mother, what must we do about these blots—these bad thoughts and ways, I mean? You would be very angry if my copy-book were full of blots."

"I should, indeed, Charles," resumed his mother; "and I should be very much grieved, too, especially if you had made them wilfully."

"The Bible says that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Is not that the way, mother?" asked Robert modestly.

"It is, my dear," she answered; "it can wash away every stain, so that we shall appear before God without spot, or wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing."

The next day, when Charles was out with his mother, he had a great inclination to hide himself; but after running and running till he was out of breath, he stopped short, and when she came up, he said, "Mother, this must be 'the long lane that has no turning.'"

His mother smiled, and walked on. At length Charles spied a large post in the middle of four roads. Oh, but it has a turning, thought he, and I am glad of it, for I like a change. "Now, mother," he exclaimed, "there are plenty of turnings, which will you take? May I choose?"

"How will you choose?"

"I will see which looks the prettiest."

"Oh, that is not the way to choose. Look at the sign-post, and tell me where these roads lead to."

"One goes to Berkhampstead, and one to Cheshunt, and another to Enfield," said Robert; "and I know which I like."

"Which?"

"Enfield, because it goes to Mrs. Bell's, where we can rest."

"Mother," said Charles, "all the lanes have turnings, though, haven't they?"

"Yes," replied his mother; "and we should be careful which turning we choose. Some people, like my little Charlie, look out only for pleasant paths, where they may run down-hill and gather flowers; but wiser ones look at the sign-post or the milestones, that they may find out where they are going."

"Mother," said Charles, "God's book is like a sign-post, for it teaches us the way to obtain heaven and to shun hell."

"That is quite true. It is also called 'a light to our feet and a lamp to our path.' If we take the Bible for our guide, we cannot be deceived; but we must ask God for grace to understand it."

Just then they came to the little white gate, and their walk ended.—*Ibid.*

III.—THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word or even blow cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him to do. The man was in an ill temper, and beat the horse. The horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go the right way. Another man, who was with the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do anything for *you*, because you are kind

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to me;" and bending his broad chest against the load, he turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as though the load were a plaything.

Oh, how strong is a kind word!

IV.—BELOVED, LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

1 John iv. 7.

These are the words of the apostle John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved." His heart was very full of love to his Master and his brethren. We see this in all his writings, and we are told in history, that when he was very old and infirm, not able to preach any longer, he still liked to be carried into the church, and would often just say to the people, "Little children, love one another." This was the new commandment which Jesus gave his disciples (John xiii. 34), and which he called the sum of all the commandments about our duties to our fellow-men. For if we really *love* them, we should never willingly do anything wrong or unkind to them.

Little children, do *you* love one another? I do not ask you just now about your love for your parents and older friends, but do you love each other, your little brothers, and sisters, and companions? I hope you do; it is your duty and your happiness also; I should be grieved to think you did not. Ask Jesus to give you much of this love. And then, how should you show it?

1. Be *kind* to one another. Do all you can to help your little friends, if they are in any difficulty, and to comfort them in any sorrow. Never go on doing anything that vexes or teases them, though it be an amusement to yourself. If you get good things, do not keep them all to yourselves, but share with others. True love is never selfish.

2. Be *gentle* and *patient* with one another. We all have sinful hearts; you have your own faults of temper, and your companions have theirs. If you wish to be happy together, you must learn to be gentle and patient. Never speak rudely or angrily; never snatch things away, even if you have the right to them. If any one has been rude or unkind to you, be you ready to forgive and make it up again.

3. *Pray* for one another. When you kneel down to ask your Father in heaven for all that you need yourselves, ask him also to pardon, and bless, and comfort all your young friends. This you can do for those you love, though they may have gone far away from you, or though they may be in sorrow and sickness, when you cannot be with them.

And then, if God spares you to grow up, how happy you may be together all through your lives. For there are no friends like old friends, and no love like that which has been *long* known and tried.

God so loved poor sinners that he sent his Son into the world to save them, and in his own home in heaven *all is love*. We shall love each other perfectly there; oh, let us prepare for that happy place *now* by a life of holiness and love. Here are two more sweet verses from John,—"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed, and in truth." J. L. B.

UNCONSTRAINED OBEDIENCE.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always looks *so pleased* to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of everything we have!

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—THE DIVINITY AND MANHOOD OF CHRIST.

When we contemplate Jesus Christ, we at first consider him as a man, but we soon perceive that he is not an ordinary man. We find in him an infinite fund of love, a benevolence always ready to come to our help, and strength always sufficient to deliver us—a Master and a Redeemer, healing the diseases of the body, to show that he can also heal those of the soul, even in its most secret and intense misery. We find unspotted holiness, the holiness of God himself, brought down upon the earth; and finally, in a human body, and in a human mind, a divine essence of truth, of strength, and of love, such as no man ever possessed or even imagined, and which draws us towards him whom we are instinctively assured can, and can alone, grant us every deliverance that we need. But soon, in listening to the Scriptures, and listening to himself, the mystery begins to be solved, but only to give place to another mystery still greater. We learn that our Lord Jesus Christ—for such is the man that we have been contemplating—being born in a supernatural manner, is not only the Son of man, but at the same time the Son of God: Son of man—that is to say, man; Son of God—that is to say, God. If there is in him a divine grace, power, holiness, and goodness, it is that he is God; he is the image of his person, and the brightness of his glory, and "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." It is the mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh—God saying to his disciples, as we have just read, "He that hath seen me hath seen my Father." This is, my dear friends, according to my deep and increasing conviction, and that of all the faithful from first to last—the prophets, inasmuch as it was given them to know; the patriarchs, the apostles, the witnesses, the martyrs, the fathers (the faithful fathers of the Church), the reformers, the servants, and handmaids of the Lord in all ages—this is properly the key of the gospel edifice, and the basis of the whole gospel. This is the centre from whence diverge all the acts of faith and obedience to which we may be called; and so entirely does Christian life rest upon this foundation—Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh—that by the rejection of this truth Jesus Christ is not only dethroned, but also God himself. The living God is no longer living; we have instead the god of the Deists, the god of the Pantheists, the god of the Rationalists, a god who is but a dead god, who has never either saved, or sanctified, or condoled any one, because the true God is he who reveals himself to us, and not only reveals, but who gives himself to us in Jesus Christ; for, as it has been so well said, in creation God shows us his hand, but in redemption he gives us his heart.

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Jesus Christ God, and yet Jesus Christ man—really and truly man, really and truly God—seems to many a doctrine for speculation rather than a doctrine for practice—(my God, strengthen my feeble voice and my languishing soul!) but this is not the case; and far from being a speculative doctrine, it is the basis of the practical Christian life. St. Paul, while he calls it a mystery, calls it a mystery of godliness: "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness." There is no Christian life, no Christian consolation, no Christian strength, no Christian death, without this doctrine; it is the basis of all the rest, and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ shed abroad in our hearts is our only strength, as it is our only hope.—*Adolphe Monod.*

II.—"WHO SHOULD BE GREATEST."

"By the way they disputed among themselves who should be greatest."

How strange this sounds! Who would have thought that a few fishermen and publicans could have been overcome by emulation, and the desire of supremacy? Who would have expected that poor men, who had given up all for Christ's sake, would have been troubled by strife and dissension, as to the place and precedence which each one deserved? Yet so it is. The fact is recorded for our learning. The Holy Ghost has caused it to be written down for the perpetual use of Christ's Church. Let us take care that it is not written in vain.

It is an awful fact, whether we like to allow it or not, that pride is one of the commonest sins which beset human nature. We are all born Pharisees. We all naturally think far better of ourselves than we ought. We all naturally fancy that we deserve something better than we have. It is an old sin. It began in the garden of Eden, when Adam and Eve thought they had not got everything that their merits deserved. It is a subtle sin. It rules and reigns in many a heart without being detected, and can even wear the garb of humility. It is a most soul-ruining sin. It prevents repentance,—keeps men back from Christ,—checks brotherly-love, and nips in the bud spiritual anxiety. Let us watch against it, and be on our guard. Of all garments, none is so graceful, none wears so well, and none is so rare, as true humility.

Mark the peculiar standard of true greatness which our Lord sets before his disciples. He says to them, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all."

These words are deeply instructive. They show us that the maxims of the world are directly contrary to the mind of Christ. The world's idea of greatness is to rule; but Christian greatness consists in serving. The world's ambition is to receive honour and attention; but the desire of the Christian should be to give rather than receive, and to attend on others rather than be attended on himself. In short, the man who lays himself out most to serve his fellow-men, and to be useful in his day and generation, is the greatest man in the eyes of Christ.*

Let us strive to make a practical use of this heart-searching maxim. Let us seek to do good to our fellow-men, and to mortify that self-pleasing and self-indulgence to which we are all so prone. Is there any service that we can render to our fellow-Christians? Is there any kindness that we can do them, to help them and promote their happiness? If there is, let us do it without delay. Well would it be for Christendom, if empty boasts of churchmanship and orthodoxy were less frequent, and practical attention to our Lord's words in this passage more common. The men who are willing to be last of all, and servants of all, for Christ's sake, are always few. Yet these are the men who do good, break down prejudices, convince infidels that Christianity is a reality, and shake the world.—*J. C. Ryle.*

* The words of Augustine on this point are worth reading. He says,—

"A bishop's office is a name of labour rather than of honour; so that he who coveteth pre-eminence rather than usefulness may understand that he is not a bishop."—*De Civit. Dei.*

III.—THREE KINDS OF PASTORS.

The Rev. Mr. A—— was a fervent, laborious, and truly excellent man. His sympathies were large, and his efforts to do good untiring. He was every hour of the day abroad among his people, and was a daily visitor to the habitations of suffering and sorrow—doing a work which many of the females of his congregation might do as well. As a consequence, he failed in the pulpit as a preacher; he became an exhorter, and not a teacher. He failed in health, and his sun went down at noon. He did but little, because he undertook too much.

The Rev. Dr. B—— is an able and excellent man. He is on principle opposed to the employment of his members as assistants, because, as he thinks, it renders them forward and conceited; and he does very little, out of the pulpit, himself. As a consequence, he is formal and stately, his people are cold, and unattractive, and uncemented, and his congregation rapidly on the decline. For his people to meet for mutual exhortation and prayer, would be on a par with the sin of those of old who offered strange fire before the Lord.

The Rev. Dr. C—— is of a different mind. He is a close student. He knows that he cannot do everything, and he seeks to do some things well. He preaches nobly. His Sunday schools are flourishing. He sets many wheels in motion, but employs hands to guide them. He is the centre of a hundred hands and minds moving around him. The entire machinery of his congregation is of his contrivance; but he only retains the oversight of it. Feeling that active devotedness is the best stimulant to personal religion, that it calls graces into exercise which otherwise would remain dormant, he seeks to employ all the talent of his people in efforts to do good to others. He seeks work for all, and fervently exhorts them to its performance. He circumscribes his own work, and does it like a man. He uses the power of his people to its full extent; and his congregation is as a garden which the Lord has blessed. They all work, and keep always at work. And his and their influence is felt at the ends of the earth.—*Dr. Murray.*

IV.—PROVIDENCE IN PARTICULARS.

You may use a childlike confidence in coming to your Father in heaven; you may unbosom before him your smallest disquietudes. The strongest Christians are those who, from holy habit, hasten with everything to God. Summon this doctrine to your aid, not merely when the weightier class of calamities oppresses you, but amidst the perturbations of

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ordinary life, the collisions of business, the perplexities of the household, the mutations of health and spirits. The very moods which make our wheels drag slowly through the daily task, the tempers of those around us, the petty disappointment and chagrin, the slight, the cross, the look of unkindness, and the silence of rebuke—all are dispensed in season and in love. Happy is the soul which, having secured *an interest in Providence* by securing *acceptance in Christ*, can roll its burden on the Lord, and lie down secure amidst the tempest, because its Father is at the helm.—*Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander.*

V.—THE PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Our knowledge of Christ is somewhat like climbing one of our Welsh mountains. When you are at the base you see but little; the mountain itself appears to be but one-half as high as it really is. Confined in a little valley, you discover scarcely anything but the rippling brooks as they descend into the stream at the base of the mountain. Climb the first rising knoll, and the valley lengthens and widens beneath your feet. Go up higher, and higher still, till you stand upon the summit of one of the great roots that start out as spurs from the sides of the mountain, you see the country for some four or five miles round, and you are delighted with the widening prospect. But go onward, and onward, and onward, and how the scene enlarges, till at last, when you are on the summit, and look east, west, north, and south, you see almost all England lying before you. Yonder is a forest in some distant county, perhaps two hundred miles away, and yonder the sea, and there a shining river and the smoking chimneys of a manufacturing town, or there the masts of the ships in some well-known port. All these things please and delight you, and you say, "I could not have imagined that so much could be seen at this elevation." Now, the Christian life is of the same order. When we first believe in Christ, we see but little of him. The higher we climb, the more we discover of his excellences and his beauties. But who has ever gained the summit? Who has ever known all the fulness of the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge? Paul, now grown old, sitting, grey-haired, shivering in a dungeon in Rome—he could say, with greater power than we can, "I *know* whom I have believed,"—for each experience had been like the climbing of a hill, each trial had been like the ascending to another summit, and his death seemed like the gaining of the very top of the mountain, from which he could see the whole of the faithfulness and the love of Him to whom he had committed his soul.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

VI.—"I WAS AN HUNGERED," &c.

Although the graces of believers are nothing but so many drops of Christ's own fulness, and their duties so many operations of his own Spirit in them; yet, on the great day, Christ is pleased to ascribe all the praise, and all the glory, both of their graces and duties, unto the saints, as if not only the act itself, but the principle also, from whence they acted, had been their own. This is truly wonderful! here is the breadth and length, depth and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge (Eph. iii. 18, 19).

Oh, how will it fill the saints with amazement, while they are secretly accusing themselves, with Joseph's brethren, We are utterly guilty concerning our brother, our lord and elder brother,—I say, to hear the Lord himself not charging them with the least unkindness; yea, representing them before God, men, and angels, even, as it were, as immaculate as the angels themselves, who kept their first estate; yea in all this, putting the crown upon their heads (Rev. iv. 10), which they cast down at his feet, saying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name, give the glory." Behold such honour have all the saints!—*Traill.*

VII.—FRIENDS LOVED—GOD FORGOTTEN.

A man is not a Christian because he is socially loving and kind, any more than a person is a good son because he loves his brothers and sisters, leaving out his father and mother. Men would not wish to be treated by their children as they propose to treat their Father in heaven. They would not be satisfied to have their sons and daughters act on the principle, that to love each other is the sufficient and only way by which children ought to love their parents. I should not like to hear my children say, "To be kind to each other, and not care for father and mother, is the way for us to be good children toward them." Your heart and mine are cast in different moulds, if there is not something in you which says, "Love me too, O my child!" And the glory of God's nature is, that he wants to be loved; that he is not a king demanding cold respect from his subjects, but an eternal Father who looks upon his children with an eternal Father's yearning heart, and is satisfied with nothing short of their loving him with a child's personal love.—*H. W. Beecher.*

VIII.—A THEOLOGY.

Every man who thinks, and who arranges his thoughts by their logical sympathies, will have a theology. Religious statements of doctrine give fixedness to belief. They form a definite basis for instruction. And as shrubs and trees are planted on banks and along sand wastes to hold the soil, so do definite statements stand along the for ever washing and wearing edges of the feelings and fancies, and hold them to some permanent form.—*Ibid.*

IX.—IN DISGUISE.

There are princes digging the clod. There are mighty and noble spirits that shall by-and-by flame brighter than the stars, who are now toiling at the smithy, or begrimed in collieries, or bed-ridden in the out-of-the-way places of the earth!—*Ibid.*

X.—OUR BEST PLEAS.

Our best pleas in prayer are those that are fetched from the glory of God's own name. Lord, do it, that thy *mercy* may be magnified, thy *promise* fulfilled, and thine interest in the world kept up. We have nothing to plead *in ourselves*, but everything *in thee.*—*Henry.*

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"STILL OFF PLADDA!"

MANY years ago, on the afternoon of a fine winter day, I left Greenock on board a steamer bound for various ports on the north coast of Ireland. But the wind was rising and the sky beginning to lower, and the short-lived winter sun soon went down with a fiery glow behind ominous masses of black clouds, which were rapidly overspreading all the south-western horizon.

It was a remarkably stormy season, and the waves scarcely had time to subside after the lashing of one gale, before another sprung up to raise them again in redoubled fury. A heavy sea was in consequence running even in the usually tranquil Firth, and long before we reached Arran all the passengers had betaken themselves to their berths. By this time, moreover, the threatened storm had come on in real earnest, and we afterwards learned that not another deep-sea steamer ventured out that night.

A long, long time of tossing to and fro had passed, and we were told we were still "only off Pladda, steaming against the wind." Hours passed on. The labouring ship groaned, and quivered, and staggered to and fro, as the great billows of the Atlantic came rolling upon her. In the words of Psalm cvii., "We mounted up to the heaven, we went down again to the depths; our soul was melted because of trouble." Through it all—through the noise of the waves, the roaring of the winds, and all the mingled miseries and terrors of a stormy night at sea—I possessed my soul in patience, upheld by a *hope*. In imagination, as time passed on, I traced the well-known route. Now, Pladda's warning light must have faded away in the far distance; now, we are off the Mull of Cantyre; now, we have crossed the open channel; now, we are encountering the aggravated jumble and tossing of this ever stormy north coast of Ireland, Every wave that meets us we have one less to cross,—every new hour of terror and suffering there is one less to endure. Through it all and by it all, we are ever drawing nearer and nearer to the place where we would be.

At last I concluded that we must be drawing near Port Rush, which might prove at least a temporary harbour of refuge, and was rejoicing in the thought, when I overheard some one asking, "Whereabouts are we now?" I cannot attempt to describe how my heart died within me, nor the violent revulsion of feeling which made the remainder of that dreary voyage more dreary than ever, when I heard the reply, "Still off Pladda—still off Pladda!"

Many a time since then, in the stormy voyage of life, has the memory of that night been brought to mind, and in bitterness of spirit the cry has sprung to my lips, "Still off Pladda!"

In a time of affliction, for instance, when wave has been calling to wave, and trouble to trouble—when God's hand was laying me low with pining sickness and driving the ploughshare of his providence through my most cherished hopes and plans, I have been upheld and consoled by the sustaining thought, that "*so* he was bringing me to my desired haven." When I have been enabled to trace the "needs be" of trials,—their peculiar adaptation to my peculiar case, the wonderful way in which they were made to run counter to besetting sins, hindering me from making provision for them, and so cutting off the supplies that they have seemed to starve and die away altogether,—then there has been a strange sweetness in the sorest trials and a willingness to endure, when the process was so manifestly a purifying one.

But by-and-by, when a time of refreshing rest succeeded to a time of trouble—when my wounds were healed, and health and spirits revived and restored, then temptations and sins I had thought dead and gone for ever began to raise up their heads anew, and to make their power felt. The *root* of bitterness was not destroyed, though its flourishing shoots had been cut down to the ground. Then in anguish of heart I have been forced to cry out, "Have I suffered so many things *in vain*—all this discipline, all this chastening? Am I just where I was? Only dreaming of progress—anchored off the same spot, my voyage still to begin,—"Still off Pladda—still off Pladda!"

For a long time this often-recurring and deeply humbling experience of the *inveteracy* of the plagues of my own heart filled me with discouragement, made my knees feeble and my hands hang down, and caused me to write bitter things against myself, ay, and against my God and his grace too.

But I think I have been learning a more excellent way—a more profitable use to make of such hard lessons—a more *scriptural* one.

I am beginning to suspect that (in *one* sense at least) I will never get past Pladda all my life,—never see my heart grow any better nor my character any lovelier. Each pilgrim in the Interpreter's house, after being washed in the bath Sanctification, thought his fellows very fair to look upon, but wist not that his own face shone. So I suspect that the child of God never sees his own face shine—never feels himself to be anything but the chief of sinners. He cannot be satisfied with outward cleansing, whilst increasing light is only showing more and more the ever-widening spiritual nature of the exceeding broad law, and his own continual shortcomings and transgressions of it. If at any time he is ready to regard himself with complacency,—to say, "I

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am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing," surely he is then on the brink of a fall, when he may find himself with broken bones, or so "plunged in the mire that his own clothes shall abhor him." I am learning now that growing in grace and in the knowledge of Christ implies a growing in the knowledge of our own deceitful and desperately wicked hearts, and that deeper and more precious views of the one necessitate deeper and more humbling views of the other. The two experiences are parallel lines, which must run side by side. The one will terminate only in the grave; blessed be God, the other will run on to all eternity.

But some one may say, "Of course you are not referring to sin *cherished* or sin *reigning;* but do you mean to assert that, from the beginning to the end of his course, the same besetting sins will continue to tempt, harass, and insnare the child of God?"

Yes, *essentially* the same sins, but under a thousand different guises; the same shoals and quicksands, but shifting shape and position with every tide. Of course it is no longer sin in its outward forms, undisguised, unmistakable, by which the deceiver is likely to tempt the Christian. The more quick-scented the latter becomes in the fear of the Lord, the more easily does he take alarm at what looks like evil, or at what he has learned by bitter experience might lead to evil. But while he carries within a deceiving heart, prone to feed on ashes, the remembrance of the bitter taste of the apples of Sodom will not hinder him from being tempted by the more subtle and spiritual grapes of Gomorrah. Never, indeed, is sin more dangerous than when it lurks in subtle forms, putting on the garments of an angel of light.

Pride, for instance, protean in its shape, sprouting out in conceit and vanity in childhood and youth, detected, repressed, mortified by a riper experience, takes refuge in spiritual places, and is never more hateful, more deadly than when it apes humility, or, puffing up the soul in self-complacency, causes it to seek for admiration for the very comeliness which the Lord himself has put upon it. In such a case, nothing but the word in the Spirit's hand, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, can cause the disguise to fall off and the sin to appear in its own black shape.

Never, in all the journey through the enemy's land, will it be safe for the Christian to lay aside his armour or cease to watch as well as to pray. Never, till his body has been laid in the grave and his soul has joined the "spirits of just men made *perfect*," can he expect to be safe, or exempt from the attacks of that body of sin which made Paul groan, and the man after God's own heart roar and tremble. Never, in becoming a saint, does he cease to be a sinner, nor cease to need the Lord Jesus Christ as his "all in all."

Now, then, when in searching my heart and trying my ways, and "remembering the days of old," I find that in subtle forms, and under different names, the sins that so easily beset me are essentially the same as ever, my exercise is different. I am not now driven away from my hope confounded and discouraged. I say to myself, "Do you think that the Scripture saith *in vain*, The spirit that dwelleth in you lusteth to envy?' that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" No; my experience only tallies with the Scripture testimony. I have *much* sin, but He has *more* grace. He receiveth *sinners*. His name is *Jesus*. He has promised, "Sin shall *not* have dominion over you." And so I betake myself anew to the Fountain, flee into my Refuge, commit my cause to my Advocate; and cleave to Him only with a firmer and closer grasp, because I feel more than ever that he must be *all* my salvation.

Now, also, I am inclined to think that not upon summer seas, nor even when gales from heaven are softly blowing, is my progress heavenward most real and steady. For when faint and weary with labouring at the oar, when the waves are high and the winds are contrary, my eyes are kept looking to, and my heart leaning on Him who only can bring me safely through, and who, when his own time comes, can bring my frail bark "*immediately* to the land where I would be."

And now, too, when remembering all the way whereby He hath led me in time past, my soul is humbled in me to see how I "have caused him to serve with the same sins, and wearied him with the same iniquities," still I cannot but bless and thank God. For now, when, deeming that I *ought* to be drawing nearer that better land, I take my soundings and consult my chart, and see that, though the outline has varied, I am lying off the same rocks and line of coast as when I first set sail, how can I but thank God for the beacon of his own word, which then showed me their true character and awful danger! How can I but bless him that I have not, long ere now, made, as many have, utter shipwreck on them! Have not I, indeed, reason to bless him for the restraining grace, which alone has kept me in a position to cry, "Still OFF Pladda! still OFF Pladda!"

H. P.

BIOGRAPHY.

REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.*

MR. JAMES was born at Blandford, in Dorsetshire, on the 6th of June, 1785. Like most men who have been eminent, either in the Church or the world, he was blessed with a mother who to a more than ordinary degree of intelligence united deep personal piety. It was her practice, as her son was accustomed long afterwards to relate, to take her children, one by one, into her closet with her, and there supplicate God's blessing upon their progress in after life. The impressions this made on the susceptible mind of young

* Compiled from *Evangelical Christendom*, the *Union Magazine*, and Canon Miller's Sermon on Mr. James's death—chiefly from the first of these.

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James were deep and lasting, though for a time they appeared to have been obliterated. This was more particularly the case when, having left his father's house to become an apprentice to a draper in Poole, the new associations to which he was introduced had the effect of deadening for a time the impressions which it had been his mother's anxiety to produce; and for a season he abandoned the habit in which he had been brought up of morning and evening prayer. The circumstance which recalled him to a sense of his backsliding in this respect was singular. A new apprentice was introduced to the draper's shop, and he was appointed to be a bed-fellow to young James. Nothing passed between the two youths on religious subjects; but before retiring to rest the new-comer knelt down at the foot of the bed and commended himself to the divine protection. Nothing was said on either side, and not one comment was made audibly either on the observance of the practice on the one side, or its neglect on the other. But the elder apprentice felt the silent reproof in his inmost soul; the example of his new friend spoke trumpet-tongued to his conscience, and through God's grace was the means of arresting him in the downward course on which he had entered. From that time to his death his career was one of onward and upward progress. At his first outset, however, he was greatly assisted by a humble Christian in the town, a shoemaker, who wisely employed the one talent intrusted to him by making it his business to watch for young men as they made their appearance in the church he attended, or manifested any interest in divine things. This employment may not seem a very brilliant one, but its importance, we believe, can hardly be over-estimated. Many a young man like Mr. James, whose mind is exercised with an anxious sense of eternal realities, would give much for a friend to whom he could unburden his thoughts. We hardly know an easier, and at the same time a more profitable method of usefulness among private Christians, than to be on the watch for such cases; to take young men by the hand when they come strangers into a place of worship; to let them see that we feel an interest in them; and to encourage them to speak out what is in their heart. So it was at least in the case of Mr. James. The shoemaker obtained his confidence, made him his friend, showed him the way to God more perfectly, and in his cottage were first heard the tones of that voice in prayer, which has since awoke and led the devotion of thousands.

It is probable he would not have abandoned the draper's shop for the college so early as he did, but for the following circumstances: An elder sister had gone to reside in Romsey, in Hampshire, where she became a member of the Independent Church, then under the pastoral care of the present venerable minister of Falcon Square Chapel, the Rev. Dr. Bennett. Between this brother and sister close correspondence had always been maintained, and it now deepened in affection and interest, as Mr. James dilated to his pious relation on the new-born light, and life, and joy, that had sprung up in his heart. The sister was so pleased with her brother's letters, that she showed them to her pastor, who, on his part, was so struck with the freshness, vigour, and originality of thought they displayed, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, and a short intimacy tended to confirm his first impression, that the capacities of the young man were of a nature to fit him for eminent usefulness in the Church. To give up a secular for a sacred calling, however, was not at all to the taste of his father, and sundry obstacles were interposed,—all of which were finally overcome, and with the full consent of both his father and his master, young Mr. James was released from his secular engagements, and entered the college which Dr. Bogue of Gosport was at that time, through the Christian munificence of the late Mr. Robert Haldane, enabled to conduct, chiefly, we believe, for students whose views were directed to missionary work, though without excluding those who intended to engage in home work.

It was thus Dr. Bennett that induced Mr. James to enter the ministry; it was Dr. Bennett also that was the means of his introduction to his first and only charge. The Doctor had left Romsey on a wedding tour into the midland districts of England, and in the course of it he visited Birmingham, which was then, though a thriving provincial town, far from being the great hive of industry and population it has since become. Having to spend a Sunday there, he undertook to supply the then vacant pulpit of the only Independent Chapel in the town. The congregation gave him an invitation to remain among them. This did not suit the Doctor's views, but as the next best thing, he promised, if he could, to help them to obtain a suitable pastor. It was not, perhaps, with any defined view towards the fulfilment of that promise that he soon afterwards recommended Mr. James, then in his nineteenth year, and having still a large portion of his prescribed college career to go through, to spend a month's vacation in preaching to the destitute Birmingham congregation. However that may be, the suggestion led to very important results. Mr. James went down, in accordance with it, and supplied the pulpit for four successive Sabbaths, at the end of which he was surprised by receiving a deputation from the church bearing a unanimous invitation to become their pastor. This was not to be thought of as matters stood, but after some deliberation it was agreed on both sides that he should return to college for another year, at the end of which time he should come down and take the spiritual oversight of them in the Lord. He was ordained in the commencement of September 1805, and it is a striking proof of the large and catholic spirit which even at that early age animated him, that on the day after his ordination he became a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Referring to this on the occasion of the jubilee services held in his honour, he said:—"The sentiment of Christian union was no new one with him. Fifty years before, the day after his ordination to the ministerial work as a Nonconformist pastor, he gave in his adhesion to the British and Foreign Bible Society. On the one day he laid his vow upon the altar of truth, and on the next upon the altar of charity. On the one day he said, 'I am a Congregationalist;' and on the next, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church;' and he felt that in so doing, he did right, because the altars of truth and love stand close together."

His pulpit appearances remained for years unappreciated. It was well for him, doubtless, that it was so. Had the popularity which he afterwards acquired been attained from the beginning, in all probability it would have proved injurious to his spiritual principles, while it would certainly have prevented his mental development. As it was, he was left in comparative obscurity and neglect for eight long years, to study, and effort, and prayer; greatly discouraged at his apparent want of acceptance, and ignorant, at the time, of what he well understood afterwards, that God was taking this method to deepen his self-acquaintance, to convince him

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of his own weakness, to induce him to labour incessantly in the acquisition of all sorts of knowledge that might be brought to bear on his sacred calling, and to lead him to rest on divine aid for popular acceptance and usefulness. The training was successful; the discipline was over; and then the popularity came, slowly and gradually at first, but with an ever-increasing flood, which turned not, nor even slackened in its course for the long space of forty years. His labours, his usefulness, his weight and influence among his fellow-townsmen, went on increasing together, till, at his death, the whole of that teeming population mourned as for a personal friend.

In unceasing labours—in building up a daily increasing church, which for fifty years never had a single division—in edifying the Christian world at large, through the press—in assisting to support, advise, and guide the various associations formed by his own denomination, and many formed by the Christian Church at large for the diffusion of Christianity at home and abroad—in being forward in every good work in his own neighbourhood—years glided calmly and smoothly on, till the fiftieth year of his ministry arrived, and his friends prepared to celebrate the jubilee of his services. That hallowed season, which was attended by ministers of the gospel of every evangelical denomination, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. We refer to it now only to mark the disinterested generosity of his character. His friends knew well that mere money testimonials were ill suited to afford him the gratification they wished to impart. Ten years before, a celebration on a smaller scale had been held of his completing the fortieth year of his ministry; and his congregation, divining his wishes, commemorated the occasion in the way most dear to his own heart, by founding an Angell James Scholarship in the neighbouring Theological College of Spring Hill. It was determined that his jubilee should be commemorated on a larger scale, as became the occasion, by founding a new Congregational church within a few steps of his private residence at Edgbaston. But when this was done, the affection of his friends was not to be so satisfied, and a purse was presented to him of £800. The generous pastor accepted the gift, added to it another £500 from his private resources, and consecrated it as the nucleus of a fund for the support of aged and decayed pastors, on condition that the Congregational body would add to the sum £10,000 more—a condition, we are glad to say, that has since been complied with.

But we must hasten to the closing scene. For some time before this period, the weight of years and the wearing influence of his ceaseless labours began to tell, and he was desirous of some help in the arduous burden of such a church. To find an assistant and successor to Mr. James was no easy task; but after some delay and disappointments, about five years ago their unanimous and cordial choice fell on the Rev. Mr. Dale,—of whom it is enough to say here, that he has proved himself worthy of their preference. From that period, of course, Mr. James's pulpit appearances in Carr's Lane were not so frequent. Instead of taking the full measure of ease which this arrangement allowed him, it was often his delight to occupy the pulpit in his new Jubilee Chapel at Edgbaston. Still month by month his health was gradually failing, and his consciousness of an exhausted constitution was often betrayed during his more recent public appearances by declared anticipations of coming death. When the Congregational Union met at Aberdare, he was obliged to content himself with a paternal message sent through the lips of his brother, the Rev. Thomas James. He sent also a farewell to the Evangelical Alliance through Mr. Henderson of Park. His death, however, was at the last somewhat sudden and unexpected. He preached in the Jubilee Chapel at Edgbaston on the Sabbath previous to his decease, and it is affecting to consider that the sermon which he intended to deliver to the congregation at Carr's Lane was after his death found fully prepared. During the week that intervened, his friends were struck with the elevation of his tone of mind; and from that circumstance alone were led to imagine that the end could not be far off. He was cheerful and happy in the contemplation of the approaching close of his career, talked much of heaven, and seemed to anticipate with great satisfaction "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

One of his relatives being in his study the day but one before his death, observed, in answer to his remark that he thought his end was near, "Dear uncle, you are not going home yet! You must see the revival in Birmingham, and a great work in China." "Ah," he replied, with a beautiful smile and uplifted finger, "I shall see them *there!* Oh, that it may be soon!" On the Friday, the last day of his life, he seemed stronger, and listened with great interest to the *Missionary Chronicle* for the last month, which was read to him by a lady staying at the time in his house, and which contained ample details respecting missionary operations and prospects in China—a subject which, as is well known, had long been near his heart. On the same day he corrected the last production that he wrote for the press, "A Review of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Richard Knill." He enclosed this in a letter to the editor, the Rev. Mr. Birrell of Liverpool, in which he passed a judgment on his many publications, so correct, so truthful, so strikingly characteristic both of the works and their author, that we cannot forbear to insert it here:—

I think it probable that with these few notes on dear Knill's life and labours, I shall lay down my pen, which has written much—would to God it had written better. But while I say this, I am not without hope, yea, I may add conviction, that it has in some degree written usefully. In some humble degree I have aimed at usefulness, both in my preaching and writing; and God has, to an amount which utterly astonishes and almost overwhelms me, given me what I have sought. It seems a daring and almost presumptuous expression, but with a proper qualification it is a true one—that usefulness is within the reach of us all—the man who intensely desires to be useful, and takes the proper means, will be useful. God will not withhold his grace from such desires and such labours. Oh! my brother, how delightful it is, notwithstanding the humbling and sorrowful consciousness of defects and sins, to look back upon a life spent for Christ! I thank a sovereign God I am not without some degree of this.

As he was about to retire to rest he became indisposed, having apparently been attacked by indigestion, and Dr. Evans, an eminent physician residing next door, was called to his aid. He prescribed for his venerable friend, and assured his family there was no need for alarm. When Mr. James was about to seek his bed-room, Dr. Evans wished to assist him up stairs—a trouble which Mr. James was very unwilling to give—but when the doctor persisted in proffering his aid, he turned to him affectionately and quoted the text—"Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the *least* of these, thou hast done it unto Me." During the night he

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was restless, and frequently sick, but slept from half-past four till six o'clock in the morning. Then he awoke, and it was plain that the time of his departure was at hand. He lay calmly for a little while, held out his hand to his son, who with his medical advisers was standing at his bed-side, and then again sank into a slumber, which in a few minutes became the sleep of death. So peacefully passed away this honoured servant of Christ. Had he lived much longer it is almost certain that he would have been destined to protracted martyrdom, as latterly he had been afflicted with a most distressing malady, which time would have greatly aggravated. All this he has been mercifully saved. A *post-mortem* examination disclosed partial ossification of the heart, and proved that death was actually caused by the rupture of a small vessel in that organ.

Mr. James was twice married, first to Miss Smith, the daughter of a physician; and secondly to Mrs. Neale, a lady who was honoured with the special friendship of Rowland Hill and Matthew Wilks, and of whom he published a brief memoir. He has left one son and one daughter to mourn their bereavement.

At his funeral all Birmingham were mourners. By permission of the Home Secretary, the body was laid in a vault in front of the pulpit of Carr's Lane Chapel. From his residence in the Hagley Road at Edgbaston to Carr's Lane is a distance of more than two miles, and in the whole line of route the shops were closed, while the population in thousands formed a lane, through which the melancholy procession was to move. With two unavoidable exceptions, every minister of religion in Birmingham was present; the municipality of the town was represented by the Mayor and several of the Aldermen and Town Council; the mass of the people, as we have said, attended in person.

So has passed from amongst us this honoured servant of Christ. It needs not to waste many words in any futile attempts to delineate his character, or to penetrate the secret of his success. His character is in his life; the qualities of his preaching are apparent in his works. His strength lay not so much in the prominence of any one intellectual endowment, as in the well-balanced order and harmony of the whole—resulting in that rarest of all faculties, sound, solid sense. It was this that enabled him to grasp the marrow of every question he took up, to say exactly the right thing in respect of it, and to know when he had said enough. It was this that gave him such weight in the deliberative meetings of Christian associations, whether of his own denomination or of a more general description. While other men lost themselves and their hearers in a cloud of details, Mr. James grasped the principles and brought them out into a clear light, after which it was generally felt that the details settled themselves. His penetrating sagacity saw what was to be done; his correctness carried his hearers with him; and his affectionate and conciliatory disposition disarmed all prejudices. So, too, in his public ministrations. He neither affected the sublime nor the profound; he neither soared to the stars nor penetrated to the centre, but he saw straight before him. The questions with which he dealt lay in the broad sunlight of his mental vision. He saw clearly, and therefore he expressed himself strongly. His style was vigorous, because his comprehension was distinct and well-defined. His personal appearance was well suited to aid these impressions. His robust frame was felt to be the fitting shrine of that healthy, masculine intellect, while his musical and clear-sounding voice was flexible enough to give full emphasis to every word, from the most solemn warnings to melting pathos. Yet these are in their nature evanescent. We have other and more permanent records. The memory of his personal piety, the fruits of his large-hearted and pervading charity, the service to Christianity of his various publications,—these are memorials that will never die.

On the last Sunday in September, (says Canon Miller in the sermon preached by him on this mournful occasion,) his last earthly Sabbath, he preached in his Jubilee Chapel from three texts, twining into a threefold cord—"To you is the word of this salvation sent" (Acts xiii. 26); "The common salvation" (Jude 3); "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3). "It is the last subject," said he, "I wish to impress upon your minds, when he who now addresses you will have passed away, and his voice be heard no more among you." Even as he had spoken truly, wisely, and solemnly, as he closed his tribute to the memory of Joseph Sturge but a few months since:—

"The messenger of death left him scarcely leisure to bid adieu to those he loved most on earth, or to pray for an entrance into heaven. *He* needed no time to prepare for death. He *was* prepared. His lamp was trimmed—his loins were girt about, and he was as one waiting for the Master. To him sudden death was sudden glory. Before he knew he was approaching the gate of death, he had passed through the portals of immortality, and his spirit was far advanced on her heavenly flight, almost before those who stood round were aware it had left its clay tabernacle. A real Christian, living consistently as such, is always and everywhere prepared for death,—as much so in the counting-house as in the closet of devotion—in the street as in the house of God. Preparation for death does not consist of a few hasty prayers uttered by us or for us, while engaged in the mortal agony, nor in the reception of the sacrament from priestly hands. Preparation for death means preparation for heaven. None will or can rise from earth to heaven, who are not in some measure made heavenly upon earth. Preparation for death then means, justification by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and holiness of heart and life; for it is said, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Without these prerequisites, no morality however exemplary, no charity however diffusive, no amiability however attractive, will gain us admission to the world of glory. An error on this subject is, as I have often said, a mistake that will require an eternity to understand, and an eternity to deplore. And how necessary is it to be ever thus prepared! *Our* death may be as sudden as the one we now lament. There may be no time so much as for a single prayer. As one of the speakers at the funeral said, 'It is a solemn thing to live,' since the whole life must be accounted for at the bar of God in the day of judgment, and leads to endless weal or woe. It is a still more solemn thing to die, for death puts the seal of an eternal destiny upon every individual. Prepare, then, to meet your God. This has often been the theme of the preacher through a long and somewhat laborious ministry, still is, and will be through what remains of life. Age and accumulated and still accumulating infirmities furnish premonitions not to be mistaken or unheeded, that my ministry is drawing to a close. I have come amongst you this morning in weakness and with trembling, and wish to

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be heard as one who is speaking to you from the border country of eternity. O look not at things which are seen, which are temporal; but at the things which are not seen, which are eternal. Weigh, I beseech you, the dread importance of that awful and incomprehensible word ETERNITY, and prepare to meet your God. The fashion of this world passeth away. The gorgeous pageant is rolling on, and to-morrow, with all its transient yet fascinating scenes, may have vanished for ever from your sight, and you may find yourself amidst the tremendous realities of the unseen state. Whither, ah! whither are you going? Where?"

Brethren, you hear his words, though not his voice. The preacher has not been "suffered to continue, by reason of death." He has passed from the pulpit to the vault at its foot. The Saviour whom he preached "continueth ever;" his priesthood unchangeable, his sacrifice ever fresh.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

THE LAMB OF GOD.

BY PAUL GERHARD.*

A LAMB goes uncomplaining forth,
The guilt of all men bearing;
Laden with all the sin of earth,
None else the burden sharing!
Goes patient on, grows weak and faint,
To slaughter led without complaint,
That spotless life to offer;
Bears shame and stripes, and wounds and death,
Anguish and mockery, and saith,
"Willing all this I suffer."

That Lamb is Lord of death and life,
God over all for ever;
The Father's Son, whom to that strife
Love doth for us deliver!
O mighty Love! what hast thou done!
The Father offers up his Son!—
The Son content descendeth!
O Love, O Love! how strong art Thou!
In shroud and grave thou lay'st him low
Whose word the mountains rendeth!

Him on the cross, O Love, thou layest,
Fast to that torture nailing;
Him as a spotless Lamb thou slayest—
His heart and flesh are failing—
The body with that crimson flood,
That precious tide of noble blood,
The heart with anguish breaking!
O Lamb! what shall I render thee
For all thy tender love to me,
Or what return be making?

My lifelong days would I still thee
Be steadfastly beholding;
Thee ever, as thou ever me,
With loving arms infolding.

And when my heart grows faint and chill,
My heart's undying Light, oh, still
Abide unchanged before me!
Myself thy heritage I sign,
Ransom'd to be for ever thine,
My only hope and glory.

I of thy majesty and grace
Would night and day be singing;
A sacrifice of joy and praise
Myself to thee still bringing.
My stream of life shall flow to thee,
Its steadfast current ceaselessly
In praise to thee outpouring;
And all the good thou dost to me
I'll treasure in my memory,
Deep in my heart's depths storing!

Gate of my heart, fly open wide;
Shrine of my heart, spread forth:
The Treasure will in thee abide,
Greater than heaven and earth.
Away with all this poor world's treasures,
And all this vain world's tasteless pleasures,
My treasure is in heaven;
For I have found true riches now:
My treasure, Christ, my Lord art thou,
Thy blood so freely given!

This treasure ever I employ,
This ever aid shall yield me;
In sorrow it shall be my joy,
In conflict it shall shield me.
In joy, the music of my feast;
And when all else has lost its zest,
This manna still shall feed me;
In thirst my drink, in want my food,
My company in solitude,
To comfort and to lead me!

Death's poison cannot harm me now,
Thy blood new life bestowing;
My shadow from the heat art thou,
When the noontide is glowing.
And when by inward grief opprest,
My aching heart in thee shall rest,
As a tired head on the pillow.
Should storms of persecution toss,
Firm anchor'd by thy saving cross,
My bark rests on the billow!

And when at last thou leadest me
Into thy joy and light,
Thy blood shall clothe me royally,
Making my garments white;
Shall place upon my head the crown,
Shall lead me to the Father's throne,
And raiment fit provide me;
Till I, by him to thee betroth'd,
By thee in bridal costume cloth'd,
Stand as a bride beside thee!

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* From "The Voice of Christian Life in Song." London: James Nisbet & Co.

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THE BIBLICAL TREASURY.

I.—"THINK NOT THAT I AM COME TO DESTROY THE LAW OR THE PROPHETS," &c.

MATT. v. 17.

ON this declaration so many great theological consequences depend, that it is highly important for us rightly to understand its import. The word rendered *to destroy*, signifies, primarily, "to loose, to dissolve;" and, when applied to a law, means "to abrogate or annul." *The law* is used in two leading senses in the New Testament; for the whole Mosaic institute, and for the moral law, by way of eminence, the law whose substance is found in the ten commands "written and engraven on stones," and enforced in the writings of the prophets. The context so clearly confines our Lord's meaning to this moral law, that, had it not been for the occurrence of the word πληρῶσαι, *to fulfil*, in this passage, one of the senses of which is "to accomplish," no one probably would have extended our Lord's meaning to the ceremonial law, and to the prophecies in their strict sense as predictions, both of which were truly *fulfilled* in him; the former, by supplying the antitype to the type; the latter, by accomplishment. The word, however, also signifies, "to perfect or complete." The Greek fathers explain it by filling up a vessel to the brim which was before but partially filled, and the completion of a picture previously sketched. This idea fully accords with what follows; for our Lord first, in the most solemn manner, asserts the continued obligation of the moral law, by declaring that "whosoever should break one of these least commandments, and should teach men so, should be called the least in the kingdom of heaven"—that is, be rejected from it: which could only be spoken of the moral law; for as to the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish law, his inspired apostles ultimately taught their followers to disregard them entirely. Secondly, he proceeds to give a more spiritual and extensive meaning to many of the moral precepts than we find explicitly contained in any part of the Old Testament, and thereby showed that all the precepts of the law, even those which he does not specify, were to be understood as controlling the inward thoughts and desires of the heart; and thus he *perfected* or *filled up* the revelation of the moral law; and by this act he placed himself on an equality with the original Lawgiver. By *the prophets* we are also to understand, not those writings of the prophets which contained predictions of future events, and especially of the future Christ, though most evidently accomplished in and by him; but those PRECEPTIVE parts of their writings in which the moral law was enforced, and other injunctions of a moral kind founded upon or suggested by it. That our Lord does not confine his expositions strictly to the law of the ten commandments is plain, from his selecting other points out of the juridical institutions of the Jews (such, however, as have a manifest moral character and influence), and either explaining or enlarging their sense, or else restraining them from misapplication. Such are those respecting divorce, swearing, and judicial retaliation. As to several other moral topics on which he dwells, such as almsgiving, ostentatious praying, covetousness, &c., they are also frequently adverted to in the reproofs and exhortations of the prophets; and these are placed by our Lord so manifestly upon their true principles, and exhibited in so strong a light of simple, searching truth, and so sanctioned by promises and threatenings, that he may most emphatically be said to have *perfected* the moral law as it appears in the prophets also, and thus to have presented to us a revelation of "the will of God," as to "our sanctification," more complete than was ever before given to mankind. He does not formally re-enact the ancient law, but he lays down its perpetual obligation; he teaches us to go more deeply into its meaning as a law, not merely for the regulation of the conduct, but the government of the heart. Both on this occasion and at various times through the course of his ministry, he *added* also many particular precepts. It is of the same law of which our Lord speaks, and with evident reference to his words in this passage, that the apostle Paul says, "Do we then make void *the law* through faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law" (Rom. iii. 31),—where he changes the term, "to complete or perfect," for that of "to establish;" because it was the province, not of the servant, but of the Master, who was in fact the lawgiver himself, to *complete* what was lacking in the former revelations of the law of God to man, by authorized exposition, and by additions standing upon the same right of the speaker to command, and the same obligation of the hearer to obey. This view of our Lord's meaning renders quite irrelevant much criticism which has been expended upon the text when it is understood to comprehend the ceremonial law, to which our Lord, indeed, makes no allusion in the discourse which follows, and therefore cannot be supposed to have had any reference to it here. Dr. Marsh's attempt to prove that our Lord did not abolish even the Levitical law of Moses, or the outward forms of the Jewish religion, but left them to take their course, as not worthy his attention, whatever merit it may have, it has nothing to do with the text before us, which respects not the law of ceremonies, and affords, therefore, no illustration of it. There is, indeed, an important sense in which Christ fulfilled the ceremonial law, that is its types, in his own person; for in his passion he realized them as fully as he accomplished the prophecies. Still, this is not the point to which the text has respect; for, by fulfilling the law of figures and shadows, he dissolved its obligation for ever; whereas, by fulfilling in the sense of *perfecting* or *completing* the moral law, he established it for ever.—*Richard Watson.*

II.—LIVELY STONES.

"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house."

OF course a living stone means a human being. The figure takes its origin from the seeming life of radiant stones, whose gleams and flashes have the seeming, at times, of will and life. When John described the New Jerusalem, he saw the courses of the wall to be made up of all the rare and precious stones. "The building of the wall of it," he says, "was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the walls of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of

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one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

A man is said in the Bible to be more precious than the gold of Ophir; and of a woman it is said, "Her price is far above rubies." These were common comparisons. There is something in the glow of precious stones that peculiarly fits them to serve for such spiritual figures. There is about them a subtile light—a brilliancy—that burns without fire; that consumes nothing, and requires no supply; that for ever shines without oil; that is ever-living, unwasting, unchanged by any of the natural elements. A diamond that glows in the sunlight, flashes yet more beautifully in the night. No mould can get root upon it; no rust can tarnish it; no decay can waste it. The jewels that were buried two thousand years ago, if now dug up from royal and priestly tombs, would come forth as fair and fresh as they were when the proud wearer first carried them in his diadem. Fit emblems by which to represent spiritual qualities, and the beauty and imperishableness of Christian virtue. And a company of holy men, resting upon the Lord Jesus Christ, may well be compared to a palace built upon broad foundations, and sparkling to the very summit with living stones, which throw back to the sun a differing flash through every hour of his rise or fall through the long day.—*H. W. Beecher.*

III.—"THERE IS THAT SCATTERETH AND YET INCREASETH."

It is only when the Church is striving to carry out her Lord's commission that she can expect the great return and ingathering of souls that she looks for. There is a close connection between such efforts and the promise of blessing,—between "scattering and increasing,"—between seeking to water others and being ourselves watered with the dews of heaven. The apostles, when they acted as almoners of their Master's bounty, carried away twelve baskets of fragments from the feast. And no church has honestly endeavoured to act up to the spirit of his last command, when he had compassion on the multitude of nations "scattered abroad" over the world's waste, "as sheep not having a shepherd;" no Christian man has done any service or made any sacrifice for others from love to the Lord who bought him, who has not learned what deep, ever-living truth lies in the words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The desire to give is itself a gift; the act of giving is blessed to the soul, and the gift bestowed is returned a hundred-fold into the bosom. The seed sown may at times be late in ripening, but it can never be abortive. Rather may we say it yields a double harvest, springing up in the desert ground where it is cast, and, by a spiritual law of increase and compensation, bearing fruits of righteousness within the fenced enclosure whence the sower went forth to sow.—*J. D. Burns.*

"A WAY THAT THEY KNEW NOT."

'Tis not the way that lay so bright before me,
When youth stood flush'd on Hope's enchanted ground;
No cloud in skies of azure bending o'er me,
No desert spot in all the landscape round.

Fair visions, glimmering thro' the distance, beckon'd
My buoyant steps along the sunny way;
Sweet voices thrill'd me, till I fondly reckon'd
That life would be one long blue summer day.

This was the path my feet had gladly taken;
And, blindly lured by that deceitful gleam,
I would have wander'd on, by God forsaken,
Till death awoke me from a fatal dream.

Alas! in youth by Eden's gate we linger;
In its green bowers we fain would make abode,
Till the stern Angel-Warder, with calm finger,
Points the feet outward to the desert road.

My pleasant path in sudden darkness ended,
My footsteps slipped, my hopes were well-nigh gone;
I could but pray,—and as my prayer ascended,
Thy face, O Father! thro' the darkness shone.

And by that light I saw the Cross of trial,
The landmark of the way my Saviour went,—
The upward path of pain and self-denial;
And thou didst point me to the steep ascent:

A way I knew not—winding, rough, and thorny;
So dark at times I scarce the path could see;
But thou hast been my guide thro' all the journey,—
Its steepness has but made me lean on thee.

And onward still I go, in calm assurance
That thou wilt needful help and guidance lend;
That strength will come for every day's endurance,—
Grace all the way, and glory at the end. J. D. B.

A CHILD'S GRAVE; OR, THE WISE QUESTION.

Wearied with rambling through the wood, Maggie and Rosa Meredith at last thought of rest, and seated themselves under a tree, beside a pale child, whose wistful eyes had followed them all the time of their merry game.

"Here, Mary," Rosa said; "we brought these nuts for you, since you cannot gather them for yourself."

"And look, how fine they are!" added Maggie, as she broke open one of the largest; then seeing that the child could not eat them, she continued gaily, "I will tell you such a funny story, Mary. Do you know, as we came from school to-day we met a parcel of gipsies at the three crossings, and one of them said she would tell us our fortunes. You should have seen how quiet everybody stood, and how they listened!"

"And what kind of fortunes did she give you?" asked Mary.

"Oh, they were all good; you can't guess what grand people we are to be in this village, all but Rosa,—she wouldn't have her fortune told, and the woman said she was very wise, for she hadn't much good to say of her."

"Dear Rosa!" said Mary, "I would have given you a good fortune if you had come to me; but you know it

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is all nonsense, so it don't much signify what she said."

"I am not sure that it is all nonsense," said Maggie. "Some things she said were quite true. You know she never saw me before, yet she said it was easy to see that I was not born to work, and must have a carriage of my own to ride in, and you know it is true that I cannot bear work."

"And so," said Rosa, "you would have been one of the useless, fine ladies that nobody loves, if you had been born a lady. Don't you remember, grandfather said if there was ever anybody needed to be obliged to work it was you, Maggie; so we are all best as we are, and I do not care to be a lady."

"I wonder, though," said Maggie; "I have often wondered what kind of life mine will be."

"So have I," said Rosa; "and when grandfather speaks of life as a journey, it seems strange to think that we are just beginning it, and do not at all know what is before us."

"We know something," interrupted Mary. "O Rosa and Maggie, don't you know that death is before us all, every one of us!"

The two girls looked startled at her words, and did not answer, and the child went on,—

"It isn't right of people to speak to little children as if they would always live here. They should tell them very, very soon about Jesus and about heaven, and then it is not terrible to die."

None of the children spoke for a while till Maggie, springing up, said, "I don't like this dull talk. Rosa, it is time we were home. You will soon be running about again, Mary, dear, and then you'll be wishing to hear your fortune as well as me." So she seized her sister's hand, and the two ran merrily home.

Before many weeks had passed over, one morning the village bells rang out their chime. The notes floated sweetly on the autumn wind, and a passing stranger paused to listen to the sound. It was soon over, and seeing Rosa and Maggie were listening too, he asked if they could tell him the meaning of these bells.

"O sir!" Maggie said, "little Mary Symonds is dead, and this is her funeral day, and that was the bidding-bell!"

"What does that mean?" asked the stranger.

"It is to tell the people that this is the funeral day, and when the hour comes the bell will toll slowly, sir," and dropping a courtesy, the children walked on.

"This is a sweet custom," thought the stranger; "and since I have heard this little Mary's bidding-bell, I will wait for the funeral too, and perhaps I may see these dear children again, and speak a word in season to them."

Accordingly the stranger mingled with the solemn procession that some hours later followed little Mary to the grave. There were many children there, for Mary had been a favourite in the village, but he easily discovered Rosa and Maggie among the mourners. They lingered behind the rest, as if unwilling so soon to leave their little playmate, and going up to them he said kindly, "My dear children, it is a solemn thing to die!" A flood of tears was their only reply, and seating them on a stone beside him, he asked them to tell him if they thought this little Mary had gone to heaven. Both answered at once, as if surprised by the question, "Oh yes, sir!"

"But how are you so sure of that?" he asked.

Rosa answered, "Because she loved Jesus, and she said he made her not afraid to die."

"Then," said their new friend, "Mary is a happy child now, such a happy child as there is not to be seen in this world. But can you tell me, little girls, what question this grave should make you ask yourselves?"

"I think, sir," said Rosa, "we should ask ourselves if we are ready to die."

"Yes," said the stranger, "or in other words, are you ready for heaven? I daresay you are fond of stories, so I shall tell you one that may help you to understand this better:—

"Two little brothers awoke one morning in a beautiful garden. It was very fair to look upon, full of rich flowers and fruit, and was surrounded by strong walls, while the only way out of it was by a very gloomy-looking porch, and this was the only part of the garden which the children did not like to go near. There were many workers in the garden, and one of them said to the boys that they must remember they could only remain in this fair garden during the day, and must leave it at night. This was not pleasant news, but it was still such early morning that the boys paid very little heed to the warning. After some hours of play, they seated themselves for rest in an arbour, and began to consider more about the place they were in. It was indeed a curious scene, and nothing surprised them more than to see that there was not one continued sunshine around every one in it, but that night came at different times to the different workers. The boys were sitting where they could not see the gloomy porch out of the garden, but part of a narrow passage that led to it, and while it was still morning to them, they would see one workman after another packing up his tools, and hear him saying, 'The night is coming on,' or, 'It is time to be going,' and each went his way towards the porch. Some seemed sorry to leave the garden, others rejoicing that their work was done. There was a little boy near them who had been very diligent all morning, and to their surprise they saw him packing up too, and heard him saying, 'It is getting dark, I must go home.' 'O brother!' said Ernest to Sportful, when will it be night with us?' but Sportful did not try to answer his question. It was about this time that the children first looked beyond the garden wall, and caught a glimpse of a glorious land such as they had never dreamed of before. There was a golden light upon its mountain tops, that made every-

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thing in the garden seem cold and dim, and the children longed to be there. One of the workmen near, seeing their wondering gaze, explained to them that this beautiful country was called 'The Land of Everlasting Day,' and that they must pass through the dark porch to reach it.

"'I will go now!' cried Ernest, springing up from his seat.

"'Stay, little one, stay,' said the workman; 'this is not all. That dark porch leads to the land of night as well as the land of day, and you cannot go safely through it alone.'

"'Will you take me there?' asked Ernest.

"'I cannot, dear child,' said the man; 'but we in this garden have a mighty Friend, who is Son to the King of that country, and he has purchased the right of admission for his followers, so that only he can take you safely there.'

"'Where is he?' asked the boys; 'oh, show him to us.'

"'I cannot,' he replied, 'but he is always to be found in this garden; and none ever sought him in vain. You will find him if you seek him.'

"'I will rest a while,' thought Sportful, 'and then I will seek for this Friend.' So he sat down again, and presently fell asleep; but little Ernest had other thoughts.

"'I do not know how long the day is,' he said to himself; 'I will begin my search now,' and he began to run quickly through the garden.

"'Where, oh where, can I find this mighty Friend,' he cried; 'he will be where the fairest flowers are!' but he was not there. 'Or where that fountain rises!' but he was not there. Hither and thither he ran all in vain, until he heard a voice that called aloud, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' and turning he beheld One fairer than the sons of men. 'Speak, Lord,' he exclaimed, as he fell on the ground before him—'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'

"And all-gracious were the words the little listener heard, and the sweetest were the last, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

"As he passed along, the labourers knew by his radiant face that he had found their Lord. They gave into his hands a set of tools left by the Master for his use. He took them with joy and wonder. They were tiny implements, suited for the little hands that were to wield them, while on each there was written, 'I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.'

"How changed everything was to Ernest now! The very garden that had been only a play-ground to him before was become a place of pleasant servitude, and gladly he laboured there for his new-found Friend. Sometimes his work lay in one part, sometimes in another; and filled with fear for his beloved brother, he lost no opportunity of trying to rouse him from his sleep, and finding that he had not strength enough, he would implore his mighty Friend to do this work himself.

"Often he was called to help some aged labourer with his allotted task, and that would lead him very near the dark porch, and sometimes he would see how the darkness could clear away when his Friend was near, and sometimes would catch the faint echo of welcomes home, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'

"I do not know that Ernest quite ceased to fear this dark passage,—he was only a little boy; but he did not think much about it, and a great deal more about the beautiful home that was waiting for him. At last those around Ernest saw that his work was nearly done, and that, though he knew it not, he must soon leave the garden, for the shades of night were falling fast. The busy little feet ceased to labour, and the willing little hands dropped idly down, as sleep stole over his frame. The watchers around whispered, 'This is death!' but he heard them not. His mighty Friend was near, and taking the little lamb in his arms, he bore him all unconscious through the dark portal to wake in the Land of Everlasting Day."

The story was ended for some minutes before either of the children spoke. At last Maggie timidly asked, "Did little Sportful ever get there, sir?"

"My story does not say," replied the stranger; "but this is what it says to each of you, dear children, Seek Jesus, and then go and be an earnest little labourer for him. I must go on my journey now," he added, "and may never see you again. Here is a hymn which you will keep for my sake, and when you read it you will think of the stranger who went with you to little Mary's funeral, and who expects to meet you all in the Land of Everlasting Day.

Rosa and Maggie watched their friend with tearful eyes till he was quite out of sight, and then they read the hymn which he had given them. It was this,—

A CHILD'S RESOLVE.

I will serve the Lord, while my heart is fired
With the zeal of youthful days;
And I will not wait till my feet are tired
With the world's weary ways.

For the spring of life is greener
Than its autumn sere and grey;
And the morning air is keener
Than the heated breath of day.

I will serve the Lord, ere my sight is dimm'd
By the world's blinding light;
And I will not wait with my lamp untrimm'd
Till the dreary hours of night.

For the foe is best defeated
With a clear, unflinching eye;
And 'tis watching saints are seated
At the marriage feast on high!

C.

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HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLV.—THE LORD'S SUPPER—CONVERSATION ON MOUNT OF OLIVES—AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.

MATT. xxvi. 26–46.

Institution of the Lord's Supper.—Ver. 26–30. Of what is the *bread* a symbol? Why is it broken? What does the wine represent? What two things did Christ bid his disciples do in this ordinance? [1. Take. 2. Eat—drink.] When a communicant is *taking* the bread and the cup into his hands, what should he be doing in his heart? [Taking, or accepting of Christ; appropriating him as freely offered in the gospel; closing with him as his own Saviour.] When he is *eating* and *drinking* the bread and wine, what should he be doing in his heart? [*Feeding* on Christ by faith; resting and relying on him for pardon, holiness, strength, guidance, eternal blessing; bringing all his emptiness to Christ's fulness, all his guilt to Christ's grace.] What blessing in particular is the believer encouraged to realize when he drinks of the cup? See ver. 28. Why is Christ's blood called "the blood of the new testament?" [Testament or covenant—the gospel covenant—by which remission of sins is secured to all who believe.] What great and glorious feast does the Lord's Supper foreshadow? Comp. ver. 29 and Rev. xix. 9.

The institution of the Lord's Supper was one of the many touching proofs of love for his people that Christ gave at this time. This ordinance has a very delightful character; it is a *feast*—designed to nourish and refresh, to strengthen and cheer the souls of all believers. The feelings most appropriate to it are those of joy. But it becomes the believer to rejoice with trembling. It has a dark side as well as a bright one. On the one side, we are reminded of the awful guilt of sinners, and the dreadful sufferings of Christ in atoning for their guilt. On the other side, we see redemption completed, salvation freely offered, the door of heaven thrown open, and all the blessings of eternal life secured for every believer. At the Lord's table we stand between the two comings of Christ, between the Cross and the Crown; we look back on the one, we look forward to the other. It is one of "the heavenly places," where even in this life believers are made to sit together with Christ Jesus, (Eph. ii.) But we must never forget that the efficacy of the ordinance depends only on the blessing of Christ and the working of his Spirit in them that receive it by faith. Communicants must ever cherish the conviction, that all that is glorious and delightful in the blessings here brought to mind is due to Christ, and it is only as they receive Christ that they can receive any blessing in this sacrament. The great glory of sacraments is, that they help us, by God's blessing, to see Jesus, to appropriate and feed on him, and realize all his blessings. Without active, living faith in Jesus, even the Lord's Supper is but a well without water.

Conversation on Mount of Olives.—Ver. 31–35. Where is the prophecy which Christ here quotes? Zech. xiii. 7. What term denoting his divine nature is applied in that prophecy to Christ? What spirit did Peter show on this occasion? On whose strength did he rely? Did he not make his declaration sincerely and truly at the time? What statement about the deceitfulness of the heart did he exemplify? Jer. xvii. 9. What should the knowledge of this lead us constantly to do?

Christ, in speaking as he did to Peter and the other disciples, showed a wonderful knowledge of the human heart. Doubtless at the time they were all glowing with sincere attachment to him; yet he foresaw such an ordeal coming as none of them were strong enough to endure, and without hesitation, late though it was, declared, "All ye shall be offended because of me *this night*. *This night*, thou, Peter, shalt deny me thrice." It is the more striking, that he foretold this terrible conduct as about to happen, *immediately on their rising from the Lord's table*. Alas! that Peter should have fallen into the error of trusting in his own strength, after an ordinance that was expressly designed to teach this, among other things, that the support of the soul cannot come from within, but from without,—not from ourselves, but Christ. What a lesson of humility, self-distrust, and watchfulness, are we here taught!

Christ's agony in Gethsemane.—Ver. 36–46. [The Garden of Gethsemane lay at the foot of the Mount of Olives, the Brook Kidron running between it and Jerusalem. What is now pointed out as the garden is a square of 150 feet. Eight large, venerable olives, separated from the smaller ones that are scattered about, form a consecrated grove. "Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it."—*Lieut. Lynch.*]

Might not Jesus have retired to a greater distance, beyond the reach of Judas and his band? What was shown by his going to a place which Judas knew so well? What was Christ's reason for going to pray at this time? Why, probably, did he take Peter, James, and John as witnesses of his agony? [Though they could not help him, their very presence might be a comfort; and as they were the three who had seen his glory on the Mount of Transfiguration, so it was most fitting that they should be witnesses of the depth of his humiliation.] What was denoted by his remark, ver. 38? [That his human nature felt such a load of agony as was all but insupportable.] What caused this agony? What was his resource under it? ver. 39. Did this prayer indicate that he was repenting of what he had undertaken? [It was the expression of the shrinking of his human nature from what was coming, but tempered by a word of entire submission.] What do we gather from Luke xxii. 43 happened next? [This was an intimation that the cup would *not* pass from him.] What was the effect of this? Luke xxii. 44. What was this second prayer? Matt. xxvi. 42. [The substance of it and of the third (ver. 44) was, that he might be strengthened to do God's will, in working out the redemption of men.] Why was he in such an agony of earnestness? [From his sense of the awfulness of the coming conflict, and the overwhelming necessity of divine strength to endure it.] What were the three disciples doing while he was praying? What did Christ ascribe this to? ver. 41. But was this enough to excuse them? ver. 41. What did sympathy with Christ require that they should be doing? And regard to their own welfare in their own coming struggle? Are we not all too apt to sleep when we should watch and pray? What is the meaning of the words in ver. 45? [Sleep now and take your rest, *if you can*: the conflict is now at hand; you should not have slept during the time of preparation, unless you could sleep during the time of conflict.]

This wonderful passage gives us a fearful glimpse of the load of suffering that Christ had to bear as the substitute of his people. It shows us how even his Godhead did not prevent him from feeling keenly the weakness of his humanity. We are quite incapable of comprehending the fearful depth and extent of his suffering; but the horror which the immediate prospect of it created in Christ's mind may convince us how unparalleled it was. In the prospect of this terrible trial, Christ's sole resource was prayer. He went direct to God for strength, and wrestled in prayer till that strength was obtained. In this he is a most instructive example to us. Another striking and beautiful lesson from this incident, is the duty of entire and cheerful submission to the will of

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God. Often that will may require us to do and to bear what is grievously painful to the feelings of human nature; let us ever seek the spirit of Christ, and say—"Not my will, but thine be done." Finally, we are taught here, from the conduct of the disciples, the danger of taking our ease when temptation is near. In the subsequent narrative we see Jesus, strengthened from on high, nobly triumphant in the very hour and power of darkness, while the disciples, left to their native weakness, sink and fail at the first onset of the foe.

DUTY.—God's Will should ever be Done.

Ps. cxliii. Matt. vi.; xxvi. John v. Acts xxi. Eph. vi. Col. iv. 1 Pet. iv. 1 John ii. Rev. xvii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XVIII.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—*Continued.*

MATT. II. 1–12.

WHAT other visitors do we read of coming to see Jesus and Mary at Bethlehem? ver. 1. How were they different from the shepherds? [They were rich, and very wise or learned.] Where was their own country? [Far to the east of Judea.] Why did they take so long a journey? ver. 2. What does this show? [That they were devout men, though not Jews, and expected the coming of the Messiah.] What was a favourite study in those Eastern countries? [The study of the sun, moon, and stars, called astronomy.] How did God make those wise men know that Christ had come? [By causing a beautiful new star to appear in the sky, and in some way making them know that it would lead them to the place where they should find the Messiah.]

Where did the star lead them first? What did they ask the people whom they met? Could any one tell them? Who was then king of Judea? ver. 3. What kind of king was he? [Very wicked and cruel.] How did he feel when he heard of the strangers and their questions? Why was he troubled? [He cared little about the coming of the Messiah; but he had a guilty conscience, and was very much afraid of any new king whom the people would prefer to himself.] What did he pretend? [That he was anxious to know where Christ should be born.] Whom did he call together? ver. 4. What did he ask them? How did they answer him? ver. 5, 6; Micah v. 2. Whom did he next send for? ver. 7. What did he ask them? What directions did he give them? Did he mean what he said? What does this show? [That he was a liar and a hypocrite.]

What did the wise men then do? ver. 9. How did God lead them? How did they feel when they saw the star again? ver. 10. When did it stand still in the sky? ver. 9.

Were Joseph and Mary still in the stable? [No; probably in a better lodging.] Would not the wise men be surprised to find the "King of the Jews" in so humble a place? But what did they do? ver. 11. What did this show? [That they had true faith in God, and were not ashamed to worship the little child to whom he had guided them.] Why did they bring gifts with them? [It is always the custom in the East to make presents to kings or great people.] What did the wise men give to Jesus? What are frankincense and myrrh? [Different kinds of gums, of a delightful scent, valuable for medicine or perfumes.]

What did the wise men intend to do after their visit to Bethlehem? [To go and tell Herod about it.] How were they prevented from doing this? ver. 12. What did they do then?

What may we learn from the example of these good men? [To be really in earnest about seeking Jesus for ourselves.] Can we see him now as they did? But where will he see and hear us when we worship him? [*Wherever* we pray in earnest Jesus hears us.] Have we any need to take long, painful journeys, like the wise men, or like some of the poor Roman Catholics now? [No; we can pray to Jesus anywhere.] What may the gifts of the wise men teach us? [To rejoice to give all we can to the Lord.] What can children give him? [Their young hearts now, and very soon they may have time, talents, money, &c., to spend in his service.]

Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our prayer disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Precept.—Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near. Isa. lv. 6.

Promise.—And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart. Jer. xxix. 13.

Prayer.—O Lord God, thou art everywhere, and we thank thee that we may pray to thee every day, and in every place. Help us to love thee with all our hearts, and to do all we can to show our love. Oh, send thy Holy Spirit to teach us, and to make us earnest in seeking after thee, as the wise men were. Help us to read thy word more diligently, and to be more attentive to all we hear from our dear parents, or teachers, or ministers, that so as we grow in years we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus. Forgive all our sins and want of earnestness in spiritual things, and hear us, for our Saviour's sake. Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE WRECK.

"O WHAT a nice place this is to sail our little ship in!" exclaimed Louis. "Alice, if you just push it off from the bank, I'll stand here on the rock, and keep it from going too far."

"It may be we had better wait for George, Louis. Remember what mother said about the danger of the ships being carried away in the falls."

"Oh, never fear that! I'll take care; we are not quite so silly as mother thinks we are; and I don't believe George will come at all this afternoon."

"Well, it will not do to go home without seeing our ship sail. So you get ready to catch it. Shall I push it off right here, or over there?"

"Push it from where you stand, Alice, that is the best place."

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The little vessel glided gracefully into the water on a mimic wave, to the great delight of the children, who clapped their hands and almost screamed for joy. Louis caught it as it sailed up to the rock, which he called a wharf, and launched it back to Alice. Thus they played a good while, sending it back and forward to each other. It kept a straight course, and did not seem in any danger until the last time, when Louis pushed it a little *too far* out. It drifted into the current, and soon trembled on the brink of the waterfall.

"Don't, brother, don't! mother said you must not venture into danger!" shrieked Alice, raising her arm to hold back her brother, who, heedless of the deep water, was preparing to wade in to rescue his frail ship; but before she had finished, a second wave carried the little vessel over the falls into the foaming stream below, where it lay on its beam-ends, and no way to prevent its becoming a total wreck.

Alice burst into tears, and Louis almost forgot his own loss in trying to console her.

They went round to the stream below the falls, and looked long and anxiously for even some fragments of the wreck of their "dear little ship," but it was all in vain.

We may smile at the deep interest a child manifests in his pets, or his playthings, while we forget that the little creature values them as highly as the man of wealth does his estates or his shipping. And perhaps the child is the wiser philosopher of the two; for he prizes that which contributes to his happiness, or loves it for its intrinsic beauty; while the man values what is a perpetual source of care and uneasiness, and yet adds little or nothing to the real enjoyments of life.

Just as they were mournfully turning from the scene of shipwreck, they saw George Thompson coming toward them. George had a kind heart, and so, of course, a kind word for every one. He heard their sad tale, and to comfort them, promised that if he could find time to spare, and some suitable wood, he would make another boat. This promise cheered them a little, but could not quite drive away their grief and disappointment; besides, thought they, "no other can be half so beautiful as the one we have lost."

Hand in hand the disappointed adventurers walked slowly home, and met their mother near the gate.

"Alice! Louis! what is the matter? You look as if you had been crying. Where is your little ship?" With tears they owned their folly, and following their mother into the house, and sitting down, with one on each side of her, the following conversation ensued:—

"Tell me, Louis, what do you think was the reason of your boat's being lost?"

"Because, mother, I pushed it out too far."

"And why did you do so, Louis?"

"I thought there was no danger."

"Why did you think there was no danger?"

"Because, mother, we pushed it out a great many times safely, and we thought we might send it a little further; but then the stream caught it, and it went down."

"So the truth is, my dear children, you were too confident in your own skill, and thought you could do very well without George's assistance, although I advised you otherwise; and one consequence of your self-sufficiency is the loss of your ship. It is a common case. How many young persons, instead of asking (or if they ask, instead of following) the advice and warnings of their friends who are older and wiser than they, rush headlong into folly, and think there is no danger, until they find themselves plunged into ruin! Others proceed slowly, but not less surely,—a little further, and a little further. First they disobey their parents and play truant. They think that because they are not immediately detected and punished, they can always do so safely. So they grow up, and become worse and worse, till finally, like your ship, they are gone for ever. My dear children, learn the lesson. Resist the *beginnings* of evil. Once on the wrong road—a little further, yet a little further, will be the devil's temptation. But if further from duty and further from God—you cannot but be nearer punishment and nearer destruction."

II.—THE DYING SABBATH SCHOLAR.

The last night of her life [she was in a hospital] nothing was heard to break the silence, but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, as the pendulum swung backward and forward. Then it would strike the hours, e-l-e-v-e-n, t-w-e-l-v-e, o-n-e o'clock, when there came from the couch of the little sufferer a voice of sweet melody. It was one verse of a Sunday-school hymn—

"Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all our guilty fear,
And turns our hell to heaven."

Then all was silent again, and nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, until she broke out after a while in another verse:—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but speak his name;
Praise him to all, and sing in death
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

The nurse hastened to the bed-side of the little sufferer, but she was too late. The angels had been there before her, and carried that little Sabbath-school girl, from beholding the Lamb on earth, to his bosom in the sanctuary above.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

III.—GOING HOME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

They are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber,
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

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They are going—only going
Out of pain and into bliss—
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them;
Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts for ever stainless—
Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way!
They have gone to heavenly mansions,
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them—
Suffer, and forbid them not.

—*Religious Miscellany.*

IV.—WHO OWNS THE CORN-FIELD?

You saw the beautiful corn-field. Its tall stalks, like the rank and file of a noble army, had been nodding and waving their plumes in the sunshine all the summer through; and in autumn they were bending under the weight of the golden grain. How many batches of bread were hid there! How many hungry mouths will be fed from it!

Every day Farmer Jones looked over the stone wall, and talked and thought about "*my* corn," as he called it. How much of it was yours, Farmer Jones? "*I* planted it," he would say; "I hoed it; I—" But where did you get the first little kernel? God made it. In whose earth did you bury it? God's earth. *He* is the great landowner. Who cracked the hard kernel and brought out the living sprout? God. Who fed it? God. Who watered it? God. Who watched it? God. Whose sunshine warmed it? God's. Who sprinkled it with nightly dews? God. Who pumped up its juices, and taught them to manufacture leaves in one place and cobs in another, and set the corn in the cob, and wove soft silk to wrap around the tender fruit, and strong swaths to protect it from blighting frosts and scorching heats? God. Who saved it from mildew, and rust, and worm? God. Who then is the rightful owner? God. He will indeed pay you your wages; but how small a part is your *due*.

"And I have harvested and used it as *mine*," said Farmer Jones. "I never thanked God for it, or took it as from his hand. I never used it for his service. I never thought of his having anything to do with it. I have robbed God of his due." Farmer Jones never thought of himself in the light of a robber before. Had his neighbours called him so, how angry would he have been! He passed as an honest and just man; but now he asked himself, "Am I not a robber?" and pricked in his conscience, he fell on his knees, confessed his sin, and prayed for forgiveness. The great landowner allowed him to keep what he had given him; but every day afterwards the farmer thanked *God* for his daily bread; and many a bushel was wheeled away to feed God's poor; and evermore as he looked over the stone wall, he saw God's hand at work in the corn-field, and his heart said humbly, "*Thine*, not mine, O God."—*Child's Paper.*

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—FAME AND USEFULNESS.

A MAN capable of achieving distinction in any one department of the great field, may deliberately forego the inviting possibility in order to attain a larger usefulness. He may sacrifice ambition at the shrine of piety; and prefer, to the approbation of admiring minds, the gratitude of saved souls. In all the professions, and even in the humbler walks of life, there are men of this noble temper, and it is our belief that they abound in the ministry of the gospel. Many a vision of earthly glory has gleamed, with happily but a transient splendour, along the path of the young minister of Christ, and has then faded away in his closet before "the glory that excelleth." He has listened, amid the ardours of his youth, to siren voices calling him to the fair realms of fame, but these have been stilled by the notes of higher music falling upon a more inward sense—by "a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and by the voice of harpers harping with their harps." All honour to those who, by "denying," do thus transcend themselves; and who, taking their stand at the cross, feel that life for them *can* have but one business—to explain its significance, and carry with them its conquering force wherever they go. The more honour let us give them that they claim none for themselves, as, with lowly mind and amid incessant toils, they esteem it far better to be "faithful" than to be great.

* * * * * * *

Our departed friend was often heard to say that he possessed no high scholarship, and no acute intellectual power. His own estimate of his attainments in such respects was much too humble; yet, in truth, it must be granted that in these exterior gifts and qualities he was in no way distinguished from some of his fellow-labourers; but by the singleness of a spiritual aim, by the strain of an onward endeavour, by the glow of a burning purpose, by the pathos of a loving heart, he broke down all impediments, and heard voices of gratitude and new songs of salvation around him for fifty years. This is perhaps the grand lesson of his life—that God *will* crown with his blessing every earnest and sincere endeavour to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth, and saints into a deeper experience of his love—that a man must and will be successful if he does what he can. There needs no fresh endowments, no better opportunities, no circumstances of more auspicious aspect—there needs but the living consecration of the man, and "old things will soon pass away, and all things become new—the wilderness will soon bloom like Eden, and the desert be as the garden of the Lord." All things are now ready. See you not a dying world around you? and hear you not the falling rains of grace as "seasons of refreshing" come from the everlasting Presence? The whisperings of life are all around. The fields are whitening to the harvest. The glory of the latter day is coming on. And yonder! on the far heights of immortality, our friends, glorified, yet lingering, look back ere they enter into the eternal rest, to see if we are equal to the days on which we have fallen—willing for the work we have to do.—*Rev. Alexander Raleigh in Sermon on Death of Mr. James.*

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II.—"OH, THAT HE WERE A CHRISTIAN!"

How often do we hear these words! Here, a sister utters them concerning a brother beloved. There, a wife for a kind and tender husband. Ministers often breathe the desire for young members of their flocks, and friends for those whose generous and manly hearts have won their own. It is often the utterance of a sincere, honest, tender interest in the salvation of souls.

But what have you *done* to prove that you are in earnest in your aspiration in behalf of your friend?

1. *Have you prayed for him?* Your wish is a prayer, indeed, and may not be unheard by Him who knows our unbreathed desires. But have you gone purposely to the mercy-seat in his behalf? Have you uttered his *name* before the great Advocate? Have you sought his salvation with that intensity of longing which could only be uttered with strong "crying and tears?" Perhaps God wills that you should be importunate, while you have been satisfied with a vague wish.

2. *Have you spoken to him of Christ?* "The redemption of his soul is precious;" have you ever told him of that Redeemer by whom his soul may be saved? Have you ever affectionately warned or entreated him? He may need a word from you to turn his life to Jesus. Perhaps he may be longing to know how you found your way to the cross, and came to the blessedness of the Christian's hope. Do you act wisely or faithfully, in not uttering a word to show the solicitude which you feel for him?

3. *Have you shown him in your own life what it is to be a Christian?* How many sermons might be preached every day, and with irresistible point and force, by simple consistency! How many souls might be won by the attractive power of a holy life! Have you tried its virtue with the one whom you wish to win? Have you been a "living epistle," to be constantly "known and read" of him? Can he see the grace of God working in you, and daily restraining, guiding, purifying you? What self-denial do you daily show, proving to him your love for Christ?

Reader? what do you *do* to make your friend, brother, husband, a Christian? Do something—do everything that God commands you, and patiently, calmly, confidently await the blessing. "It is good that a man should both hope, and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."—*S. School Times.*

III.—"JESUS! DEAREST FRIEND TO ME!"

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A MONK IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Let who will in thee rejoice,
O thou fair and wondrous earth!
Ever-anguished, sorrow's voice
Pierces through thy seeming mirth;
Let thy vain delights be given
Unto them who love not heaven;
My desire is fixed on thee,
Jesus! dearest friend to me!

Come, O death, thou twin of sleep,
Lead me hence, I pray thee come!
Loose my rudder! Through the deep
Guide my vessel safely home.
Thy approach who will may fly,
'Twere a joy to me to die,
For death opes the gates to thee,
Jesus! dearest friend to me!

Would that I to-day might leave
This my earthly prison here,
And my crown of joy receive,
Waiting me in yon bright sphere!
In that home of joy, where dwell
Hosts of angels, would I tell
How the Godhead dwells in thee,
Jesus! dearest friend to me!

But not yet the gates of gold
I may see, nor enter in,
Nor the heavenly fields behold,
But must mourning sit and spin
Life's dark thread on earth below;
Let my thoughts then hourly go
Whither I myself would be,
Jesus! dearest Lord, with thee!

IV.—NEGRO PSALMODY.

Music seems their native element. I do not remember ever to have seen a negro that was not a sweet singer. Nothing can be finer than to hear a congregation of two or three thousand of them, as at a camp-meeting, with one heart and voice, they pour forth, in plaintive or triumphant strains of their own composition, hymns of praise to God. Never did the Girondists chant the Marseillaise with greater fervour than I have heard them sing the following,—

"Jesus, my all to heaven is gone,
And we shall gain the victory;
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
And we shall gain the victory;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view;
And we shall gain the victory!
March on, march on, and we shall gain the victory;
March on, and we shall gain the day."

Tears would come to the eyes as I listened to the plaintive sweetness of the music set to these simple words—,

"There's a rest for the weary, there's a rest for the weary,
There's a rest for the weary, where they rest for evermore.
In the fair fields of Eden, in the fair fields of Eden,
In the fair fields of Eden, we'll rest for evermore.
I've a Saviour over yonder, I've a Saviour over yonder;
In the fair fields of Eden, we'll rest for evermore."

Or the following,—

"O brethren, will you meet me, O brethren, will you meet me,
Where sorrows never come?"

But the "Old Ship of Zion" is their greatest favourite,—

"What ship is this that will take us all home?
Glory! hallelujah!
'Tis the old ship of Zion! oh, glory! hallelujah!
But are you sure she will be able to take us all home?
Yes, glory, hallelujah!
She's landed many a thousand, and she'll land as many more;
King Jesus is the captain! oh, glory! hallelujah!"

The unction with which the words "King Jesus" are pronounced thrills you like an electric shock, for it is as a monarch they most love to think of him. Great tears are rolling down every sable cheek, while every eye is lit with

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joy, and you feel the sincerity of their rapturous shouts, Oh, glory, hallelujah!"—*Milburn's Ten Years of a Preacher's Life.*

V.—SATIRES ON THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

It is not unusual for the polite literature of the time to sneer at, or to satirize and caricature the Christian ministry. I do not remember the worthy portraiture of a single preacher of righteousness in the writings of Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Dickens, or in those of Mr. George W. Curtis, one of our own rising young authors. They have favoured the world with pictures of the Stigginses, Chadbands, Honeymans, Creamcheeses, and Peewees of their acquaintance; perhaps they had been so unfortunate as to possess none other. If so, I am sorry for them. But let me assure them, and all who think as they seem to think, that while there may be unworthy members of the clerical profession —for patient toil and disinterested labour, for self-sacrifice extending through life, for brave and cheerful performance of duty, that profession stands unrivalled, unapproached in the annals of the world. I submit, if it be fair in art, to represent a class by an exception, or to stigmatise those, who, notwithstanding all that has been written against priestcraft, the tyranny and superstition of the clergy, have, nevertheless, been in every age the best friends of their kind, and in no age more truly than in our own.

Shall the hive be denounced because it contains solitary drones? or the entire literary profession held up to ridicule, because it may happen to have tuft-hunters or rogues in its ranks? I claim for my brethren no exclusive sanctity; I ask no tribute for them which is not justified by their courage, honour, fidelity, their love of man, and fear of God; and the worst wish I cherish for those who have been, unconsciously or not, their detractors, is, that they may die as happily. "Our people die well," said Mr. Wesley. And his own last words, echoed by thousands of his sons in the gospel on both sides of the Atlantic, in their final hour, were, "The best of all is, God is with us."—*Ibid.*

VI.—THE WORLD IN THE CHURCH.

We are in great danger of idolizing things which Christ does not care anything about, and despising things which are dear to him. Suppose you had a deacon to elect, and two candidates were brought before you, one of whom was not a self-seeker, was kind to the poor, was full of Christ's spirit, but was unknown to the community, and was living in a two-room house—a thing which is always fatal to a man's standing in society; and the other of whom owned a million of dollars—having been converted without suffering in his pocket—hired the best pew, and "reflected great honour on the church"—and oh, what a good thing it is for a church to have members who reflect honour upon it! Ah, beware! that man is the strongest man in the church who brings the most of heaven into it. That is the best man whose heart has the strongest magnifying power, and through whom you can see most of God.—*H. W. Beecher.*

VII.—"IT SHUTS OUT THE WORLD."

A few years since, on visiting a mother in Israel, one who wrestled and prevailed in prayer, she led me to a little room in a retired part of her low-roofed dwelling, and showing me the hasp which fastened the door of that quiet retreat, said, "I often think that this little piece of iron is more to me than all the treasures of the rich in yonder city are to them; for this '*shuts out the world.*'"

It was a sacred spot, that room of prayer. For more than fifty years had it been a Bethel to the soul of this aged disciple; and how many in that mountain village, ay, and in the world, are indebted to the prayers offered there, eternity alone will reveal. It seemed to me holy ground, hard by the very gate of heaven.

Reader, have you any bar, or bolt, or key, which when you enter your place of prayer, keeps away the intruding cares and perplexities of the world without? Alas! if the heart be not right the key will be worth little. Alas! alas! how many weary, aching hearts, *burdened* with earthly treasures, would give all they possess for *something* which would "shut out the world," and give the sublime repose which he gives to "his beloved."—*Tract Journal.*

VIII.—NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO.

We hear often about the condescension of the high towards the low; yet how it all fades away in the light of the life of Him "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." We are commended sometimes for the few spare hours which we give to the poor; but what are these to his gifts, who always "went about doing good;" who sought not "to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and who closed all by "giving his *life* a ransom for many?"

Haydon remarked about his pictures, "I was never satisfied with anything I did until I had forgotten what I wished to do." With the example of Christ before us at which to aim, it will surely be long before any of his followers will be able to say of *their* work that they are *satisfied.*—*Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them.*

IX.—FRAGMENTS.

THE RECLUSE.

A plant that grows in a cave is pale and sickly; so is the piety of a Christian who shuts himself out from the fellowship of God's household.

THE REASON OF TRIAL.

Creature comforts are often to the soul what suckers are to a tree; and God takes off those, that this may thrive.

REMEMBRANCE OF SIN.

Though the Lord will never remember the sins of a believer, to his *condemnation;* yet the believer himself will always remember them to his *humiliation.*

GOD TAKING AND GIVING.

God never takes anything away from his children, but he gives them something better; if he takes away the penny of comforts, he gives them the shilling of grace.

DIFFICULTIES DISPOSED OF.

Mr. Newton tells of a pious carpenter who used to expound in a room. When he came to a difficult verse, he would say, "We shall pass over this,"—for he was a humble man. It would be well if some other preachers would do as the carpenter did, and not waste time in trying to unravel mysteries which do not affect the salvation of men, or the comfort of believers.

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"MAKE FULL PROOF OF THY MINISTRY."*

BY THE REV. JAMES THOMPSON, PERPETUAL CURATE, BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

"TAKE heed," says St. Paul, in another place, "unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Lord hath made you overseers, to *feed* the flock which he hath purchased with his own blood." Our instructions are not confined to the pulpit. Our most studied efforts, but possibly not the most effective, are delivered there. The atmosphere of the sanctuary must ever surround us, but our ministry is not limited to the sanctuary. We are to "feed the flock," whenever and wherever the sheep are to be found. "As the Father sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." *In* the world, but not *of* it,—this is our vocation. *In* it, to sanctify and bless; mingling with it, whenever we *lawfully* may; leavening it with holiness, spiritualizing its atmosphere, diffusing a bright and heavenly radiance upon all around. But here is a scene of trial where many have failed, this is a battle-field where many giants have been slain. The world and the church impinge upon each other, or the line of separation is so delicately fine, that we have sometimes passed over it before we are aware. It is a good time when sound Scripture doctrine is acceptable, for the days *will* come when men will not endure it. But there is danger at such a time, lest the form should pass current for the substance, the flesh for the spirit, and the casket enshrine no jewel. If intercourse with our fellows rather debases *us* than elevates *them*, can it be said that we fulfil our ministry! We tell our flocks that Christianity must be everything, or it is nothing. This view of religion is the only true one. Yet, let it not have a partial application, and be restricted to them, to the exclusion of ourselves. There is danger of this in these philosophic days. It is so common to distinguish between the office and the man, that we have almost come to divide them. In matters of this world the distinction is useful enough; I almost doubt its applicability to the servant of the sanctuary. He, surely, cannot be at one moment a common man, at another a minister; now a soldier, then a civilian; in the morning a merchant in his office, in the evening a gentleman at his villa out of town. His ministry attends him everywhere. It is his very heart and life. *Everywhere* he is sworn to do his Lord's work. Wherever his voice must be hushed, and his sacred calling laid aside, that, I should suppose, is no place for him. For his ministry must be as his people's piety, not a thing of time and circumstance, but "as the cloak that he hath upon him, and as the girdle that he is *alway* girded withal." Surely, in season, out of season, he must prove himself an "example to believers in word, in conversation, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

Now, there are scenes where it is difficult to keep this in view. We are not called to be ascetics. We thank God that we are not. Jesus went to the marriage feast. He ate and drank with publicans and sinners. So, therefore, may we. If, in these things, ministers are not to mix with the world, then must they needs go out of the world. But we must go thither in the name of the Lord Jesus, in the same spirit, and with the same intent. We must go as his ministers, even as for our *office'* sake we are sometimes invited. But what watchfulness is needed here! How circumspectly should we walk in this enchanted ground! The flock look up to the shepherd. His standard should be a high one, for theirs will surely fall below it. The world, too, fixes its gaze upon the clergyman, nay, with keenest malice watches for his fall. Satan also hovers around him, that in this season of his undress he may shear his locks of strength, and rob his ministry of its power. How many a clergyman has smarted under the contempt which familiarity breeds! How oft, in the intercourse of social life, has the salt lost its savour, and the ministry come into disrepute! Woe unto us, when the freedom of the drawing-room casts a doubt upon the devotion of the sanctuary. Woe unto us, when the solemn realities of the pulpit are eclipsed by the frivolities of the fire-side. In such a case religion receives a stab from the soldier who is sworn to keep watch and ward over it, and, in the spiritual ear, the lament of a sorrowing church may be heard, "What wounds are these?" and the bleeding Saviour's plaintive reply, "Lo! these are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the house of my friends," "he that supped together with me hath lifted up his heel against me." Surely, brethren, we should watch with tenfold vigilance here. Many corpses lie bleached and dry on this plain. Satan, the god of this world, never leaves it for a moment. He will draw us to the festive board, that he may poison the chalice from which those around us drink. The dinner-party or the tea-table is, not unfrequently, a tribunal whereat evidence is received for or against the ministry. If prayerful vigilance attend us there, the freedom of social converse will grace our general character. The fringe will accord with and adorn the robe. The more sad and sombre tints of ministerial life will be relieved by a background of brighter hue; so that they who would fain despise our calling may be constrained to reverence, if not to admire. The "authority" of which the apostle wrote to Titus will insensibly rest upon our ministry; and his injunction, "Let no man despise thee," will be illustrated by our daily walk. But, if we venture forth

* From one of "Four Addresses delivered at the Annual Yorkshire Clerical Meeting." London: Whittaker & Co.

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in another mood, and our spirit be exactly the spirit of the world, differing in nothing from that of the giddiest, and contrasting with nothing but our own studied solemnity in another place, then may we depart from that house more sorrowfully than we entered it, for we have dishonoured our ministry rather than fulfilled it. The Philistines have bound us hand and foot, and the world's house of feasting has been the house of our bondage. In faith's clear eye we find our image in the dying camel of the desert. They who have led us into sin leave us to perish, and hell's hungry vultures hover around watching our expiring life.

For, observe the bearing of all this upon our more sacred engagements. The curtain, which has dropped upon a farce, will soon rise upon a tragedy. The hour of mourning follows hard upon the season of mirth. The meats which were prepared for a wedding have, before now, been consumed at a funeral. They whose laugh rang the loudest in the festive hour, may suddenly hear our name announced to condole with them in sorrow. How will they regard us, and how shall we begin? The first scene has already stamped its character upon the second. If we have gone over to the world's ground in the one, its fetters are upon us, and will gall us in the other. We cannot say, in all godly sincerity, "Peace be unto this house," or, if we do, it may provoke a smile. Instead of at once opening the word of God and speaking *direct* to the soul, we shall feel ill at ease, and, after a few vague generalities, and a hasty prayer, shall take our leave. And what impression will be left behind? Alas! a melancholy one and sad. It cannot be said that we are "workmen who need not to be ashamed." Nay, charity herself must confess that such "watchmen are blind"—"dumb dogs that cannot bark."

The faithful and wise steward will be rather anxious to remove obstacles, than to create them. Every phase of ministerial duty in the house of affliction presents its own difficulties, so that the best furnished amongst us needs to watch and pray. Are we men of tender spirits? It is painful to probe the wound, we tremble at our patient's sufferings, and, like the too sympathetic physician, are prone to heal the hurt of our people slightly, and say "Peace, peace," before God speaks peace. Are we made of sterner stuff? Then we may "break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax." In all these cases the wrong is manifold, the right way but one. The smallest parish is as a crowded hospital, where skill the most exquisite is required rightly to divide the word of life. And how shall we gain it? Why, simply by depending upon the Holy Spirit, and taking heed to ourselves and to the word of God. There is a world within each of us that answers but too truly to the world without. Let us, then, watch over our own hearts, pondering God's dealings with ourselves, and comparing each fresh experience with the written word. Thus may we hope to become "skilful in the word of righteousness, and, as well-instructed scribes, to bring forth treasures new and old," to our own comfort and our people's good.

But, in *every* case, humanly speaking, the groundwork of all usefulness lies in the conviction of our flocks, that we approach them in simplicity and godly sincerity. It is not enough that we be eloquent preachers. Pulpit eloquence is not the qualification for pastoral work. He who can speak long and well to assembled thousands is sometimes stricken dumb in the darkened chamber. If our own hearts be not right in the sight of God, we are paralyzed when left alone with a sin-burdened soul. If it be a hard thing, and well-nigh impossible, for the man born stone deaf to discourse sweet music, divine comforts are not likely to flow from *his* lips who has little communion with God. The tongue refuses its office when the heart is cold. To sympathize we must feel. If we would "make full proof of our ministry," we must be able to say with St. Paul, "Who is weak and I am not weak?" "God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ." This as respects ourselves. And with regard to our flocks, if they deem us insincere, they will not send for us, and if we go unasked, we may even then be but stumbling-blocks in their way. Our visits will be regarded as an attempt to keep up appearances, rather than as honest, heart-felt endeavours to save their souls alive. As in common life, so here, confidence is the basis of all usefulness. It is a plant of slow growth and easily blighted. Years may be spent in toiling up this hill, but a single false step may send you swift to the bottom. How careful, then, and circumspect, must be our daily walk! It should ever be our prayer that we may be enabled to say, "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that *in simplicity* and *godly sincerity* we have had our conversation in the *world*, and more abundantly toward the saints."

SOWING AND REAPING.*

A COLPORTEUR named Mesurier came one evening, some years ago, to a village in the centre of France. Wearied by his long journey, he sought shelter for the night. But he had been denounced already, in a former visit, by the Popish curate as a heretic, a corrupter of souls, a seller of dangerous books, &c. So, on his entrance into the village, he was received with threats, insults, and curses. Every door was shut against him, even that of the inn, and he could only obtain a glass of cold water to quench his thirst.

Poor Mesurier continued his walk, hurrying on; for the sky was covered with clouds, and the distant rumbling of thunder made him fear a violent storm. He asked, with a heavy heart, how he could reach the city which was several miles off. His countenance probably showed his state of anguish; for an old peasant, Peter

* Translated from the French.

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——, suddenly approached the colporteur, and striking him upon the shoulder said :—

"Friend, what do you think of the weather?"

"It is not fair; we will have a storm to-night," replied Mesurier.

"And you don't know where to find shelter?"

"God wills it so; let his will be done! I have knocked in vain at every door."

"I know it, friend. Things were different in my youth; we would not have refused shelter to the belated traveller, even if he was a heretic. For the honour of my neighbourhood it shall not be said that this good custom is lost. So come to my house; I will receive you."

"May the Lord bless and reward you for your goodness."

"Friend, I have not much confidence in your blessing, if what the curate has told us be true; but no matter, come."

This Peter —— was one of those many French peasants, Roman Catholic by birth, but indifferent upon religious things, who showed a certain respect for the priests, without, however, blindly obeying all their commands. His natural pity prevailed over the curate's bitterness; he consented to open his door to the Bible colporteur, but with no intention of listening to his discourse.

Mesurier followed his guide, praying to God from the depths of his heart to bless this meeting to the peasant. They soon entered a cottage situated some distance from the main road. A woman was busy preparing the supper.

"Margaret," said the old man, on entering, "I bring you a guest for to-night."

Margaret was much more bigoted than her husband. The country women generally being wholly subject to the dominion of the priests, are almost all very ignorant, and held captive by the confessional.

Margaret advanced in a friendly way towards the stranger; but when she recognised the seller of Bibles, she drew back in terror, crying out :—

"Holy Virgin! the seller of Bibles here! a heretic in my house!"

"For shame!" said old Peter, displeased, "you would not wish to refuse shelter to a traveller overtaken by the storm. Friend, draw near to the fire, and sit down; rest yourself while waiting for supper. And you, my good wife, be quick; for we are hungry."

Margaret obeyed; but she murmured between her teeth; and when the colporteur tried to speak to her kindly, she answered in cold monosyllables. She evidently feared that the curse of heaven had entered her dwelling with the heretic.

At supper time a third person, Anthony, the son, came to the table. He was a young man of good appearance, and had acquired a partial education at school. Unfortunately, he had kept bad company; and not only did he reject the superstitions of his mother, but he was not cautious in speaking like his father; Anthony was an infidel, a scoffer. During supper he attacked the opinions of the colporteur.

"All these mummeries are worthless," said he, "Catholics and Protestants, it is the same thing; of what use to be troubled with this nonsense?"

"Anthony! Anthony! what do you mean? what will the curate say?"

"He may say what he pleases, mother!" replied the young man; "but take care that he does not inflict upon you heavy penance for harbouring a heretic."

"Alas! I foresee it well; but what can I do? He is your father's guest; the saints and the Virgin will come to my help."

The old peasant, disliking this conversation, put an end to it by telling both to be silent.

After the repast, Mesurier began again some religious conversation. He asked young Anthony if he had ever read the Bible.

"My son has something better to do," replied the father gravely. "The Bible is not made for us, poor peasants; it is the priests' book. The curate has told us that it cannot be understood but by the learned."

The colporteur found that he could expect nothing from these people, governed by inveterate prejudices; but he remembered also that *nothing was impossible* to God. Retiring to the chamber appointed for him, he fell on his knees, and prayed aloud for the old man, and his wife, and his son, begging the Father of mercies to convert these hard hearts.

The next day, as he was about to leave, he offered some money to the peasant.

"Keep your money," replied Peter, "do you think I give hospitality for money? No, no, keep your money."

"Well, accept at least this New Testament as a remembrance of our meeting, and—"

"Keep your book!" roughly interrupted the old man; "have I not told you that I do not wish to change my religion?"

"The question is not to change your religion, but to become a true Christian—"

"Christian!" cried the villager indignantly; "are we not all Christians? Do you think we are Turks? We believe in God; what do you wish more?"

"I would have you, my worthy friend, look more to the Lord Jesus, and less to the priest, who, placing himself between the Saviour and the sinner, prevents him from being saved."

The peasant hesitated a few moments longer; but at last yielding to a feeling of civility, he accepted this book, and slipped it quickly into his pocket. The colporteur took up his bundle again, bade farewell to his hosts, and went on his way, praying God to bless his holy word.

* * * * * *

Some years passed before he again made his appearance in this village. Mesurier had met many other infidels and scoffers; he had pursued his work of evan-

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gelization amid many obstacles, and remembered no longer the names of Peter, Margaret, and Anthony.

It was night. He entered a house; an aged woman sat sewing near a window; suffering had left deep marks in her emaciated face. A young man, pale and showing symptoms of a near end, was in bed in a corner of the room.

The colporteur cast a rapid glance over this scene of desolation, and said: "May the Lord be gracious to you! All things work together for good to those who love God."

On hearing these words the woman appeared suddenly delighted, and the young man half rose upon his couch.

"Come in, sir," said he; "come in; if you love the Lord Jesus Christ, you are welcome,—yes, welcome!"

Mesurier was surprised to find such people in this remote village.

"You know, then, the Lord Jesus, and you love him," said he to the young man. "Tell me how you came to know him."

The sick man placed his hand upon the volume by his side. The colporteur understood this silent reply, and soon all the remembrance of what had occurred, several years before, pressed upon his mind. He asked the woman to tell him of the gracious work which had been accomplished in the family, and she related the particulars, for substance as follows:—

"My husband was sick and his days passed wearily. To divert himself he opened mechanically the New Testament. Gradually he became interested in reading it; his heart was touched, and he prayed to God to teach him. Then he seriously warned me, and entreated me to read in my turn this divine book. I resisted for a long time, saying it was forbidden by the priests. My poor husband was not discouraged; he persevered, and, thanks to God, I listened to his counsel, and was led to the knowledge of the gospel. My husband died in the faith, with the hope that we should meet again at the feet of the Saviour. But all my sorrows were not ended, and my son Anthony (here sobs interrupted the woman's story),—my son fell dangerously ill."

"Your son, mother, the Lord be blessed!" said the young man, "will also go to wait you in the abode of celestial glory. I am ready to depart. The scales fell from my eyes while reading the word of God. *I see* and *I believe*."

BIBLE CITIES.

CAPERNAUM.

"The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles,"—thus, in days long before the Saviour's advent, had a line been drawn round that outlying region of the Holy Land which was to derive enduring renown as the scene of his chosen sojourn, and the central point of his public ministry. Here, at a distance from Jerusalem and the Temple, where the priests of Israel gave the Son cold welcome to his Father's house, he made his dwelling for a time, and went about on his mission of mercy among the towns and villages that skirted the inland lake, till his presence and voice became familiar to their rude and busy population. In that memorable time, when these borders rang with the fame of his mighty works, and the peasants and fishermen of Galilee knew that a great Prophet had risen up in Israel, the old saying was fulfilled: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." The lamp that had gone out in the Temple shone forth in those days with a clear and holy brightness by the shores of Gennesaret.

Amid the cities of these favoured borders, Capernaum stands pre-eminent, from its special and intimate connection with the life of Jesus. This one association, indeed, sums up all its history, and constitutes its fame. Like Nazareth, and other villages of Galilee, the name of Capernaum finds no place in Hebrew annals prior to the birth of Christ. Brought into some brief contact with the story of his life, many an obscure locality has been rescued from dark forgetfulness, and lighted up with a sudden and sacred interest. Something of the old virtue that went forth from him seems to linger yet in these very names, which move our hearts with strange power and tenderness, after all else has passed away.

It was, we may believe, an occurrence which made no stir in the small fishing-town when a stranger, "wearied with his journey," came down from the upland valley of Nazareth, and took up his abode in one of its poorest quarters. Soon a deep, mysterious interest began to gather round this unknown visitant, and the men of Capernaum pointed him out as he went silently about their streets, or stood by the lake quietly watching the ongoings of their simple life. In the village synagogue, and under the wayside sycamore, they listened with wonder to words which breathed new spirit and life into their old familiar Scriptures, as if the prophet's rod, which had been laid up in the ark so long, like some dead relic of the past, had put forth tender leaves and blossoms in his hand. It was from the time when "he came and dwelt in Capernaum," that Jesus began to preach and to say, "Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iv. 17). And soon men witnessed there the first forth-puttings of that mighty power which showed that a greater than Moses or the Tishbite had come among them in the coarse robe of this Man of Nazareth. On all sides there started up living and adoring witnesses to the reality and all-subduing force of this wondrous revelation of simple majesty and goodness. A Roman centurion could tell how one of his soldiers had been in a moment healed of a desperate malady. A townsman was seen every

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day in their streets, in full health and vigour, whom they all remembered to have been borne on a litter, helpless as a child. A worshipper sat every Sabbath calm and devout in the synagogue, through whose livid lips a foul spirit had shrieked and blasphemed. In the fisherman's hut (Matt. viii. 14), and in the nobleman's mansion (John iv. 53), grateful hearts blessed the name of the Deliverer. It had never been so seen in Galilee, when, after the burning heat of the summer day was over, and the blue Syrian twilight cooled the sultry air, "all the city was gathered together at the door;" and "all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him, and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them" (Mark i. 33; Luke iv. 40). There, or in the immediate neighbourhood, he called from their boats and nets those "men of Galilee" whose names have made the circuit of the earth; and there, at the same summons, the tax-gatherer, "sitting at the receipt of custom," relaxed his grasp of the world, and entered on a life of self-sacrifice and saintly poverty. Greatly was Capernaum blessed when the Son of Man, cast forth from his home at Nazareth, made it "his own city."

Of a place so famous we might naturally expect to find some surviving memorial, or at least some reliable tradition to fix its ancient site. Bethlehem and Nazareth still stand, with the hills round about them, as they stood in ancient days; the brow of Olivet still wears the purple glow of sunset, and Gennesaret mirrors the same blue sky in its unruffled waters, and murmurs on the same white beach as of old; but the very name of Capernaum has passed away, and in the long night of its desolation every glimmering light of tradition has gone out, that might guide us from a far country to the spot where the Man of Sorrows dwelt so long.

That this question of the site has now become a point of the merest conjecture, may be inferred from the fact that, within a limited area, it has been assigned to four different localities. Josephus, in speaking of the rich and fruitful plain of Gennesaret, mentions a copious spring which poured forth its waters through a tract of luxuriant verdure, and which was called by the inhabitants "Capharnaum." This name was probably derived from the neighbouring town, and the site may accordingly be looked for somewhere on the open level between the mountains and the lake on the western shore, and near one of the fountains which still water it. The largest of these springs is called, from its circular basin, the "Round Fountain," but no trace of ancient remains is near it. Close to the northern extremity of the plain another fountain bursts forth in the shade of an immense fig-tree, from which it takes its name, and becomes the source of an abundant stream, which flows into the lake "close by a high projecting rock," says Mr. Stanley, "which overhangs a solitary khan." A few rods south of the khan and fountain, Dr. Robinson remarked a low mound, with ruins, occupying a considerable circumference, and here he is inclined to seek for the probable position of the ancient Capernaum. The site is known as Khan Minyeh. The fountain of the fig-tree he supposes to be the Capharnaum of Josephus.

This conclusion is warmly combated by Dr. Wilson, who thinks that the town must have stood nearer the head of the lake. Just beyond the northern limit of the plain, he came upon the fountains, mills, and village of the "Ain Tabighah;" and at some distance nearer the lake is a place called Tell Hum, where there are very extensive ruins. This, his guide informed him, was the true site of Capernaum; and on various grounds he is disposed to conclude that there is a high degree of probability in favour of the spot. No one will dispute the truth of the remark with which he strikes the balance of evidence on both sides: "Certainty in this case, I am persuaded, cannot be obtained."

It may be that this very doubtfulness affords a more instructive lesson than any certainty could convey. At first sight it may seem strange that the name and memorial of a spot so illustrious should have faded like a wreath of morning mist from the shores where it stood. Yet when we reflect, can we fail to trace a connection between this terrible overthrow and the words of judgment in which the Saviour "upbraided" Capernaum and its neighbour cities, "wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not?" His own city, as the most favoured, was the guiltiest of all, and singled out for more signal retribution: "Thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

Chorazin and Bethsaida have also vanished from their ancient sites; and it may be noticed as remarkable, that where so many populous villages once studded this fruitful plain and these silent shores, all that remains is a small group of mud hovels, called Mejdel,—the ancient Magdala,—a name which the memory of her whose birth-place it was endears to the Church of Christ.

If, in seeking for some vestige of the Saviour's earthly dwelling-place, a voice reminds us, like that of the angel at the sepulchre, that "He is not here, he is risen,"—the sight of Magdala and the remembrance of Mary may tell us that he still makes his abode, as of old, with every one that is of a humble and contrite heart. If we have sought for a city and only found a grave, the search is not vain if we decipher the epitaph written over it and over many a spot once blessed with light as clear and privileges as exalted: "Because of unbelief they were cast off, but thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear. For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee."

J. D. B.

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DANGERS INCIDENT TO REVIVALS.

BY W. B. SPRAGUE, D.D.

ONE prominent danger to be guarded against in a revival is THE CHERISHING OF FALSE HOPES.

I surely need not undertake to prove that this is an evil, and one of appalling magnitude; for a false hope, at the gate of eternity, is a passport to hell; and such a hope, once indulged, is exceedingly apt to hold its place to the last, though it sometimes lurks in the bosom, almost unobserved, even by the individual who is the subject of it. And where it is given up, it more commonly makes way for a kind of vague scepticism in respect to all experimental religion, and steels the conscience, in a great measure, against future conviction. There are, doubtless, some who indulge in a false hope, that are subsequently awakened, and become true Christians; but, in general, such a hope is undoubtedly the best security which the adversary could desire, for keeping the soul under his entire dominion.

Now, I admit, that in every case of supposed conversion there is a liability to a false hope. Let a revival be conducted with as much wisdom as it may, and there is danger that there will be some cases of self-deception. And the reason is obvious. For the first evidence upon which the mind fastens is a change of feeling. But some of the operations of animal passion appear so much like truly gracious affections, that even advanced Christians often mistake in their endeavours to distinguish between them. Certainly, then, there is far greater danger that those who have had no experience in religion, and who withal are eagerly looking out to catch the first gleam of evidence that they have been renewed—there is far greater danger that they will mistake some accidental and joyous, yet temporary commotion of the animal feelings, for the exercise of a principle of true piety. I am sure that every person who has been conversant with revivals must acknowledge that this is in accordance with fact. Who that has mingled even in the most genuine revival has not witnessed, in some instances at least, a painful exemplification of the character of the stony-ground hearers, in whom, for a while, there was much that looked like religion, but, because the principle was wanting, it all gradually withered away?

Now, if there is danger of the indulgence of a false hope in every case, there is special danger of it under particular circumstances. The change which takes place in conversion is of a moral nature; it has its seat in the soul, and nowhere else. There is no natural connection between this change and any bodily postures or movements. If then the idea be held out that conversion is usually associated with the loss of bodily strength, or with any remarkable bodily motions, or that it is more likely to happen to an individual in one place, or one posture, than another, where the same truths are proclaimed, and the same prayers offered, there is great danger that this will lead to self-deception—that, with unreflecting minds at least, that bodily exercise which profiteth little will be put in place of that godliness which has the promise of eternal life. There is danger that the individual will substitute what is considered an external expression of anxiety for his soul, for the internal workings of genuine conviction; or if there be something of true conviction, there is danger that he will mistake the physical act of taking a particular place or posture, which is spoken of as peculiarly favourable to conversion, for the spiritual act of yielding up the soul to the Saviour.*

Again, the instrument by which every conversion is effected is God's truth. If, then, ministers, during a revival, fail to hold up the truth in its distinctive and commanding features, and confine themselves principally to impassioned addresses, and earnest, exhortatory appeals, there is great reason to apprehend many spurious conversions. God requires, indeed, that the truth should be preached in an earnest manner; but it must be *the truth* that is preached; and that only he will honour in the conversion of men. I appeal to the whole record of revivals for evidence, that where anything has been substituted, to any extent, in place of this,—where exhortation, instead of holding its proper place, has taken the place of instruction,—*there* has been the least of sound, deep, abiding religious impression, and *there* have been found the greatest number of hopeful converts, whose subsequent experience has proved that they had no root in themselves.

Still further, the change which the soul experiences in regeneration is a change of mighty import—nothing less than a new creation—old things passing away, and all things becoming new. Any course of instruction, then, which should leave the impression that it may be accomplished independently of a divine influence,—or that a man has nothing to do but to wish himself a Christian in order to become one,—or that it is as easy to change one's heart from the love of sin to the love of holiness, as to change one's purpose in respect to any worldly concern, or to perform any physical act;—any such course of instruction, I say, must necessarily expose to self-deception; because it represents the conversion of the soul to God as comparatively a small matter: and if that impression be gained, how reasonable to expect that the individual should suppose himself converted when he is not so! The way of effecting true conversions, no doubt, is, to represent the work to be done in all its magnitude, and then to bring out the very mind of the Spirit in respect to the manner of doing it, and the means by which it is to be accomplished.

I think all my readers will agree with me that, in any of the circumstances which I have here supposed, there is special danger that sinners will *take up* with false hopes. There is yet another course of treatment which is extremely well adapted to *cherish* and *confirm* such hopes. Let the sinner who has actually deceived himself hear his supposed conversion spoken of with as much confidence as if it were known to be a genuine one,—let him hear himself constantly numbered among the converts, and by those in whose judgment and experience he confides,—let there be little or nothing said that implies the possibility of his being deceived, and let everything that is done, in respect to him, seem to take for granted that he stands on safe ground,—and, above all, let him immediately be introduced into the church,—and if he ever wakes out of that delusion, believe me, it will be little less than a miracle. This last step, particularly, is fitted, more than any other, to entrench him in a habit of self-security, which he will probably carry with him to his death-bed.

Another lamentable evil incident to revivals is a spirit of CENSORIOUSNESS.

No doubt there is much in the conduct of many Christians

* The reference here is evidently to "The Anxious Seat"—a well-known feature of some American revivals.

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and ministers, at such a time, to give just occasion for regret; and if they appear cold and worldly, it is only a Christian duty that we should affectionately admonish them of their error, and endeavour to render them more spiritual and active. But this is something quite different from that censorious, denouncing spirit to which I here refer; which, though it be exercised in reference to religion, is nothing better than the spirit of the world. And it is easy to see how it gets into operation even in good men. Their minds are awake to the great subject of the soul's salvation, and they are oppressed by its amazing weight. They feel that something efficient ought to be done, *must* be done, to wake up a slumbering world; and they desire that all Christians should go along with them in their efforts. In this state of mind they are prepared for nothing but cordial co-operation; and where they do not find it, corrupt nature takes advantage of the excitement they have reached, and the disappointment they feel, and perhaps withal of a naturally ardent temperament, to discharge itself not only in grievous complaints, but sometimes even bitter invective. This is the most favourable account of the exercise of this spirit. There are other cases, no doubt, in which it is identified with a spirit of self-righteousness; in which the secret and prevailing feeling of the heart is, that heaping censure upon others is an easy way of laying up treasure in heaven; that to complain of the coldness and worldliness of our fellow-Christians is an evidence of zeal and devotion in ourselves. But let this spirit have its origin in whatever state of mind it may, we shall all agree that it is a serious evil, and ought to be guarded against with the utmost care.

It is not uncommon to find this spirit marking the conduct of private Christians towards each other. There are some who will condemn their brethren as cold Christians, or perhaps even no Christians at all, because, with less of constitutional ardour than themselves, and possibly more prudence, they are not prepared to concur at once in every measure that may be suggested for the advancement of a revival; or because they talk less of their own feelings than some others; or because they attend fewer public religious exercises than could be desired; or because, from extreme constitutional diffidence, they may, either properly or improperly, decline taking part in such exercises. Many a Christian, who has been labouring faithfully and judiciously for the salvation of sinners, whose closet has witnessed to the fervour of his devotion, and whose conversation has been according to the gospel of Christ, has not only been suspected by his brethren of coldness, for some one or other of the reasons just mentioned, but has been marked, and denounced, and even prayed for, as dead to the interests of revivals, if not dead in trespasses and sins.

On the other hand, it is not to be questioned, that men of a cautious habit, who are constitutionally afraid of excitement, sometimes unjustly accuse their more zealous brethren of rashness, and impute to spiritual pride what really ought to be set to the account of an honest devotedness to Christ. Especially, if real and great abuses actually exist, they may be so much afraid of coming within the confines of disorder, that they may rush to the opposite extreme of formality; and from that cold region they may look off upon the Christian who evinces nothing more than a consistent and enlightened zeal, and hail him as if he were burning to death in the very torrid zone of enthusiasm.

The same spirit which discovers itself in private Christians toward each other is also frequently manifest in respect to different churches. A church which is abundantly blessed with revivals may condemn, with a high hand, another church, in which, though religion may not be in a languishing state, yet there may never have been any general and sudden effusion of the Holy Spirit. And this may be attributed most unjustly to a cold ministry, or to some signal want of faithfulness in the members; when the fact, that the church is really in a flourishing state (its interests being sustained by gradual rather than by sudden accessions) is entirely overlooked. And where there is not only the absence of revivals, but the spiritual interests of a church are really depressed, it is still more common to hear the case spoken of with an air of unchristian severity; and not unfrequently there is something like a sentence of reprobation passed upon the whole body, as if they were indiscriminately a company of backsliders. Or, where a church differs from another in its views of the economy of revivals, it may denounce that other as chilled with the frost of apathy on the one hand, or scorched with the fires of fanaticism on the other,—when, as the case may be, the church that is the object of censure may hold correct and scriptural ground. Any church, whether it be distinguished by its zeal or its want of zeal, that takes the responsibility of dealing out violent censures upon its sister churches, especially if they are walking in the faith and order of the gospel, certainly assumes a degree of responsibility which it can ill afford to bear; and it will have no just ground for surprise if it should meet a painful retribution, not only in bringing back upon itself the censures of men, but in bringing down upon itself the displeasure of God.

And I am constrained to go further, and say that ministers have sometimes erred in the same manner, judging each other as fanatics, or as drones; some supposing that their brethren were setting the world on fire, when they shed around them no worse light than that of sober, consistent zeal; and others, that their brethren were in the very valley of death, as it respects religious feeling, when the principle of spiritual life was beating in strong and vigorous pulsations. I will say nothing of what exists on this subject in our own day; but I refer you to what has been in other days. I point you for examples to men who have long since been in their graves, and whose joy in the world of glory will not be interrupted by our learning wisdom from the imperfections of which they are now entirely free, and which they lived bitterly to lament. In the revivals which are recorded in the early part of the history of New England there were a considerable number of ministers, who declared the mass of their brethren to be unconverted men; who denounced them as leading souls to hell; and who endeavoured, by every means in their power, to alienate from them their congregations, that they might bring them under the influence of what they regarded a more faithful ministry. This unhappy faction, from the nature of the case, was not of long continuance; it could not be, because it lived upon the highest excitement, but it lasted long enough to counteract, to a melancholy extent, the benign effects of that work of grace,—long enough to entail upon at least two generations its destructive consequences. If you read the history of those days, or rather of those men, there will be everything to make you weep, until you come to the delightful fact that they saw their error, and acknowledged it, and wept over it themselves.

I know of no way in which a censorious spirit can discover itself, whether in ministers or private Christians, that is so

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revolting and, I may say, dreadful, as in prayer. The fact must be acknowledged, humbling as it is, that men have sometimes seemed to be pouring out, at the foot of the throne, their resentments against cold Christians and ministers, and have even assumed the office of judging their hearts, and have told the Almighty Being, apparently for the sake of telling the congregation, that they were as dead as the tenants of the tomb. Brethren, no apology can be offered for this—not even the semblance of an apology. Christian charity herself can record nothing better concerning such a prayer, than that it breathes the spirit of the world in one of its most odious forms. Whatever degree of religious indifference may have called it forth, it certainly cannot furnish a juster cause for humiliation than does the prayer itself.

(To be continued.)

WHY AM I KEPT ALIVE?

It is a question often asked, internally at least, by the suffering and disabled servant of God, "Why am I kept alive? I can no longer be of any use to my fellow-sinners, and as for my God, I can never hope to be employed in his blessed service again. I am a mere cumberer of the ground, a profitless and burdensome thing on the earth; why am I not taken from it?" The desponding soul generally answers itself, and says, that its all-wise Lord may have gracious ends in view in detaining it from its rest, and, even in its seeming nothingness, may be yet employing it, in some way it perceives not, for his glory. But though the soul acquiesces in these its better dictates, yet still, in opposition to them, a feeling again and again recurs, prompting anew the question, "Why am I kept alive?" Perhaps the following narrative may be a source of consolation to some such perplexed spirit.

Many years ago, bodily infirmity led me to exchange for a few months the duties of a large parish, of which I was the minister, for the smaller parish of a sick friend. He was himself a young clergyman, of single-hearted and fervent piety, and his Master had signally blessed his labours among his flock. Among these was a young person about thirty years of age, the daughter of a country gentleman, of retired habits, in the village. My friend's ministry had been the means of bringing her to seek and serve her Redeemer, and she did seek and serve him with her whole heart. On becoming acquainted with her I was much struck with the simplicity, consistency, and beauty of her Christian character. Her habitual cheerfulness and joyousness, notwithstanding some very depressing circumstances, almost excited my wonder. They were perfectly free from giddy mirth and levity, yet when with those she trusted and loved, she seemed at times overflowing with happiness, and at the same time with thankfulness and praise. Often has she said to me, "It is well I have my trials, for when my Saviour shines on me, and my dear mother too smiles on me, I am happier than I can well bear." Her mental elevation was surprising. She could hardly be considered an educated person, and most certainly was not what is commonly called an intellectual one. A moderate understanding, with a fair portion of good plain common sense, were all the mental gifts that Providence had originally alloted to her. But her heartfelt piety had so lifted her up mentally, as well as morally, that I have felt more than once in her presence as though I were side by side with one who had breathed the air of a higher world, or rather with one who had dwelling within her the lofty Spirit of the most high God. It was the divine will to visit her with a long and exceedingly painful sickness, which brought her to her earthly end. She was ill, I think, four years, and for the last few months of this period she suffered a degree of bodily misery I have seldom known surpassed. The windows of her room were by day and by night kept constantly closed; a bandage was bound tightly over her eyes; the room in which she lay was kept noiseless. Once a week only, at her own request, was she spoken to, so excruciatingly painful to her was the slightest sound or sensation; and then in answer to the inquiries of her anxious relatives, her words were ever the same, "Happy, happy, thank my God!" One of her fingers slightly touching the cheek of her parent or sister, or inserted for a little while in some part of her apparel, was the only token of endearment she could give them.

About a week before she was called away, to the surprise of her attendant, she requested the shutters of her room to be opened, the bandage to be removed from her eyes, and her family to be called around her. Raised up in her bed, she told them that her Lord was about to send for her home, and had graciously given her, in answer to her prayers, a short interval of strength before she went. She then took of them individually a most affectionate and touching, but calm farewell, and asking for a pencil, wrote a few lines to me, then in a distant part of the country, reminding me of a promise I had long ago made her to officiate at her funeral, and lying down on her pillow, never, I believe, spoke again.

Her funeral was the most affecting I have ever beheld. The country church-yard in which she was interred was more than half filled with the people of the parish and of the neighbouring villages, and as the hymn which was sung, amid sobs and tears over her grave, rose up, I felt, "If ever honour has been done on earth to simple piety, it is now and here." Nearly thirty years have passed away, and many a funeral of the loved and honoured have I witnessed, but none like this. The scene is as present to my mind as though it were an occurrence of the last month or week.

But in speaking of my sainted friend, I may seem to have forgotten the beginning of this paper. Not so. I must now carry the reader on a considerable period, perhaps ten or twelve years. As I was seated in my pew on a Sabbath morning, previously to the commencement of the service, a pleasant-looking, matronly, but still youthful lady approached it, evidently expecting to be recognised and admitted. I could not at once recognise her, but my pew being opened, she entered, followed by a gentleman. After an interval, the features of my long departed friend, S. K., were recalled to my mind, and in the lady before me, I recognised, with no common feelings of pleasure, one of her younger sisters. The service over, she and her husband accompanied me to my house. I must now say that during the period of her sister's illness, this young person had been to her a source of constant anxiety and prayer. She was not dissipated or unamiable, but neither she nor the gentleman to whom she was attached had any serious thoughts as to an eternal world. That gentleman was now her husband. On our entering my habitation, I seized the first opportunity that presented itself

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of asking him how it fared with his immortal soul. He told me, to my joy, that he and his wife also had long been brought to give their hearts to God, and, he hoped, really to love him. I asked him how this had been brought about. The answer came from his wife: "I withstood, though I sometimes found it hard to withstand, all dear S.'s warnings and entreaties. What she said used to make me sometimes go away and weep a little; but it did no more, it never turned me from my follies. But the last few weeks of her illness,—you know what they were,—I could not withstand them. They went down into my heart, and the recollection of them after she was gone made me more and more thoughtful, till at last it brought me to my knees, and, I trust, through grace, to my Saviour. The same, I soon discovered, was the case with my husband. He had not witnessed that illness, but he had heard much and often of it, and it wrought on him just as it wrought on me. Now he and I can together bless the Lord!"

Here, at last, then, was the mystery explained. Why was that holy friend of mine so long kept alive in such extreme bodily misery and helplessness? She saw no one, save two or three of her family. To them she could scarcely speak. She was apparently a useless frame. Why was her release and her joy so long delayed? Here was the answer—the sister she so loved, and had so often prayed for, was to be given her as her reward, and the future husband of her sister with her, and her last months of suffering were the means an all-wise God had ordained for making those gifts of his grace her own.

Need I add one word to this? If I must, let it be a word of prayer,—"Lord, make me willing to suffer all thy blessed will; willing to be kept here in pain and nothingness as long as thou pleasest. Thou hast thy sovereign purposes to accomplish. Blessed be thy name, if in accomplishing them, thou wilt make use of such a thing as I."—*Churchman's Monthly Magazine.*

CONCERTS FOR PRAYER.*

In the "Call to Extraordinary Prayer for the Revival of Religion and the Advancement of Christ's Kingdom," published by President Edwards in 1748, reference is made to previous efforts of the kind. It appears that a paper was extensively circulated in 1712, in Great Britain and Ireland, entitled, "A Serious Call from the City to the Country, to join with them in the setting apart some time, namely, from seven to eight every Tuesday morning, for the solemn seeking of God, each one in his closet, now in this so critical juncture. Jonah i. 6, 'Call upon God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.'" And President Edwards gives an interesting extract from this document.

In 1744, after the remarkable revivals at Cambuslang and elsewhere, an agreement was made in Scotland for united prayer, that the Lord "would appear in his glory and favour Zion, and manifest his compassion to the world of mankind by an abundant effusion of his Holy Spirit on all the churches and the whole habitable earth, to revive true religion in all parts of Christendom, and to relieve all nations from their great and manifold spiritual calamities and miseries, and bless them with the unspeakable benefits of the kingdom of our glorious Redeemer, and fill the whole earth with his glory." This agreement was for two years, but subsequently a proposal to continue it for seven more was published and widely circulated; and it was the distribution of this proposal in New England that led President Edwards to write his "Call to Extraordinary Prayer." I believe that his work was soon republished in Scotland by Dr. John Erskine, and that united prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit became constant among the pious remnant in that country. In 1757 Mr. Romaine printed "An Earnest Invitation to the Friends of the Established Church to join with several of their brethren, clergy and laity, in London, in setting apart one hour of every week for prayer and supplication during these troublesome times." He invited them to pray for the peace of the Established Church, and for all orders and degrees of its ministers, beseeching God to give them his grace and heavenly benediction, that both by their life and doctrine they might set forth his glory, and set forward the salvation of men. And to the end there might never be wanting such persons in the Church, he said, "let us pray for all seminaries of Christian education, especially for the two Universities," adding, "may the God of all love dispose us also to pray fervently for all the Protestant dissenting congregations which love the Lord Jesus in sincerity." This tract was republished in 1779, and again in 1795. At another time he issued a most valuable circular letter to his pious brethren among the clergy, adverting to a concert for prayer among them in 1756, and stirring them up to agree to meet at the throne of grace at an appointed hour every Friday. In 1759, after the public fast-day, Lady Huntingdon, feeling the importance of the solemn duty of united intercession, commenced a prayer-meeting at her house, and Mr. Whitefield, Mr. Wesley, Mr. Romaine, and Mr. Henry Venn, took part, praying on behalf of our nation. In the hymns and lyrics of Dr. Watts, in the hymns of Dr. Doddridge, in the part of Wesley's collection designed for "believers interceding," and in the hymns for revival and on public occasions in the Olney collection by Newton and Cowper, a series may be found of very earnest petitions, that were probably extensively used by devout persons from the time of their publication. In 1784, the ministers of the Baptist Churches of Northampton, Leicester, and other counties, meeting at Nottingham, resolved "to establish a meeting of prayer for the general revival and spread of religion." This was to be observed on the first Monday evening in every calendar month, and the practice was very extensively followed, and has now spread through a large portion of the Christian Church. To support and encourage this arrangement, the Rev. J. Sutcliffe, of Olney, republished, in 1789, President Edwards' "Call." That the feeling which originated this movement in England was

* From a Paper lately read by Mr. Macleod Wylie before the Calcutta Missionary Conference.

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very deep and really spiritual, may be gathered from a single extract from the journal of one of the chief promoters of it, Dr. Ryland: "January 21, 1788. Brethren Fuller, Sutcliffe, Carey, and I, met this day as a private fast in my study; read the Epistles to Timothy, Booth's Charge to Hopkins, Blackerby's Life in Gillies, and Rogers of Denham's Sixty Memorials for a Godly Life; and each prayed twice—Carey with singular enlargement and pungency. Our chief design was to implore a revival of the power of godliness in our own souls, in the churches, and in the church at large." There is reason to fear that the war and other causes in America checked the spirit of prayer, but it revived again in the early part of this century, and since that time meetings for special prayer for the revival of religion have been one of the most marked features in the religious history of that country. But generally, it appears that the special office and work of the Holy Spirit were not clearly discerned, or that they were but little considered. This subject was strongly impressed on the mind of a late eminent Christian minister, the Rev. J. Haldane Stewart, and he was led to devote himself with great earnestness to the work of arousing the Lord's people to a deep sense of their need of more of the Holy Spirit's influence, and to the duty of much fervent prayer for a great outpouring of his gracious power. Ultimately he was encouraged to issue an Annual Invitation to Prayer for each first of January; and after his death the practice was carried on by the venerable Dr. Marsh. The unions for prayer which now exist among the members of the English Universities, in the army, the navy, and the bar, I believe, may be traced to Mr. Stewart's indefatigable and persuasive labours. But other social unions are now common. In various places, and among several classes, there are concerts for prayer, in which the outpouring of the Holy Spirit is the chief desire.

The special circumstances of the present time seem greatly to encourage the belief that the Lord is answering the prayers that he is thus graciously suggesting,—that he is pouring out the Spirit of grace and supplication, and is preparing his promised showers of blessing. We seem to be near the fulfilment of the precious promise, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come people, and the inhabitants of many cities: and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts; I will go also" (Zech. viii. 20, 21).

The years 1712 and 1744, in which it appears that special concerts for united prayer were arranged, were periods of critical importance. It is customary for each generation to magnify the events which it witnesses, but we may readily admit that our fathers in those days did not overrate the dangers by which they were surrounded. At the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, the successful intrigues of Harley had led on to a formidable conspiracy for the restoration of the House of Stuart; and in 1714, in the bold hands of Bolingbroke and Harcourt, the design was very nearly accomplished. We look back to its surprising defeat as one of our chief national mercies, and may recognise in it a fulfilment of the warning· "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise" (Job v. 12). Then in 1715 followed a very daring and dangerous rebellion. In 1745 a rebellion still more formidable threatened our country. History has unveiled to us the low state of public virtue at each of these important eras. We know now that disaffection to the House of Hanover, and to the principles of their temperate and constitutional government, reigned in a large portion, if not in a majority of the aristocracy and the clergy; that some of the most distinguished men, like Sir William Wyndham and Bishop Atterbury, were labouring for their overthrow; and that the national defences were ill managed, and were often in faithless or incompetent hands. It certainly was no wisdom of man that preserved our monarchy, and preserved to our lands the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

HOURS WITH LIVING PREACHERS.

BEREAVEMENT.

THE worth of the departing soul, in one sense, measures the loss sustained by those remaining. It is true there are "strong consolations" and compensations in divine providence; but even the Christian consolations, even "life and immortality brought to light," cannot drink up all the heart's sorrow in the hour of separating death. We cry with truth, but yet in tears, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Yea, in all these things we *are* more than conquerors;" but we are conquerors with bleeding wounds and scars of the conflict in us. When *a life* is taken from the near presence of our own life, no antidote of reasoning, nor cordial of promise even, can make us oblivious of the loss. In the moment of most entire submission and most exultant faith, we feel the pang; our affections grope and wander uneasily in the vacancy that has been made, and return home companionless and sorrowing; we are awed by the voiceless room; the vacant chair affects us with sadness; every relic and memorial of the life that is ended tells us that *it is* ended indeed. All the glories of Elijah's ascension could not do more to Elisha than assuage the sad pathos of these simple words, "*And he saw him no more.*" He saw him no more whom he had seen so often and followed so long. The sight of *him* again, at that moment, would have been preferred by the disconsolate prophet to the sight of ascending chariot, or the gift of falling mantle. Time, and thought, and grace reconciled him to all; but it is manifest that, at the time, Elijah's *translation* even had to Elisha something of the bitterness of death. Although Christ has died

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since then, the bitterness of death is not yet wholly past. We must drink of the cup that *He* drank of, and be baptized with some measure of his baptism of sorrow. The shadow of Calvary is over all the earth, and will only melt away in the light of his second coming. We, too, must be made perfect through suffering—intrinsically by the merit of his, instrumentally by the pangs of our own. Sacred sorrow! Let us keep it sacred, and so live among our friends now, with such affection and sincerity, that if some of them should precede us in death, our mourning for them may be in purity, and not in repentance and remorse. Mourning we must have. When life is taken, the life that is left must suffer; and since so it is, we conclude with certainty that thus it ought to be.

What depths of meaning, what uncalculated preciousness, are in that one word *life!* One human life is more than this whole material world—more than all the stars! One human life, purified by the love of God, and actuated by the faith of Christ, has that in it which the successions and expansions of eternity will alone reveal.

* * * * * *

"The salt" has not "lost its savour," but it is *removed* and changed into sweet fragrancy amid the perfections of the Church above. "The light" is not quenched, but it is shifted, and can live in our hearts now only

> "As mournful light,
> That broods above the fallen sun,
> And dwells in heaven half the night."

Brethren, it is possible to be too ready and expert in the art of consolation. "All is well" may be but a flippancy of the Christian tongue. True enough, all is well that God in his high providence has done. All is well, and more than well, with those whom he has just called to himself. But all is *not* well with us if we are sliding deceitfully through a solemn time, half learning the most important lessons, and giving but a momentary audience to voices from the skies, which should still the din of earth for many days, and thrill our souls with emotions only less intense than those which shall seize us in that unknown hour when we ourselves shall be called home. A more Christian sorrow for the loss of our friends, and for those gifted ones especially who belong, in a sense, to us all, would help our work, give purer tone to our whole life, and yield us brighter augury of the day when "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "Help, Lord, for the godly man faileth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Thou hast enriched heaven, but the spoils have been gathered from our fields! Often have we been heard to say, that "the earth's loss is heaven's gain." Let us not forget to feel that heaven's gain is earth's loss; and, while lives so precious are thus being taken from us, help us in thy mercy to value more tenderly those that remain, some of them near the ripening. Above all, help us to make our own lives more gracious and more fruitful. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." — *Rev. Alexander Raleigh.**

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLVI.—CHRIST BETRAYED—EXAMINED BEFORE CAIAPHAS—DENIED BY PETER.

MATT. xxvi. 47-75.

Apprehension and Betrayal of Jesus.—Ver. 47-56. Do you see any traces of insult to Jesus in the sending out of an armed multitude against him? [As if he were a desperado or criminal, to be hunted down. See Isaiah xl. 11; xlii. 2.] Was it usual for friends to salute by a kiss? 2 Sam. xx. 9; Exod. iv. 27; xviii. 7. [It was, probably, the usual method of salutation between Christ and his disciples.] What beautiful grace did Christ exhibit in his question to Judas? ver. 50. How does it appear from this, that his prayer in Gethsemane was heard? Which of the apostles was it that drew the sword? John xviii. [Observe the contrast between the meek composure of Christ and the rash impetuosity of Peter. Peter had been asleep when he should have been praying.] What did Christ do for the wounded man? Luke xxii. Is it a right use of the sword, to employ it for directly promoting Christ's cause? By what sort of weapon is that cause to be advanced? Why did Christ not call for legions of angels to protect him? ver. 54. Had he ever used supernatural power merely for his own convenience or comfort? Mention some occasions when he abstained from doing so. Matt. iv. 3; xxi. 18. What remarkable spirit did Christ always show in regard to the fulfilment of the Scriptures? What does this teach us? What did the disciples do when they saw that Jesus offered no resistance to his enemies? What feeling led them to act thus?

> The greatness of the trial to Christ, at this stage, consisted not merely in his being apprehended as a criminal, but in the whole manner of his apprehension. Thus, the traitor was no ordinary man, but one of the twelve,—one who had often been with Christ in private, had seen the depths of his loving heart, and had received a thousand acts and words of kindness from him. The combined cruelty, baseness, and impiety of his conduct, were fitted to give a most disgusting view of human nature. Yet how meek and gentle the words of Christ,—"Friend, wherefore art thou come?" It is plain, too, that Christ felt very keenly the insult added to injury, in the appearance against him of a great, armed company. (See his question, ver. 55.) But not one word of angry bluster escaped his lips in reference to them. "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am he." His divine love and gentleness appeared further in his healing the ear of the high priest's servant—overcoming evil with good,—thus affording a visible emblem of the whole work of the cross. How beautiful, too, at this time, his disregard of his own comfort, his reverence for the Scriptures, his submission to the Father's will (John xviii. 11), and his unflinching purpose to bear all the suffering necessary for the attainment of salvation! "Thou art fairer than the sons of men: grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee for ever."

Examination of Jesus before Caiaphas.—Ver. 57-68. [The palace of the high priest is supposed to have stood on the "Hill of Evil Counsel," opposite Mount Zion, across the Valley of Hinnom. The hill was so named from the evil counsel taken here against Jesus.] To whom had Jesus been taken before he was brought to Caiaphas? John xviii. 13.

* "The Chariot of Israel." London: Snow.

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In what state was he sent to Caiaphas? John xviii. 24. Why did Peter follow Christ? Why "afar off?" What made the priests so anxious to get witnesses against Jesus? [Respect to *form;* they still reverenced the *letter*, though they outraged the *spirit* of the law.] Why did they seek *false* witnesses? When they could not get Jesus condemned by the testimony of others, what did they try next? [To get himself to say something that would be a pretext for condemning him.] When had the high priest said, virtually, that Jesus was the Christ? John xi. 49, 50. What future evidence of his Messiahship did Christ advert to? What use was this declaration turned to? When a criminal is found guilty of a capital punishment, how is it usual, in a civilized community, to treat him? How was Christ treated after he was declared guilty of death?

"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." He hears in absolute silence and meekness all the false charges of the wretches that had been bribed to calumniate him. But there is a time to speak, as well as a time to keep silence. When he is solemnly adjured whether or not he be the Christ, he fearlessly maintains that he is, and that his judges shall yet see him in kingly majesty and heavenly glory. How striking must have been the scene! With his hands bound, his face bruised (for already an officer had struck him), and the marks of the bloody sweat upon his person, he seemed more like the poorest of earth's outcasts than heaven's King and Lord. Yet there must have been, in the utterance of these words, a flashing out of heavenly dignity and glory, that gave evidence of their truth! The hypocrisy of the high priest was frightful. He pretended to such regard for the honour of God, that he was shocked at the idea of such a person as this claiming to be his Son. He had made the infamous bargain with Judas. With the solemn inscription, "Holiness to the Lord," on his mitre, he had listened to the lies of the wretches that brought false charges against Jesus. He shows no horror at these things; but when Jesus claims to be God's Son he is horrified! Here was another revolting view of human wickedness. And the insulting, heartless buffeting and scoffing that followed, on the part of those standing round Jesus, was another. Yet the meekness and love of Jesus are unruffled. Oh, for faith to see Jesus in thus bearing our iniquity!—wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and bearing all this torment and buffeting at the hands of human demons, in order that we might never know what it is to be tormented by the devil and his angels for ever!

Peter's Denial of Christ.—Ver. 69–75. [The fruits of Peter's self-confident spirit, and also of his want of prayerfulness, now appear very sadly. He was excited, agitated, not master of himself, and ready to yield to any impulse. The instinct of self-preservation worked strongly, but without being controlled and directed by higher principles; he was on the point of verifying the saying of Christ,—"He that saveth his life shall lose it."] What part of the palace was he probably sitting in? [The open court in the centre, into which the several apartments opened. Probably the door of the apartment where Jesus was was left open, so that Jesus, by turning round, might see Peter in the court.] What several sins was Peter guilty of? [Fear, shame, falsehood, perjury, profanity.] How may we account for his beginning to curse and swear? [Possibly it was an old habit, practised before his conversion: the "old man" (Eph. iv. 22) now broke out in the old way. "In this country the people are fearfully profane. Everybody curses and swears when in a passion. No people that I have ever known can compare with these Orientals for profaneness in the use of the names and attributes of God. When Peter began to curse and to swear on that dismal night of temptation, he merely relapsed, under high excitement, into what, [possibly,] as a sailor and a fisherman, he had been accustomed to." —*Land and Book.*] What was it that called to Peter's mind the words of the Lord? See Luke xxii. 61. Wherein did it appear that Peter was not like unconverted sinners, but that "the Spirit lusted against the flesh?"

Perhaps the most singular thing about Peter's conduct is, that he should have so completely forgot the presence of his Lord, and ceased to feel the influence of that presence, though he was but a few yards from him. Whenever one "goes out" (Matt. xviii. 28) from the Lord's presence, temptation and sin bear him along almost without remorse or the sense of guilt. But when he realizes the Lord's presence, when "the Lord looks" on him, his conduct becomes suddenly shrouded in guilt and gloom, and he is filled with shame and horror. We should constantly be coming within reach of the Lord's look, living near to God, setting the Lord ever before us. It is thus we shall be kept from the abominable thing that he hates. "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

DUTY.—God's People ought to be Watchful.

Matt. xxvi. Luke xii. 1 Cor. xvi. Eph. vi. 1 Thess. v. 2 Tim. iv. 1 Peter iv. Rev. xvi.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XIX.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—*continued.*

MATT. ii. 13–23; LUKE ii. 41–52.

WHO appeared to Joseph in a dream after the wise men had gone away? Matt. ii. 13. What did he tell him to do? Must not Mary and he have been greatly distressed at having to take such a long, hurried journey? Were there any railroads or stage-coaches then? Did they go at once? ver. 14. How would they get money? [They had the gold, &c., which the wise men had left.]

How did the cruel king feel now? ver. 16. What had he intended to do? [To have sent and killed Jesus.] What did he do now? What made him think of such a dreadful thing? [That he might make sure of Jesus being killed among the other children.] What does this teach us? [It shows what very great sins Satan can tempt wicked men to commit.] What should we feel when we read about these poor babies? [Thankful to God for our kind Queen and good Government.]

How long did Joseph and Mary stay in Egypt? [We are not sure—probably less than a year.] When did they return home? ver. 19. What kind of death did the wicked king die? [Of a dreadful disease.] How did Joseph know that it was safe to go home? ver. 19, 20. Where did God direct him to go? ver. 22, 23. What kind of place was Nazareth? [A beautiful little town among the hills; but the people in general were ignorant and wicked. John. i. 46.]

What do we read next about our Saviour? Luke ii. 41, 42. How had he been like all other children during these twelve years? [He made progress like them in body and mind, ver. 40.] How was he unlike all others? [He was without sin.] Did he *never* grieve Mary's heart, or require her to correct him? How may this be a comfort to believing children? [Explain here how our Lord obeyed the law of God *perfectly, as a child*, and *in the room* of those children who love and trust in him.] What did he go up to Jerusalem for at this time? What happened when the pass-

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over was over? ver. 43. What did Joseph and Mary do? ver. 44, 45. Where did they find Jesus at last? ver. 46. What was he doing among the learned doctors? What did they think of him? ver. 47. How is he in this an example to all young persons? [To learn as much as possible from those who are older and wiser than themselves.] What did Mary say to him? ver. 48. What did he reply? ver. 49. What did he mean by this? [That they ought to have known he was the Son of God, and not have wondered at finding him occupied with the things of God.] Did they understand him? [Not perfectly, ver. 50.]

What did Jesus do after this? ver. 51. How did he behave towards his mother and Joseph? But did not he, who was God as well as man, know all that was right much better than they, who were sinners like other men? Why, then, was he *subject* to them? [That he might fulfil his humiliation, and might be in all things a perfect example to us.]

What is the great lesson from this for children? [To remember always the duty of love and obedience to parents. Exod. xx. 12; Prov. i. 8; Eph. vi. 1–3; Col. iii. 20.] What should pious children feel when they think of Jesus *as a child*? [Love for him, and comfort in thinking that he knows the hearts of children, their feelings and temptations, and that they may go and ask him for help under all their sins and sorrows.]

Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;—
Oh, that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be!

Precept.—Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord. Col. iii. 20.

Promise.—Honour thy father and mother, ... that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. Eph. vi. 2, 3.

Prayer.—O heavenly Father, forgive us, who are so often sinful and disobedient children, breaking thy holy commandments. When we read of the dreadful sins which wicked men like Herod have been tempted to commit, may we be afraid of the very beginnings of evil. And make us feel more and more love and thankfulness to our dear Saviour, for his great love to us in becoming a child, and obeying thy law perfectly, as we could never do. Give us true faith in him, that all our sins may be forgiven for his sake. Bless our dear parents, and make us more loving and dutiful to them. Hear us, O our God, through Jesus. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—SWEARING.

Would you *trust* a swearer? Howard the philanthropist was standing in a crowd by the door of a post-office, when a man uttered a volley of oaths. "Look to your pockets!" cried Howard, buttoning up his own tightly; "always take care of your pockets when you find yourself amongst swearers. He who will take God's name in vain will think little of taking your purse, or doing anything else that is evil."

Would you *employ* a swearer? A worthy clothier in Edinburgh was accustomed, previous to engaging his clerks, to put the question to them directly, "Do you swear?—if so, you need not think of entering my house. I permit none to talk to my customers whose tongues are set on fire of hell."

God abhors this sin. He exercises amazing "goodness and forbearance" towards the swearer, as he does towards all sinners; but he has written it,—and "what he has written, he has written,"—"EVERY IDLE WORD THAT MEN SHALL SPEAK, THEY SHALL GIVE ACCOUNT THEREOF IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT." If therefore he never punished a swearer in this world, we should be confident that he was only allowing him to "*heap up wrath*" for himself "against the day of wrath."

But to add weight to his warnings, he does punish swearers in this world sometimes. A few years since, two soldiers at Chatham laid a shilling wager which could swear the most oaths in five minutes. As the winner (what a misnomer!) was uttering his last he was struck speechless with paralysis, and remained so till he died.

A barge-master was casting off his boat from a pier in the Thames. A person very civilly asked him whither he was going. Being in a bad humour (swearers generally are), he shouted out, "What is that to you? I am going to the devil." Ere half an hour had elapsed his "idle words" were verified. A steamer ran his barge down, and the shock of the collision pitched him head first into the river!

I have read a dreadful story of a sick man, a swearer, who was infuriated with his doctor, and so strained himself in heaping imprecations on him that he ruptured a blood vessel. But even then oaths flowed with the crimson tide from his mouth, and he expired so!

A youth scarcely twenty was riding a skittish horse. The horse started; the youth was annoyed, and swore loud and strange oaths that he would thrash him till he repented of it. But as he raised his whip, the horse reared and threw him against a picket fence; and when the bystanders ran to him, he was a corpse. His oaths were still echoing through the woods as his soul was ushered into the immediate presence of God!

Much may be done to extirpate the habit. And if the peacemakers are blessed, surely blessed are they that set themselves to suppress profanity.

Mere *example* will occasionally do it. An American planter had a favourite domestic negro (an Uncle Tom), who was bidden to stand opposite to him, and to wait at table. Whenever his master took the name of God in vain (as he often did), the old African made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did so, he replied, "Massa, I can never hear that great name but it fills my whole soul with fear and trembling." The master was touched, and reformed.

If we have *authority*, it should be boldly put forth to banish it. General Washington, when commander-in-chief of the United States' armies, issued a special order of the day, calling on all ranks to abstain from it on pain of severe penalties; and he took care that these penalties were enforced.

It is interesting to know that when St. Paul's Cathedral was building, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, caused a printed notice to be affixed to the scaffolding, threatening with instant dismissal any workman guilty of swearing within those sacred precincts.

"My lads," said a Christian captain to the crew when about to take command of the ship, "I am going to ask you a favour, which as a Briton I expect will be granted by a crew of Britons. What say you, my lads, are you willing

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to grant your new captain a favour?" "Ay, ay!" shouted all hands; "let us be told what it is." "Well, my lads, it is that you will allow *me* to swear the first oath in this ship; no man on board must swear till I do. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favour?" The jolly tars stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were taken," as one of them described it, "all aback." "They were brought up," as another described it, "all standing." The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company answered, "We will, sir!"

1. How pure and reverential was the language of Jesus on all occasions! With what deep feeling he was wont to pronounce "that name which is above every name!" How utterly *unlike* him are those whose polluted lips spue forth profanities as a dog doth his vomit!

2. There is forgiveness with God for this sin. It is heinous, "red like crimson;" *but the blood of Jesus can efface its stains. Peter* cursed and swore; but Christ said to him, "Feed my lambs." *Paul* was a blasphemer; but God said of him, "He is a chosen vessel." The Rev. John Newton, the poet, Cowper's bosom friend, was once a notoriously profane man; but he became "a burning and shining light." Bunyan once delighted in oaths; but he "forsook the seat of the scornful," and wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress."—*Rev. James Bolton.*

II.—KITTY A KITTEN.

"I WISH I were a kitten," said Kitty one day, pouting over her book; "then I shouldn't wear shoes, or learn spelling, or have to behave myself. I shouldn't be naughty and feel so sorry for it afterwards."

"That's 'cause you have a soul," said Bridget.

"Then I don't want to have a soul!" cried Kitty hastily.

"When you have a stomach-ache, do you want to get rid of your stomach, or of the ache?" asked Bridget.

"Why, the ache, Bridget; what could I do without a stomach? Maybe I ate something to hurt me," said the child.

"Sure," said Bridget, "and when you feel a soul-ache, it shows you've been doing wrong, and it hurts you; and it's that you want to get rid of, not your soul."

"Medicine won't cure that," said Kitty.

"The right sort will," answered Bridget.

"What?" asked Kitty.

"What should people do when they misbehave and do wrong?" asked Bridget.

Kitty thought; then she said, "Go and tell Jesus, and pray for his forgiveness, and ask his Holy Spirit to help them to do right, and to *love* to do right. But I don't always."

"And that's the reason the Lord's called the great Physician," said Bridget, "'cause he doctors the soul. The Bible tells about it. And he has different sorts of medicine: sometimes 'tis forgiveness, and sometimes stripes, according as we need; and we feel so much better after it."

Kitty still looked pouty. "Well," she said, when she spoke again, "I wish I *were* a kitten. I'd be one this minute, if I could!"—for this little child, like a great many older persons, thought more of escaping difficulties than of overcoming them.

"Oh, well," said Kitty's mother, who sat sewing in the next room and overheard the talk, "suppose you *be* one. You can give up all Kitty King's duties, and be a kitten."

"And do nothing but play all day?" cried Kitty, jumping up and clapping her hands.

"Do nothing but what kittens do," said her mother.

"Then I'll mew at this old Reader," cried she, throwing the book on the floor; "and you can't ask me to pick it up, Bridget, because I'm a kitten."

"Sure," said Bridget; "and as your ma has no little girl now, maybe she won't want me to stay; for she did not hire me to take care of kittens, but to nurse children."

"No," said mamma; "kittens take care of themselves."

Kitty looked sober; but presently she got down on the carpet, went about on all-fours, and capered round as much like a kitten as could be. She mewed at Bridget; but Bridget, not understanding cat-talk, took no notice of her.

Not long after a lady, called on her mother to visit a beautiful picture of Jerusalem, and she put on her bonnet to go.

"Mamma, you promised to let *me* go," cried Kitty, jumping up; "I want to see where Jews live."

"I promised my own little girl to go," said mamma; "but she's gone. It would be foolish to take a kitten; it cannot understand the beautiful picture; very likely it would only think of catching its tail."

Kitty looked so disappointed; but if she gave up her duties, she must be content to give up her privileges also.

At dinner no Kitty's chair was set at table, or her plate or napkin. She followed her parents to the dining-room, and, true to kitten-hood, played round their feet under the table, and sometimes mewed to her papa. He stroked her hair, but said nothing, for kittens could not understand his talk. Kitty wondered if she were to have no dinner. O yes; her mamma directed Bridget to feed the kitten in the kitchen. How did Kitty like that? I do not know, or how she passed the afternoon, but at bedtime she wondered Bridget did not come to undress and wash her.

"Bridget," she at last said, "isn't it my bedtime?"

"I don't know," answered Bridget; "kittens go to sleep almost any time. They don't need any help, your mamma says, to go to bed with."

Kitty looked almost ready to cry as she busied herself undressing and going to bed all by herself. But how *could* she go to sleep without her mother's sweet twilight talk and their evening prayers together? Kitty curled up on the bed, not like a happy little kitten, but a poor unhappy little girl, as she was.

Presently she called out in a distressed tone, "Mamma, mamma!" and her mother heard and came to her little daughter's bedside: "Oh, mamma," she cried, "are you not going to pray with me? I'm Kitty King again. I'd rather *be* Kitty King with a soul, than eight kittens without one. Mamma, I'd rather *do* things, and learn, and be papa's companion, and have you talk with me about being like Jesus, and thank God for his goodness, and pray. I'd rather do *hard* things than play all the time. I'd rather mind everybody than have nobody to mind or to care for me. Oh, mamma, I'm your own Kitty King again, your little daughter; teach me to be good, mamma, and help me to be God's good child;" and she laid her curly head on her mother's shoulder, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

And the little girl learned that day what older people are too slow to learn, that change of condition brings no escape from trial, and that our true work is to master evils, rather than avoid them.—*Child's Paper.*

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III.—YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"—LUKE xi. 13.

THIS verse is a very comforting and precious one to all who are seriously asking, What must we do to be saved? For we can never be saved without the help of God the Holy Spirit. It is he who makes our hearts new, when we first come to Christ as poor sinners for salvation; and then it is he who carries on the good work—helping us to fight against sin and learn to be holy. And so we read in the Bible of being "born of the Spirit" (John iii. 6); "the renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Titus iii. 5); "sanctification of the Spirit" (2 Thess. ii. 13); "fruits of the Spirit," &c. (Gal. v. 22). All this you will understand better when you are older; but our text itself you can understand now. Jesus looked round on his disciples, and knew that some of them had children of their own, whom they dearly loved; and he told them for their comfort, that, just as they were glad when their little ones asked for a good thing which they were able to give, and rejoiced to give it them, so God the Father is ready to send his Holy Spirit now to all who humbly pray to him.

This is as good news for us as it was for the disciples. If we are afraid that our hearts have never yet been renewed, we may ask the Father, for Jesus' sake, to send the Spirit, that he may take away our heart of stone and give us a heart of flesh; or we may ask this of the Spirit himself, because he also is God. Or, if we hope he has done this already, we may ask him every day for help and strength, that we may get the better of our bad tempers and sinful habits, and become gentle, and holy, and loving. Let no one say, I cannot make my own heart good; I must just remain wicked. It is very true that neither yourselves, nor those who love you most, can change your heart; and it is also true that without this change you cannot enter heaven. But the God of truth *promises* to give his Spirit to all who ask him in the right way—for his dear Son's sake. Now, you can do this; you *can* ask,—you must, you will, if you are really sincere in saying you desire to be saved. Read all the verses in this chapter of Luke before our text, and you will see what true prayer is, and how surely God will hear it.

Oh, it is a wonderful thought, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are all so concerned for the salvation of poor, sinful men! How strange, how sad, that any one, old or young, who hears of this, should after all refuse to believe, and be lost for ever! "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" B.

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—SITTING STILL.

IT was a large school, the pupils were assembled, and busily engaged in their work, when there was a sudden alarm of fire. As usual, a terrible panic immediately ensued. In wild confusion, and with shrieks and cries, every one darted to the doors of the school-room, forming there a mass so dense as to render escape absolutely impossible to many. In the struggle to get out, several of the children were seriously injured, and one young lady, a teacher, rushed to an open window, and jumped out of it!

Throughout this scene of confusion, one girl—one of the best conducted in the school—maintained her self-composure, and remained seated on the bench where she had been when the alarm commenced, without once moving. The colour had, indeed, forsaken her face; her lips quivered, and some tears rolled slowly down her cheeks; but not one cry, not one word escaped, and there she sat silent and motionless as a white marble statue, till all danger was declared to be over.

After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, except those who were too much hurt, or too much frightened, to resume their duties for that day, the question was asked her, how it happened that she had been so composed as to sit still when everybody else was in such a fearful state of fright? Her reply was, "My father is a fireman, and he has told me that if ever there were an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still. I thought of his words, and did as he desired me, and this was what made me stay quiet."

Evidently this little girl had implicit faith in her father's words. She thought of them in the hour of need, and they were the means of saving her from the terror, perhaps from the injuries, which many others had met with. She had faith in his loving care for her—in the wisdom of his directions.

And if she could feel such unhesitating confidence in the wisdom and love of her earthly parent, should not the child of God exercise a like feeling, and on surer grounds, towards our heavenly Father? Oh! how far do we live below our high privileges, when we do not trust everything that concerns us into the hands of our God! Who can doubt his wisdom?—He who "declareth the end from the beginning," and of whom it is written, "He doeth all things well;" who is "love;" who "so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." When fainting under the burdens, or struggling against the storms that more or less assail us, how much more peaceful and happy should we be, could we but act upon the gracious assurance of his word, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass!"

How believers would adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, could they ever remember that "their strength is to sit still;" and that the command is, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him; fret not thyself."—*Tract Magazine.*

II.—HOW COULD I DARE?

I WAS lately visiting one of our poor women, whose progress I have now had the pleasure of watching for some years. She was lamenting the death of one of her favourite plants, and said,—

"I do like to see them pretty green things agin the white curtains; 'tis something cheerful-like for the children to watch. They looks after the buds and flowers as if they could see 'em grow."

I replied, "The little slips you planted a few weeks ago will soon be up; and, in the meantime, your nice white curtains will make the room look very neat."

"Yes; these white curtains I bought last ar'n't quite so nice as I should like 'em to be."

I smiled. I could not help looking back a few years, and

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remembering the wretched hovel in which I had first become acquainted with her and her children, when even a pair of clean hands or a clean face would have been as great a rarity as snow in harvest.

"Why, Mrs. R.," I added, "you have become particular indeed. I see something new every time I come. I don't know where you are going to stop."

"Never, I hope, ma'am! We saves up, and gets one little thing after another; and such rejoicing goes on here at every fresh thing that comes. The children have saved their halfpence for a long time past, and last week they bought two new hymn-books; and the first thing we hear in the morning when we wakes is their singing; and their voices is so pretty."

The children rushed to show their treasures, carefully unwrapped them from the paper, and produced two threepenny "Curwen's Hymn-books." No landed proprietor could have felt richer or looked happier.

"I often think, ma'am," said the mother, "of how we was when you first came to us; and I often think, too, how I *could dare* to keep such a place for my poor husband and children as I did then. I hope the Lord have forgive me."

Here was the secret of all this social improvement. How can I *dare* to keep so much misery about me that I could and ought to prevent? How can I *dare* to leave these children, whom God has intrusted to me to train for him, without trying in any way to prepare them either for time or for eternity? How shall I *dare* to stand before God's judgment-seat, to give an account of the deeds done in the body?" It is this awakening of conscience that alone enables a poor mother to see her true position, and gives her the courage and resolution to do her best for her husband and children, in the face of difficulties of which the rich have scarcely an idea. Where conscience has slumbered long, or, as in most cases, has never been aroused, the progress will often be slow; but let this right principle be once established, and the work is done.—*Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them.*

III.—OBLIGATION AND PRIVILEGE.

How insipid and foolish a thing were life, if there were nothing laid upon us to do! What is it, on the other hand, but the zest and glory of life, that something good and great, something really worthy to be done is laid upon us. It is not self-indulgence allowed, but victory achieved, that can make a fit happiness for man. Therefore we are set down here amid changes, perils, wrongs, and miseries, where, to save ourselves and serve our kind, all manner of great works are to be done. Besides, we practically admit the arrangement much oftener than we think. Tell any young man, for example, who is just converted to Christ, of some great sacrifice he is called to make,—as in preaching Christ to men,—going to preach him to the heathen; and that call, set forth as a sacrifice of all things, will work upon him more powerfully, by a hundred times, than it would if you undertook to soften it by showing what respect he would gain, how comfortable he would be, and how much easier in this than in any other calling of life. We do not want any such caresses in the name of duty. To let go self-indulgence and try something stronger, is a call that draws us always, when our heart is up for duty; nay, even nature loves heroic impulse, and oftentimes prefers the difficult.

It is well, therefore,—all the better that we are put upon the doing of what is not always agreeable to the flesh. And when God lays upon us the duties of self-command and self-sacrifice, when he calls us to act and to suffer heroically, how could he more effectually dignify or ennoble our liberty! Now we have our object and our errand, and we know that we can meet our losses, come as they will. Before every man, and in all his duties, there is something like a victory to be gained; and he can say, as the soldier of duty, Strike me, my enemy! beat upon me, O ye hail! Mine it is to fulfil God's statutes, and therein I make you my servants.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

KEY-NOTES OF THOUGHT AND DEVOTION.

A TEST.

WHERE God loves, he affords love tokens, and such are only his soul-enriching graces. If *our* heart moves towards God, certainly *his* goeth out toward us. The shadow on the dial moves according to the sun in the heavens.

"LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST."

OUR very graces should humble us as well as our sins—as the latter, because they are ours, so the former, because they are none of ours. Believer! didst thou ever write one letter without God's guiding thy hand? Didst thou ever shed one penitential tear till God smote thy rock, and melted thy heart?

"KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD."

GRACE in itself considered, as a creature, will totally fail. Our permanency is not in respect of the thing, but of God; not from our *being* holy, but from our being *kept* holy. All the power of hell shall never prevail against the God of heaven.

THE TWO EXTREMES.

LET us neither be secure nor discouraged. Not *secure*—we live in the midst of enemies; we cannot trust God too much, nor our hearts too little; we can neither stand nor rise alone; all that we can do alone is to fall. Not *discouraged*—thy many robbers show thou hast something worth the taking from thee; in opposing thee, thine enemies speak thee none of theirs; nay, they engage Jesus Christ to oppose *them*, who will lose none of His; to pity *thee*, who will not suffer thee to be tempted above thy power. Let the world fall, yet a Christian falls not, so long as Christ stands.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

HE that loves God most, will lay out most for God. More than once we read in Scripture of the "labour of love." Love resteth in its labour, and then resteth most when it laboureth most. Nothing labours more, or thinks its labour less.

"POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH."

THERE'S nothing more covetous or prodigal than grace. A saint ever loves to be receiving from God, and imparting to others. "From Jerusalem round about to Illyricum," Paul preached the gospel. What an encouragement it is to young beginners in grace to see that they who once were as poor, and had as little to begin with as themselves, have attained to such a plentiful spiritual estate.—*Jenkyn.* (1652.)

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THE REV. RICHARD KNILL.

EARLY LIFE AND INDIAN SERVICE.

"I WISH to say to you, Knill, labour for Jesus Christ as long as you have breath in your body," were the words which the dying Venning, the Christian philanthropist of St. Petersburg, poured into the willing ear of his friend and pastor of that city. The heart of Knill had long burned with the fire that consumed Venning. In England, in India, in St. Petersburg, his maxim of life had been, "For me to live is Christ." In a sense peculiarly his own, he laboured and lived for Christ,—his talent being pre-eminently that of devout, unceasing watchfulness for opportunities of doing good. In the shortest interview, during the most casual meeting, by the wayside, in the stage-coach, at a call of business, he sought and found occasion of speaking to souls.

The only preaching-day of many good and eminent ministers is the seventh. They have not the power of preaching except in due form, with text, heads, divisions, and application. They are wound up to strike once a-week, and in one place—the pulpit. Knill was a clock, always striking, and seldom out of time. He could condense a sermon into a sentence, and deliver it anywhere. He did not need to put on his whole armour to do battle. He lay always in ambush, to pick off the enemy with whatever weapon came to hand. He had learned the secret of turning every providence of God into a vehicle for his grace, and dropping the heavenly treasure into every earthen vessel that came in his way. A life so peculiarly and intensely consecrated cannot be without its great, quickening lessons. It has been well and worthily told in a memoir recently published, which throughout is an impressive enforcement of the Master's words, "Occupy till I come."*

It was not till a late period of life that the Rev. Richard Knill began his studies for the Christian ministry. Till he reached his twenty-fifth year his training had been an apprenticeship to trade, a brief season of militia-drill, and that discipline in the knowledge of the world which a young man may acquire who is pushing his way in business amidst the competition of such English secondary towns as Ilfracombe and Barnstaple, with an occasional visit to Bristol. At the time of his birth, 1787, his native township of Braunton, one of those picturesque villages that lie along the beautiful shore of the Bristol Channel, owed little to its religious instructors. His parents reflected the general religious apathy of their neighbourhood, and were not prepared, when he was committed to their charge, to direct him on the path of life. It was some years after his birth his mother received her own first religious impressions. She had joined a small body of dissenters, who had opened a church in a house at Braunton, and there the Holy Spirit applied the word with such power to her soul that she could not stay away. Her new life soon became apparent in her spiritual anxiety for her children. Frowned upon by her husband, she sought for consolation and strength in prayer; and in these seasons would often take young Knill along with her into her chamber, saying, "Kneel down with me, my boy, and I will pray with *you;* your father and your brothers will not join me." It was the reflection of that boy in after life, when he recalled the image of his praying mother and of himself on his knees at her side, "I wondered why she wept so, and where she got such remarkable prayers for my father and the family; but I understand it now, and I have good reason to believe that her prayers for them have been answered, and that she has met them all in heaven, except myself, and I trust, through real distinguishing grace, she shall meet me there also. Blessed be God for a praying mother!"

It was many years after these prayers were laid up for young Knill that the answer came in his conversion. Cast during the period of his apprenticeship into the midst of wicked old men and thoughtless youths, he forgot the prayers of his pious mother, stifled conscience, and possessing a musical voice and some musical talent, became the leader of his young associates in foolish songs and Sabbath-breaking. An incident, when he had completed his twentieth year, recalled the better thoughts of his youth, and broke upon his soul with a fresh flood of conviction. It was not the word of the heart-stirring, eloquent preacher, or the remonstrance of the faithful Christian friend, or the pious book, or the pungent wayside tract, that awoke young Knill from his slumber. The simple spectacle of a life different from his own, which was brought under his observation when residing for a few days beneath the roof of a Christian neighbour, became the turning-point of his character. "When at Mr. Evans'," he writes, referring to this period of his life, "I came down night and morning to family prayers. This was a new and strange scene to me. I had never been present at a family prayer in my life. The first night that I was in this good man's house, about nine o'clock, he rang the bell, and his shopmen and servants all came into the parlour and sat down. I looked with surprise, and wondered what was coming next. When all were seated, he opened the Bible and read a portion, and thus let God speak to his household. They then arose and fell upon their

* "The Life of the Rev. Richard Knill, of St. Petersburg." By Charles M. Birrel. James Nisbet & Co. London: 1859.

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knees. The sight overpowered me. I trembled—I almost fainted. At last I kneeled down too. I thought of my past life; I thought of my present position; I thought, Can such a guilty creature be saved? I heard but little of my kind friend's prayer. All my soul seemed turned in upon myself. My conscience said, This is how true Christians live; but how have I lived? God has not been in all my thoughts; but now I will begin to seek mercy." That night he went to bed as he never had gone before. On entering his bed-room, he looked round for a Bible, but found none. There was a copy of Doddridge's Hymns on the table, some verses of which he read on his knees by his bed-side, and then poured out his heart in broken prayers. To the latest years of his life, Mr. Knill never returned to Barnstaple without going to weep over the hallowed spot where God fastened the arrows of conviction in his heart.

The change thus begun was matured through association with a young man who was attracted to him by his fine voice as he warbled some favourite airs in an adjoining garden. What an acquisition would such a voice be to the music of our congregation! thought the young man as he listened. He sought the acquaintance of Knill, and induced him to attend with him the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Rooker, one of those pastors now happily less rare in England than they were fifty years ago, on whose ministry hungry souls could feed and thrive, and from whom inquirers could find direction. It was not long before his pastor marked the peculiar tact and courageous aptitude of young Knill for doing good. His newborn energies were thrown into every Christian work of the congregation. When others would have faltered or drawn back, he fearlessly yet surely advanced. We doubt if any event in his subsequent life more characteristically revealed the man and the secret of his power than one which occurred at this early period. It happened that the North Devon Local Militia, a regiment a thousand strong, was about to be disbanded at Barnstaple. "What a noble opportunity," said a friend to him, "for distributing religious tracts in all the dark villages around. The regiment would give a thousand distributors, could we only get the tracts conveyed to the men." "Why cannot this be done?" replied Knill. "I have not nerve enough," said his friend, "to give the tracts to the soldiers; but I will furnish you with the tracts if you will circulate them." "Agreed." The tracts were obtained, and Knill set about his work. He chose the time when the men were assembled in the barrack-yard waiting for the signal to deliver up their arms. Making his way first to the pioneers, who stood at the right,—"Friends," said he, "will you take home a beautiful little book to your families?" They joyfully received them. He next went to the band, offering to the master, a sergeant in the regiment, the tract, "Christ the only Refuge from the Wrath to Come." As the sergeant looked at it, he said to Knill, "I understand you go about converting people; can you convert me?" "No," was the reply; "it is not in my power to convert the people; but if it were, the first person I would convert would be Sergeant Reynolds." "That is plain enough," rejoined the sergeant. "And it is sincere, too," replied the young distributor. "This tract *may* convert you. It was written by that great man, Mr. Hervey, who wrote 'Meditations among the Tombs.'" "Ah!" said he, "I have read that book, and I will take your tract and read it too." This was what was wanted, and immediately all the band took the tract. The grenadiers yet remained, amongst whom was one merry-andrew kind of fellow, who, as he took the tract, held it up, swore at it, and asked Knill, "Are you going to convert me?" "Don't swear at the tract," was the reply to the question; "you cannot hurt the tract, but swearing will injure your soul." "Who are you?" he exclaimed in anger. "Form a circle round him," he continued, calling to his comrades, "and I will swear at him." They did so, and he swore fearfully, till Knill wept, which so moved the feelings of the other men that they cried,—"Let him go, he means to do us good." The subsequent part of this story must not be omitted. Long years passed when Mr. Knill, having returned from India, preached in the open air a few miles distant from the scene of the tract distribution. During the sermon he observed a tall grey-headed man in the crowd weeping, and a tall young man, who looked like his son, weeping also. At the conclusion of the sermon they both came up to him, when the father asked, "Do you recollect giving tracts to the local militia at Barnstaple some years ago?" "Yes." "Do you recollect anything particular of that distribution?" "Yes; I recollect one of the grenadiers swore at me till he made me weep." "Stop," said he; "O sir, I am the man. I never forgave myself for that wicked act. But I hope it has led me to repentance, and that God has forgiven me. And now let me ask, Will you forgive me?" Mr. Knill wept again, and they parted with a prayer that they might meet in heaven.

The knowledge of this and similar proofs of the piety, discretion, and boldness of Knill, suggested to his friends the idea of his destination for the ministry. His own thought concurring with the suggestion, his twenty-fifth year found him amongst the classical and theological students of the Western Academy. In looking back upon this step, and upon the new and arduous duties to which he found himself committed, he has recorded with eminent good sense, for the guidance of others, his conviction of the peril that attends entrance upon a course of study at an advanced stage of life. "I feel," he writes, "that it is a very solemn matter for a young man of twenty-five to leave the business in which he has been brought up and enter upon a life of study for the ministry. If he fail as a preacher he is ruined. His student's life has unfitted him for returning again to business, and in this way many excellent men, who would have shone in secular life, have been compelled to drag out a miserable existence. Ministers cannot be

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too cautious in recommending young men to our colleges." It is a safe rule of Paul, "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called." That there had been no miscalculation on Knill's part, no mistaking of piety for power was demonstrated in his case by an incident which has rarely occurred within the walls of a theological college. When it fell to him, as part of his college exercises, to deliver a discourse before his tutor and fellow-students, being left to the selection of his subject, he chose for his text: "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." In the course of his treatment of it, he illustrated the words from his own experience, and urged the claims of Christ to the gratitude of redeemed men with such force and pathos, that several of the students, forgetting their judicial character, were melted to tears. On concluding, there was a long pause, after which the president, observing the general impression, and drying his own tears, rose and left the room, saying, "Brethren, criticism is disarmed to-day." If the aim of the young preacher had been the triumph of oratory, it could not have been more consummate.

A visit about this time from the venerable Dr. Waugh, of London, to the vicinity of the college, determined the future course of Mr. Knill. The doctor was travelling on a recruiting expedition for the foreign army. The glory of the missionary enterprise was his theme. "They wanted," he said, "redeemed, converted men, who had themselves tasted the joys of sin pardoned, to tell the heathen from their own happy experience what a precious Saviour Jesus is." Then looking round, as if wishing to fix his piercing eyes on somebody, he continued in melting tones, "Is there in this congregation one young disciple of the Lord Jesus, who has love enough in his heart to his Master to say, 'Lord, here am I, send me?'" Knill felt this appeal. It entered into his soul, and he silently said, "Lord, I will go." When the service ended, the students were all invited to dine with the ministers, but he had no appetite for food. His heart was full. He retired to a little chamber and spent some hours alone in fasting and prayer. To that little chamber his eye ten thousand times reverted in his after life, as the spot where he spent some of the happiest moments of his life, in saying again, and with a more assured resolution, to Him who redeemed him, "Lord, I will go." But a difficulty stood in his way. Could he be assured of the consent of his parents? To his surprise his father at once said he would throw no impediment in his way. His mother, he thought, he had in his own hand. But he was mistaken. She looked to her Richard to pray beside her and comfort her when her call should come to pass through the dark valley. "I cannot give my consent," was her answer; "you should have seen me under the clods of the valley first." But she betook herself to prayer, and prayer prevailed. For days and nights she prayed. At length one morning her son met her at her chamber-door, her tears dried up. Her countenance was again tranquil. She caught him round the neck, and with a mother's fond embrace, said, "Now, my dear son, it is all settled; God has given me grace to say to you, Go; and I bless him for putting it into your heart to go, and I adore him for giving me an Isaac to offer on his altar. Go, my son, go." How much greater was the sacrifice of that noble woman than her son's? It was greater, as a mother's love is deeper than a child's. That love was thrown open to its depths with the parting scene, by an offering which mothers may have often bequeathed, but rarely given in life, to a child. Taking off her wedding ring in the presence of his father, she said, as she held it in her hand, "This is the dearest thing I possess. It was given me by your dear father as a pledge of our love on our wedding-day. I have worn it more than forty years, and now, in the expectation that I shall never see you again in this world, I give it to you. Your father gave it me as a pledge of his love, and in his presence I give it as a token of our united love to you."

India was the destination of our young missionary; Madras his appointed station. It was his happy lot to be associated in his outward voyage with no fewer than nine ministers and missionaries, amongst whom were members of the Church of England, Baptists, Independents, and one Methodist. Three years before the embargo had been taken off that vast continent. It was no longer a heathen preserve. The Act of 1813 had thrown it open to the missionaries of all denominations, and, availing themselves of their new liberty, the great missionary societies were hastening forward their agents to the scene of action. Nine missionaries of the gospel in one ship to India was indeed a new era in the history of missions to that land. The good ship, the *Earl of Moira*, that carried them, was worthy of being named the "Missionary Ship," or, in token of the harmony that reigned amongst the men of God it bore to their distant fields of labour, "The Evangelical Alliance Ship." "The Evangelical Alliance" was a name then unknown, but the thing existed wherever the missionary spirit dominated and zeal for the glory of Christ swallowed up zeal for sect. A peep into the cabin of the *Earl of Moira* in its voyage to India, 1816, would have shown the Alliance in full development, with a captain, a convert of Carey's, at its head. "It is an unspeakable privilege," writes Knill to his friends in England, "to sail in such a ship. We muster no fewer than nine chaplains, besides the captain, who takes his part, and deservedly has our praise. Each chaplain acts for the day in alphabetical order. We have two sermons on the Lord's day, and one on Thursday; the Lord's supper on the first Sunday, and the missionary prayer-meeting on the first Monday of the month. Surely the ship which, after a twelve months' voyage, rested on the mountains of Ararat, could not vie with ours." And again he writes, "We live like brethren, each esteeming other better than himself.

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The tools of controversy have been thrown overboard, we perceived they were grown rusty and out of date, we saw them sink as lead in the mighty waters, and they are now where I trust your sins are, in the depths of the sea."

On arriving at Madras, our young missionary found himself engaged in the full round of missionary duties,—school instruction, chapel, street, itinerating preaching. It was seen by his brethren that they had got a man who lived to labour, and whose skill as a workman was equal to his zeal. It was more especially in his intercourse with our own countrymen in Madras, that his characteristic tact and boldness found their freest play. His telling, well-timed power of rebuke and fidelity of speech startled the most reckless and profane of old Indians; and where it failed to win, awed to silence. Let a case or two illustrate his happy art,—an art which prayer and Christian courage, and a higher measure of simple, unselfish faith would put more largely into the hands of Christian men to wield as a great instrument for good-doing. Before leaving England, he had been intrusted by a lady with a letter to her brother, a captain in the Madras army. It happened that on the day on which it was sent the captain had a party of brother officers at his house. Having obtained their permission to open the letter, they observed he laughed heartily at its contents. "Let us know what entertains you?" said they. "Oh, it is a letter," said he, "from one of my sisters, who is introducing a gentleman to me, and wishes me to be very kind to him. Who do you think it is?—a missionary!" They joined in the laugh, and said, "What will you do with him?" "Why, I will make him drunk, and you will come and see the fun." A young officer who was present mentioned the circumstance to a friend of Mr. Knill's, adding, I advise you to put him on his guard. The caution was scarcely needed. The invitation to dine with the captain came in a few days. It was accepted, the party consisting of those who had been present when the sister's letter was opened. As the wine passed merrily round, they pressed Mr. Knill to drink. He politely declined. In renewing his urgency, the captain reminded him that when at Rome he should do as those at Rome did. "Captain," was the reply, "if you urge me to drink, I will write to your sister about it, and what will she say?" The snare was broken. "Well," said he, "do as you please." During the rest of the evening they related soldier's stories, and he related missionary ones. Not content with this, he resolved to turn the party of officers into helpers in his work. "I am about," he said, "gentlemen, to build a girls' school in Black Town, near our chapel, to correspond with our boys' school, and I should like to make it memorable by your becoming the first contributors." Pleased with the manner of the proposal, they contributed fifteen pounds, and sent him home in the evening in the captain's palanquin. From that time the captain became a regular attendant at chapel, brought other officers with him, and never ceased to be his friend. Speaking in confidence afterwards to Mr. Knill, he confessed that had he gone home before he saw him, and had his sister inquired about the missionaries at Madras, he should have said, There are none; or if she had asked him about the chapel, he should have said, There was no such place. So much for the testimony of worldly men on the subject of missions. On another occasion, when in intercourse with the officers of Madras, one of them having asked, "What do you missionaries mean? Do you think that poor black fellow will be damned?" "I hope not," was Mr. Knill's answer; "but if he is, I think his punishment will be very light compared with yours if you neglect God." The interrogator convinced, lifted up his hands and said, "I believe it; I have long thought so." Another, whose conscience had been aroused, but who still clung to his sins, one morning called and sought to get into an argument. "There are many things in the Bible, sir, impossible to be understood." "There are, sir," was the reply; "but the seventh commandment is very plain." The controversy ended. On another occasion, while a young civilian was engaged in writing a book on infidel principles, he went one Sunday to the mission chapel. The text of Mr. Knill was, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He observed a stranger in tears, and said to one of the deacons, "Do you know where he lives; I must write to him." He did so, and received an answer requesting him to *call at once*. He found the young civilian in tears. "You felt a good deal this morning, sir?" said Mr. Knill. "Yes," he replied, "Christ has so often knocked at my door and been refused admission, that I feared to-day he would knock no longer." "To prevent this," said Mr. Knill, "let us kneel down immediately and ask forgiveness; that is the plan." They prayed; he wept; he resolved; he tore his infidel manuscripts in pieces; left his infidelity, and, before returning to England, which he shortly did, wrote a spirited letter in the public journals, calling a meeting for the formation of a missionary association, at which he made a recantation of his former errors.

With this quickness to discern, and power to speak the word for the character and the time, Mr. Knill was already furnished with the highest qualification for the mission service in India, where sermons are conversations, where the river-side, the highway, the street, the bazaar, the steps of the temple—wherever the listening group can be gathered,—is the missionary pulpit. But declining health from excessive exertion cut short the Indian career of Mr. Knill. Fever, followed by incipient cholera, completed the prostration of his strength, and before he had ended his fourth year's residence, compelled his abandonment of that field; yet only that every power he possessed might be put into action in the same great cause in another and distant sphere that was to open on his return to England.

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REVIVAL PAPERS.

I.—ENTHUSIASTS—SO-CALLED.

[The following sentences from the Rev. Richard Watson's admirable "Observations on Southey's Life of Wesley," may be pondered with advantage by many who, in our day as in his, can see nothing in revivals but fanaticism.]

If Mr. Southey must be heard, then I know not what man, in any Church, distinguished by more than ordinary ardour of religious sentiment, and for great and persevering efforts in doing good, can escape this charge. Every virtue which shines in the conduct of those who are devoted to their Saviour and his religion is darkened by the same shadow; and every holy feeling which glows in their hearts must be considered as deriving its warmth rather from the artificial fermentation of earthly principles, than from the fire of the altar. "Enthusiasm" leads the Wesleys and Whitefield into Georgia; "enthusiasm" prompts them to their excessive labours at home; all those who, in the Church or out of it, employed themselves in a work which even Mr. Southey allows effected "great good, both directly and indirectly," are enthusiasts. The early coadjutors of the Wesleys, who went into the darkest and most barbarous parts of this country, to carry forth the light of religion, and exposed themselves to labours and sufferings in their calling, are, for this very reason, aspersed with the same reproach. The excellent Gilbert, who set the first example of bestowing religious care upon their negro slaves to the planters in the West Indies, was a man, "enthusiastic by constitution;" though this great, and, at that time, hazardous endeavour, for which every man of humanity ought to pronounce his name with reverence, is the only overt act on which Mr. Southey can found the charge. When Mr. Pawson declined going to America, the reason Mr. Southey assigns is, that the "fire of his enthusiasm was spent;" as though to impress it upon his readers, that none but enthusiastic men can be expected to undertake the conversion of foreign countries, and to insinuate by this inuendo, that the noble army of modern missionaries is composed only of visionaries and fanatics. If this self-denial; these unwearied and disinterested labours; this readiness to suffer; this lofty daring of the reproach of worldly men; and the principles upon which the whole was founded, lively and solemn views of eternal things, and of the perishing state of sinful men; a weeping sympathy for all distress; jealousy for the honour of Christ; and a conscientious carefulness to fill up life usefully, and to employ and improve the talents committed to them as those who must give account, be enthusiasm, I ask, Where, and what, is religion? Let Mr. Southey give us his own description of it, and enable us to detect the counterfeit. This I suspect would bring out a singular explanation of his views. The penitence of his system must never weep, nor its joys illuminate the countenance, and fill the tongue with praise. Its zeal must be restrained within the bounds of a carefully measured activity; for more than common energy would indicate the presence of the enthusiastic principle. His religious man must carefully observe established maxims, for to disregard them would be spiritual pride; he must not make himself conspicuous, for that would be ostentation; he must be careful not to go about in quest of doing good, for that would be religious knight-errantry; he must abstain from the indulgence of all great purposes of usefulness, for that would be ambition; he must be specially careful not to put himself to hazard, for that would be an indecent "longing for persecution." He must be careful of his words also, as of his conduct. He must never pointedly speak of eternal punishment, though a preacher, for he might possibly alarm the ignorant, and throw them into "convulsions;" nor of the doctrine of justification by faith only, "though wholesome and very full of comfort," for that would indicate an approach to "the delirious stage of fanaticism;" nor must he enjoin a too frequent attendance on religious ordinances, for that would be to "apply stimulants to the fever of religious excitement." For such a religionist the world is not likely to be much wiser or better on account of his having lived in it; and he would certainly run no hazard of being taken for an "enthusiast," though he should not, like Mr. Southey, step forth from his seclusion, contemptuously to write that reproachful epithet upon the tombs of men who having "served their generation, according to the will of God, are fallen asleep."

II.—EFFECTS OF REVIVALS ON SOCIAL MORALITY.

One difficulty which prevents many minds from giving just credit to the accounts they hear of the effects of the Revival, is, that in certain districts, where the success is stated to be great, immorality has greatly increased; or, at least, a considerable increase has taken place in the convictions for drunkenness and other social crimes.

There are two sets of evidence: one, including persons of all ranks and conditions, lay and clerical, Protestant and even Papist, Irish proprietors and English visitors, testifying to the wonderful effects on the lives of those whom the Revival has reached; and the other bringing forth "dull and plodding statistics" and "curious facts" from the police records, which prove an increase of immorality in the very districts where the Revival is most active.

Now, are these two sets of evidence antagonistic; and must one, therefore, ultimately give way before the other? On the contrary, we believe that they do not negative, but are rather co-ordinate to each other. Mr. Venn seems to attribute the increase in the convictions for drunkenness rather to increased watchfulness on the part of the police, than to increased indulgence on the part of the vicious. We believe that he is in a great degree right, and also that the mode in which these criminal returns have been made up needs a rigid investigation. We might also naturally expect that, when large masses of people are collected together for whatsoever purpose, and when great excitement of whatsoever character occurs, there should be many who would seize the opportunity for criminal indulgences. And if 15,000 people be gathered together at a religious meeting, we may assume that of these a certain proportion would not be there for a religious purpose, but rather out of curiosity, or for profane amusement, and many of such persons would be very likely to be found before a magistrate before many days were over. But it is not on these grounds that we consider the two sets of evidence as rather complimentary than contradictory. Both on scriptural and on philosophical grounds we should expect that wherever religion was on the increase, there would be found an increase of irreligion and immorality. On scriptural grounds we should expect it. For, if it be true, as the Bible asserts, that the restraints of religion are

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irksome to the natural man, we need not be surprised that, as religion obtains increased authority, the irreligious should break out into more open rebellion. If it be true that the gospel is often a stumblingblock instead of a "power unto salvation," we need not be surprised that men should fall worst when it most prominently stands forth. If it be true that there is abroad an ever-watchful, hostile, powerful spirit of evil, claiming and seeking to establish for himself a kingdom, we need not be surprised that his most strenuous exertions should be made when and where his claims are being most emphatically denied, and as he sees his kingdom moving further and further from his grasp.

On philosophical grounds, also, the apparent discrepancy in the evidence may be accounted for. It does not require a very deep insight into human nature to know that there is in it a strong tendency to contradiction, especially in morals. When Mr. Rogers, in his "Eclipse of Faith," supposes the insertion of "not" into the Creed, and the leaving it out of the Ten Commandments, he mentions an objection that people would make to the latter part of the arrangement—that it would take away half the pleasure of doing wrong. And so it is. The clearer the voice of the law, the greater is the determination and unction with which we disobey it. "Without the law, sin is dead; but when the commandment comes, sin revives," is not only the revelation of the Scriptures, but of experience. Again; the greater the force applied, the greater the force necessary to resist it. When, therefore, religious advantages, instrumentalities, movements are on the increase, the portion of the community that refuses to be affected must put into exercise a greater amount of irreligious opposition, in order to neutralize them. And the exercise of this resistance will strengthen the power of resistance and encourage the tendency to it. If, therefore, within any circle there is religious activity, outside that circle religious repugnance will be intensified, and its effect will be more plainly exhibited. We know that when divine influences favour the growth of any virtue, the corresponding vice will be all the stronger in those who thwart the virtuous tendency. Cruel women are more cruel than cruel men; bad children of pious parents are worse than other bad children; the vices of the vicious in civilized and religious communities are more elaborately and intensely vicious than where cannibalism and polygamy are virtues. Besides, the abstraction from an irreligious community of certain of its members on whom religion has at last taken hold, will deprive the residue of an element that had been preserving it from utter corruption. We read that when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light," he "divided the light from the darkness." Such a dividing takes place when spiritual light appears,—the darkness then becomes more dark. In one of his works, Mr. Ruskin affirms that the Reformation gathered up into itself whatever of light had not yet been extinguished by Popery, and that, since that era, utter degeneracy has been the characteristic of Papal architecture. This may serve to illustrate the effect produced on any society when what may be called, roughly speaking, the *good* part of it is eliminated.

On these grounds we may perceive that, in any community, increased temperance and increased drunkenness are not incompatible; that morality and immorality will both be marching forward; that religious conviction and blasphemy will appear on the same field. It is *neutrality* that is impossible; and as time goes on, all will have to arrange themselves, with greater distinctness, under one master or the other—CHRIST or the devil. The ranks of each will be recruited from those who would prefer being of neither side; and so an increase of irreligion will attend any revival of religion, and it will, therefore, often seem as if the statistics of crime threw discredit on the work of the Spirit of God.—*Record* (*London*).

III.—DANGERS INCIDENT TO REVIVALS.

Concluded.

ANOTHER evil to be guarded against, in connection with revivals, is OSTENTATION.

I refer not here to the manner in which revivals are sometimes conducted, but to the manner in which they are represented, both in common intercourse and through the press; and I cannot doubt that, in respect to both, there is much that no discreet Christian can contemplate without regret and disapprobation.

It is not uncommon, during the progress of a revival, and sometimes in an early stage of it, to hear its glorious results spoken of with as much confidence as if they had actually been realized. Particular religious exercises, which may have been attended with unusual solemnity, are represented as having secured the conversion, not only of a great, but a definite number of souls. One is represented as having preached, another as having prayed, another as having talked so many sinners into the kingdom. Perhaps the infidel has professed suddenly to renounce his infidelity and embrace the Saviour; or perhaps the profligate has wept in view of his profligacy, and resolved to enter upon a new life,—these cases are confidently spoken of as instances of genuine conversion; and, what is still worse, they are too often spoken of as such in the presence of the very persons who are the subjects of them. It is easy to see that, if the individuals are true converts, the effect of this must probably be to inflate them with spiritual pride; if they are not true converts, it must fearfully aid the work of self-deception. It leaves a bad impression also upon the world; for it is the exact opposite of that humility, that sense of dependence, that disposition to acknowledge God in every spiritual blessing, which constitute some of the loveliest features of Christian character.

But what I chiefly refer to under this article is, the ostentatious complexion, and the premature date, of many of those narratives of revivals which are given to the world through our religious periodicals. It is only honest to acknowledge that many of them, though evidently dictated by a desire to do good, are yet eminently fitted to do evil. They are written in the midst of strong excitement, when the mind is most in danger of mistaking shadows for substances, when its strong hopes that much is about to be done, are easily exchanged for a conviction that much has been actually accomplished. Hence all who are supposed to appear more serious than usual are reckoned as subjects of conviction; and all who profess the slightest change of feeling are set down as converts. And particular instances are detailed, in which very obstinate sinners have been made very humble, and then have become entranced with bright visions of the Saviour; and other cases are mentioned, in which a child has pressed forward into the kingdom in spite of the opposition of a wicked parent; or a wife, notwithstanding she was persecuted by an ungodly husband. Now, the narrative containing these particulars goes abroad in the world,

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and almost, of course, comes back immediately into the congregation whose religious state it professes to describe. And what, think you, will probably be the effect? What will it be upon those who here find it announced to the world that they have been converted, and perhaps read a high-wrought and glowing story of their conversion? What, especially, must it be on those who are represented as having been the subjects of a miracle of grace; as having been great sinners, and now having become great saints? If they are really converted, the effect of this must be, as in the case just mentioned, to lessen their humility, and open their hearts to temptation. If they are cherishing a false hope, it cannot fail to add to its strength. And if, before the narrative meets them, (as is a very supposable case,) they have cast off their serious impressions, and returned to the world, it must provoke and irritate them; and thus fearfully increase their obduracy, and render their salvation still more improbable. And what effect will this be likely to have upon those who are designated (if not by name, yet so as to be identified) as having been distinguished for their malignant opposition to the work? It will awaken in them the spirit of fiends. It will embolden them to fight still more furiously against God, and against his people, and not improbably to do that which will seal their perdition. And what must its effect be upon the surrounding world? What, when they compare the written statement with what has fallen under their own observation, and find a sad disagreement? Must it not be to create and cherish a prejudice against all revivals? Must it not throw an air of suspicion over every statement respecting them which they either hear or read? Must it not even bring in question the veracity of good men?

You will by no means understand me as intimating any disapprobation of publishing, at a proper time, even detailed accounts of revivals. So far from this, that I regard it as due to the Church, due to the honour of Him whom we acknowledge as the great Agent in revivals, that such accounts should in due time be sent forth. But let them not, in ordinary cases, be written until the true results of the revival are in some measure known; certainly, let them be confined to palpable facts, which no one can gainsay. Let them be framed with a deliberate recollection that they are to be scanned by multitudes; that they are to exert an influence either for or against the cause of revivals; and that God is not honoured, but offended, by the least attempt to go beyond the truth, even in recording the triumphs of his grace. It is a matter of importance that all narratives of this kind should be furnished by competent and responsible persons,—those who have opportunity to know the facts, and ability properly to estimate them. While it cannot be questioned that there are many instances, at the present day, in which the evil of which I am speaking is strikingly exemplified, it is an occasion for joy that there are many other cases in which revivals are detailed seasonably, judiciously, and in a manner fitted, in all respects, to subserve the cause of truth and piety.

"IT'LL LAST MY TIME."*

"It'll last *my* time," said old Farmer Finch, as he stood looking at the gate which the carpenter was mending. The gate was in a very bad condition. It had been patched so often, that hardly any part of the original gate was left, and now it would scarcely hold together. The carpenter was for having a new one. "It's no use patching this old gate any more," said he; "there's no hold for the nails; you'd better let me make a new one at once." But he could not persuade the farmer. "No, no," said he, "you mend it up again; it'll last *my* time." And so the old man walked away, leaving the carpenter to make the best job of it he could. And as he went, he still kept saying to himself, "It'll last *my* time, it'll last *my* time."

And yet the farmer could have afforded a new gate. He was well to do in the world. He farmed his own land, as his father had done before him, and being of a saving turn, had scraped together a good deal of money in the course of a long life. People called him a good sort of man—that is to say, he was not a dishonest man; he paid all their due, while he took care that all should do the same to him; he did not keep his men out of their wages, settled his accounts regularly, and you might take his word without fear. But his heart was set on the world. He had never been fond of parting with his money; and now, in his old age, he was just as eager after scraping and saving as ever he had been before. Though it could make little difference to him whether he were a few pounds richer or not, yet he was still as keen about it as if it were a matter of life and death to him. All his thoughts were given to this world; he seemed to have no care for anything beyond.

But the strangest thing was, that he was quite aware all this while that he was getting old, and that his time was short. His grey hairs, and stiffened limbs, and dull hearing, told him this; and he had sense and thought enough to learn the lesson which they taught. He could even look at the crazy old gate, which everybody saw could not hold together much longer, and say, "It'll last *my* time." Crazy as they were, those old worn-out bars and rails would out-last *him*, he thought; a patch here and a clamp there would make it keep together as long as *he* should want it. And yet he went on as if he were to last for ever. One would have thought that his own words must have struck him—"It'll last my time." "Well, then," we might have expected him to say, "if my time is so short that even the old gate will last longer than I, it is high time for me to prepare; I must put it off no more; I must wake up and be in earnest; I must prepare to meet my God."

Alas! no such thoughts were in the old man's mind as he went his way. His gate and his farm, his savings and his gains, and whether this year's shearing would yield as much wool as the last, and whether the coming harvest would put as much money into his pocket as that of the year before; these were the things that filled his thoughts that day and every day, though he knew well that, before his sheep were shorn, or his wheat stored, he himself might very likely be gone from all.

There are many like him. It is not only the young

* From a New Tract under this title, issued by the Religious Tract Society. (London.)

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who are thoughtless about the world to come; many a grey-headed man is so too. For grey hairs do not always bring wisdom. An old man is generally wiser than a young man in some things,—he knows more, has had more experience, and is more prudent and cautious; but very often he has no more thought for eternity than the young. It is sad to see such an old man. Lessons are all around him, yet he does not learn. Not a day passes but something reminds him that he is old, and must soon die; yet he takes no heed. Yes; perhaps he does take heed in some respects. He thinks it high time to make his will; and he does not consider it wise to take another lease of his house, because he would not be likely to see it out. Thus, like the farmer and his gate, he shows that he knows his own age, but still he clings to the world, and makes no provision for eternity.

Why should the thought of eternity be a gloomy thought? It is not so to all. To some the thought of eternity is the very thing that makes them able to bear present troubles and sufferings. All depends on the state of the heart. If a man be at peace with God through Christ, there is nothing gloomy to him in the thought of death. Far otherwise. That man loves his Saviour. His happiest moments now are those which have most of Christ in them; and the hope of being with him for ever is to him a blessed hope indeed. To such a man death has no sting. It is but the passage from time to eternity. And the shortness of time and the coming on of eternity do not make him sad, because every moment as it flies brings him nearer to his home. How different is such a man from poor Farmer Finch! With what different feelings may he make use of the very words of the farmer! "It'll last *my* time," he may say; but he will say it neither carelessly nor sadly. Like his own old gate, he may feel himself to be almost worn out; but he can say with the apostle, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day" (2 Cor. iv. 16); or with the psalmist, "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever" (Ps. lxxiii. 26). A good hope in Christ, a sure trust in his precious blood and all-prevailing mediation, a living faith and a watchful walk—these will take off the heart from the world, make life happy, and cause the thought of death to be no longer dreadful.

Reader! how is it with you? Your time is short, at whatever stage of life you may be—perhaps very short indeed. Is it well with your soul? Are you at peace with God? Are you prepared for the great change? Perhaps these questions make you look grave, and with too much reason. Ah! then, by that very sadness which such questions raise in you, I urge you not to stay as you are. It is not safe to live a day longer at a distance from God. All things around you get old, and you are getting old too, far off from it as you may think yourself now. Shall everything make progress except your soul? Shall all be changing but that alone? Shall times change, and people change, and things change—and your soul be unchanged still? God forbid; lest some day you find it too late to change! "It'll last *my* time," said the farmer. His time was but short when he said these words; and so is yours now—short compared with eternity, how young soever you may be. Be wiser than he was. If your time is so short, use it well. If you have wasted much of your life, make sure of turning what is left to the best account. Your time is not quite past; you have time enough yet, if you begin at once, to seek mercy, to turn to God, and to find a Saviour. Hear the Saviour's own words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28); and these other words of his, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). And may God the Holy Spirit write these gracious words on your heart, and incline you to come to Christ while yet he calls.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLVII.—JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

MATT. xxvii. 1–32.

Jesus Delivered to Pilate.—Ver. 1, 2. Who was Pilate? [Roman governor of Judea.] Why was it necessary for the priests and elders to get Pilate to interfere in putting Christ to death? See John xviii. 31. What ancient prophecy of Jacob's was thus shown to be fulfilled? Gen. xlix. 10. [Observe, when Christ was *born*, the Jews had a king of their own—Herod; but a few years after, on the death of Archelaus, a Roman procurator was appointed.] Where had Christ foretold that he would be delivered to the Gentiles? Matt. xx. 17–19.

Remorse and Suicide of Judas.—Ver. 3–10. What does the conduct of Judas show as to the "way of transgressors?" What does it show as to the value of money got by wickedness? Was his repentance of the right kind? If it had been right, what would it have led him to do? What are some of the differences between true and false repentance? 2 Cor. vii. What person in the Old Testament resembles Judas? See 2 Sam. xvii. [Observe the infamous spirit of the chief priests at ver. 4, and their hypocritical scrupulosity at ver. 6.] What remark of Christ does this call to mind? chap. xxiii. 24. Where is the prophecy to be found, quoted at ver. 9. 10? [Not in Jeremiah, but Zechariah xi. 12, 13. It is difficult to explain how the name of the one prophet comes to be given for that of the other.]

A more miserable or melancholy sight cannot be conceived than that of Judas, stung with remorse, horror-struck at his deed, taunted and cast off by his employers, lashed by his conscience, hating the sight of his wickedness, abandoned by God, deserted by hope, and rushing in despair into the arms of death! What a picture of the final effects of the love of money, and of the consequences of undervaluing the Saviour! May God teach us to regard the price of Wisdom as far above rubies, and to count all else but loss for Christ!

Jesus Examined by Pilate.—Ver. 11–14. What was the crime charged against Jesus to Pilate by his enemies? See Luke xxiii. 2. Was this the crime for which he had been

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condemned? See chap. xxvi. 65, 66. In what sense did Jesus declare himself a king? See John xviii. 36. Why did Jesus answer nothing to all the charges brought against him? [They were mere charges without proof. Had it been otherwise, Christ might have spoken; but the proceedings were wholly irregular (see John xviii. 23); his calm and beautiful meekness and patience were the best refutation.] What effect had his demeanour on Pilate? See ver. 14. [The divine meekness of Christ evidently began to awaken a remarkable interest in Jesus in the mind of Pilate; this interest increased as the proceedings of the day advanced.]

Barabbas preferred to Christ.—Ver. 15–23. Is there any notice in the Old Testament of the custom of releasing a prisoner at the Passover? Was it a custom of divine authority? Was it attended with any good effects? [On this occasion it led to the commission of a fresh crime by the Jews, and to a new proof of their sad disrespect for Jesus.] What was the character of Barabbas? Luke xxiii. 18, 19, John xviii. 40. Were the people as great enemies to Christ as the priests? What showed now that the priests were the greater enemies? ver. 20. When the guides and leaders of the people were so blind, what followed? Matt. vi. 23. What caused this intense hostility to Jesus? Rom. viii. 7. Is Barabbas ever preferred in spirit to Jesus still?

To make profane and godless men more welcome to our company than the godly and devout, is to prefer Barabbas to Christ. To relish light reading or frivolous conversation above that of which Jesus Christ is the subject, is an approach to the same sin. To delight in money, which is the root of all evil, and to be more eager for its accumulation than for the attainment of Christ's image, is akin at least to the crime of preferring Barabbas to Christ. Indeed, all are to a certain extent guilty of the sin of the Jews, in whose eyes Jesus is not the chiefest among ten thousand. Shining forth in all the grace of perfect manhood, and in all the glory of the Son of God,—offering life, pardon, divine purity, and heavenly glory to every guilty and polluted sinner,—worshipped by angels, adored by saints, and delighted in by the Father,—the neglect of Christ is an unspeakably heinous sin. Yet, alas! how fearfully common! May the Holy Spirit reveal to all who are guilty of it, its awful magnitude! may he show all of us that it is no slight offence to have even silent lips and an unmoved heart while the new song goes through earth and heaven, "Worthy is the Lamb to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

Jesus given up by Pilate.—Ver. 19, 24–26. What kind of contest was going on in the breast of Pilate? [Between conscience and worldly interest.] What was there on the side of conscience? [At least five things: 1. Conviction that Jesus was innocent of crime. 2. Knowledge of motives of his enemies (ver. 18.) 3. Warning from his wife. 4. The surmise that Jesus was the Son of God (John xix. 7, 8). 5. The recollection that he had to answer to God for the use he made of his power (John xix. 11).] What was there on the side of self-interest? John xix. 12. Which prevailed? In what way did Pilate try to shake off responsibility? For what occasions was this prescribed in the law? Deut. xxi. 6–9. Could Pilate free himself of guilt? What was his end? [Banished to Gaul, where, a few years after the death of Christ, he is believed to have killed himself.] What did the Jews take on themselves? In what manner has their fearful imprecation been verified?

Pilate, like Judas, shows us the fearful danger of allowing worldly interest to rule our conduct. He is a not less memorable instance of the evil of indecision, or halting between two opinions. He was ashamed of Christ, and Christ shall be ashamed of him when he comes to judge the world. What awful remorse must have torn and tortured his mind ever since!

Jesus is led out to Crucifixion.—Ver. 27–32. What elements of *hell* did Christ experience when buffeted by the Roman soldiers? [One of the darkest features of hell is the torment encountered at the hands of the malignant demons who rule in it, delighting in mocking, tearing, and torturing their victims. How like hell the scene in the common hall!] What was Christ compelled to carry as he went along? Why did he suffer beyond the walls of the city? What lesson does this teach us? Heb. xiii. 12, 13.

We naturally think much of the horrid wickedness and cruelty of Christ's enemies, when we read the narrative of his death. The conduct of the priests and rulers, of Judas, of Pilate, and of the Roman soldiers, was alike execrable. But we have no right view of what Christ endured, unless by faith we see him bearing the sufferings inflicted on him by the sins of his people. To save them from the tormenting of demons, he endured the torments of the soldiers. To enable them to wear a crown of glory, he wore the crown of thorns. Let each of us try, with deepest wonder and humility, to realize our share in the sufferings of Christ. May God teach us all not only to say, but to say with the proper feeling, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

DUTY.—God's People should abound in Thankfulness.

Psalm l.; xcv.; c. 2 Cor. iv. Phil. iv. Eph. v. Col. ii. Heb. xiii.

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.—No. XX.

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.—Mark x. 13–15.

Who brought these little ones to Jesus? [Probably their mothers.] What did they wish him to do? [To embrace them, and pray for them. Matt. xix. 15.] Was this a right wish? What kind of parents or friends must they have been? [Pious persons, who loved and believed in Jesus.]

What was our Lord doing at the time? [Teaching the people and the Pharisees, ver. 1, 2.] What did the disciples think? [That he ought not to be troubled or disturbed by little children.] What did they do? How did Jesus feel? ver. 14. What did he say? ver. 14, 15. Are not these very sweet and beautiful words? How may they comfort little children? [They show how ready Jesus is to welcome them and bless them.] But how do we know that he feels this *now*? Heb. xiii. 8. What did he mean to teach by saying, "Of such is the kingdom of God," &c.? [That there are very many children already in heaven, and many more will get there for his sake; and that all who go there, young or old, must be made like *good little children*, gentle, humble, simple, obedient, &c., by the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.]

What did the Lord do after he had spoken those words? Are not little children often shy, and afraid of strangers? Were these little ones afraid to be taken up in his arms? What does this show us? [How very kind and gentle the Saviour looked and spoke.] How would the mothers feel?

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Would not *you* like to have been one of those little ones? Do we hear any more about them in the Bible? What should we hope about them? [That if they lived to grow up, they were believers in Jesus, and loved and served him on earth before they went to heaven.]

What are pious parents most anxious about for their children *now?* [That Jesus may bless them.] Do they still try, like those Jewish mothers, to bring them to him? How? [By earnest prayers, by presenting them to God in baptism, by telling them, as soon as possible, of the love of Jesus, &c.] How may this story comfort and encourage them? [By showing them the loving and kind heart of the Lord towards the little ones, then and now.] And when may his words give them especial comfort? [When they are weeping for the loss of dear infants whom God has called away.] When little babies die, do they go to heaven? [Yes, we believe they do, for Jesus' sake.] But when children are old enough to understand what they are told about Jesus, what must they do if they are to go to heaven? [Go to him for themselves.]

Who tells us this beautiful story besides Mark? Matt. xix. 13–15; Luke xviii. 15–17. What may this show? [That the Holy Spirit intended it never to be forgotten, and that the disciples were greatly impressed by it.] What lesson should every one learn from it? [To pray that he may be brought by the Holy Spirit to receive the truth "as a little child," in simple faith and love.] And what is the lesson for children? [To love, and trust, and obey our kind and loving Saviour; and to come to him every day by prayer, asking him to forgive and to bless them.]

I think, when I read the sweet story of old,
How, when Jesus was here among men,
He once called little children as lambs to the fold;—
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Precept.—Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.

Promise.—Of such is the kingdom of God. Mark x. 14.

Prayer.—Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for the sweet story we have been reading in thy word, of Jesus blessing little children, and inviting them to come to him. O help *us* to come. Lord, forgive us, and make us holy and humble children, like those of whom thou hast said, "Of such is the kingdom of God." Let us enter into thy kingdom even on earth, by faith and love; and do thou bring us at last, and all our dear parents and friends, to thy holy kingdom and home in heaven, and make us perfectly holy and happy there for ever. We ask all for our dear Saviour's sake. Amen.

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—BLIND AND HAPPY.

I ONCE knew a little girl (I fancy many of my readers have known children like her), who had every comfort of a good home, kind parents, and all the enjoyments of life. She had never known want or sorrow of any kind. Yet amid all, this child was not happy. She had a fretful temper. She was clever, and read many books, but she did not profit by them. At meal times she generally wanted something different from what was on the table; when her new clothes came home, she always thought she should have preferred a different colour or pattern. On fine days she would complain how it tired her to walk out, and on wet days she murmured that the rain kept her in the house. Now, this Anne Osborn was in some respects not unkind. She was good to dumb creatures, and very charitable to the poor; nor was she idle, for she attended to her studies diligently;—but her temper was peevish, and she somehow saw trouble in almost everything that happened to her.

This disposition, of course, brought its own punishment; few children ever shed more tears than poor unhappy Anne. She made herself thin and delicate by her worry. Her parents deeply grieved over her sad, gloomy spirit. They tried change of air and scene, and the company of other children, admonitions and punishment, still the child kept her discontented nature, and never made a friend, or enjoyed the blessings around her.

Mrs. Osborn was very benevolent, and visited many of the poor in her neighbourhood. She had not hitherto taken her little daughter, because the child had always complained that it made her still more unhappy to see poverty and sickness.

One fine June day, Mrs. Osborn and Anne were walking in a pleasant country lane, and the little girl was watching the light fleecy clouds, and saying "Don't you think it will rain, mamma? What shall we do, if it should rain? Had we not better turn back?" But Mrs. Osborn still went on. "I'm tired, mamma," said Anne. "I should like to sit down on that bank, but I'm afraid there are insects there." Still Mrs. Osborn continued her walk. Suddenly there came a sweet sound, borne by the still summer air. It floated to them—a pleasant melody, sung in a clear, full, soft voice. The walkers paused to listen. "Oh, how lovely!" said Mrs. Osborn. "What is it, mamma?" said Anne, half frightened. "A singer, child,—I should say, a happy as well as sweet singer." Again and again came the strain; they recognised a simple melody—that like the wild flowers is none the less beautiful because familiar; they walked on faster in the direction of the voice, and the words came distinctly,—

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory,
Singing glory, glory, glory."

O that chorus! how it swelled upward, scattering notes of joy, as if the air were filled by an angel's voice.

A sudden bend in the lane brought the singer into full view. There was a little lowly cottage in a garden, and sitting at the porch, surrounded by osiers and willow wands, was a boy with an unfinished basket on his lap, at which he was working. The mother and daughter stayed their steps, and looked and listened in silence. With wonderful quickness the boy's fingers moved. Anne noticed that he did not look at his work, his head was erect, he seemed to be gazing upward, while the rich notes of his voice poured out their gift of sweetness. They crept nearer. Anne could see at

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once those wide-open eyes were blind; yes, the boy sitting there in the sunshine, amid the bloom of flowers and under the waving trees, saw none of the flush of beauty around him,—yet how happy he looked! his face seemed all aglow with the light of a joyful spirit; again and again the chorus rang out,—

"Singing glory, glory, glory."

Suddenly he stopped, his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps, and of a hand upon the gate; he turned his head round instinctively.

"Is your mother at home?" said Mrs. Osborn, seeing that she was heard.

"No, ma'am," replied the boy; "she had to go to work at farmer Rose's, and she will not be back till night."

"What! are you left alone all day?"

"Yes, ma'am, mother was obliged to go; but I'm not lonely, I have my work to do; it's as much as I shall get done by four o'clock," he said, twisting away quickly all the time at his basket.

"You do not work after four o'clock, then?" said Mrs. Osborn.

"Not to-night, ma'am; three days a-week I go to the school to help to teach the children to sing."

"You learn to sing at the blind school, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am; and since I've been home Mr. Potter, the master, thought I might be of use to the children."

"I've not been able for the last month to call on your mother," said Mrs. Osborn; "but," she added, "I wish you to tell her I have been here," and then gave her name.

"O ma'am, you are one of the kind ladies who got me into the blind school. I don't know how much to thank you, ma'am. I've learned a good deal, and I think I can get more than my own living; I want to help mother—to keep her, if I can."

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Osborn, "it's very lonely and difficult for you."

"Oh, not at all, God has been so good to us,—indeed, ma'am, I'm as happy as the day is long."

It was a June day, and Mrs. Osborn, looking more at her daughter than the boy, said, "The days are nearly at the longest, and you must be happy indeed." She thought of that long day in the heavenly home, where it is said, "There is no night there," and silently gave God thanks that he had filled this dear child's darkened body with a spirit of light, and joy, and gladness.

As they walked home, Mrs. Osborn explained how the boy had been three years away at a school for teaching the blind; how he had returned during the last month, and was making himself useful without fee or reward, beyond the joy of his own heart, in the school. She did not fail to point out the contentment of his spirit to Anne. Poor and blind, toiling, and often lonely; yet out of his feeble lips God had perfected praise. Anne's eyes streamed with tears,—she had felt the lesson; she resolved to try to conquer her peevish temper. It was hard work; but from that day she tried, and ere long, in giving herself to the Lord Jesus, she found all she wanted. Whenever tempted to be fretful, she thought of the blind boy, and of Him who was his Saviour and hers; and she overcame. That verse was often on her lips, "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me."

II.—THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

It is always delightful to hear young voices sing the praise of God and of their Saviour. I have heard such singing in many places—more than I could tell—but everywhere it has been pleasant. Sometimes it has been in the crowded chapel or the happy Sunday school—sometimes in the open field beneath the summer sky—sometimes in some back and dingy street, where the music of poor children's praise has seemed to bring a ray of sunshine into the place.

I heard it once at Halifax, where more than twenty thousand voices joined in a song, ringing and sweet, and yet so full, that the best place to hear it was upon the hill-side three quarters of a mile off.

I have read of it as sounding softly through the early morning air of London from the very top of a chimney; for the little climbing boy up there with his brush and shovel and black face was singing before he went down again:—

"The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place:
The gospel never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

And once I remember being in Lancashire on a bright morning in the Whitsun week. It was a grand holiday, and there came driving into the station a mighty train. Was it a goods train?—what was it? There were cattle trucks and coal trucks with canvas canopies, and third class carriages, and second class carriages, and all crammed—crammed with children—children's faces pressed up against the windows—children's faces crowded together at the doors—children standing on tiptoe in the trucks to see over the sides—and all the faces brighter with their smiles than with all their holiday ribbons. But more children got in, squeezed together somehow, the whistle sounded, and the train began to move. Hush! what was that? A low, soft strain of music seemed to steal from one of the carriages—then it was taken up in others. I caught the tune, and the words:—

"Singing glory, glory—"

Then the music swelled high above the rumbling of the wheels, and as the train swept out of sight, I could still hear the distant melody:—

"On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory!

But are there any of you that cannot sing? Let me tell you of sweeter music still—music which a deaf and dumb boy whom I once knew could raise as well as any one here. Nay, without *this* music, all sweet singing will be to Jesus nothing but an empty sound. What can this be? The music of the HEART. I once knew a very old woman,—so old that you can hardly imagine the length of time she had lived. Some said she was more than a hundred years old; she herself said, "Ninety-nine last birthday." She was very weak and frail too, and could scarcely rise from her arm-chair in the chimney corner, where she used to sit from morning to night. Sometimes she would try and read a little, but her eyes soon failed her; and her hands were too weary and trembling even to knit. So she sat still the greater part of the day, as she used to say, "patiently waiting." But I think I never knew anybody brighter or

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more cheerful than she was. For everybody who went in to see her she had a smile of welcome; but most of all would her dim eyes sparkle at the name of JESUS. One day she told me a little of her history:—"I was a singer, sir, when I was a girl, in a church in the country,—did you ever hear tell of Madeley, sir?—yes, that was the place. And sometimes Mr. Wesley came to preach there—I suppose you have heard of him?—such a kind old man, and a wonderful man, too! I remember he used to come to the bottom of the gallery steps, and as we came down, he would put his hands on our heads, and say, 'Thank you; you have sung very sweetly to-day.' And it *was* sweet singing, sir; there is no such singing now-a-days." The truth was, the old lady was a little deaf, and could not very well hear how young people can sing now. But she went on: "Ah, sir, my singing days are over; I remember the tunes, but I can't sing them. Sometimes I try, when I am by myself; but my voice is so poor and cracked I am fain to give over." "Well, never mind. You have *music in your heart*," I said. "Yes, that is just it; music in my heart: for I do love Jesus, and try to praise him. He is very good to me, and I know he is coming for me soon, and will take me to be with him in heaven; and I shall sing there, sir—*I shall sing there.*"

My dear children, such talk as this did me good; and my prayer for you is, that you too may love Jesus, and find him your friend; may have music in your hearts and in your voices too; and at last may "sing more sweet, more loud," in heaven.—*Juvenile Miss. Herald.*

III.—MEETING WITH JESUS.

"MAMMA," said a little girl to her mother one day, when they were returning from chapel, "can you tell me why all the people when they come in, do *so* (putting her hand before her eyes). You did it, I saw, mamma, and the lady in the next pew, and some of the people in the gallery, and the minister did it; what was it for?"

"I suppose, my child," the mother said, "that they were praying?"

"Did they forget to pray at home, then?"

"No, I hope not, but good people love to pray again when they come into God's house."

"I should like to pray too; may I?"

"To be sure, my dear."

"Then what shall I say?"

The mother thought a moment; then this beautiful prayer came into her mind, as fitted for her child, "O Lord Jesus, may I meet with thee in thy house to-day." The little girl repeated it over and over, and nothing more was said.

Some years afterwards, when the dear child had grown up, she was sitting with her mother one Sabbath evening after the services. The daughter was looking very wistful and anxious; at last she spoke: "Mamma, do you remember teaching me that prayer to say at chapel, many years ago?"

"Yes, my dear; why do you ask me?"

"O mother, I do not think I ever understood it until to-day!"

"How so, my child?"

"I always said it, I know—never missed—but thought about it very little. Only to-day, while the minister was speaking about Jesus and his love, I began to think what a sinner I was, and it made me sad—oh, I cannot tell you;" then her tears began to flow, but looking up in a moment with a peaceful smile, she said, "I knew He was able and willing to save; and in my heart I asked him to save *me*. Dear mother, I do believe he heard my prayer. I felt that he was near, and would be my Saviour. It makes me very, very happy to think that I have met with Jesus in his house to-day."—*Ibid.*

IV.—OFFENDING THE LITTLE ONES.

AUNT ELLEN went to take care of Mrs. Gray's family while she visited some friends. Lucy Gray, the eldest child, was about ten. She had a cousin from the country staying with her named Mary. Mary brought all her good home habits with her; she was very orderly, industrious, and obliging, and she was a child who loved to pray.

But she was timid, and often afraid of Lucy. Lucy teased her so. Lucy was an idle, disobedient child herself, and she seemed determined to make Mary so. She would laugh at Mary for studying, calling her "little school-ma'am;" and she often tried to hinder her praying. Mary did not like to be laughed at, as no one does. Sometimes she would go away by herself and cry, and wish she were at home with her dear, dear mother; sometimes she would give up to Lucy.

"Lucy," said Aunt Ellen, one day when they were alone together, "I'm afraid you offend your cousin Mary."

"No, aunt," said Lucy, "she is very good-natured; she never gets angry."

"You do not know what I mean," said Aunt Ellen. "I mean the Bible use of offending."

"What is the Bible use of 'offend?'" asked Lucy. "I thought 'offend' was to make angry, and be sulky."

"Will you try and find a verse in the Testament which has 'offend' in it?" said Aunt Ellen.

Lucy's curiosity was excited; and while Aunt Ellen went to superintend something in the kitchen, she took her Testament and a Concordance and began to search. Do you know what a Concordance is? It is a dictionary of Bible words. She looked for "offend." She found a number of directions to the Old Testament; but as Aunt Ellen gave her the New, she at last picked out Matt. xviii. 6, and, turning to the place, found the words, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Lucy read it over and over. Then she read before, to see who said it. It was the Lord Jesus. "It must be something very wicked, to deserve being killed in this way," said Lucy, and she read it again.

At last Aunt Ellen came back. "Aunt Ellen," asked Lucy seriously, "what *does* offend here mean?"

"In this place," said she, "and in many other places in the New Testament, it means to *tempt* or *lead others into sin*; so that by 'offending one of these little ones,' our Lord does not mean vexing them, ill-using, or making them angry, but tempting or leading them into evil, or throwing hindrances (or 'stumbling-blocks') in the way of their doing what they ought to; and this he calls so wicked, that it were better to die than to be guilty of it."

"And what does 'little ones' here mean?" asked Lucy.

"Jesus had just before taken a little child, and told his disciples that unless they were converted, and became as little children, they could not enter into the kingdom of God; and

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then he says they must not tempt to evil one of these little ones who believe on him, so as to hinder them from doing right. It means, therefore, those who are young in years and easily impressed for good or evil,—those children or grown people who are desirous of doing their duty, but who are shy and timid,—who, having no great confidence in themselves, find it hard and almost impossible to stand against laughter and teasing. These are 'offended,' in the Bible sense, when they are laughed or frightened out of their Saviour's service."

"I am afraid I have offended cousin Mary," said Lucy in a low tone. "I never knew this before. I wish I had not done it. But, Aunt Ellen, children often laugh at other children who are serious or try to do right; they only do it for fun."

"But what a wicked sort of fun it is!" said Aunt Ellen. "It is such fun as Satan wishes; but how displeased Jesus is with it!"

"Aunt Ellen, I never knew so before," said Lucy; "I never knew so before."

Perhaps there are other children like Lucy. Let them study this verse. It lays bare a common fault; but its commonness makes it no less serious and displeasing to God. Beware, then, lest you "offend." Beware also how you suffer yourself to be "offended," lest you are laughed or frightened away from Christ and from the hope of heaven.—*Child's Paper.*

V.—"IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of good thing," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour!

"It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting,—"it's a great blessing to have food when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering,—ay, and to have plenty of work, when many willing to work can't get it!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think THAT HEART IS VERY HARD that is not thankful for so many blessings!"—*Church of England Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*

VI.—THE NEW-FOUND RELATION.

THE *Children's Paper* tells a touching story of an Austrian officer, who arrived one day in a town in Germany celebrated for its baths, to which crowds of invalids were constantly flocking, with the hope of being cured of their various diseases.

The officer seemed to be dying and very near his end, and he was refused admission into several of the hotels, as they feared he might die in the house. When he presented himself at the last hotel where he could hope to get rooms, he was told as usual that there were none vacant; but one of the gentlemen living in the hotel, having heard this answer given by the landlord, stepped forward and said,—

"This officer is my near relation, and I shall share my room with him. He may have my bed, and I can sleep on the sofa."

The landlord could not venture to make any objection to this, and the half-fainting invalid was carried to the room of the gentleman who had claimed him as a relation. When he had rested a few minutes to recover his strength a little, his first question was,—

"May I ask your name, my kind friend? How are you related to me?—on what side?"

"I am related to you through our Lord Jesus Christ, for I have learned from him that my neighbour is my brother."

Not contented with thus kindly receiving a stranger, the generous man did all he could to assist him both in temporal and spiritual things. He nursed him kindly, and carried to him with his own hand the first glass he took of the healing water. He cared also for his soul, and sought to lead him to Jesus, the physician of souls, who heals all our diseases, who is the comforter of the afflicted, and the Saviour of sinners.

You remember the parable of the good Samaritan, and the words with which the Lord Jesus concludes it—"Go thou and do likewise." Will *you* act out the command as this good man did? Never forget that your neighbour is your brother.

VII.—KINDNESS THE TRUE POLITENESS.

I HAPPENED to be travelling a little distance on a freezing day, and entered the ladies' room at a shop, shivering with cold; for in my anxiety to keep my baby warm, a pin in my shawl had escaped its fastening, and I wanted to replace it. But my pin-cushion was in my pocket, which was filled with toys and bon-bons, (we had "been to Christmas,") and with bundled-up baby, gloves, and cold fingers, was not to be got at.

There were three little girls in the room (perhaps ten years old) sitting opposite to us, and as I drew my shawl closer around me, and moved a little nearer the glowing coal, I saw the little girls pass a hand over the front part of their dresses, look at each other, and shake their heads. The next moment one of them stepped across and handed me a pin (she must have taken it from a needed place), saying, in a very sweet tone,—

"Here is one, if you please."

"Thank you, dear," I cordially replied, accepting it; and as she resumed her seat, the other little girls were equally pleased, for the same kindly motion swayed each little heart.

It was a very trifling act, but whenever I recall the politeness of those little stranger girls, I think of the beautiful definition that somebody gives of politeness. It is this:—"*True politeness consists in doing the kindest thing in the very kindest way.*"—*Children's Friend.*

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THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—STRAY COUNSELS.

LOOKING UP.

WHEN, in the instruction and admonition of others, we have faithfully done our duty, we shall be willing, if we are in a right state of heart, to leave the event, with entire calmness of mind, in the hands of God. We know not what shall profit, whether this or that; but we may be assured, to say the least, that God will do his part, as well as we have done ours, although perhaps in a different way from what we expected. "I have observed," says Bunyan, "that a word cast in by-the-by, hath done more execution in a sermon than all that was spoken besides. Sometimes, also, when I have thought I did no good, then did I the most of all; and at other times, when I thought I should catch them, I have fished for nothing."

AS GOD WILLS.

While we admit the duty of ever bearing the cross, we are to remember that we must bear it just where God in his providential dealings sees fit to impose it upon us, without assuming the responsibility of either seeking or shunning it. We shall find that God has placed it in the whole course of our life, and at precisely the right place; and all he requires of us is to bear it with a faithful heart when we meet it.

GOD'S ORDER.

It is very desirable that we should always keep ourselves in the order of God's providence; in other words, that we should receive things as they come, and do things as they are presented to us, in the spirit of Christian acquiescence and faithfulness; for that is the only way in which we can truly recognise God as at the helm of affairs, or realize our own nothingness. Let us never forget that God is competent to the direction of his own movements; and that whatever we may think of our own capabilities, he has other agencies in other situations. And what he requires of us, is to be and do just as he would have us, in his own providential time, in his own manner, and his own place.

THE POWER OF HOLINESS.

If, as the wise men of the world assure us, "knowledge is power," the Christian can assert with still greater truth that *holiness is power*. But holiness wins its victories, not by the accessory aids of cunning devices and of artificial eloquence, but by its own intrinsic excellence. It is gentle in its language, and mild in its gesticulation; but the energy of the great God is heard with transcendent efficacy in its still small voice.

SPEAKING UNADVISEDLY.

Let the time of temptation be the time of silence. Words react upon feelings; and if Satan, in the time of our trials, can induce us to utter a hasty or unadvised word, he will add, by so doing, to the power of his previous assaults, and increase the probability of his getting the victory.

EARTHLY LOVES.

It is as necessary, in the progress and support of a holy life, to regulate our friendships and our love (we mean here our love of creatures), as it is to regulate our displeasure and anger. We may as really love too much and sin, as we may be displeased too much and sin. The holy mind may be said, with a degree of propriety, to stand in a state of indifference, relatively to *itself*. That is to say, it seeks nothing, desires nothing, loves nothing, is averse from nothing, and is angry with nothing, except in God's time and way, IN God and FOR God.

EARLIER AND LATER EXPERIENCE.

In the early periods of our religious experience, we are chiefly interested in what Christ was by *situation*,—his birth in the manger, the incidents of his childhood, his temptations and labours, his betrayal and his crucifixion. At a later period, we are interested, in a still higher degree, in what Christ was and is by *character*,—his purity, his condescension, his forbearance, his readiness to do and suffer his Father's will, his love. Christ outward is precious, and always will be precious, historically; "*the star of memory.*" Christ inward, who can never die, and who reproduces himself in the hearts of his followers, is still more precious by present realization; *the star, the sun of the affections.*—*Professor Upham.*

II.—DECISIVE BATTLES.

A SIMPLE "Yes," or an emphatic "No," may cost you a fortune—may cost you a troop of friends—may cost you your political promotion—may cost you your character—may cost you your soul! How many a public man has had his whole career decided by his course in some trying emergency, or on some one great question of right. He is led up into the mount of temptation where some gigantic iniquity bids him bow down and worship it, and promises in return "all the world and the glory thereof." From that mount of trial he comes down a hero or a fool. The die is cast. If he has honoured justice and truth, then justice and truth will honour him; if not, his bones will be left bleaching on the road to a promotion he can never reach.

That was a hard struggle for Nathaniel Ripley Cobb, of Boston, when he decided to accumulate no more than 50,000 dollars during his life, and to give all the surplus to the treasury of the Lord. But after the noble resolution was once taken, selfishness was a conquered lust in that man's breast for ever. He had come off more than conqueror. How many a minister of Christ has been charged upon and overcome by this accursed spirit of "worldly wisdom!" He was put to the decisive test, not in Nero's judgment-hall, or before Agrippa's tribunal—not before a Popish inquisitor, or in sight of Smithfield's fires of martyrdom. But in his quiet study, when some timid friend counselled a treacherous silence in his pulpit on some vital question of right, his "Yes" or his "No" has either called from his Master the precious benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" or else the fearful anathema, "Ye were ashamed of me and of my truth, and of thee will I be ashamed before my Father and his holy angels." We all have our moral Marengos and our Waterloos, where we win or lose the crown of Christian character. When these decisive conflicts come on between our conscience on the one hand and some selfish scheme or satanic iniquity on the other, then try to remember a few simple rules of moral war:—

1. *Never change your position in sight of an enemy.* This

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was a fatal policy to the allies at Austerlitz. It has cost many a disgraceful defeat in spiritual warfare.

2. *Never place on guard a doubtful or questionable principle.* Your sentinel will be sure to betray you.

3. *Never abandon the high ground of right for the low lands of expediency.* Before you are aware, you will be swamped in the bottomless morass of ruin.

4. *Get your moral armour from God's word*; and "*put on the* WHOLE *armour.*" An exposed spot in character may admit the fatal weapon of the foe. Ahab was wounded through the joints of his harness. Do not mind blows in the face. Heroes are wounded in the face—cowards in the back.

5. But whether wounded by foes or deserted by friends, *never surrender.* It is said that not one of the old Imperial Guard survived the wreck of Waterloo. Toward the sunset of that long, bloody day, when the surviving remnant of the Guards was summoned to lay down their arms, the scarred veterans of fifty victorious fights cried out, "The old guards can die, but they never learned to surrender!" The glorious CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION could die for us, but he could not desert us. Blessed is he who is found faithful! He shall wear the crown of amaranth in the paradise of God.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

III.—A DECEIVED HEART.

THERE are many cunning flatterers in the world, but the most cunning is man's own heart. A man's own heart will flatter him even about his sins. A man is a grasping miser—his heart flatters him that he is only exercising proper business habits. A man on the other hand is extravagant, and spends the good gifts of God upon his own evil passions; then his heart tells him that he is a liberal soul. The heart turns "sweet into bitter, and bitter into sweet." "Well," says he, "it is true I drink too much, but then, there is never a time I refuse a guinea towards a charity. It is true," says he, "I am not certainly what I should be in my moral character, but still, see how regularly I keep to my church or chapel. It is true," says he, "I don't now and then mind a trick or two in my trade, but I am always ready to help the poor." And so he imagines that he blots out an evil trait in his character with a good one, and thus flatters his heart. And see how self-contented and satisfied he is. The poor child of God is trying his own heart with the deepest possible anxiety; this man knows of no such thing. He is always fully assured that he is right. The true believer is sitting down and turning over his accounts day by day, to see whether he be really on the road to heaven, or whether he has mistaken his evidence and has been deceived. But this man, self-satisfied, bandages his own eyes and walks deliberately on, singing at every step, straight to his own destruction. I know of some such now.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

IV.—"WHOSOEVER WILL."

HE says, "Come freely." He wants nothing to recommend you. He needs no recommendation. But you have no good feelings. Nevertheless you are willing, therefore come. You have no belief and no repentance. Come to Him, and He will give them to you. Come just as you are; it is "freely," "without money and without price." The drinking fountains at the corners of our streets are valuable institutions; but I cannot imagine any one being so foolish, as when he comes to the drinking fountains fumbling for his purse, and saying, "I cannot drink because I have not five pounds in my pocket." Why, however poor the man is, there is the fountain, and poor as he is he may drink of it. It is put there for the public. Thirsty passengers as they go by, whether they are dressed in fustian or in broad cloth, don't look for any warrant for drinking; they come and drink of it freely. Here it is; the liberality of some good friend has put it there, and they take it and ask no questions. Perhaps the only persons that ever need to go thirsty through the street where there is a drinking fountain, are the fine ladies and gentlemen who are in their carriages. They are very thirsty, but cannot think of being so vulgar as to get out to drink. It would bemean them, they think, to drink at a common drinking fountain; so they go with parched lips. Oh, how many there are that are rich, rich in their own good works, that cannot come to Christ. "I will not be saved," they say, "in the same way as the harlot or the swearer. What! go to heaven the same way as a chimney sweep! Is there no pathway to glory, but the path which a Magdalen may take? I will not be saved that way." Then you fine gentry must remain without. You are not bidden to come, for you are not willing. But remember,—

> "*None* are excluded hence,
> But those who do *themselves* exclude."

"WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME."—*Ibid.*

V.—SLANDER.

THE more prominent any person's character is, the more likely he is to suffer in this way,—there being in the heart of every man, unless greatly subdued by grace, a pleasure in hearing anything which may sink others to his level, or lower them in the estimation of the world. We seem to ourselves elevated in proportion as others are depressed. Under such circumstances I derive consolation from the following reflections:—

1. My enemy, whatever evil he says of me, does not reduce me so low as he would if he knew all concerning me that God knows.

2. In drawing the balance, as between debtor and creditor, I find that if I have been robbed of pence, there are pounds and talents placed to my account to which I have no just title.

3. If man has his "*day*," God will have his. (See 1 Cor. iv. 3, the marginal reading.)—*Charles Simeon.*

VI.—DYING WORDS.*

JOSEPH ALLEINE.

"TROUBLE me not, Satan, for I am none of thine! I am the Lord's; Christ is mine, and I am his—his by covenant. I have sworn myself to be the Lord's, and his I will be; therefore begone!" These last words he repeated often, which I took much notice of (says his widow), that his

* From "Testimonies for Jesus in Dying Hours." Edinburgh: James Taylor.

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covenanting with God was the means he used to expel Satan and his temptations. At other times he would reckon up the choice tokens Christ had sent him—"The pardon of sin—a patent for heaven—the gift of the Spirit—the robe of his righteousness—the spoils of enemies—the charter of all liberties and privileges—the guard of his angels."—"Oh, this vain, foolish world! I wonder how any reasonable creature can so dote upon it! What is in it worth the looking after? I care not to be in it longer than while my Master hath either doing or suffering work for me. Were that done, farewell to earth!"

EBENEZER ERSKINE.

When one of his elders said to him, "Sir, you have given us many good advices, may I ask what you are now doing with your own soul?" "I am just doing with it," he replied, "what I did forty years ago; I am resting on that word, 'I am the Lord thy God.'" Another friend put the question, "Sir, are you not afraid of your sins?" "Indeed, no," was his answer; "ever since I knew Christ I have never thought highly of my frames and duties, nor am I *slavishly* afraid of my sins." At another time he said, "I know that when my soul forsakes this tabernacle of clay it will fly as naturally to my Saviour's bosom as the bird to its beloved nest."

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

"My greatest grief is, that I have done so little for Jesus; my greatest joy, that Christ has done so much for me." When Mr. Venn inquired how he did, he replied, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven."

DR. JUDSON.

"I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school." "Death will never take me by surprise—do not be afraid of that—I feel *so strong in Christ*."

THOMAS WARD, A RAILWAY LABOURER.

"I see him now! He is here! He is near. He is with me. He is around me. He will never let me go. How could I ever doubt him? He is the Saviour of sinners. He is *my* Saviour. Jesus is mine, and I am his. His blood has bought me. I never knew what he is till now. Oh, tell them all to come to him, to come NOW! Tell every man you meet. Christ for every man! JESUS CHRIST FOR EVERY MAN! *My* blessed, blessed Saviour! world without end. Amen. Blessed, blessed Jesus!"

LEGH RICHMOND.

"Brother, brother, strong evidences; nothing but strong evidences will do at such an hour as this. I have looked here and looked there for them—all have failed me; and so I cast myself on the sovereign, free, and full grace of God in the covenant by Jesus Christ. And there, brother (looking at me with a smile of tranquillity quite indescribable), *there* I have found peace."

SIR JAMES MACINTOSH.

Whenever a word from the Scriptures (says his son) was repeated to him, he always manifested that he heard it; and I especially observed that at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ, if his eyes were closed he always opened them, and looked at the person who had spoken. I said to him at one time, "Jesus Christ loves you." He answered slowly, and pausing between each word, "Jesus Christ—love—the same thing." He uttered these last words with a sweet smile. After a long silence, he said, "I believe." We said, in a voice of inquiry, "In God?" He answered, "In Jesus." He spoke but once after this. Upon our inquiry how he felt, he said he was *happy*.

VII.—KEY-NOTES OF THOUGHT AND DEVOTION.

CHRIST often takes the crown off his own head, and puts it upon the head of faith; witness such passages as these, which are frequent in Scripture: "Thy faith hath saved thee" (Luke vii. 50). "Thy faith hath made thee whole" (Matt. ix. 22). And no wonder that Christ crowns faith, for of all graces, faith takes the crown off a man's own head and puts it upon the head of Christ.

AH, believer, it is only heaven that is above all winds, storms, and tempests; God did not cast man out of paradise that he might be able to find himself another paradise in this world. The world and you must part, or Christ and you will never meet. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

IT was a sweet saying of one, "O Lord, I have come to thee; but by thee I will never go from thee without thee."

"*Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises*" (2 Pet. i. 4). The promises are a precious book; every leaf drops myrrh and mercy. They are golden vessels laden with the choicest jewels that heaven can afford or the soul desire. *There is nothing you can truly call a mercy, but you will find it in the promises.*

KATHERINE BRETTERGE once, after a great conflict with Satan, said, "Reason not with me, I am but a weak woman; if thou hast anything to say, say it to my Christ, he is my advocate, my strength, and my Redeemer, and he shall plead for me."

IT is a sad thing when Christians borrow spectacles to behold their weak brethren's weaknesses, and refuse looking-glasses wherein they may see their weak brethren's grace.

"HE that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase" (Eccles. v. 10). A man may as soon fill a chest with grace, or a vessel with virtue, as a heart with wealth. If Alexander conquer one world, he will wish for another to conquer.

SIN'S murdering morsels will deceive those who devour them. Many eat *that* on earth which they digest in hell.

WHAT madness and folly is it, that the favourites of heaven should envy the men of the world, who at best do but feed upon the scraps that come from God's table! Temporals are the bones; spirituals are the marrow. Is it below a man to envy the dogs because of the bones? And is it not much more below a Christian to envy others for temporals, when himself enjoys spirituals?

FAITH is the champion of grace, and love the nurse; but humility is the beauty of grace. *Be clothed with humility.* The Greek word imports that humility is the ribbon or string that ties together all those precious pearls, the rest of the graces. If this string break, they are all scattered.

Brooks.

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THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND HER SON.

BY ADOLPHE MONOD.

LET us never forget in education, as in life, that "one thing is needful;" this one thing needful is the result of the mother's success. Too often, alas! in the holy work of guiding her son to the Saviour, she has no one with her; happy, indeed, if all the world is not against her. But if alone, let her take courage; it is here above all that God is with her, and he is sufficient for her.

Are we speaking of a young child? This son beloved, but loved in the Lord, with whom she humbles herself each day at the feet of the Saviour, whom she teaches him to seek in his earliest thoughts, and name in his earliest words—she holds in a measure his soul in her hands. Alone in the world, she knows the ways by which to go in depositing the fruitful germs of saving truth, instilled with so much love, implanted so profoundly, linked so strongly to the natural instincts (here learn the empire of her own image!) that neither storms without, nor storms within, shall be able to uproot them. Believe me, nothing is at once more irresistible to man, nor more indestructible in man, than these early impressions left by a pious mother, and shielded by the vague and simple charm of youthful remembrances. A son will twice doubt the mind of his father before he doubts once the heart of his mother.

Or, are we speaking of the age, when, no longer a child, and not yet a man, a son escapes insensibly from the watchful care of his mother, inspiring her with new solicitude? By a faithful use of her past influence, she has gained the confidence of this son, and this confidence to-day is an assurance for the future. In those tender disclosures which she has made a habit with him, and a need to him, she reads his heart to its depths; and a heart to whose depths we read is almost always one of which we are master. Passion speaks, perhaps; he is about to yield; but he must tell his mother—impossible; or he must conceal it from her—more impossible still; and the temptation is overcome. At length the time arrives for the last embrace, prelude of a separation, perhaps eternal. . . . . Christian mother, what dost thou fear? Prepared during so many years upon the humble stocks of the family, *launch, since God wills it*, launch thy vessel upon the uncertain sea! Let thy weeping eye follow it, even to the most distant limits of the horizon, and then, when thou shalt see it tossing upon the furthest wave, ready to disappear—disappearing—disappeared—offer thy prayer, committing thy treasure to Him who holds the winds and the waves in his hands, and who loves—more than *thou* lovest! Thou hast been faithful from the beginning; *He* will be faithful unto the end. Go on; he will not forget the promise, which seems to have been given expressly for thee: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Happy foresight, justifying a still happier experience. If it is true that the greater part of distinguished men are the sons of their mothers, it is, above all, true of religious men. Scripture history, the history of the Church, and contemporaneous history, agree in attesting it: we say rather in leaving it to be discovered; for it is necessary to seek for the mother to discover her, behind this son whose name eclipses her own in the memory of man. But this is all a Christian mother asks. If she has saved her son, she has accomplished her mission as a woman; and if she has saved him without revealing herself, she has doubly accomplished it. Listen to the Bible. What is the object of the short preface placed at the head of the life of Samuel, if it is not to explain this holy man of God, this giant in prayer, this first link in the chain of prophets, this great reformer of the state and of religion, by the faith, the vow, the fidelity, and the songs of Hannah, his mother? How this recital atones for the brevity with which the Bible elsewhere explains in a similar manner, a Moses, a David, a Timothy! and how it gives us the key to the apparent minuteness with which it names, in passing, the mothers of the kings of Judah! Open the annals of the Church. Who hears the name of Augustine, that living light, twice almost extinguished, but delivered in turn from lust and heresy to glorify God before the most distant posterity, without recognising with him in this double deliverance, next to God, the hand of the loving, humble, patient Monica? But learn that Chrysostom, Basil the Great, Gregory of Nazianzen, and many others who have followed in their steps, each had their Monica, of whom we forget to inform ourselves, ungrateful as we are, even while tasting with delight the fruit of that which she sowed.

But we need not extend our glance so far: look around you. Study the ways of God, and you will find that the greater part of the servants of Jesus Christ, in whom our generation glories, are indebted to a mother for the first gleams of their piety. Not long since, in a pastoral conference, where were assembled one hundred and twenty American pastors, united in a common faith, each one was invited to relate the human cause to which he attributed, under the divine blessing, the change of his heart. Do you know how many gave the honour to their mother? Out of one hundred and twenty, more than one hundred!

At another time, a mother equally faithful seems not to have succeeded as well; her son has wandered far from the path which she traced out for him. A mother, after all, mother though she be, is not God. But the greater the wandering of this prodigal son, the more we

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admire the maternal power to which he closes his ear, without being able to free his conscience, and which may (what do we know?) triumph at last over his resistance, long after the voice and prayers of his mother have become silent in death. Disregard the piety of a mother—that is possible; but *forget* it—never, no, never! A good man was hastening towards a church where religious service for sailors was being held. Opposite the church, at the door of an inn, he saw seated an aged sailor, with a rude and decided air, who, with folded arms, and a cigar in his mouth, looked with indifference, or else with disdain, upon those of his comrades who repaired to public worship. "My friend," said the stranger, approaching him, "come with us into the church." "No," answered the sailor roughly. His manner would have given this response to the stranger, who added, with mildness, "You appear to have seen hard times. Have you still a mother?" The sailor, raising his head, fixed his eyes upon the stranger, and remained silent. "Ah! well, my friend! if your good mother was here, what counsel, think you, would *she* give?" Wiping away, with the back of his hand, a tear which he vainly attempted to hide, the old man arose, and with a choking voice said, "I will go."

Mothers, mothers, understand your power! Feel your responsibility! Happy the child who has a good mother! Happy *your* son, if he has a good mother!

But, understand me; I waste not this name upon every one who simply loves her child. A loving mother is one thing, and there are such even among the heathen; a good mother, according to God, is quite another thing. In our day, alas! the history of some men's relations with their mother is soon told. All this intellectual, moral, spiritual development is to them unknown. . . . . O mother, who still hast a son to rear, awake! And thou, mother, who hast *thus* reared one, repent! Yes, repent, but despair not. The word despair is not Christian. The eleventh-hour labourer may not only be admitted, he may even be favoured. You can become a "help-meet" to your son, and educing, by the grace of God, good from evil, experience the truth which contains in it the germ, the whole gospel, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

One work completed, another commences. Too late for that of education, another remains to you, for which it is never too late, since weight of years imposes it upon you. You reign no longer by authority over children, who have become men; but you can exercise over them a dominion of love and respect, which their maturity will honour. Last link between past and future generations, frail and precious vestige of that which has been, and which will be no more, vigilant depositary of the family traditions—you form a venerable centre, around which group themselves, with silent anxiety, many families whom your departure will soon disperse. In your presence the depths of their hearts are stirred by many thoughts, many interests, many passions, perhaps; but all is restrained by the common feeling which you inspire, and each vies with the other in efforts and sacrifices to maintain the peace of your last days. Your experience, your white hairs, your past services, your present infirmities, a vague fear of not finding you in your place tomorrow, gain for you every heart. Noble and useful position which God has prepared for you! Words of power, received as the experience of life, as the warnings of death, almost as the inspirations of heaven! Happy the mother who faithfully completes a career faithfully begun!

THE REV. RICHARD KNILL.

PART II.

ST. PETERSBURG AND HOME MINISTRY.

No outpost of the European Christian ministry called for a higher combination of prudence, courage, and devotion, than the field to which Mr. Knill was immediately summoned on his return to England. Through the exertions of Dr. Paterson, St. Petersburg had become the centre of an active native Bible Society. The Emperor Alexander had given the full weight of his name and position to the movement. When the proposal to print the Scriptures for the *Foreign Confessions* of the empire was laid before him, "Why should not *my own Russians*," was his reply, "share in the boon?" The hint was taken, and the omission, which had been made to avoid the hostility of the Greek clergy, was eventually supplied by the publication of the Scriptures in as many as twenty languages, including the vernacular of the country. Ministers of State concurred with the Emperor in favouring the undertaking, and the good metropolitan, Michael, lent it the full influence of his high office. For some years the Russian Bible Society had poured forth its treasures in an uninterrupted stream amongst all tongues and tribes of that vast empire. But premonitory difficulties were beginning to be felt. The inferior clergy, who dreaded the free circulation of the Scriptures, had begun openly to murmur against the new privilege, and had found organs at court for the expression of their dissatisfaction.

It was at this time that a proposal was made to the London Missionary Society to send out a minister, whose charge should be the English residents at St. Petersburg. Many of our countrymen longed for ministrations of a more evangelical character than were at that time dispensed from the Episcopal Chapel. The directors acceded to the proposal, and Mr. Knill, who had just returned from India, was the man chosen for the work. After a few months spent in a missionary tour through England, he embarked for his future sphere of labour, arriving just at the crisis when a man of less courageous zeal, or of less prudence, would either have attempted nothing beyond the immediate sphere of his English countrymen, or would have involved himself in the attempt in collision with a suspicious clergy and a jealous government. Mr. Knill both strengthened by additions the small English congregations he found on his arrival, and by a bold wisdom, peculiarly his own, continued the stream of Bible circulation after the society was abolished, its agents scattered, and their myriad Bibles shut up to rot in their old depôts. It is a beautiful illustration of the wisdom of the serpent and harmlessness of the dove, the Christian art he employed to re-open these depôts, and by which he provided, without violating the law of the empire, for the circulation of these

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treasures. When the Emperor Alexander was no more, and a new metropolitan, with hostile feelings to the free circulation of the Scriptures, succeeded the good Michael, a ukase transferred the operations of the Bible Society to the "superintendence of the Holy Synod,"—a transference which was equivalent to closing the fountain of life. It broke up the Bible Society in effect, interdicted the importation of fresh supplies of Scripture, and placed the future sale and distribution under the guardianship of a jealous and hostile party. The blow was decisive, and during the first triumph of the party, any attempt to have circulated the Scriptures might have been visited by summary imprisonment. Still the sale of the old stock of Bibles was not actually prohibited. The whole of the immense collection of the society was placed under the keeping of an old monk, whose sales became merely nominal, and office a sinecure. How could the treasures be reached? The question often occupied Mr. Knill's thoughts. He felt there was a time to be still. The storm of suspicion under which the society had fallen must first be allowed to blow past. But might he not wait too long, and under the pretext of prudence neglect duty. A young person of his congregation, a warm-hearted, energetic female convert, suggested to him his course, when the time had become ripe for action; and Mr. Knill was a man who could take a hint, as well as shoot an arrow. She had called on him one morning and said, "As next week is my name's day, our servants will expect a present. They can all read, and what can I give them so good as a Russian Testament?" "Nothing," Mr. Knill replied. "Well, will you please get some Russian Testaments for me?" "I will try," was the answer, and off Mr. Knill set on this suggestion to the well-known Bible House. "Can I have some *Russian* Testaments?" he inquired cautiously. "Yes," said the old monk, to his surprise, "you can have 10,000 this week, and 10,000 next week if you please. The damp is rotting and the moth devouring them." The old man was tired of his inaction. He wished to do a stroke of business. Alas, thought Mr. Knill on his way home, tens of thousands of the word of life rotting in cellars, this is dreadful!—something must be done. It occurred to him that there was one warm friend in Scotland who had taken an interest especially in the Jewish children of his schools for the foreign poor, and who had written to him in a way which convinced him of her love to God. "I shall write her in this emergency, and she may set me agoing with £10." His success in this application he narrates in his journal with an overflowing, thankful heart: "To the glory of God be it recorded, that I this day received a letter from dear Miss Ross, of Edinburgh, in answer to mine of the 17th November, authorizing me to draw for £50, to carry on the delightful work of circulating the Scriptures. O my soul, never forget this loving-kindness; let it encourage thee and stimulate thee to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the blessed Master's work, nothing doubting that he will raise up friends to aid his own cause." How seldom is it considered by those who withhold their help from the cause of God in the time of need, that they both hinder the thanksgiving and prayers of many, as well as shut up their own hearts!

"For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner
Scatter'd, fill with gold the plain."

Set agoing with this first contribution, like money it made money,—more flowed in. His friends were stirred up to offer both their services and their pecuniary aid. First he purchased thirty copies of the Scriptures, then forty, increasing his number according to the increase of his agents, till in a short time he had drawn out of the cellars of the old monk upwards of 4000 Bibles, New Testaments, and Psalters in the Sclavonian, Russian, German, Swedish, Finnish, Polish, Esthonian, French, and English languages. The ports were re-opened, and a brisk commerce in the word of life had begun. Ultimately 14,000 Bibles were distributed through his single agency, besides Prayer Books, School Books, and Tracts, to the amazing number of 120,000 copies. The Edinburgh contribution had been the seed of a great tree. The tracts referred to were those prepared by the Princess Metschersky,—translations of Legh Richmond's "Negro Servant," "Young Cottager," and "Dairyman's Daughter." The conversion of that excellent princess is too interesting to be passed over. Having appointed Dr. Pinkerton as a tutor in her family, it was her habit while he instructed her daughters to remain in the room. By degrees she became deeply interested in the religious ideas which he expressed. She was thus led to a close private examination of the Scriptures, and at length exclaimed to her friend, "While you have taught my children, the Spirit of God has taught me." From that hour, though retaining connection with the Greek Church according to the absolute law of the land and her own general convictions, she surrendered her property and fine talents to the dissemination of the gospel in her native land.

In the midst of these labours his congregation of English residents lacked nothing of his earnest pastoral care. A new Episcopal chaplain, evangelical in doctrine, arriving shortly after the commencement of his ministry, circumscribed the growth of his congregation. The change was felt by some to have superseded the necessity of his appointment. Yet with the purity of heart of the true Christian pastor, he watched with the deepest interest the signs of advancing life amongst his Episcopal brethren. No jealousy marred his joy. It is very gratifying, int he entry of his journal of March 14, 1824, to hear of the Rev. Edward Law's faithful preaching to so large a congregation. "May thy word be made like a fire, and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces! May there be a shaking among the dry bones, and a great ingathering of precious souls to Christ! Amen." Under a pastor of Mr. Knill's resources and energy a congregation was not to be estimated by its number. Its power lay in its spirit. Every member was impressed by his skilful management and personal devotedness into active service. He lived in an evangelistic element. His congregation was pervaded with his spirit; each member in his sphere was a missionary. It is astonishing what his "small congregation" under his courageous leadership accomplished. When the necessity for his congregation in St. Petersburg was questioned, his noble reply was the enumeration of its deeds. Who after the record could refuse to exclaim: Be thou perpetual? "Is it asked," he said, "Have you a Bible Society? I answer, We distributed about 6000 Bibles, Psalters, and New Testaments last year. Is it asked, Have you a missionary society? I answer, We support six native teachers in India, and one missionary printer in Georgia, besides sending 100 rubles annually for general missionary purposes to the London Missionary Society. Is it asked,

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Have you a school society? Several of my congregation keep schools, and have upwards of 200 children under their tuition. Is it asked, Have you a tract society? I answer, We distribute many tracts in various languages, and have more than 50,000 on hand for distribution. Is it asked, Have you a school-book society? I answer, We furnish hundreds of people with the authorized school-books of the country at a low price. Is it asked, Do you provide clothes for the poor? I answer, We have a Dorcas society by which hundreds are clothed. Is it asked, Do you take care of the sick? I answer, We have two pious doctors, besides other friends, who give every possible attention to these. Thou Author of every good and perfect gift, what shall I render to thee for all these mercies and all these favours? How blessed is the man who lives among so devoted and loving a people!" Yes; how blessed are the people who are marshalled in the service of the faith by such a leader, who have been made to feel that,—

"There's a voice upon the waters
Deeper than the sounding sea;
Zion! wake thy sons and daughters,
Heaven and earth are in the plea."

Let congregations that number their members by thousands show as good reasons why their candlestick should not be removed.

In the midst of these abounding and increasing labours a dark cloud broke over Mr. Knill's own happy home, arresting for a time his active services, that he might stay himself alone on God. Shortly after his arrival at St. Petersburg he had been united to a Christian lady, originally from Newcastle. Looking back on his union more than thirty years after, he wrote, "that he deliberately considered that event, next to his soul's salvation, the greatest blessing of his life." Their first little one, their "lovely Julia," was snatched from them by a sudden illness a few hours before the first anniversary of her birth, and when her friends had been summoned to commemorate the interesting event. The house of feasting was changed into one of mourning. How Mr. Knill comforted his own bereaved heart and the heart of his wife, is seen in the exquisitely simple record in his journal of the period, to which we cannot refuse a place, in the hope it may dry up the tear of some sorrowing parent:—

"*March* 14. Rose this morning at five, and repaired to my dearest Julia. After I had kissed her sweet forehead, and her clay-cold purple lips, I took her hands in mine, and my soul at this moment received unspeakable comfort. For, I thought, this hand will never be lifted up against God; this heart will never indulge a thought contrary to his holy will; this silent tongue will never utter a word of rebellion, nor shall the little feet ever be found in the broad road that leads to death! I cannot describe how happy I felt at the thought of this, while the tears rolled down my cheek with all the tender emotion of a fond father. I thanked God, and took courage, and hastening to my wife, related how the Lord had comforted me. She also was greatly consoled."

But a heavier trial was in reserve for the pastor of St. Petersburg. The terrible visitation of cholera that swept over Europe in 1830–31, fell upon St. Petersburg in the summer of the latter year. Mr. Knill's family then consisted of three fine healthy boys. Everything at the time was prosperous in his hands; not a speck was in his sky, for thus he had reviewed the past in closing the year 1830:—

"*December* 24. Arrived at Cronstadt this day ten years ago. Lord, how rich and free have been thy mercies towards me! In looking back upon these years, how much have I to bless thee for! I am stronger in body, surrounded by new friends, have a dear wife and three sweet little boys, a good prayer-meeting, and as large a congregation as I could expect in a foreign land; many pious people raised up through my labours, and others helped forward in the good way; books circulating continually, 10,000 tracts printed, and more expected; my house open all day long for the ignorant, the poor, the wretched, and friends here almost daily providing for their wants."

What more was needed to complete the portrait of the pious pastor. We see in the sketch the good man's face of joy as if it hung in a picture from the wall. But trouble was near, not to reverse the picture, but to cast some dark shadow around it, and to bring into relief its noblest features. In a few short months the alarm-cry of cholera was heard through the streets of St. Petersburg. The pestilence which had dismissed Mr. Knill from India had again to be confronted in the far distant Russia, and to be confronted in his own home. In the course of a few days his happy, healthy family was shattered in pieces—two of his children died in the agonies of cholera; himself, Mrs. Knill, and their faithful servant suffered under its attack; yet in reviewing that terrible season, with its Ezekiel-like roll of lamentation, mourning, and woe, he could say for the consolation of other sufferers: "I believe that from the beginning of our distress until now, we have not uttered a rebellious word nor cherished one murmuring thought. We have felt and felt deeply, but we have been wonderfully supported, and strengthened, and comforted. The High and Holy One has not forsaken us—no, not for a moment; and we can recommend Him to all future sufferers as a very present help in time of need."

The most important years of the subsequent life of Mr. Knill were spent in England awakening the spirit of missionary liberality and that spiritual life of which it is the truest expression. For eight years he travelled as the agent of the London Missionary Society, and when he had done what he thought could be accomplished in that service, he returned into the quieter, but to him not less active sphere of a congregational minister, first at Wotton-under-Edge, and afterwards at Chester as pastor to the representatives of the families that had enjoyed the ministry of the good Matthew Henry. An incident or two will show how characteristically he filled up the duties of both spheres—how

"Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love prompt to act and quick to feel,
Mark'd him till life's last hour."

Persuaded that it was not the brilliant oration that did the work at the missionary meeting, but the earnest, direct appeal to the conscience—"How much owest thou to my Lord?"—he aimed in all his addresses at the religious quickening of his hearers. What were thousands of gold and silver compared to the conversion of souls and the calling out of preachers! This simplicity of purpose gave him an intuitive perception how to shape his address, and was the secret of his power over all minds and classes. "Sir," said a workman to him after one of his addresses, "I went last night to the missionary meeting, and I heard you speak of the love of Christ and of the responsibility of Christ's people

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to seek the salvation of the heathen. I have professed many years to be a Christian, but I have never yet given anything to the Christian cause. I have come now to say that, by good health and constant work, I have saved up £10, and I have brought it, begging your acceptance of it as my first contribution." "Does your wife know of this?" inquired Mr. Knill. "No, she is not a godly woman, and I am afraid to tell her," replied the man. "Well, I will tell you what to do. I cannot take it without her knowledge. Go home, take courage, and say to her, 'You are my nearest and dearest friend. I want you to kneel down with me and pray with me for five minutes, and then I want to ask your permission for something that I will not do without that permission.' Do not be afraid, but go tenderly and affectionately to her. See what the result will be, and come again to-morrow." The next morning the man came with tears, exclaiming, "It is a most wonderful thing! My wife has always been opposed to these things. But I went home; I had the courage to do what you told me; I asked her to kneel down with me. I then told her everything, and she has sent me here to say she gives it cordially and with all her heart."

In almost every entry of his journal during his missionary tour there are recorded cases of conversion, or of young men brought to dedicate themselves to the missionary work, in consequence of his addresses, or from some remark, edged with the fire of his spirit, spoken in private intercourse.

"*March* 3.—Preached to seven thousand people in fifteen days, and had offers of six young men to go as missionaries.

"*April* 12.—On one day I received a letter saying that a sermon had been blessed to three people in London, and had heard that three had been awakened by the sermon at Chishell.

"*Oct.* 15.—Mr. H—— called to tell me that God blessed my message to him at W——, and brought him to the Saviour. Now he is going with John Williams to the South Seas."

But the instances are too numerous to admit of record, in which his words, spoken in fitting circumstances and at critical moments, came with electric power on individual hearts. It is said that as many as a hundred ministers now preaching the gospel at home and abroad trace their first purpose to give their souls to Christ, or their lives to the public service of his Church, to his quickening appeals. Nor need we wonder at these results. If Mr. Knill never laboured without fruit, he never expected it without toil and prayer. During the years of his services for the London Missionary Society he had travelled through twenty-five English counties, made two trips to Ireland, spent a month in Wales, addressed four hundred congregations, and spoken to not fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand persons about the salvation of their souls.

His health yielding amidst these incessant toils, he accepted the charge of Wotton-under-Edge, where he had preached with great power and a marked blessing in the course of his travels. Whilst there he paid a visit to a remarkable minister at Stambourne, Essex, when an incident occurred of little apparent moment at the time, but which has assumed importance from the position since occupied by the *boy* to whom it relates, and from the influence it may have had in determining his life. The visit was to the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, minister there of an ancient chapel of Dr. Watts, and grandfather to the now well-known preacher of that name. Walking in the garden with the grandson of his host, then about ten years old, Mr. Knill felt a prayerful concern for the intelligent and inquiring boy. Sitting down with him under a yew-tree, he put his hands on his head and prayed for him, telling him at the close that he believed "*he would love Jesus Christ and preach his gospel in the largest chapel in the world.*" When this curious prediction obtained something like fulfilment in the young preacher of the Surrey Music Hall, both parties in a short correspondence referred to the old garden incident with feelings akin to wonder. "Who can trace," Mr. Knill's biographer may well remark, "the subtle influences of such suggestions on the tenor of one's life?"

Our space scarcely allows the briefest reference to his life and labours at Chester. There he found himself amongst a people dispirited by heavy financial burdens, and slow to believe that prosperity, either temporal or spiritual, was at hand. He lifted them out of the slough by teaching them to look beyond themselves. Almost contemporaneously with the commencement of his congregational duties, he opened places in the neglected suburbs as new centres of Christian light, nor did he spare to tell his own people that he was anxious to make *them fit* for receiving the new converts of these stations; for, "no man," he would say to them, "likes to go into an ice-cellar,—it is too cold; and few people like to be in a room with dead bodies." So much importance did he attach in his new position to his remarkable talent for personal communication, that he often went to chapel half an hour before the time that he might converse with the people, and by a few well-directed remarks prepare them for the service. Sometimes, however, the force of his thrusts would alarm them. To a man who had been induced to come to the Thursday evening lecture, he exclaimed as he came up to him, "How much better to be here than in the public house singing 'Rule Britannia!'" "Now," said the man afterwards, "that was the very song for which I was famous; and, as I thought he must know all about me, I stayed away for some time; but I afterwards found he was always throwing such great paving-stones as were sure to hit some one." Not satisfied with the word to the ear, he would sometimes inscribe it for the eye on the walls and timbers of the house or lane he visited. Passing one evening a place noted for its wickedness, his ear was unexpectedly greeted with the sound of sacred song from a family at worship. Without disturbing the humble worshippers, he wrote with the point of his walking-stick on the smoky ceiling of the passage, "Salvation is come to Parry's Entry,"—an inscription which continued in the memories of many long after it had vanished from the roof.

To complete his career of labours for gathering in the outcasts of Chester, he resolved, with characteristic boldness, and without conferring with any one, to hire the theatre for Sabbath evening services. He dreaded settling down into the minister of a select congregation to which the gospel had been long familiar, and never was satisfied unless he were devising new expedients for breaking up the fallow-ground. The opening of the theatre was successful beyond his most sanguine hopes. As he approached on the first evening, he found some coming slowly away, as if they had concluded that nothing was to be done. "Won't you return?" he said. "There was no room," was the answer, and such was the fact. Night after night pit, boxes, gallery were filled with a dense crowd, riveted in profound attention, and amongst

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them was to be seen the oft falling tear. In the upper galleries, where no eye could light upon them but God, numbers of outcasts from all ordinary means of religious instruction congregated and were arrested. "I was a blasphemer," writes one, "and cared neither for God nor man; I got into the darkest corner of the place to make game with my comrades, but, when the sermon began, it drew such a picture of my life that I thought some one had been telling him all about me. During this discourse the terror of the Lord was on my soul, and when it was ended I went home, but found the truth of the words, 'There is no peace, saith my God,' to the wicked, until at length old things passed away and all things became new."

This last work was too much for the declining physical energies of this devoted man. The bursting of a blood-vessel brought to a close his public labours, and though he survived for nearly two years, he was day by day approaching his last rest, on which he entered on the morning of January 2, 1857. Absent from the body, he was present with the Lord.

"Thy chequer'd path in life is trod,
Earth changed for glory and for God."

SUNDAY MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES.

[In an important and singularly able paper just published in the *Princeton Review*, Dr. Hodge thus adverts to the demands made in the United States as in our own country for the opening of museums and art galleries on the Lord's-day.]

If a number of Christians should associate to carry on any mercantile or manufacturing business, requiring the outlay of large capital, and the employment of many assistants and subordinates, they would, of course, conduct their business on Christian principles. That is, they would feel bound not only to be just and faithful in all their transactions, but they would suspend all their operations on the Lord's day, afford their employees the opportunity to attend public worship, provide for the education of minors and dependents, and act towards them in all respects as Christ would require at their hands. If a man not a Christian, whether Jew or deist, or an utter sceptic, should propose to join their company, they might receive him into partnership on terms of perfect equality; give him a full share in the profits of the business, and equal right in its management. If this new partner should become infected with the modern ideas of liberty, and say to his associates, "I have as much right to control the business of the company as you have, the property is as much mine as yours, you have no right to bring your religion into a business concern; I insist upon it, that our operations shall not be suspended on the first day of the week, that no part of the property shall be used for religious purposes; let the parents of the children whom we employ see to their religious training; I maintain that we must conduct our business without regard to the Bible, or anything which it enjoins"—his associates would doubtless say to him, "Then we must dissolve partnership. You knew we were Christians when you joined us. You knew that we could neither work ourselves on the Sabbath, nor allow our mills to run, or our workshops to be open. If you choose to work on that day, that is your own concern. But you have no right to require that our property shall be employed on the Lord's day; that our clerks, porters, or mechanics, should labour for your accommodation. You have no right to demand that a man must be willing to disregard the Sabbath as the condition of being taken into our employ. God, moreover, holds us responsible, not only for the physical comfort, but for the proper Christian education of the children dependent upon us. If you cannot remain with us, unless we conduct our business on infidel principles, you must transfer your capital and talents elsewhere. On the same ground that you require that we should disregard our Christianity, another man may come in and require you to disregard the moral law."

The same answer the Christians of this country give all classes of men, who demand that Christianity should be divorced from our governments, municipal, state, and national. This country was settled by Protestant Christians. They possessed the land. They established its institutions. They formed themselves into towns, states, and nation. From the nature of the case, regarding the Bible as the word of God binding the conscience of every man with divine authority, they were governed by it in all their organizations, whether for business or civil polity. Others have since come into the country by thousands; some Papists, some Jews, some infidels, some atheists. All were welcomed; all are admitted to equal rights and privileges. All are allowed to acquire property, to vote in all elections, made eligible to all offices, and invested with an equal influence in all public concerns. All are allowed to worship as they please, or not at all if they please. No man is molested for his religion or for his want of religion. No man is required to profess any particular form of faith, or to join any religious association. Is not this liberty enough? It seems not. Our anti-Sabbatarians insist upon it, that we must turn infidels, give up our God, our Saviour, and our Bibles, so far as all public or governmental action is concerned. They require that the joint-stock into which they have been received as partners, and in which they constitute even numerically a very small minority, should be conducted according to their principles, and not according to ours. They demand, not merely that they may be allowed to disregard the Sabbath, but that the public business must go on on that day; that public servants must be employed; that public property, highways, and railroads, should be used. They say we must not do anything in a public capacity which implies that we are Protestant Christians. Those men do not know what Protestant Christians are. It is their characteristic, as they humbly hope and believe, to respect the rights of other men, and stand up for their own. And, therefore, they say to all—infidels and atheists—to all who demand that the Bible shall not be the rule of

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action for us as individuals, and as a government, "You ask what it is impossible can be granted. We must obey God. We must carry our religion into our families, our workshops, our banking-houses, our municipal and other governments; and if you cannot live with Christians, you must go elsewhere."

HOME LESSONS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

No. XLVIII.—THE CRUCIFIXION AND BURIAL OF JESUS.

MATT. xxvii. 33–66.

The Crucifixion.—Ver. 33–38. [The spot where our Lord was crucified is unknown; it must have been somewhere beyond the walls of the city, and close to some thoroughfare. "Calvary" is simply equivalent to the Hebrew word Golgotha; perhaps it was some sort of burial-place; it is nowhere said that it was a mount.] What was shadowed forth by the Christ's great work being completed at "the place of a skull?" [Life springing out of death; out of the vilest pit of ruin and desolation glorious beauty and purity emerging.] In what manner was *crucifixion* inflicted? [Cross laid flat on ground — prisoner stretched — nails through hands and feet, then cross lifted, and let fall with jerk into hole dug for it in ground.] What were the two prominent features of such a death? [1. *Lingering suffering*, ending, sometimes after days, in utter exhaustion and death. 2. *Shame*—awful exposure, amid utter helplessness, to the gaze and detestation of all.] How are these two things referred to in Heb. xii. 2? What feeling was indicated by the soldiers parting Christ's garments before his death? [Heartlessness, cold-blooded selfishness.] What was the purpose of the inscription? ver. 37. [Seemingly to make him appear the more ridiculous—to bring out the contrast between what he pretended to be and what he really was. It would have the effect of raising a laugh!] What prophecy in Isaiah liii. was fulfilled when he was crucified between the two thieves?

Christ Reviled.—Ver. 39–44. What prophecy in Psalm xxii. was fulfilled by the wagging of the head? What further indecency were the chief priests, scribes, and elders guilty of? ver. 41. In what sense was it true that Christ "could not save himself?" If he had "saved himself," would he have been able to "save others?" What are we taught by the meek silence with which Christ bore these horrible reproaches? 1 Pet. ii. 23.

"At every step here we may see Jesus as our mighty Substitute, our Representative, our Head, our Surety, our Proxy—the Divine Friend who undertook to stand in our stead, and by the priceless merit of his sufferings to purchase our redemption. Was he scourged? It was that through his stripes we might be healed. Was he condemned, though innocent? It was that we might be acquitted, though guilty. Did he wear a crown of thorns? It was that we might wear a crown of glory. Was he stripped of his raiment? It was that we might be clothed in everlasting righteousness. Was he mocked and reviled? It was that we might be honoured and blessed. Was he reckoned a malefactor, and numbered among transgressors? It was that we might be reckoned innocent, and justified from all sin. Was he declared unable to save himself? It was that he might save others to the uttermost. Did he die at last, and that the most painful and disgraceful of deaths? It was that we might live for evermore, and be exalted to the highest glory."—*Ryle.*

Darkness and Death.—Ver. 45–50. What does this supernatural darkness seem to have betokened? [Nature going into mourning; the inanimate world showing sympathy when men had become as stocks and stones; the sun ashamed to look on such scenes.] Point out the difference in this respect between what occurred at the birth and the death of Jesus. Luke ii. 9. [Midnight turned into mid-day at the birth; mid-day turned into midnight at the death.] As the darkness came on, what awful feeling began to invade Christ's soul? What gave to Christ the sensation of being forsaken by God? Whether were the pains of his body or of his soul the most difficult to bear? What caused to Christ the most acute and awful mental agony? What does this teach us as to the wrath of God? And what should it warn us to do? Matt. iii. 7. What will be the fate of those who brave God's wrath on the great day? Rev. vi. 16, 17. Did Christ continue till his very death under the sense of his Father's wrath? [No; as we learn from the other Gospels.] What were some of the last words of Christ, as recorded by Luke and John? What were the words that Jesus cried "with a loud voice?" John xix. 30. What was implied in the loud utterance of that word? [It was a shout of victory, designed for the ears, as it were, of the whole world, that wherever there were sinners they might learn that redemption had been completed—that everywhere sinners might look unto him and be lightened.] What was implied in the very last utterance of Christ's lips? Luke xxiii. 46. In what capacity did Christ commend his spirit to the Father? [As representative of his people; therefore he virtually commended their spirits too.]

Events following the Death.—Ver. 51–56. What veil is it to which reference is here made? Exod. xxvi. 31. Between what two places was it hung? [The holy place and the holy of holies.] Who alone was allowed to pass within this veil, and when? Heb. ix. 7, 8. What was signified when this veil was rent? [The abolition of the law of Moses and the beginning of the gospel dispensation, which affords more free and ready access to the presence of God.] What was denoted by its being rent *from top to bottom* (not from bottom to top)? [That it was rent, not by man, but God.] What did the resurrection of the saints foreshadow? 1 Cor. xv. 52. What effect had the earthquake and other events on the centurion? [It does not necessarily follow from what is said that he was *truly converted.*] Who was this centurion? [Commander of the detachment of soldiers who were present at the crucifixion.] When even he was constrained to bear testimony to Christ, what are we to think of the continued unbelief of the priests and rulers? What prophecy of Christ's may this remind us of? Matt. viii. 11. What lesson does it teach those who have many religious privileges? Which of Christ's followers showed most attachment to him at his death? ver. 55, 56. With what sort of feelings must they have gazed on the cross? Did they at that time understand why Christ was put to death? What sort of feelings would they have afterwards in recalling this awful scene?

Burial of Jesus.—Ver. 57–66. What prophecy was fulfilled when Jesus was buried in Joseph's tomb? Isa. liii. What was the character of Joseph—bold or timid? What may we learn from this timid man being led to befriend

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Christ when all his disciples forsook him and fled? [1. How easily God can raise up instruments for his work. 2. How the last may be first, and the first last. 3. How quiet, timid men, in the hour of trial, are often more faithful than those who have been talkative and forward.] Point out, in the circumstances of the burial, proofs that there was no pre-concerted scheme, and show how this proves the reality of the resurrection.

The person who presided over the burial was not one of Christ's confidential friends, but only a secret believer; the sepulchre in which he was laid was chosen because it was nigh at hand; the burial was effected in haste because it was close upon sunset, when the Sabbath began; and the tomb in which he was laid was a new one, in which no other person had been laid, thus rendering it certain that when the tomb was found empty, the second morning after, none other than Jesus had risen from the dead. What an unprecedented marvel was witnessed in that tomb! *There* lay the Lord of creation—*dead*. *There* lay the Prince of life—*a corpse*. The holy law of God declared, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The dead body of Jesus, the sin-bearer, lying in that sepulchre is an awful proof of the inviolability of that law. If the curse thus fell on the Lord of glory, what shall be its effect on the disobedient sinner? If these things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

DUTY.—God's People should be Prayerful.

Gen. xviii.; xxxii. Exod. xxxii. 2 Chron. vi. Dan. vi.; ix. Matt. vii. Eph. vi. Phil. iv.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

I.—THE FLANNEL NIGHT-GOWN.

Lucy's mother was cutting out a flannel night-gown for her. Lucy stood at the table, watching her mother's movements.

"Mother," she said at last, "will you not cut one out for some poor child, and let me make it?"

Her mother said, "Yes,—for she was sure there was some poor child waiting for it."

"Who?" asked Lucy.

Her mother did not know the child's name, but she said God did.

"And will God tell us?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said the mother; "and when it is done, we shall know."

The warm night-gown was cut out, and Lucy took her work-basket and sat down to sew on it beside her mother. They were pleasant hours when mother and child sat, and sewed, and talked together. Lucy thought much about the poor child she was working for. Was she very cold in the cold, dark nights? Where did she live? Had she a mother? Did God tell her about this night-gown? Lucy had many thoughts stirring in her little bosom. By-and-by it was finished, folded up, and put away in Lucy's drawer.

One afternoon, not long after this, a neighbour came in and told a pitiful story of a poor family who lived down by the water. The father could get no work; the mother and one of the children were very sick.

"It's an awful winter for the poor," said the neighbour; "do go and visit this family."

Lucy's mother promised she would, and in the afternoon she put on her cloak and hood to go and find them. Lucy went also. The house was very old, and occupied by two or three families. On one side, which seemed to have been once used as a shop, they found the family they were in search of. How forlorn was the scene! In one corner was a bed covered with scanty clothing. There were also a couple of old chairs and a table, with a few cups and dishes where some soup had been. It was very cold, with hardly a stick of wood in the old rickety stove. Two children were on the floor—one gnawing a bone, and the other munching a potato. The sick mother was in bed, with her almost dying child beside her.

Lucy's mother went to the side of the bed and spoke to the poor woman. How grateful to her were those words of kindness!

"Here is my poor Effie," said the sick mother, laying her pale hand on her sick child's head; "won't your little girl come and speak to Effie?"

Lucy came to the bed-side, and put a sweet cake in her hand. It was one Aunt Mary gave her, and which had remained untasted in her pocket. How glad Lucy was! Effie took the cake and nodded her head, as much as to say, "Thank you, miss."

Lucy's mother asked what she most wanted.

"Oh," said the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, "if I only had something warm to wrap round this poor child!"

"Lucy, you have a flannel night-gown for Effie, have you not?" asked Lucy's mother.

"O yes, I have," cried Lucy, her eyes sparkling; "may I run home and fetch it?"

Her mother gave her leave. She soon came back with it in her arms. Oh, how glad was the dying mother—how glad was the sick child! How comfortably she looked in the nice, new, warm, flannel garment.

"God sent you here," said the woman, "for I told *Him* all our wants."

As mother and daughter went home, "Effie was the very little girl I made it for; wasn't she, mother?" said Lucy. "God knew."

"Yes," answered her mother, "God knows all the wants of the poor, and he can put the thought into our hearts of that which he knows will be best for them. We must ask God to teach us to know their wants; and if we really wish to help and comfort them, God will put it in our hearts to supply the wants he knows they have."

"But, mother, how shall I always know what God wants me to do? will he always tell us?" asked Lucy.

"Do you not often know what I want without my having to tell you?" asked her mother.

"O yes, mother, because I live with you, and of course I know."

"Not of course," answered the mother. "Many a person might live with me who would not find out the things I most want without asking. Is there no other reason?"

"Why, mother, I know what you want of me a great many times, just because I *love* you so," said the little girl.

"Ah, that is it," said Lucy's mother. "You love me, and therefore you find out my wishes as far as you can. If you love God, you will quickly find out how to do his holy will; and if you love the poor, you will surely discover their wants, and learn how to comfort them. Everything depends upon having a *heart* in the work."

Lucy thought much of what had happened, and it filled her little soul with awe that God had chosen *her* to make and carry a garment to one of his poor.

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II.—WINTER WORK FOR LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

"Don't you want to be a missionary?" "I! How can I?" asks some little child with a look of wonder: "it takes men and women to be missionaries." But has Jesus left no small spot for the children to work in? Oh yes, indeed he has. I will tell you of some little home missionaries that are at work. The other day I went in to see a mother, and her little daughter sat beside her knitting. Kluck, kluck, kluck, went the needles. "Who is this for?" I asked, taking the child-work to look at it. Bessie blushed. "It is the third pair of stockings Bessie has knit for the poor children," said her mother. "And I like it," whispered Bessie. Here was a little home missionary.

One morning I met Fanny with a little basket on her arm. "Where now, Fanny?" "I am on my way to take poor old Mrs. Watson two pies," answers Fanny; "and she's so thankful." Here was another.

Sarah went by with a book in her hand. It was a holiday, and where was Sarah going? She was on a visit to a cottage, where she spends an hour as often as she can, reading to a blind woman. She is reading "Henry Martyn" now; and the old blind woman takes great comfort in it. Here is more missionary work.

Yes, and I know a little boy who goes and *prays* with his associates. He holds little prayer-meetings. Before the cold weather they used to go into a grove; then they adjourned to a barn; and now I believe they hold their meetings in his uncle's house.

Has not the Saviour green little spots all over the world for the children to work in? Can you not pick up a scholar for the Sabbath school? Can you not go and pray for that wicked boy across the street or along the road? It is blessed to do good. That is a sweet little prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do!"

A little sick girl once prayed it—"I suppose what the Lord wants me to do is to be as *patient* as can be," she mildly said. And her meek and quiet look was a great sermon to all who saw her, showing them that it was sometimes as sweet to *suffer* God's will as to *do* it.

III.—THE TWO LEGACIES.

A young sailor married a thrifty young woman, and in a house of two rooms they began housekeeping and set up the family altar. No beginning could promise better. When the young sailor was in port, he was at his seat in church. Sometimes his voice was heard in the prayer-meeting.

After a year or two the sailor fell down the hold of a vessel while she was loading, and was too much hurt to go the voyage; but he had a snug harbour of a home to cast anchor in, and a good mate to nurse him. When he married her, she brought only a small legacy to her husband, a bundle of old books left her by her father. These had been stowed away in an old sea chest, and never examined until her husband was sick, when he remembered and hunted them up to read; for, unused to keep within doors, the time sometimes hung heavy on his hands.

Two or three years more pass away. James is well, and has his berth in the ship again. But he is seldom seen at church; another has his seat in the prayer-meeting; his Bible is neglected, his Sabbaths are broken; he has no family altar. In a year or two more James is a swearer, a hard drinker, a scoffer, and visitor of low dancing-houses.

Would you like to know the date of the change which had come over this poor fellow? Hear his own account: "My wife's legacy from her father's old chest, that lot of unseaworthy, old books, ruined me," said James. "They were infidel books, blasphemous books. I read them from curiosity, but their poison entered my soul. I hadn't learning enough to argue them down, or faith enough to rise above them; so they drove me on the lee-shore of unbelief, and I am likely soon to be wrecked for ever on the rocks of perdition. *Bad books are a terrible legacy.*"

In contrast with this was a wild young soldier, who married a poor woman whose only legacy was a pewter spoon and two books. The kind talk of his wife won the young husband to spend his evenings at home; and she told him many things of her godly father, and how he loved the books which he had left her; and the young husband falling sick, he took up the books, and opened and read, and was well pleased with what he read. One of these was Arthur Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;" and more and more each loved to hear the simple and pious talk of the little book as it spoke to them of Christ and heavenly things. Then the young couple turned their own steps into the same "Pathway.' The wife went only a little way, and then reached the end. But the poor husband had a longer and harder road to travel; yet he found the way brightening as he went, and he has left a shining track behind for thousands and thousands to walk therein. It is called the "Pilgrim's Progress." I dare say you have caught sight of it—the man was John Bunyan.

Oh what a priceless legacy is a good book!

IV.—JIM AND CARLO.

My horse and my dog are nearly of the same age. They have been brought up together. They always had a great liking for each other. They often eat out of the same dish, sleep together in the same barn, and play together in the same yard. I have known them chase each other for hours, leaping, skipping, and dodging, like boys playing tag. Then they will rub their heads together, kiss and fondle each other, like two loving children, or a mother with her darling in her arms.

Sometimes Carlo goes to the pasture and stays all day close at the side of Jim, following him about the field where he is feeding, wagging his tail, looking so loving and kind, that he seems to say, I am happy to be with you. I won't leave you.

If Jim is hitched to the carriage, Carlo always leaps for joy; but if he is compelled to stay at home when Jim goes away, he cries hard and evidently feels very bad.

I could tell you a great many other things about these two friends, how they love each other, and never quarrel or hurt each other. But I must tell you of two little brothers who live not far away. They, too, are nearly of the same age, have been brought up together, sleep, and eat, and play together. But it sometimes happens that they do *not* perfectly agree. Sometimes they do not seem to prefer each other's society to that of all other boys; and I have known them hurt each other at play or in a quarrel.

Now, what shall we think of this? Are *horses* and *dogs* better than *children*? Yes, sometimes. Though children

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know the most, can talk and learn to read, and know they have souls and must give account to God, still they are sometimes less loving and kind to each other than horses and dogs. Shocking!

V.—HOSPITALITY.

One day Tommy rushed into the kitchen quite in a breeze, crying out, "Mother, mother, there is an old man down in the road sitting on a log; sha'n't I set Pompey on him?" "Set Pompey on him!" said his sister; "what for?" "Oh, because," answered Tommy, looking a little ashamed, "because—perhaps he'll come and eat us up." "A foolish reason of a foolish boy," said his mother. "Go out, Esther, and see if the poor man wants anything. Perhaps he's tired with a hard day's travel among the mountains." "Perhaps he's somebody's grandpa," said Esther. "Would you like to have a naughty boy set his dog on *your* grandpa, Tommy?"

Esther ran down the green, and peeping through the gate, saw him resting under the shade of the old oak-tree. "Should you like anything?" asked Esther. "Will you please to come in and rest yourself in our kitchen?" "Thank you, chicken," said the old man, "I should be very thankful for a drink of water." Esther scampered back to the house laughing. "He called me chicken," said she, "and chicken will draw him some cool water from the well; yes, that chicken will, with her own little claws." Her mother gave her the pitcher, and she drew the water from the well, and hastened with the cooling drink to the poor traveller. Pompey marches ahead, smelling the way, and Tommy slinks behind, as well he may, after harbouring such cowardly thoughts about the poor old man.

How pleased he is to see them! He is tired and dusty, for he has come a long way. "I thank you," he said, after drinking,—"I thank you. It tastes very good. Do you know what the Lord Jesus once said about a cup of cold water?" Esther was silent. "I will tell you. He said, Whosoever shall give to one of his people 'a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' May the Lord himself bless you, little girl, as I am sure I do." And a happy feeling stole into the young child's bosom at the old man's words, for the blessing of the poor and the stranger fell upon her.

VI.—TAKING A PEAR.

A little girl with some others went into a shop the other day. A large basket of pears stood by the counter. They were nice-looking pears, and very little ones. The little girl took one and slid it into her pocket. "Such a little pear won't be missed," she thought. Perhaps not; but did that make it right for her to take it without leave? Oh no; and conscience soon told her so. She went out of the shop with the pear in her pocket, but trouble in her heart. The still small voice within whispered, "Wrong, wrong, wrong." She could not eat the pear, little and juicy as it was. In about half an hour she went back to the shop, and laying it on the counter, said to the shopkeeper, "I took this pear; it is your pear, and I fetched it back to you." Her lips quivered as she spoke, and before the man could answer, she was gone. How glad she was! Now she could hop, skip, and jump all the way home.

Little children do wrong things sometimes without thinking *very* deliberately. God knew this, and put a "still small voice" in their souls to remind them what is sinful. This voice is conscience,—a very true and honest friend, under the teaching of the Spirit. Obey it, and you will be happy. Disobey it, and oh I cannot tell how very, very far you may go in the paths of wickedness and sorrow.

VII.—I WILL NOT.

"I *will not*," said a little boy stoutly as I passed along. The tone of his voice struck me.

"What won't you do?" I stopped and asked.

"That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I *won't*," he answered in the same stout tone.

The little boy is on the right track. That is just one of the places to say "*won't*." I hope he will stick to it. He will, I feel sure.

VIII.—RICH.

A boy went from Ireland to America about two years ago to seek his fortune. A few months since he found his Saviour, and became a happy child of God. Now he writes back to his friends, "*I have found a fortune.*"

Ah yes, and nobody, nothing can rob him of it. It is above all the changes of time, and beyond the power of thieves. Read Matt. vi. 19–21.

IX.—TRUE TRUST.

One evening, we are told, after a weary march through the desert, Mahomet was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them saying, "I will loose my camel, and commit it to God; on which Mahomet took him up. "Friend, *tie* thy camel, and commit it to God;" that is, do whatever is thine to do, and then leave the issue with God.

X.—RULES FOR THE PLAY-GROUND.

A great many little ones, we believe, have become God's children during the present year. His love is in their hearts, and they try to be like his dear Son. My children, as a child's piety matures a child's virtues, and roots out a child's faults, be sure and carry your religion with you into the play-ground. Don't leave it in your chamber, or at home anywhere; but always *carry it* with you. Religion is not to be put on at certain times and places, put on and put off as you please; it is to be worn *always*, like a breastplate, not only to defend you from harm, but to make you strong in the right. When you play, play as God's children. "*Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you.*" This is the Bible code of morals for the play-ground. Paul wrote it, and he wrote it for children as well as grown-up people. Take it with you. Act upon it, and you are in a fair way, if God spares your lives, to grow up whole-hearted Christian men and women.

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XI.—BITTER MEMORIES.

"I FORGET a great many things which have happened in the year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks, "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear dead mother."

"Oh," said another little girl, bursting into tears on hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the *last* time I had to speak *kind* to Amy."

The last time they were together she spoke *cross* to her, and the thought of that last cross word now lay heavy on her heart.

Ah, my reader, speak kindly—*always* kindly, to father, mother, brother, sister, playmate. It may be your *last time* to speak to them.—*Child's Paper.*

XII.—HIS MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"WHEN I hear my mother pray like that, I know we are going to get through one more dark place, any way. I tell you, boy, she has prayed us through the narrowest spots you ever saw."

This was little Charlie's confidence in his mother's prayers. Poor Charlie had a drunken father, but was blessed with a praying mother—so truly prayerful that the demon Drunkenness, and his compeers, Poverty, Crime, and Wretchedness, were driven out of the house, and Jesus came to reside there, with whom, as always, came a company of angels.

Prayer! blessed prayer! Heavenly Father, teach us all how to pray.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

XIII.—GO TO GOD WITH IT.

[From a precious little book for children just issued, by the Rev. Thomas Alexander, Chelsea, entitled, "A Safe Place for a Child's Heart."]

YOU will never know peace or rest till you have given Him your heart. God made it; and he alone can mend it. The heart is a delicate machine, and none can mend it but the Maker of it.

I once had a lamp that got out of repair, and would not burn. I took it to a man who professed to be able to mend it. When it was brought back, I had to pay a good deal of money for the repairing of it; but I found that it burned no better. It was like the woman spoken of in the Gospel, who spent all her living on physicians, and was nothing the better, but rather the worse. So I took my lamp, first to one place, and then to another, but I found that the process of repair was wearing it out; and, last of all, I took it where I ought to have taken it at first, to the man who made it, and he soon returned it, working perfectly and burning brightly. Now, it is thus with your heart. You may go here and there, to this man and that, to this scheme and that, but you will get no better, but rather grow worse. You will never get well till you go straight to the Great Physician. He cures all who come to him without money and without price. God alone can search your heart to its depth, and cure all its diseases. God alone knows it; God alone can make it whole. God alone can satisfy it. He alone can fill it; his love alone can nourish it; his favour alone is life for the soul. Go to *God, therefore*, and go to him now.

XIV.—MUCH IN LITTLE.

ABOUT twelve years ago I resided in the village of P——, and being about eight years of age, I was very fond of a shilling jack-knife, which by chance had come into my possession.

While playing one sultry Saturday in one of the streets where the tinsmiths were accustomed to cast their refuse tin, I picked up a piece of this metal and began cutting it with my jack-knife, when a little ragged boy about my own age came to me and said in a pleasant tone of voice, "Will you let me take your knife to cut a piece of tin?" Now this made me very angry, because I was so proud that I did not like to have poor boys to speak to me; and turning to him, I replied very abruptly, "No! do you suppose that I would let a poor boy like *you* take *my* knife to cut tin with?" Now, my young reader, what do you think were my feelings when the little ragged boy, instead of trying to make a quarrel with me, looked me right in the face, and smiling, said, "Never mind, Jesus would not have answered me so;" and, turning away, I saw him no more. He left me with a troubled conscience, and I never have forgotten his words; I hear them yet, and when I see little poor children misused, I think, "Jesus wouldn't answer you so." I never told what the poor boy said to me for ten long years, although I never forgot it. And it taught me so good a lesson, that never since then, to my remembrance, have I wronged a poor boy or girl, but always delight in using them as *Jesus* would use them.

My little readers who have good homes, good mothers and fathers, be kind to poor children; use them just as Jesus would; and when they ask you a simple favour which would make them happy, just think of "Jesus wouldn't answer me so." There was a volume contained in that short sentence to me. I have been reading it twelve long years, and haven't finished it yet.—*Young Reaper.*

XV.—KITTIE'S NEW SONG.

"HAPPY day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,"

Sang little Kittie, again and again, down in the summer-house; and the silvery notes came through the open window into papa's study, and papa laid down his book to listen.

Soon the voice ceased, and little pattering feet were heard on the stairway, and then a gentle knock.

"Come in, Kittie!"

"Papa, isn't this a nice hymn? Please, may I sing it to you?"

And so papa listened again to that soft voice, singing the same sweet hymn.

"I like 'happy day' part the best, papa."

"The chorus, you mean, don't you, Kittie? the lines repeated in every verse. But why?"

"Because, papa, I can't quite understand the rest, but I know that if Jesus hadn't washed my sins away, I could never go to heaven to live with him."

"Why not, Kittie?"

Kittie repeated slowly the verse she had learned that morning: "'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.' And, papa, I used to make lies."

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"And do you think Jesus has washed that sin away, Kittie?"

"Yes, papa, I asked him to. And if we ask we shall receive, you know. Don't you like those lines, too, papa?"

"Yes, Kittie, very much."

"Please sing it with me once."

And so papa and his little Kittie sang together of that "happy day, when Jesus washed their sins away."

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

I.—WHEAT AND CHAFF.

THE storm is a vivid emblem of the judgment. The wicked shall not stand in the judgment. They are like the chaff which the wind driveth away, (Ps. i.) There is a mixture of solid wheat and light chaff now in the world. God has provided a blast to separate them. None of the wheat shall be blown into the fire; none of the chaff shall be gathered into the garner. There will be no mistake in the judgment. Some people console themselves in sin, with a dim hope that somehow they will escape, and not be cast into hell. Observe, when a blast of wind sweeps a mixture of wheat and chaff, the laws of nature do not change at the moment, in pity to the helpless chaff. The laws of nature are the laws of God. He changeth not. If we are found chaff when the sudden blast of judgment comes, we must be carried before it.

John the Baptist's office was to prepare the way for Christ. Many chief sinners came out to hear John. He spoke plainly to them. He called them a generation of vipers. He did not speak in anger, though he spoke so strongly. It was love to them that made him deal so bluntly. He told them of Christ, and tried to get them into Christ to be saved. And observe how John did with them, in order to get them brought into the refuge. He told them that Christ was coming—that his fan was in his hand—that he would thoroughly purge the floor, that is, the mass of the people, of mixed wheat and chaff, saints and sinners—that the wheat he would gather into his garner, that is, the good he would take to heaven—that the chaff he would burn with unquenchable fire, that is, would cast the wicked into hell. This was plain dealing; these were awful words. The people would be terrified, for they knew these words applied to them. They were the chaff; the blast was coming; it would drive them into the fire. What next? The next word (Matt. iii. 13), is, "*Then cometh Jesus.*" John meant that they should feel themselves trembling over the mouth of the pit; and so they would be glad when they saw the Lord. That same Jesus waits upon us, long-suffering. If any sinner, alarmed by his messengers, is crying, "What must we do?" his own lips sweetly answer, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

II.—HEAD AND HEART.

IT is, I think, an error into which many of our modern ministers, whose education has been carried to a high pitch have fallen, that everything is to be done by the head rather than the heart. We know very well that the true method is to reach the heart through the head, and that men must be made to feel by being shown why they should feel, and what is to make them feel. But in very many cases, especially in the least educated, the head is to be reached by appeals to the heart. We often hear the remark, "Yes, it was a clever sermon, but it wanted heart. It sparkled like the stars, or shone like the moon on a wintry night, but it warmed no one." I have been sometimes struck, as every one else must have been, with the varying effect produced by different speakers at a public meeting; and how much more power over the audience, and how much more the object of the meeting has been accomplished, by a few gushes of simple eloquence from the heart of some earnest and ardent advocate, than by the elaborate but passionless pleader. The latter was coldly admired, and admitted to be an eloquent speaker; but the former melted and moved his audience by the depth and intensity of his own feeling. And as with speaking so it is with preaching.—*J. A. James.*

III.—SPIRITUAL SONGS.

How many sweet and joyous, or deep and touching hymns are there in our days, as doubtless there have been in all times, which never reach beyond the little family or social circle which they gladden! How many have been written to comfort one sorrowful heart, and having accomplished that, are heard no more! How many gush out on occasions of some special sorrow, or joy, or deliverance, and are forgotten like the song of the birds who poured out their happy music yesterday morning!

Yet none of these are lost; they reach God, to whom they are sung, and they speak of him to man—and more neither song nor singer can seek to be or do. And not only this. There are tens of thousands who never wrote a hymn, who may yet have made better spiritual music with many hymns than those who wrote them. The hymn-writer only speaks the thought or feeling of all Christians, and the echo may often be sweeter and purer than the original notes, because less mixed up with self. The faith which sees the Invisible, and is loftier than all flights of imagination, is not the dower of a few, but the heritage of all. The whole Church is a choir as well as a priesthood. The harps of God, with the priestly robes of festival, and the victors' crowns, are the purchased possession of all who stand by that sea of glass mingled with fire. But what those images mean, and what that song and that joy will be, we know not yet; we only know that it shall be, and that its first notes are only to be learned on earth.—*The Voice of Christian Life in Song.*

IV.—AT THE DARKEST.

GOD loves to smile most upon his people when the world frowns most. When the world puts its iron chains upon their legs, then God puts his golden chains about their necks; when the world puts a bitter cup into their hands, then God drops some of his honey, some of his goodness and sweetness into it. When the world is ready to stone them, then God gives them the white stone; and when the world is tearing their good names, then he gives them a new name, that none knows but he that has it,—a name that is better than that of sons and daughters.—*Brooks.*

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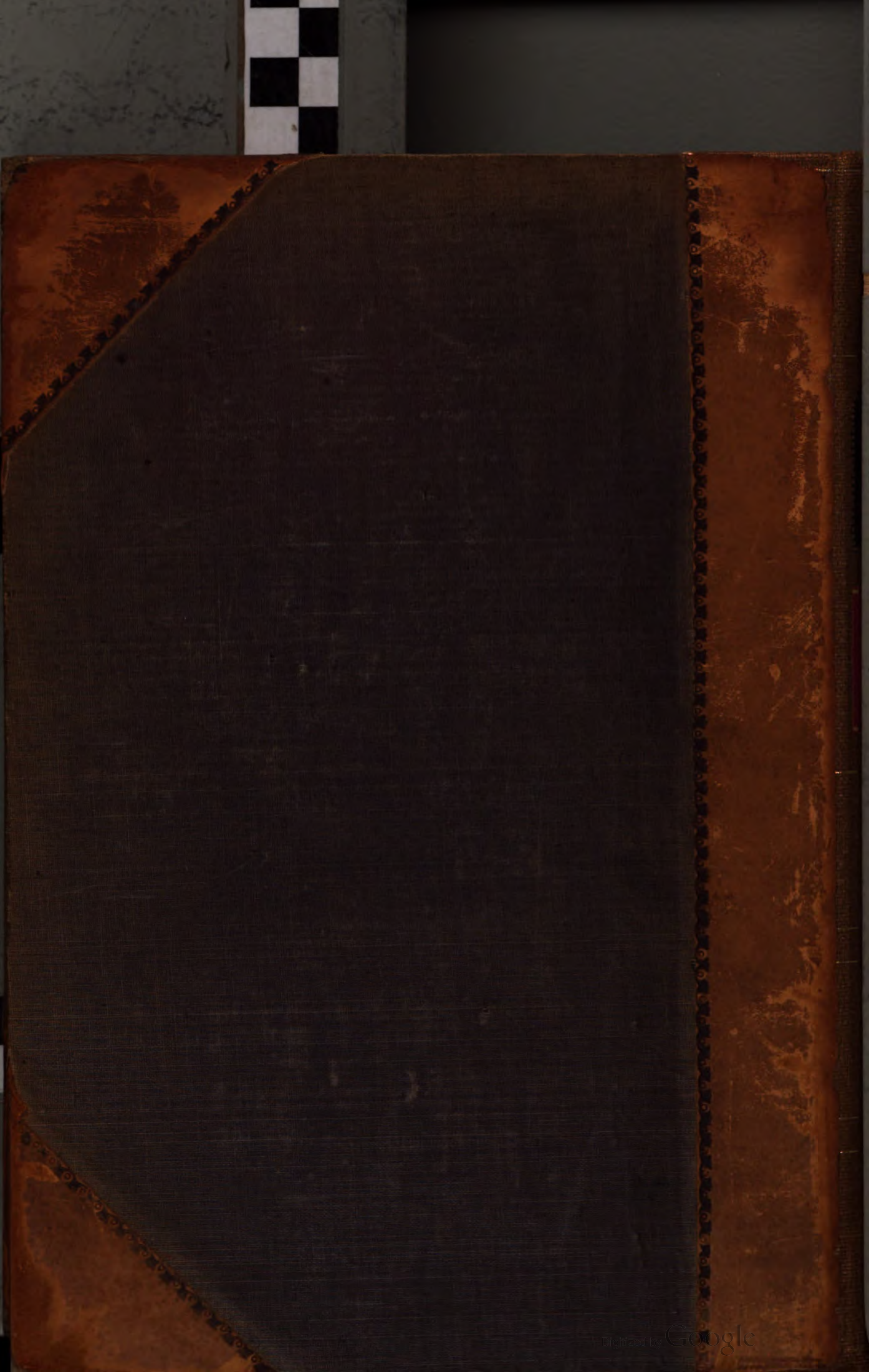
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